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AUGUST

MAGAZINE

20 CTS



MARY PICKFORD

PN1993
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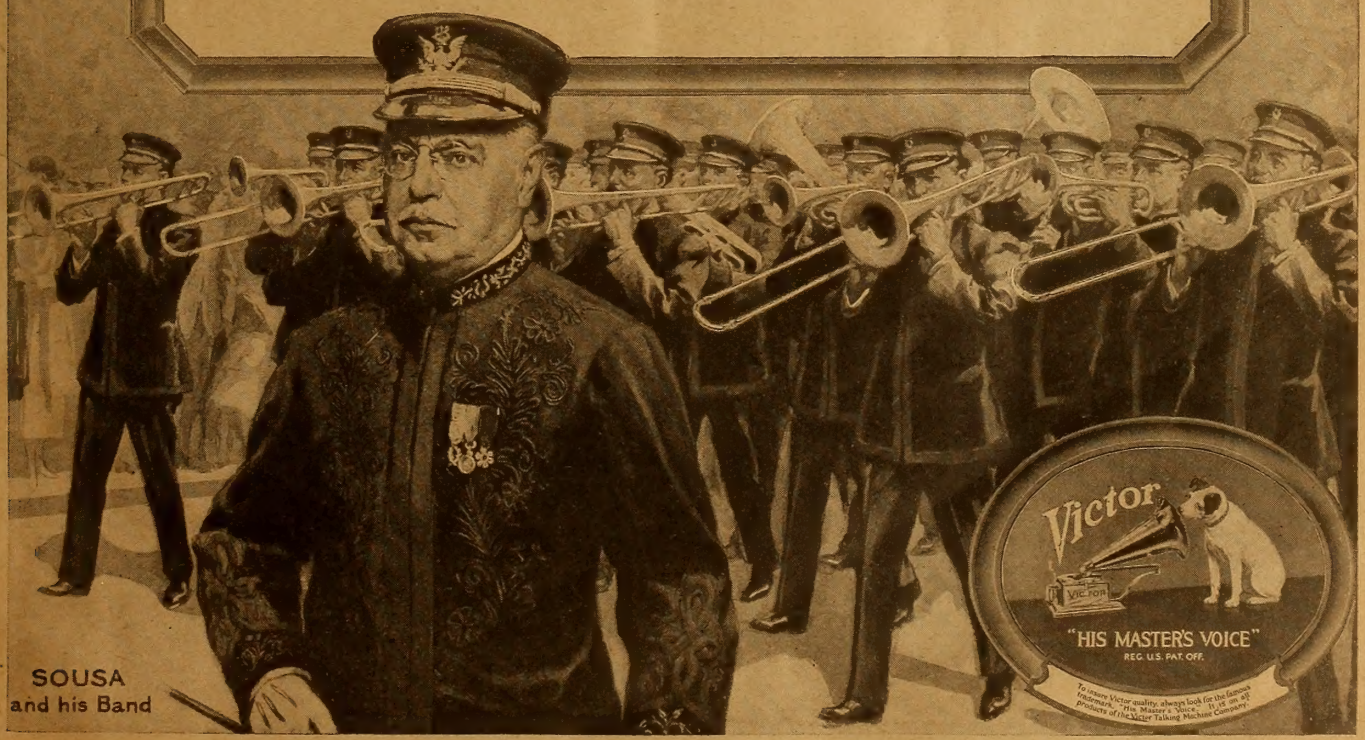
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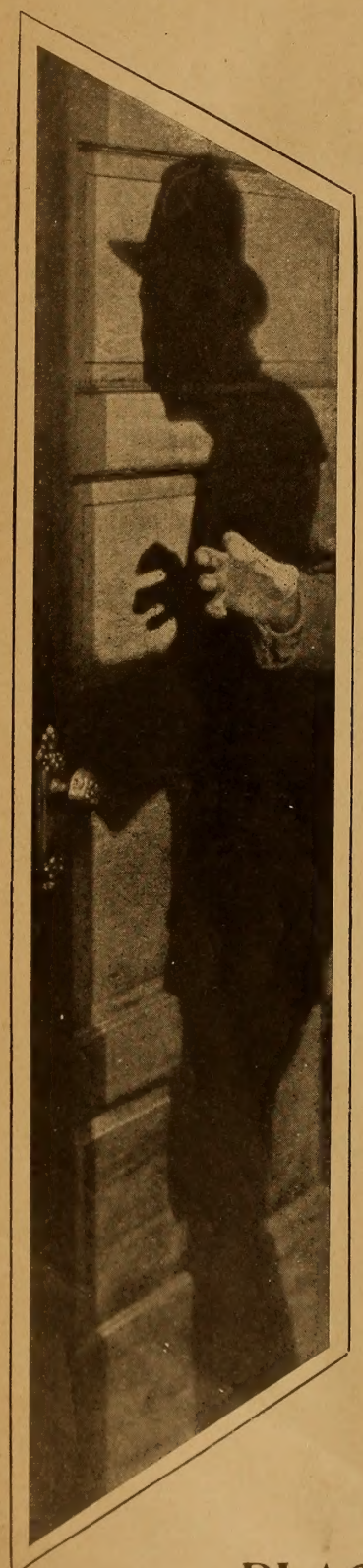
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Motion Picture Magazine

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Vol. XVIII AUGUST, 1919 No. 7

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Almost a decade ago, when the art of the screen was first pronounced worthy of depicting life's dramas, this Magazine was founded. From the first, it aimed to be the voice of the Silent Drama—the friend of those in front, and of the shadowed players. It has always been ready to encourage all that is good, and eager to wield its power against all that is unworthy. Every word, every picture in this Magazine is printed for you, the reader; hence it is your Magazine, and the official organ of the Motion Picture public.

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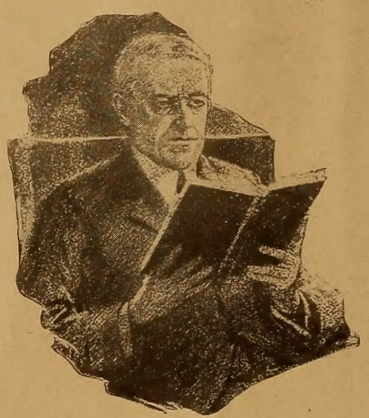
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Hours of leisure to beguile,
To charm and hold me for awhile,
To give me endlessly. . . .

I am fluttering thru these pages,
To look up fascinating rages—
Pictures and chats that are sparkling
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Out of which players in glorious raiment shine,
In subtle appeal to delight my mind.

I am seeking to know
All about my favorite stars,
Why they are so enchanting,
What makes their youth so lasting,
Inciting admiration all around—
I long to revel in their fun,
Before the Movie Show's begun,
So I'm out for the Magazine on the run
To clasp in my hand the Beautiful Book
That thrills me, utterly.

E. V. V. B.

THE ANSWER MAN'S ODE TO TOBACCO

(With apologies to Charles Lamb)

Thou in such a cloud dost bind us,
That our worst foes cannot find us,
And ill fortune, that would thwart us,
Shoots at rovers, shooting at us,
While each man, thru thy height'ning stream,
Does like a smoking Ætna seem,
And all about us does express
(Fancy and wit in richest dress)
A Sicilian fruitfulness.

Plant divine, of rarest virtue;
Blisters on the tongue would hurt you.
'Twas but in a sort I blamed thee;
None e'er prosper'd who defamed thee;
Irony all, and feign'd abuse,
Such as perplex'd lovers use,
At a need, when, in despair
To paint forth their fairest fair,
Or in part but to express
That exceeding comeliness
Which their fancies doth so strike,
They borrow language of dislike.

For thy sake, Tobacco, I
Would do anything but die,
And but seek to extend my days
Long enough to sing thy praise.
And given a seat, too, 'mongst the joys
Of the blest Tobacco Boys,
Where, tho I by sour physician,
Am debarr'd the full fruition
Of thy favors, I may catch
Some collateral sweets and snatch
Sidelong odors that give life,
Like glances from a neighbor's wife;
And still live in by-places
And the suburbs of thy graces,
And in thy borders take delight,
An unconquer'd Canaanite.

Letters to the Editor

Some Canadian preferences:

DEAR EDITOR—So many pople write and air their opinions in your good old magazine, that we feel we ought to be in the swim too. We write not to carp, slam or criticize, but to give you a few *Canadian* ideas about the movies.

Mary Pickford is a great favorite in Canada. We all love her; she has captured our hearts. She is a Canadian, too, and we are all proud of her. A number of other prominent stars are also Canadians.

And we'd like to put in a few words for Wallace Reid. He plays comedy, sentimental or dramatic parts with equal ease. But *we're* not worrying about what kind of a rôle he plays as long as it's Wally. Henry Woodward is another actor whom we admire, and he is a great favorite here.

Some people criticize D. W. Griffith's close-ups as being too slow, but to our minds, the slower the better. His pictures are wonderfully human.

The actors who dont want the public to know they are married make us sick! Dont they know that if any girls are *foolish* enough to think an actor will fall in love with them, they also will have imagination enough to divorce, kill off or do away with his wife in some other manner? If anything increases a married actor's popularity it is his frank acknowledgment of the fact.

Another thing we'd like to tell you is that you Yankees didn't *altogether* win the war. We're rather tired of all these pictures in which the Americans take all the credit. No doubt the Allies would have been victorious had the Americans joined or no, but thanks, Yanks, for helping to bring it to a speedier close.

Many thanks are due to the stars who are so generous in sending their photos to their admirers. They cannot realize how much pleasure the pictures give to the recipients.

In closing we would like to remark that your magazine is the best on the market, and to thank the staff for making it so.

M. McLINDEN,
J. M. GREER.

1259 Third Ave., East Owen Sound, Ontario, Canada.

Are there holes in this serial's logic?

GENTLEMEN—May an humble worshiper in the Templum Cinemae presume to ask: To what tribe belong the Indians in Vitagraphs "Man of Might"? For while (apparently) the action is laid in North America, and the dramatis personæ are popular "Western" characters, from the eighth episode of this remarkable series I cite the following:

A piece of the flag locating the (inevitable) fortune is known by the (equally inevitable) villain to be in the possession of Red Cloud, an Indian; and the title refers to him as Pueblo, but the long shot of the Indian village looks to be Incas.

Inasmuch as the Incas belong to South, not North America, are we to believe that Vitagraph imported this city expecially for the occasion, or are we to presuppose an aerial millennium and ability to "span the world in twenty minutes"?

Now I may be all wrong, and that city may be intended as Mexican: I am willing to make allowance. But can even this explain how Red Cloud (hardly a Mexican name?) should subsequently refer to the "Great Spirit" (Gitchee Manitou) and "happy hunting grounds"—beliefs pe-

Watch Your Nerves

by

PAUL von BOECKMANN

The greatest of all strains upon the human body is that caused by nerve tension. Instant death may result from great grief or a sudden fright. The strongest man may in a few months shrink to a skeleton through intense worry. Anger and excitement may cause an upheaval of the digestive and other organs. It is simple to understand, therefore, that lesser strains upon the nerves must slowly but surely undermine the vital forces, decrease our mental keenness and generally wreck the body and health.

In this simple truth lies the secret of health, strength and vitality. The noted British authority on the nerves, Alfred T. Schofield, M. D., the author of numerous works on the subject, says: "It is my belief that the greatest single factor in the maintenance of health is that the nerves should be in order."

Few people realize the powerful influence the nerves have upon our well-being, and how they may torture the mind and body when they become deranged, supersensitive and unmanageable. Few people realize they have nerves, and therefore heedlessly waste their precious Nerve Force, not knowing that they are actually wasting their "Life Force," and then they wonder why they lack "Pep," have aches, pains, cannot digest their food, and are not fit, mentally and physically.

Just think a moment what a powerful rôle your nerves play in your life. It is your nerves that govern the action of the heart, so that your blood will circulate. It is your nerves that govern your breathing, so that your blood will be purified. It is your nerves that promote the process of digestion, assimilation and elimination. Every organ and muscle, before it can act, must receive from the nerves a current of Nerve Force to give it life and power.

Your body and all its organs and parts may be compared to a complex mass of individual electric motors and lights, which are connected with wires from a central electric station, where the electric power is generated. When the electric force from the central station becomes weak, every motor will slow down and every light will become dim. Tinkering and pampering the motors and light will do no good in this case. It is in the central station, the nervous system, where the weakness lies.

I have devoted over thirty years to the study of physical and mental efficiency in man and woman. I have studied carefully the physical, mental and organic characteristics of over 100,000 persons in this time. As my experience grows, I am more than ever convinced that nearly every case of organic and physical weakness is primarily due to nerve exhaustion. Powerful and healthy looking men and women who did not show the least outward signs of weak nerves, were found upon close mental and physical diagnosis to have exhausted nerves. Usually every organ was perfect and the muscles well developed, but there was not sufficient flow of Nerve Force to give these organs and muscles tone and power. How often do we hear of people running from doctor to doctor seeking relief for a mysterious "something the matter" with them, though repeated examinations fail to show that any particular organ or function is weak. It is "Nerves," in every case.

We are living in the age of nerve strain, the "mile a minute life." Every man, woman and child is over-taxing the nerves, thus wrecking that delicate system. Nerve strain cannot be entirely avoided, but it can be modified. Much can be done to temper the nerves against strain. Education along this line is imperatively necessary if we are not to become a race of nëurasthenics (nerve exhaustion). I have written a 64 page book which is pronounced by students of the subject to be the most valuable and practical work ever written on nerve culture. The title of the book is "Nerve Force." It teaches how to soothe, calm and care for the nerves. The cost is only 25 cents (coin or stamps). Address, Paul von Boeckmann, Studio No. 113, 110 West 40th St., New York.

The only way to judge the value of this book is to read it, which you may do at my risk. In other words, if after reading the book it does not meet your fullest expectations, I shall return your money, *plus* the outlay of postage you may have incurred. I have advertised my various books on health, breathing and other subjects in this and other magazines for more than 20 years, which is ample evidence of my responsibility and integrity. Over a million copies have been sold.

You should send for this book today. It is for you whether you have had trouble with your nerves or not. Your nerves are the most precious possession you have. Through them you experience all that makes life worth living; for to be dull nerved, means to be dull brained, insensible to the higher phases of life—love, moral courage, ambition and temperament. The finer your brain is, the finer and more delicate is your nervous system, and the more imperative it is that you care for your nerves. The book is especially important to those who have "high strung" nerves, and those who must tax their nerves to the limit. The following are extracts from people who have read the book and were greatly benefited by the teachings set forth therein:

"I have gained 12 pounds since reading your book, and I feel so energetic. I had about given up hope of ever finding the cause of my low weight."

"Your book did more for me for indigestion than two courses in dieting."

"My heart is now regular again and my nerves are fine. I thought I had heart trouble, but it was simply a case of abused nerves. I have re-read your book at least ten times."

A woman writes: "Your book has helped my nerves wonderfully. I am sleeping so well and in the morning I feel so rested."

"The advice given in your book on relaxation and calming of nerves has cleared my brain. Before I was half dizzy all the time."

A physician says: "Your book shows you have a scientific and profound knowledge of the nerves and nervous people. I am recommending your book to my patients."

A prominent lawyer in Ansonia, Conn., says: "Your book saved me from a nervous collapse, such as I had three years ago. I now sleep soundly and am gaining weight. I can again do a real day's work."

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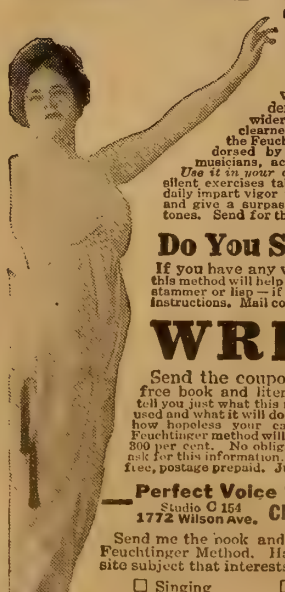
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culiar only to the "plains" Indians lived by hunting, of which Sioux, Algonquin and Iroquois are typical?

The Mexicans (if he be Mexican) shiped forces of nature; deific cou parts of human beings; or symbols w thru their original meaning having come lost or forgotten, had degenera into idols. The more advanced tribes h their temples, priests and prescribed wo ship; the least civilized were slaves most terrifying and absurd superstition The Incas (alas for Vitagraph!) wer fire- or sun-worshipers; and the Pueblos living in the Great American Desert, where "life is one prolonged sigh for water," naturally worship the Serpent, as symbolic of lightning, thunder, rain and bread.

And if Red Cloud be Ute, how then explain the lodge he lives in (Hupa or Maidu?), the short shots of a village distinctly Pueblo, the long view of the Incas' city, or, indeed, any city at all?

Neither Incas nor Pueblos buried their dead sitting upright under a pile of loose stones, as Red Cloud, senior (fortunately well embalmed?) is shown. The Incas burned or entombed their dead; the Mexicans buried, burned or entombed the body according to the tribe and its advancement; while both cremation and inhumation were common to the Pueblos, some of the more civilized tribes having regular laid-out cemeteries. In the latter case, the deceased was laid head toward the east (or if sitting, face to the east) wrapped in a blanket; and, as is also true with the "plains" Indians, his survivors laid with him food, water, and such personal belongings as he might use during his journey to, or upon entrance into, the Land of the Departed.

Surely the Vitagraph Company, capable of such productions as "Within the Law," and "The Lion and the Mouse," is also capable of avoiding such palpable errors as these? able to ascertain, before representing Indian life, just what Indians and customs they wish to represent? capable of something better in serials than "The Man of Might," whose only redeeming features are: the wonderful scenery and the delectable villainy of smiling Joe Ryan? What say, Vitagraph?

And since we are on the subject of serials, might I remark that *Crane Wilbur,* not Creighton Hale, played opposite Pearl White in "The Perils of Pauline"?

That such an error could ever occur in connection with such a well-known play and player is incredible!

It is ancient history, but like all history, merely a matter of record, that the principal rôles in "The Perils" were played by the following players:

Pearl White (Pauline); Crane Wilbur (Harry Marvin); Paul Panzer (Owen); Eleanor Woodruff; Donald McKenzie (the Pirate); Francis Carlysle (Hicks); Jack Standing (Commodore of the submarines); and the Japanese butler.

For the sake of the Indians, at least, may I hope you will find this available for your "Letters to the Editor" column?

Yours sincerely
THE OFFICIAL FAN.

Care of Puritan Press, 49 Beach St., Boston, Mass.

He worked as an extra:

DEAR EDITOR—Perhaps the readers of your magazine would be interested in a visit I took to the Lasky studio when I was in California last December. As I am an enthusiastic fan and know no one at the studios, I thought the best way to see the inside works would be to get a job as extra.

Dont Miss

NEXT MONTH'S MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

In the September issue of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE you will receive more for the 20 cents purchase price than you would by spending it in any other way.

It has always been our policy to give the fans more for their money than any other motion picture publication. Now that the war is over, we are going to spend more money than ever before in enlarging and improving MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. With the September issue we are adding sixteen extra pages of rotogravure work.

Dont fail to buy the next issue of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE; you will find more news about the films, more beautiful pictures of your screen favorites, and more thrilling fiction than in any other publication dealing with the screen.

Among the featured articles will be the story of:

SELZNICK

Randolph Bartlett, one of the foremost writers of the day, will recount the story of this colossal financier of the movies. Lewis J. Selznick is one of the most interesting figures in the film world. You must not miss this article.

DAVID W. GRIFFITH

Countless articles have been written about the art of the famous D. W. Griffith. But what is this great man like himself? What are his personal characteristics? What is his philosophy of life? In next month's magazine, Hazel Simpson Naylor will tell you all these things, she will introduce you to the great D. W. Griffith himself.

VIOLA DANA

Here is a fascinating personality story with this miniature dynamo. We held this article over from last month, in order to illustrate it with especially beautiful new photographs, which we had specially posed of Miss Dana in her California home.

HELEN JEROME EDDY

All about the young girl who made such a hit in "The Turn of the Road." You will want to know about her, for her fame is assured.

MARIE WALCAMP

The story of the fearless serial girl. As thrilling as are her stunts.

These features are just forerunners of the last-minute thrillers to come. The September issue will feature more fiction stories, more beautiful pictures, and more unique and informative articles, than any other periodical devoted to pictures.

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
175 Duffield St. Brooklyn, N. Y.

I went to the "Employment" window, admitted that I knew nothing about acting, that this was my first offense, and after being put thru the third degree as to height, weight, what stunts I could do, and what wardrobe I could furnish, in fact, everything except taking fingerprints, the "powers that be" told me to report at the Majestic Theater the next morning. I was there early, you may be sure, as I did not want to miss anything. That day I was one of the theater audience in "Pettigrew's Girl." Monte Blue was in the first row, and Charles Gerard in one of the boxes, mustache and all. The stage was bare except for the camera, but I had to applaud the stage while "Uncle George" Melford threw roses to us. Later I learnt it was Ethel Clayton we were applauding, altho she was not there at the time.

Later I appeared in two more scenes from the same picture. One a barracks scene, as a soldier, where Monte Blue and James Mason had such a realistic fight that they broke a cot to pieces and were arrested by Walter Long, as captain of the company. On Christmas eve the "Broadway" scene was filmed with about five hundred extras as spectators welcoming the boys home. An entire company of soldiers was used in the scene, and, of course, Monte Blue was placed near the camera, which was on an automobile, to be shifted along to get the boys marching. Ethel Clayton was there, broke thru the crowd and marched beside Monte.

The Lasky studio is a big place, and the players seem like one big family. Not many companies were working, as it was near Christmas, but I saw most of the regular stock members. Bryant Washburn was working on "Poor Boob" under Donald Crisp, with Wanda Hawley, Theodore Roberts and Dick Rosson. Mrs. Washburn was watching them "shooting" a business office scene. It seems a shame that she is not acting, as she is the type that would photograph splendidly. Miss Clayton is a great deal prettier than she appears on the screen. Perhaps that is because she uses heavy makeup before the camera. Wallace Reid came in dressed in outing clothes, and in a few minutes I saw Mrs. Reid (Dorothy Davenport), coming out of the studio with a handful of mail.

I never saw a single display of "temperament" on the part of the actors. The directors seemed to be the only ones that could afford such a luxury. In fact, they seemed to be the "bosses" of the studio, instead of the stars.

I have noticed that you often print "Letters to the Editor" in your magazine, and thought perhaps some of the readers might be interested in this. Your magazine is the best ever.

Sincerely,
ALFRED C. ENGLAND.
P. O. Box 5, Glenwood Springs, Colo

A pretty strong indictment:

DEAR MR. EDITOR—Why is William Fox allowed to produce the pictures he does and *what* kind of a man is he?

I suppose the above will sound ridiculous to some people, but I understand we are supposed to be having a new era in pictures of the right sort and am wondering just where he comes in on it.

"Fox" has a tendency to produce pictures that are the "last word" in immorality and vulgarity.

If it is his aim to be the foremost producer of pictures in this line, his fondest ambition must be realized, for no other company would ever hope to attain the

(*Continued on page* 12)

"Hey, Tom!"



DO you remember when Tom Sawyer went swimming and had everything hidden so carefully so that Aunt Polly couldn't find out?

Aunt Polly had sewed up his shirt that morning. But Tom had carefully re-sewed it, so he thought he was safe. But alack and alas, he used black instead of white.

Once more you will laugh with Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn—but you will want to cry as you laugh. For behind of youth is the reality of life—the you did not see when you were a boy.

MARK TWAIN

25 VOLUMES—Novels—Boys' Stories—Humor—Essays—Travel—History

While he lived, we loved him. He made us laugh, so that we had not time to see that his style was sublime, that he was biblical in simplicity, that he was to America another Lincoln in spirit.

We watched for his great white head in the crowds—we hung on his every word—we smiled, ready to laugh at his least word. But now he is gone—yes,—he's the familiar friend—but he has joined the immortals. More than Whitman—than Longfellow, than Poe or Hawthorne or Irving—he stands for America—with the great of the earth—the Homer of this land—a prince of men—a king among dreamers—a child among children.



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Ten of these Mobile Moving Picture Outfits, using the chassis of the Acason Motor Truck Company of Detroit, spread war propaganda on the British Isles intending to counteract Defeatist and Pacifist sentiments.

With the Mobile Moving Picture Outfit the screen can be set up anywhere out of doors. The generating equipment, consisting of a 12-horse power gasoline motor, is connected directly with the dynamo. The projector is mounted on the same foundation. It is only a matter of five minutes or less before the crew places the screen in position and the film throws the picture with true clearness to its audience in the out-of-doors.

The body is so constructed that in addition to carrying the complete motion picture outfit ready to display pictures, it also provides for sleeping quarters for its crew. Inside it has places for hammocks and other sleeping facilities. When traveling along the highway it resembles a moving van.

On the British Isles certain territory was laid out for each crew. Then the nose of the American-made Acason was pointed toward the route each crew was to traverse and a great deal of space was covered in one day. The crowds were always big. Pictures showing what the English were doing in the war, the necessity for the war, and subjects vital to keep public interest aroused were thrown on the screen to the public.

Rainy weather does not interfere with the program. One side of the body can be lowered, the other raised. This photograph shows the 12-horse power motor, the dynamo, projector and other necessary equipment for out-of-door motion picture display. The chassis chosen by the English government for this work is the American-made Acason of Detroit

Here in America the scheme is having much consideration. Francis Holley, director of the Bureau of Commercial Economics, would naturally have charge of such a plan. His department is now cooperating with the governments of France, England, Argentina, Chili, Bolivia and the Pan-American Union. The Acason Motor Truck provides an opportunity of carrying big thoughts that one would want to get over to the farm folks and those in the heart of the country what America has done in the war; the necessity of economizing food to feed the world; the scramble for international trade and many other big important lessons the American government wants its people to know.

IF

By Russell E. Smith

If you can leap a hundred feet on Sunday,
And land unscathed and never muss your hair;
If you can stop six runaways on Monday,
And Tuesday, fight a tiger in its lair;
If you can ride an untamed steed with bare flanks
On Wednesday, and what's more, do several falls;
If you can climb on Thursday à la Fairbanks
O'er seven houses, trees and castle walls;
If Friday finds you ready for a battle
With twenty huskies à la Wallie Reid,
And Saturday be herdin' herds of cattle,
You can qualify for any movie lead!

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During two years so many changes have taken place among the players that this set had become old and out of date.

Accordingly, we have **discontinued** our offer of eighty portraits, and have substituted a new, larger, finer and more attractive set of portraits of the twenty-four leading players.

The entire set are done in sepia by rotogravure, in accordance with our special instructions, and are as high-grade as this process of printing, which is famous for its artistic results, can produce.

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Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page 9*)

pinnacle he has reached, or ever want to.

"The Love That Dares," featuring Madelaine Traverse, is an example and altho it is by no means his worst offense, happens to be the only one I can remember the name of. From start to finish this picture is "filth" frosted over with sordidness and spiced with sensuality. Mr. Fox seems to delight in bringing out as strongly as possible all the risqué situations he can in his features.

If Artcraft, Paramount, Metro and Goldwyn can nine times out of ten have a good strong story with no offensive scenes, why cant "Fox," at least occasionally give us something half-way decent?

The public in general do not like these suggestive, morbid sex plays, and the sooner he wakes up to the fact and gives us some good wholesome ones, so that a young couple need not be afraid to go to a theater to see them for fear that before the evening is over they will be so mortified that they wish the floor would open up and swallow them, the better off we all will be.

AN ARDENT MOVIE FAN.
Waterbury, Conn.

IS THAT SO?
By P. A.

In the course of filming a scene on Hollywood Boulevard recently by Billy West and company, a female stranger walked hurriedly down the street and stepped directly in front of the camera.

"Please, may I get in this picture?" she asked of Director Charlie Parrott.

"Why, no, madam," replied Charlie, "I'm afraid we cant use you this time."

"But I'm awfully anxious to get in the movies," she argued.

"So are these people anxious to get back to the studio," was the director's reply. "You'll have to step aside, miss."

She peevishly stepped to the side. The crank of the camera again started turning. Just as the scene was successfully finished she ran in front of the players.

"Oh," she exclaimed, turning towards Director Parrott, "did I get in?"

"Oh, you got in all right!" replied the director, smiling.

And as the company started to drive away she handed the following verse, written on the back of a name card, to Director Parrott:

"Blessed is he who can make two smiles
grow
Where only one grew before."

While Alice Joyce was posing for her screen success, "The Lion and the Mouse," she lost no time between rehearsals to study up on her French, which she has been learning ever since Uncle Sam put on his uniform and went to France. The winsome star got into the habit of responding in the polly-vous lingo, and whenever her director, Tom Terriss, finished a particular bit of advice, he would ask, in his perfect English:

"You have me?"

And Miss Joyce would invariably and quite unconsciously answer, "Oui!" which means "sure" in the jargon of the automat.

After a while Mr. Terriss began to get uncomfortable, and he looked up nervously at each of Alice's French responses. And then came the final instructions.

"You have me?" asked the director when he had finished.

"Oui!" returned the star. And Tom Terriss looked blushingly at the star.

"Say, where do you get that *we* stuff?" he asked.



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This is no idle boast. We measure each word and mean just what we say. We are not going to tell you all about it this time, but we will just deal out a few morsels to sort of whet your appetite. Here's the title:

SHADOWLAND

Doesn't that sound romantic and interesting? Yes, it will be devoted to Motion Pictures mostly, but not entirely. It will contain something for everybody. Every copy will be so amazingly beautiful that it will be preserved always as a keepsake. No expense will be spared to make it truly wonderful. The first number will appear in August and you will be duly notified of its coming. All we ask of you now is to remember that you have a real treat coming to you—a royal feast of good things in this wonderful new magazine. We promise it! The publishers of THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC promise it!!

Watch and Wait for

SHADOWLAND

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We will forward to you, without cost, catalogs and information about any make of Passenger Automobiles.

If you will specify the car or cars, or give us a fairly definite idea of your requirements in a car—for instance—price you wish to pay—seating capacity desired—power, etc., we will send you catalog, and make such suggestions as will help you to reach a decision.

We make no charge for this service whatsoever, and invite our readers to write us freely.

Motion Picture Magazine—Automobile Dept.,
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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STAGE PLAYS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these speaking plays appear in their vicinity.)

By "JUNIUS"

Astor.—Fay Bainter in "East Is West." The story of a quaint little Chinese maid who falls in love with a young American and, just when racial barriers seem insurmountable, turns out to be the daughter of a white missionary. Has all the ingredients of popular drama.

Bijou.—"Three for Diana" A rather colorless comedy with rather a colorless heroine, (but a beautiful one), who is much scandalized for marrying the third time. Very well done, but it will never set the world on fire.

Broadhurst.—"39 East." A charming comedy founded on a boarding school romance in which many interesting characters make love-making difficult for a pair of young lovers.

Casino.—"Some Time." Lively musical comedy using the flash-back screen idea. Ed Wynn very amusing as a stage carpenter, while Mae West gives excellent comic aid as a tough chorine. Tuneful music.

Comedy.—"Toby's Bow." A delightful comedy in which Norman Trevor proves that he is a very fascinating actor.

Criterion.—"Three Wise Fools." Austin Strong's human little drama of three crusty old bachelors who are bequeathed a young woman and who are subsequently rejuvenated. Melodrama with a heart throb. Helen Menken gives a striking performance of the nerve-racked heroine while Claude Gillingwater is a delightfully testy old Teddy Findley.

Empire.—"Dear Brutus." Written with all of Barrie's whimsical insight into the human heart. What would you do with a second chance? Barrie takes his characters to an enchanted wood of the might-have-been, where they reveal what would have happened had they taken another road. Here is a scene of the rarest sentiment. William Gillette gives a compelling and haunting performance, while Helen Hayes plays the daughter who might have been with superb humanness, and the remainder of the cast is admirable, particularly the statuesque Violet Kemble Cooper. Tasteful staging, especially the magic wood.

Forty-fourth Street.—"Take It From Me." A comedy with music, in which a sporty young man falls heir to a department store and runs it according to the latest musical comedy methods.

Henry Miller.—"Mis' Nelly of N' Orleans." Mrs. Fiske in a new comedy of moonshine, madness and make-believe, in which she again proves herself to be one of the greatest of comédiennes. Excellent cast, notably Irene Haisman, who seems to have picture possibilities.

Hippodrome.—The newest production, "Everything," lives up to its title. It is a maze of varied attractions, ranging from dainty Belle Storey to scores of remarkable roller skaters and a stage full of tumbling Arabs.

Knickerbocker.—"Listen, Lester." Lively, dancy show with considerable humor, thanks to clever Johnny Dooley. Excellent aid is given by Gertrude Vanderbilt, Clifton Webb, Ada Lewis, Ada Mae Weeks and Eddie Garvie.

Longacre.—"Three Faces East." Another Secret Service-German spy drama, this one by Anthony Paul Kelly, one of our most successful photoplaywrights.

The August Classic

How are these reading suggestions for the hot hammock days? The August Classic is designed especially for the torrid mid-summer. It will be light, bright and breezy. Among the vivid subjects will be:

King Vidor, the young director who has just jumped into celluloid fame.

Yvonne Shelton, the Ziegfeld beauty who has invaded the screen.

Mary Alden, the famous character player who has been beloved since "The Birth of a Nation."

Vernon Steele, the interesting leading man of many prominent productions.

Little Ben Alexander, the boy who is called the best child player of the films.

Frank Keenan, who discusses the old-time player and his modern contemporary with acid cleverness.

besides all this—

The fictionized stories, for which The Classic is famous, will include Catherine Calvert's sensational Elinor Glyn story, **"The Career of Katherine Bush"** and Marguerite Clark's delicious comedy, **"Girls."** **The Celluloid Critic** will discuss the latest photoplays, and there will be interesting articles by **Frederick James Smith, Kenneth Macgowan** and others. **The Extra Girl** will return and there will be some interesting information and pictures in **The Fame and Fortune Contest.**

THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC
175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Lyceum.—"Daddies." Appealing little drama of three bachelors who adopt Belgian war babies. Amusing complications occur when the children develop along unexpected lines. Jeanne Eagels is quaintly pleasing in the leading rôle.

Maxine Elliott's.—"Tea For Three." Roi Cooper Megrue's amusing and brightly written comedy variation of the domestic triangle. Considered one of the best American light comedies of years.

Morosco.—"Cappy Ricks." A capital comedy with Tom A. Wise in a capital rôle which he plays capitally with a capital C.

Playhouse.—"Forever After." Alice Brady in a play of youthful love which endures despite many obstacles. Excellently acted thruout. It charms its audience into living once again the violent joys and heartaches of youth.

Shubert.—"Good-morning, Judge." Light musical show adapted—remotely—from Sir Arthur Wing Pinero's "The Magistrate." Built around the farcical efforts of a magistrate to escape a raid on a lively café, thus being arraigned in his own court. The de luxe doll, Mollie King, is featured, and her brother, Charlie King, and George Harrell contribute excellent first aid.

Selwyn.—"Tumble In." Musical comedy version of the successful farce, "Seven Days," the comic story of a house party under quarantine. A negligée chorus now lends optical aid. Peggy O'Neill is the best of the cast of fun-makers.

Vanderbilt.—"A Little Journey." The comical experiences of a dozen or more interesting travelers on a Pullman which is finally wrecked. Excellent cast.

ON THE ROAD.

"The Unknown Purple." Interesting and well-sustained thriller. The story of a convict who discovers a way to make himself invisible, transforming himself into a purple ray, and who starts out to get revenge.

"A Sleepless Night." Another farce written with the idea that nothing funny ever happens outside a bedroom. The usual in and out of bed piquancy, being the tale of a guileless young woman who decides to be unconventional and pink-pajamaed at any cost. Ernest Glendinning and William Morris admirable. Peggy Hopkins is the lady in question.

"A Prince There Was." George M. Cohan's very entertaining comedy. He plays at a literary game in which hearts are trumps—and wins. Grant Mitchell now playing the leading rôle.

"The Fortune Teller." An interesting play that comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb. Marjorie Rambeau does some really wonderful acting, the best seen in New York in years.

"Tiger! Tiger!" Edward Knoblock's powerful study of the primitive in man. The story of a British Member of Parliament and a cook—and a passionate love that brooks no obstacles. Frances Starr is admirable as the servant, while Lionel Atwill gives a fine performance.

LEADING PICTURE THEATERS

Cohan's.—D. W. Griffith's repertory season of pictures.

Loew's N. Y. and Loew's American Roof—Photoplays; first runs. Daily program.

Loew's Metropolitan, Brooklyn—Feature photoplays and vaudeville.

Rivoli—De Luxe photoplays, with full symphony orchestra.

Rialto—Photoplays supreme.

Strand—Select first-run photoplays.

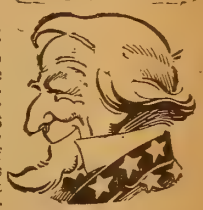
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The William G. Hewitt Press

Established 1894

Printers of the

Motion Picture Magazine
Motion Picture Classic

On Navy Street
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK



"ONCE UPON A TIME—"

ILLUSTRATION BY F R. GRUGER

THE children's hour—filmed! There is hardly any pleasure so keen as taking children to the motion picture theatre.

Heavens above, how they *do* enjoy themselves!

Mother used to set aside a regular children's hour, and read or tell stories.

But now, they go to one of the better theatres where Paramount and Artcraft Pictures are playing.

To tell the truth, Mother vastly prefers this to the old children's hour.

Because *she* enjoys it, too. Doubly, in fact,—the children's enjoyment and her own as well.

The public has sensed the fact that Famous Players-Lasky Corporation can be depended on to keep *Paramount* and *Artcraft* Pictures just what all parents would like them to be—both for themselves and for the youngsters.

Which is just another of the underlying reasons why ten thousand communities are *for* them.

Paramount and Artcraft Motion Pictures

These two trade-marks are the sure way of identifying *Paramount* and *Artcraft* Pictures—and the theatres that show them.

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR *Pres.* JESSE L. LASKY *Vice Pres.* CECIL B. DE MILLE *Director General*
NEW YORK

Paramount and Artcraft Stars' Latest Productions

Listed alphabetically, released up to June 30th. Save the list! And see the pictures!

Paramount

John Barrymore in "The Test of Honor"
***Enid Bennett** in "Stepping Out"
Billie Burke in "Good Gracious Annabelle"
Marguerite Clark in "Come Out of the Kitchen"
Ethel Clayton in "Men, Women and Money"
***Dorothy Dalton** in "Other Men's Wives"
Dorothy Gish in "I'll Get Him Yet"
Lila Lee in "A Daughter of the Wolf"
"Oh! You Women"
A John Emerson-Anita Loos Production
Vivian Martin in "An Innocent Adventuress"
Shirley Mason in "The Final Close-Up"
***Charles Ray** in "Hay Foot, Straw Foot"
Wallace Reid in "You're Fired"
Bryant Washburn in "Putting It Over"

Paramount-Artcraft Specials

"Little Women" *(from Louisa M. Alcott's famous book)*
A William A. Brady Production
"Sporting Life"
A Maurice Tourneur Production
"The Silver King"
starring William Faversham
"The False Faces"
A Thomas H. Ince Production
"The Woman Thou Gavest Me"
Hugh Ford's Production of Hall Caine's Novel.
"The Firing Line" starring Irene Castle
"Secret Service" starring Robert Warwick

Artcraft

Cecil B. de Mille's Production "For Better, For Worse"
Douglas Fairbanks in "The Knickerbocker Buckaroo"
Elsie Ferguson in "The Avalanche"
D. W. Griffith's Production "True Heart Susie"
***Wm. S. Hart** in "Square Deal Sanderson"
Mary Pickford in "Captain Kidd, Jr."
Fred Stone in "Johnny Get Your Gun"

*Supervision of Thomas H. Ince

Paramount Comedies

Paramount-Arbuckle Comedy "A Desert Hero"
Paramount-Mack Sennett Comedies "Hearts and Flowers" "No Mother to Guide Him"
Paramount-Flagg Comedy "Welcome, Little Stranger"
Paramount-Drew Comedy "Squared"
Paramount-Bray Pictograph One each week
Paramount-Burton Holmes Travel Pictures One each week

And remember that any Paramount or Artcraft picture that you haven't seen is as new as a book you have never read

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AUGUST, 1919

THE GIRL ON THE COVER

Cover portrait of Mary Pickford painted by Leo Sielke, Jr., after a photograph by Hartsook, L. A.

Little Mary has had the good fortune to see herself grow from an obscure little actress earning $25 a week to the highest salaried player the world has ever known. For years, Mary made pictures according to a program schedule, but she has now reached the place where she will take as long as she wishes on one production. "Daddy Long Legs" has just been released on the First National program, and as soon as her contract with them expires, Miss Pickford will devote her time to the interests of the Big Four.

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READ
The great personality story of D. W. Griffith in next month's MAGAZINE.

WATCH FOR
The final chapter of "The Crimson Iris" in the September MAGAZINE.



Soft, shapely, unshrunken!

How to make your precious sweaters stay new

YOU used to watch your sweater get soiled, with a wry smile. What could you *do* to bring it back to life? There was the laundress. But she would ruin it the very first time she washed it. The cleaner's? That way seemed an inexcusable expense.

But *now*. You can wash your sweater yourself—in rich Lux suds—and it won't shrink! Won't lose its shape! Will come out just as soft and shapely as the day you bought it.

Sweaters should never be rubbed. Wool fibre is the most sensitive fibre there is. When you twist wool or rub it, it becomes stiff, matted and shrunken. You simply don't dare trust it to ordinary soap.

But Lux comes in pure delicate flakes that dissolve instantly in hot water. In a moment you whisk them up into a rich, foamy lather.

With Lux, there is not a tiny particle of solid soap to stick to the soft woolen and injure it. Not a bit of rubbing to mat and shrink the delicate fibres. You simply dip your sweater up and down in the rich Lux lather—squeeze the suds through the soiled parts—and take it out again so soft and fresh and fluffy you can't believe it has been washed.

Wash your sweater this year the gentle Lux way. Have it stay new all summer long. *Lux won't hurt anything pure water alone won't injure.* Your grocer, druggist or department store has Lux. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

TO WASH COLORED SWEATERS

Whisk Lux to a lather in very hot water—two tablespoonfuls to a gallon. Add cold water until lukewarm. Swish sweater about in suds. Squeeze the suds through—do not rub. Rinse in three lukewarm waters, dissolving a little Lux in the last rinsing. Never wring sweaters. Squeeze water out, and spread on a towel to dry in the shade. *Lux won't cause any color to run which pure water alone will not cause to run.*

LUX

USE LUX FOR ALL THESE

Laces	Crêpes de Chine	Silk Underthings
Mulls	Georgettes	Washable Taffeta
Chiffons	Organdies	Washable Satin
Dimities	Damasks	Baby's Flannels
Voiles	Silk Stockings	Blankets, etc.



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Photograph, Witzel. L. A.

Gallery of Players

MAY ALLISON

May Allison, a genuine Southern beauty, after several years of consistently pleasing picture performances, has scored one of the biggest comedy successes of the cinema year in "Peggy Does Her Darndest." Miss Allison gained her first fame as co-star to the late Harold Lockwood.



Photograph, Hartsook, L. A.

IRENE RICH

Irene Rich is well on the way to living up to her patronymic, for she has graduated from the ranks of the extra to playing leads opposite Dustin Farnum and William Farnum. Buffalo, New York, claims her as one of its celebrities.



DOROTHY DALTON Photograph, Evans, L. A.

Dorothy Dalton's paternal parent believed she would make a remarkable lawyer, and Miss Dalton proved her argumentative powers by persuading him to sanction a stage career. From a dramatic school she went to a stock company, and, while in Los Angeles, she was engaged by Thomas Ince to play "The Disciple" with William S. Hart. She will soon appear in "The Home-breaker."



Photograph, Apeda, N. Y.

MURIEL OSTRICHE

Muriel Ostriche is another in the long list of stars who were given their first chance by D. W. Griffith. Then followed long, hard work with Thanhouser, interspersed with professional dancing. At present Miss Ostriche is gracing the film that comes from the World studio.



KATHERINE MacDONALD

Photograph, Witzel, L. A.

Katherine MacDonald has had the distinction of playing with such popular players as Elliott Dexter, Charles Ray, William S. Hart, Douglas Fairbanks and Jack Pickford. Upon her completion of the leading rôle in a picture version of Hall Caine's "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," her own company was formed. "The Thunderbolt" is her first production.



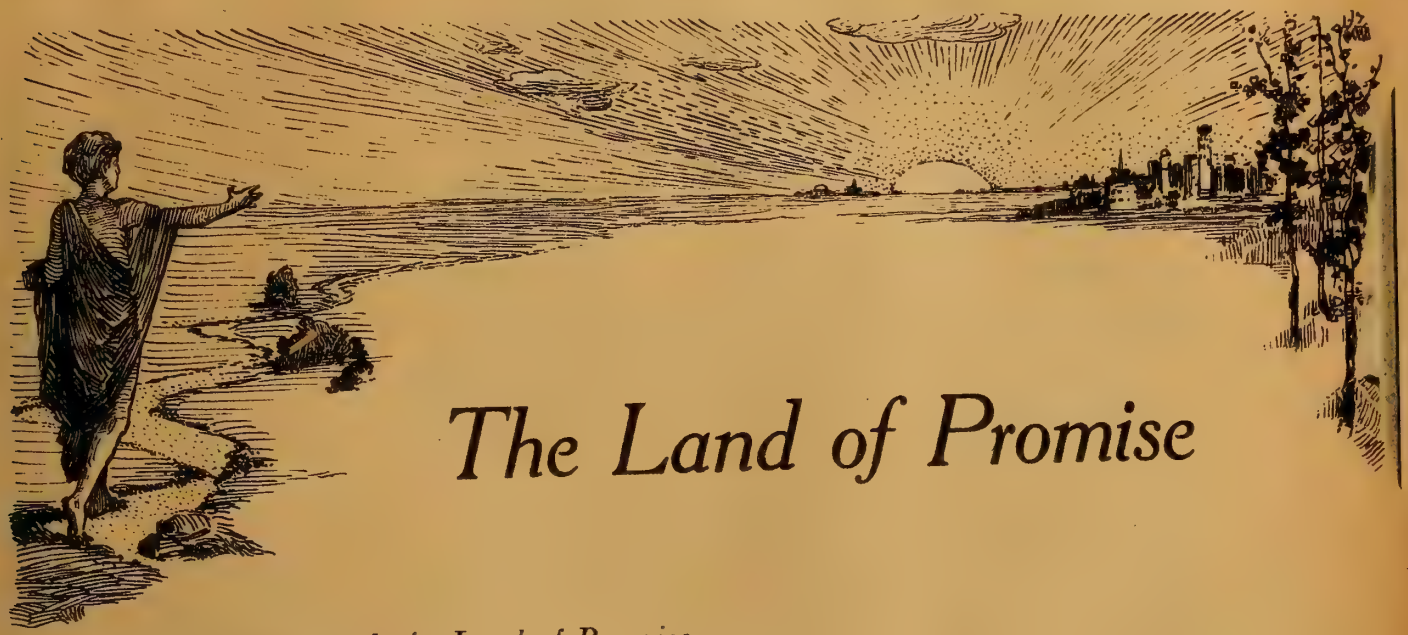
© Strauss Peyton

EUGENE O'BRIEN

Eugene O'Brien made his dramatic début in a vaudeville sketch and Elsie Janis, discovering him there, gave him a part in "The Little Duchess." Mr. O'Brien's first screen fame was gained as Norma Talmadge's leading man. After a winter of playing leading man to Famous Players-Lasky stars he has been made a Selznick star himself.

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

AUGUST, 1919



The Land of Promise

LONG has youth sought its Land of Promise.

Centuries have been filled with the dreams of youth.

In the dim hours of twilight; under the haunting spell of the magical moon, or on the afternoon of a day in budding spring; visions of that entrancing country of going-to-do and going-to-be have visited each one of us.

Our visions have made us young Columbuses who hungrily seek that wanted world thruout all our lives.

In proportion to the strength of our longing, dreaming, visualizing the land of our desire is our chance of some day attaining it.

The greater your belief in your Land of Promise, the greater is your chance of reaching it.

For dreams are the gossamer bubbles of genius. They are the moonbeams lighting the long dreary road of endeavor that leads to success.

The cloud that shadows the golden dream of every poet, artist, actor, writer and cobbler has been the coming of Middle-Age, who has silvered his hair and stolen the first fine enthusiasm of youth before realization has been accomplished.

But the coming of the shadow art has changed this.

MOTION PICTURES ARE THE LAND OF PROMISE!

They are the artistic medium, the one land, where youth has found and kept a firm foot-hold. Motion Pictures have welcomed young doers—and young dreamers.

They have brought early recognition to more geniuses than any other art. Never before have so many young authors, actors and artists earned success and the fame and money that accompany success, while the enthusiasm of youthful ideals still spurred them on. Never before has success come to so many dreamers while the hot blood of inspiration, of unspoiled dreams still burnt in their veins, untouched by the acid of failure.

If your dreams are worth while, if your endeavor matches your ability to dream, the shadow art offers you a stepping stone to the altars of success.

Give your best efforts to motion pictures. Be grateful to them, appreciate them, for they are youth's LAND OF PROMISE.

The Climax of Creation's Drama



enormous wonder, and yet you cannot see it until you are within a few feet of its edge. Even the last mile of the train journey gives you no warning of what is to come. But, when you *are* within a few feet, then you get your big surprise. You step suddenly from the Land of Now into the Land of Things Unexplained. You are on the edge of the world, looking down into a great crack in the earth that is just a mile deep and thirteen miles wide, full of mountain peaks that loom upward toward you, painted in every color that the Great Mystery has on His wonder palette of nature.

Bluffs of ochre and brown and red,
In varied glory flare,
For this is the land of mystery,
Where God plays solitaire.

All photographs by Putnam & Valentine



The silent drama's great advantage over the other arts lies in its ability to take advantage of nature's stage settings. Nature herself stages a drama in the Rockies, the Yellowstone Canyon and the Arizona Grand Canyon of Colorado

TO do the thing properly one should start with the sandhills of Nebraska, travel by slow stages, literally and figuratively, thru the Ozarks of Missouri, take a short run thru the Black Hills of South Dakota, get used to *big* things in the Rockies of Colorado, take a good look at the Yellowstone Canyon and save the Arizona Grand Canyon of the Colorado for the climax.

For, undoubtedly, it *is* the climax in locations. It's about the biggest location in the U. S. A.

Doug Fairbanks admits that he cant jump it, which may give you some idea of its size and be one of the reasons why he finds it so fascinating. Doug is, by the way, one of the stars who believes in proper locations for pictures. He said once that he'd like to have a different location for every one of his pictures. He felt that he could, in this way, give his pictures a bit of geographical value.

One of the startling things about the Grand Canyon of Arizona is that, when your train leaves you at the little ation just below the artistic El Tovar Hotel, you cannot *see* e canyon. Think of that! Within just a few yards of this

By
MARTHA GROVES
McKELVIE



Like great castles, they raise their heads, and, way down at the very bottom, a mile down, you see a tiny ribbon of silver winding along, dodging the queer bits of natural architecture.

It looks like a thread, but it is, in reality, the Colorado River.

You feel, if you have a heart and soul, that you have reached the edge of the world and are looking right into the Land of Things Unsolved, or, as some one has more aptly put it, the beginning of infinity.

If you have let the world and the life of the world put a crust on your heart and soul, you are apt to say sweetly, as you powder your poor, wind-blown nose for the 'nth time, "Aint it pretty!"



To such as these be it known, that if a certain person happens to be near, said "aint it pretty" commentor will surely be pushed over the edge.

This climax in locations is too big for words. Empty words!

Your heart goes to your boot toes and you begin to believe in a hereafter. You realize, as you have never realized before, the existence of the Great Mystery. You feel as tho you were in a high-up world, looking down on one just discovered. It seems unreal. There below you are mountains, mysterious gorges, winding rivers, deep caves and, over at one side, you see a rain or snowstorm, maybe both, in the valley, while the clouds that hover above the storm do not come within reach of the canyon's rim.

In another direction you see all sunshine, no clouds.

Thru very strong glasses you can see, in the valley below, ranch-houses and corrals. Even thru the glasses the large buildings look like tiny white specks.

While you stand in awe and reverence in the face of this grea mystery of the ages, you are bound to think of those other days of long ago. Days when the frontiersmen and Indians, crossing the desert to some land of promise, came upon this great spectacle and, no doubt, wondered "howinell they'd git across." They didn't come close to the edge in a plush-upholstered Pullman car. They walked, rode or drove the proverbial oxen. They probably arrived *some* weary. Reckon they had to sit down and rest a

(*Continued on page* 92)

Gatling Gun Gish

Dorothy Is a Fiery Young Person



Photograph
Hartsook, L. A.

Dorothy Gish looks fearlessly out upon the future. Her whimsical smile, sensitive mouth and serious tho roguish eyes make one wonder if when the years have stirred the depths of her nature, she will not develop into a great emotional actress

A SWISH of skirts, soft patter of footsteps on the stairs, and Dorothy Gish breezed in!

Her coming had the effect of a sudden flash of sunshine, and instantly the quiet room was charged with the vivid personality of this youthful comédienne of the screen who has climbed to stardom by leaps and bounds.

It isn't always safe to size up a star's character from the rôles she creates in her pictures, but when ou first meet Dorothy you feel as if you are greeting a jolly little friend whom you know very well, you recall the many hearty laughs you have ared with her.

We were in the Gish home in Los Angeles, a *real* ome!

The cheerful, livable rooms, the sunny verandas, he fluffy kitten asleep in the deep window seat, the anary's happy song echoing from the patio beyond he breakfast-room, combined in presenting an old-me sense of home so seldom found these days.

"It's mother," said Dorothy, reading my thoughts. "She is Southern, and home means everything to her. Lillian and I had no childhood home, for we were stage children and spent our time in boarding-houses or traveling on the road, so just as soon as we were settled in pictures, mother insisted that we girls should know the value of a home, and we do love it.

"I am so glad that pictures *came* just in time for us," she went on, "for I like everything about them except when I have to step out of the film and make 'personal appearances!' While I was East last winter I made several of these appearances where 'Hearts of the World' was being shown, and I nearly *died* of stage-fright, really I did, and I lost fifteen pounds while on that trip!

"Funny," said Dorothy, "that it took a picture of the war's tragedy to show me that I wanted to play comedy, but it's true. The Little Disturber was the turning point with me, for I became so interested in her that I suddenly discovered that I loved comedy. It is such fun to make the world laugh.

"As a child on the stage I played a few comedy rôles, but I had forgotten all about them. Motion pictures were at a very serious stage when we first started, and tho I was only fourteen, I played nuns, cast-off daughters, wronged sisters, and even *mothers!* How I did revel in all the black, hopeless sorrow I could put into those rôles! You see, I was passing thru the suffering age. Oh, I was crazy to suffer! I read Omar Khayyam, had my pictures taken with my eyes cast pensively down or tragically up, and I yearned to look sad and wistful and interesting. Isn't that a joke?"

There is a frank, boyish directness in her speech and manner that is all the more pronounced, because Dorothy



By MAUDE S. CHEATHAM



Photo Hartsook, L. A.

Dorothy Gish finds playing comedy for hours enough to weary even her valiant spirit. At such times jokes and stories are trotted out to chase away the clouds. But chocolate ice-cream is the one infallible remedy.

Gish is alluringly feminine in appearance. She gleefully confesses that she wears a wig in many of her pictures.

"It saves *so* much time and trouble," she declared, laughing. "The first time I wore one was in 'Hearts of the World,' when I put on the black, bobbed wig for the Little Disturber. So many think Lillian and I look alike in our pictures and once, while watching this film, we heard some people back of us insisting that the same girl played the two rôles and the black wig was used to fool the audience.



"Lillian and I may look alike, but we are really absolutely different. We often say that our devotion to mother is the only thing in which we are alike. You see, I'm the wild one; just being with people spurs me on, while Lillian is rather diffident. When we are at home, however, I relax and quiet down, while Lillian throws off her reserve and becomes the talkative one."

It was during that momentous trip to Europe while making "Hearts of the World" that Dorothy really "grew up." The nearness to the big war drama gave her the first taste of life's uncertain depths. "Sometimes," she said, "I felt as if we were living over a volcano. No one could tell at what moment it might burst forth—and all would be over. Under this strain every condition gained intensity and every one lived—*hard!* Know what I mean? For instance, at the theaters in London, while the city was under that awful fear of air raids, splendid plays were being enacted with a power and earnestness that was thrilling, and I doubt if those actors will ever do as great work again."

Watching her work at the studio is a little show in

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Karefree Kerry

Norman Enjoys Life, Except When He's On Parade



Evans, L. A.

NORMAN KERRY was covered with confusion and blushes when we met him. Somehow one doesn't expect an actor to blush, especially one who wears a sophisticated, misplaced eyebrow upon his upper lip.

However, there was nothing of super-sophistication about the way Norman Kerry stumbled over the studio what-nots to grasp our hand; there was nothing of the suave actor, long used to applause, in the way he stammered something about—

Yes, ah—he was glad to meet us—yes, he knew we'd been trying to meet him—but a—ah—an interview—an interview! —rising inflection—good Lord, what did one say when one was interviewed?

That attitude was all boy—plain, self-conscious, effervescent, eager, coltish boyhood. We dont know how Norman Kerry will like being compared to a colt, but he reminded us poignantly of one, who has just reached the age of tasting his first rich oats and has for the first time discovered what a glorious, big, green place the world is to prance around in.

The interview idea was to Norman Kerry very much what the very first sight of a bridle and bit is to a thorobred, care-free pony. Warily we chatted to him, fully expectant that at the slightest provocation he would dash for his green pastures and freedom.

Thruout our afternoon at the Marion Davies studio, Norman was divided between a wild desire to elude us and an innate breeding and politeness which forbade his being rude to one of the opposite sex.

He welcomed with grateful eyes every command which Director Alan Dwan shouted at him. He relished each diversion which dragged him unresisting from our questions to the stage.

He sparred for time by romping all over the set, teasing the other actors, laughing and joking. He participated in a fight scene with such vim and vigor that he came out of it with a couple of cut fists and a black-and-blue bump on his forehead. Still he kidded everybody until even the most serious-minded artist in the troupe howled with laughter. The weight of his years and the world descended upon him *only* when he saw us patiently clasping his photographs to our chest, hoping that heaven would give us some type to set around them . . .

Tall, hot and breathless, he came at length shyly—to us. Maybe, he seemed to say, we were just a girl after all—our irresponsible giggle must have reassured him, for he



Norman Kerry likes the above picture of himself in army uniform with Marion Davies. "It's good," says Kerry, "to see that I can look so much like an actor, after being told all day I'm not one"

By HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR



sat down by us, mopping his moist brow. Under sympathetic application of a bandage to his cut wrist, we slowly wedged into his confidence.

First of all, Kerry is a care-free wanderer. Ever since he graduated from St. John's College he has traveled all over the globe. The masculine love of adventure burns hotly in his veins. Scarcely less important in his make-up is his love of fun. A good time—first, last and always—seems to be Kerry's creed. He does not care for responsibilities and prefers to roam alone than to be hitched in double harness.

This, we might add, is but another proof of his supreme youth. To dance his way thru life is *the thing* to him at present, and yet a goodly bit of grown-up reasoning seems to give weight to his statement that—

"An early marriage is a great mistake in professional life.

"To make the most of his prospects, an actor should be untrammeled, free to come and go when he pleases, free to make the most of any contract offered him, and not be bound by any worries at home."

It was simply chance that brought Kerry to playing in pictures. He had been up in Alaska and, coming back, landed broke in California.

Now one's first idea, when in California and broke, is pictures.

Kerry applied for a job at a studio.

"Have you had any experience?" asked the casting director.

"Sure, playing leads," prevaricated Kerry.

Whereupon he was given a part on his own recommendation—and made good. It wasn't long before he was playing rôles opposite Constance Talmadge and all the girl fans were sending in letters of inquiry concerning the tall, dark-haired, sleek-looking young fellow.





Norman Kerry landed broke in California. Now he's one of the most popular leading men in pictures. He likes a good time—and prefers the life of a roamer to being tied down by responsibilities

He began to take his work a little seriously. If these strange audiences were interested in him, it was up to him to repay their interest by doing good work. He bought a home in Hollywood and sent for his mother and sister. He taught his sister to answer carefully all the notes that came tumbling in and to send out his photograph. He had the time of his life tripping the light fantastic or driving his machine around the wonderful California roads during his leisure hours. Then the war came.

"Lord—I couldn't wait for America to get into the scrap," he says, boyishly, telling about it. "I enlisted in the Canadian Royal Flying Corps.

"Didn't get sent over, tho—rotten luck—so when America came in, I got my discharge and enlisted in the tank corps. The months of training in the South were at least worth

(*Continued on page* 109)



A French Marguerite

HERE'S something new under the sun! That is, comparatively so. She's a new twinkler, in the movie sky at least, and she's nestling close to the big stars in spite of, (or maybe because of), being a fit subject for the truant officer. Only fifteen! Honest to goodness! And her name is Marguerite de la Motte. Yes'm, it's French.

Marguerite graduated from Matildita's dancing school some time ago and, say—*listen*—when Pavlowa visited America on her last tour and saw little Marguerite dance, she wanted to take her abroad and give her personal training.

But the parents of this talented little girl were not ready to give their daughter up to the professional life and refused the Russian marvel's offer.

This was when Marguerite was twelve years old, and she has been dancing ever since she left the high-chair and began to drink out of a glass.

She did her first professional dancing at the Coronado Hotel at the famous beach by that name, near San Diego.

Being crazy about pictures, (proof of her being normal), la petite Marguerite did a regular joy dance when the chance came to be leading lady with Jack Pickford. And, later, she created another happy dance when Doug Fairbanks gave her a nice part in "Arizona."

Now she is with Bessie Barriscale in the all-star cast of "Josselyn's Wife," and Miss Barriscale has given her a part where her beauty and dramatic talent may be shown to advantage as well as her dancing.

"Dancing for the camera," says Marguerite, "is no simple thing. You see, the difficulty of getting the best results in dancing lies in the fact that the dancer is too closely confined within certain limits. It is only in freedom of movement that one can do artistic work."

Marguerite creates her own dances. Her "Blue Heron" dance is considered a classic by Californians, and she created that dance before she was fourteen years old from a hunting story told her by her father.

Little Miss de la Motte wont have to dance her way into the hall of fame. She has other talents and treasures that will unlock the door.



Marguerite de la Motte is a happy little dancer of fifteen summers and winters. She has played with Jack Pickford and Doug Fairbanks in pictures





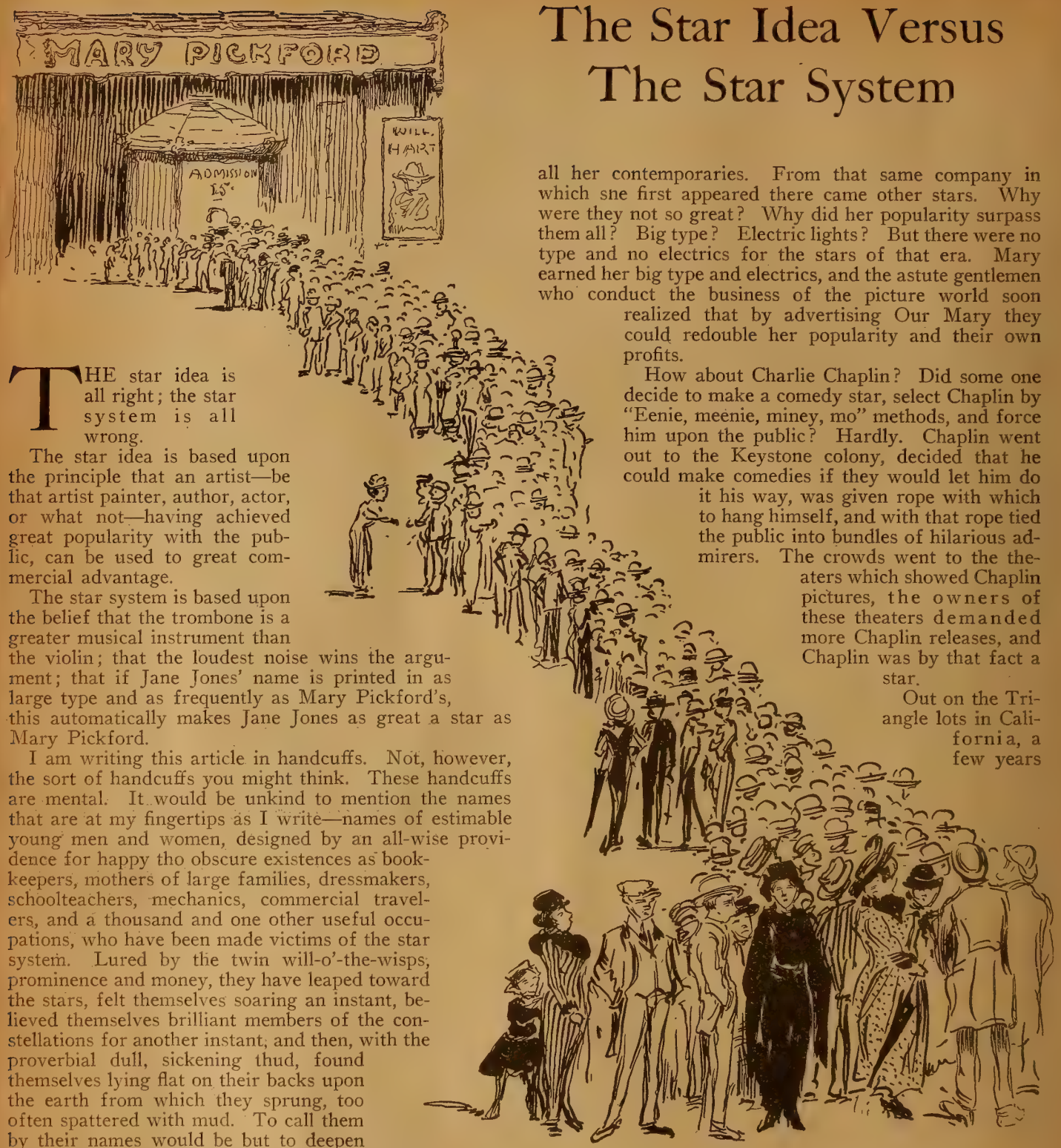
An Artist At Playing

Madame Nazimova gives herself as intensely in play as she does in her acting. Here she is shown on the grounds of the charming home she has leased for a year in the shadow of the picturesque Hollywood Mountains



Nazimova and her husband, Charles Bryant, are pals. Whenever there is a day of leisure to be had from the Metro studio, the two don their hiking togs and start forth to explore the canyons and mountain peaks that lie just beyond their own gate

The Star Idea Versus The Star System



THE star idea is all right; the star system is all wrong.

The star idea is based upon the principle that an artist—be that artist painter, author, actor, or what not—having achieved great popularity with the public, can be used to great commercial advantage.

The star system is based upon the belief that the trombone is a greater musical instrument than the violin; that the loudest noise wins the argument; that if Jane Jones' name is printed in as large type and as frequently as Mary Pickford's, this automatically makes Jane Jones as great a star as Mary Pickford.

I am writing this article in handcuffs. Not, however, the sort of handcuffs you might think. These handcuffs are mental. It would be unkind to mention the names that are at my fingertips as I write—names of estimable young men and women, designed by an all-wise providence for happy tho obscure existences as bookkeepers, mothers of large families, dressmakers, schoolteachers, mechanics, commercial travelers, and a thousand and one other useful occupations, who have been made victims of the star system. Lured by the twin will-o'-the-wisps, prominence and money, they have leaped toward the stars, felt themselves soaring an instant, believed themselves brilliant members of the constellations for another instant, and then, with the proverbial dull, sickening thud, found themselves lying flat on their backs upon the earth from which they sprung, too often spattered with mud. To call them by their names would be but to deepen their humiliation. So let the mental handcuffs remain. He who has failed has earned, at least, immunity in his obscurity.

The happier, successful ones can be named, and the process of their advancement to stardom examined. The explanation is almost invariably simple.

All discussions of stars must begin with Mary Pickford. She was a star before the moving picture theaters knew they could afford to advertise, when the average price of admission was a dime, when posters and ornate displays in the fronts of the nickelodeons were unknown. Who did it? Who decided that Our Mary should be a star? Who made her a star? The public—none other. Unheard of in her former profession—she was a mere child—she left the stage for the studio, and by sheer force of personality, charm, loveliness, (and loveliness is something more than beauty), and talent she outstripped all her contemporaries. From that same company in which she first appeared there came other stars. Why were they not so great? Why did her popularity surpass them all? Big type? Electric lights? But there were no type and no electrics for the stars of that era. Mary earned her big type and electrics, and the astute gentlemen who conduct the business of the picture world soon realized that by advertising Our Mary they could redouble her popularity and their own profits.

How about Charlie Chaplin? Did some one decide to make a comedy star, select Chaplin by "Eenie, meenie, miney, mo" methods, and force him upon the public? Hardly. Chaplin went out to the Keystone colony, decided that he could make comedies if they would let him do it his way, was given rope with which to hang himself, and with that rope tied the public into bundles of hilarious admirers. The crowds went to the theaters which showed Chaplin pictures, the owners of these theaters demanded more Chaplin releases, and Chaplin was by that fact a star.

Out on the Triangle lots in California, a few years ago, there was a great collection of actors and actresses. Who decided that, of all this aggregation, Douglas Fairbanks and William S. Hart should be the biggest stars? In the Triangle offices were gentlemen who had the power to decide who should have the biggest type on the billboards. Did they exercise that power? If so, why did they choose Fairbanks and Hart instead of certain other actors (the handcuffs are fastened firmly) with much greater stage popularity, receiving much larger salaries? The fact is, they did not choose.

The public made Mary Pickford a star before moving picture theaters knew they could afford to advertise, when the average price of admission was a dime and posters in the front of the nickelodeons were unknown

In Which a Girl Plays at Hearts—But Reforms

SOME BRIDE

Narrated, by permission, from the Metro production of the story by Anne and Alice Duffy, adapted to the screen by June Mathis and Luther Reed. Directed by Henry Otto, with this cast:

Patricia Morley.....Viola Dana
Henry Morley.....Irving Cummings
Geoffrey Patten.....Billy Mason
Jane Grayson.....Florence Carpenter
Victoria French.....Ruth Sinclair

"Pat was mad about him," reiterated Victoria, "of course, superficially . . . Pat will always be Pat to a certain extent, but way down deep, and there are a great many way-down-deeps in Patricia, there was a big, big love for Henry Morley. I've seen her speak of him with tears in those eyes he reviled so out of his perfectly demoniacal jealousy. I've seen her get right down on her adorable pink knees and pray for him. I've seen her defending him before a whole room full of people who were ridiculing his haremesque attitude. Patricia loved him. *I* know."

"But this Ruggles?" I feebly interrupted the scornful tirade. "Does a woman who—ah—loves a man, who is his—well, bride of a few weeks—does she *Ruggle*, as it were?"

Victoria lit an accomplished cigaret. I was beginning to think Victoria a very accomplished person—in every line save story-telling.

"Tom Ruggles!" she sniffed. "In the first place, when Henry Morley literally forced Pattie into marrying him she was not, as you observe with such dignity, a real, sure-enough woman. She was a *kid*—just a kid. We'd only been out of school a year. Pat hadn't done her first season thoroly. She'd never had a chance, not any time, for the matter of that, to use her perfectly good eyes. She was only playing . . . Henry Morley was older. He should have known. I believe he did, selfish monster!"

"Playing," I observed, with an air of some futility, "such as"—I waved a hand in no particular direction—"matches," I said, "and the like of that, you know."

"Nonsense! Tom Ruggles was no match. He was an athlete. Pat had a duck of a bathing-suit, and she is a duck of a swimmer. It just happened, the week they were here, that Henry had to sprain his ridiculous ankle. Naturally, he couldn't pursue Patricia into the water. She and Tom went together. I saw nothing startling about the performance, and . . ."

"Her bathing costume. I've heard . . ."

"What had *that* to do with Tom Ruggles? *He* didn't make it."

"No, no, of course not. But he—it's just possible that he *noticed* it. Noticed Patricia in it, as it were."

"Well, Tom was no fool. He did do a good deal of looking at Patricia—but what would you? Was Pat to enter a convent or go about swathed up like a mummy? No, it was all just Henry and his bloodthirsty jealousy. I saw the whole thing. All they did was swim out to the raft and sit there . . ."

"For upwards of two hours?" I asked, with an ingenuous air, "while people, chiefly A Person, yelled, with vigor, from the shore?"

Victoria favored me with a look of exasperation. "It was pleasant for them in the sun," she vouchsafed, and it was precisely one hour and thirty-three minutes, no longer, and besides, what, I ask you, *what* could



Tom did do a good deal of looking at Patricia — but what would you? Was Pat to enter a convent or go about swathed up like a mummy?

Patricia do on a raft, in full, plain view of . . ."

"Oh, nothing," I said, hastily and withal modestly, "nothing whatever at all. Of course not! I was not implying . . . I . . ."

"Then they did some fancy jumping and diving," went on Victoria, "and then they came in. Henry Morley created a perfectly absurd scene. He stormed and raged and ended by taking Pat up in his arms and bearing her off bodily to the hotel, which, besides all other violations of good sense, was against the hotel regulations . . . in a bathing-suit. Tom Ruggles just laughed. I never . . ."

"Did he beat her?"

"Beat . . . Patricia! Well, I should hope not! But he made her perfectly wretched. Was as sarcastic as a —a bear. Called her '*some* bride!' . . . said this was his idea of a perfect honeymoon—*not!* And even went so far as to say that she might be a bride—but *whose* bride was she?

"It ended up by Patricia crying all over the place, and her eyes, when she cries, just get more jewelly than ever, so the brute softened somewhat—and affairs were patched up until after dinner. It was all tragical for Patricia."

"Henry sounds like the tragical one to me. Jealousy," I pursued, "is a tragical emotion."

Victoria looked momentarily grave. "Yes, I believe it is," she reflected; "Henry Morley used to do a lot of confiding in me. I think that he knew me to be the only one really close to Patricia. I used to have the feeling that I was seeing his whole emotional nature being crucified before my very eyes. He suffered torments not even the damned know. He was entirely out of proportion about the whole thing. The mere fact of Patricia's eyes, the sheer fact of the breath in her body, the necessity of any sharing, however slight, however mundane, drove him mad.

"'Pat is just a kiddie,' I used to tell him, 'playing . . .'

"'Patricia is a woman,' he would answer me, grimly, 'torturing me.'

"After a while it got to be an obsession with him . . . but that comes later . . ." Victoria seemed in imminent danger of lapsing into reverie.

"The barn dance?" I prodded. "There were . . ."

"Pat wore a duck of a suit," Victoria enlightened me; "a feather thing. She looked like a perky, adorable bird, with just two huge jewels for eyes. She drove poor Henry nearly mad, I suppose, just the mere sight of her in that outfit. Then, of course, Tom Ruggles danced attendance, and Henry, owing to his ankle, couldn't dance at all, and things were pretty lowering. I could see that Patricia was reaching the end of her rope. She wanted to have a good time and she wanted Henry to enjoy the good time, and instead of that he stood there like some grim Nemesis, or whatever you call it, sort of a black masque at a masquerade.

"Around midnight some misguided soul suggested kissing games as being relevant to the occasion. Pattie gave a little squeal and flopped about with her tufty little tail. She didn't give Henry a tumble, because she knew pretty darned well what kind of a tumble he was giving *her*. He was. He was threatening her with all sorts of dire things with his eyes. You can imagine the rest . . . Tom Ruggles thought her the cutest little trick he'd set eyes on. How could he tell her so better than in the kissing game—he made *some* hay while the moon shone, that boy!

"An hour or so after every one had gone to bed Patricia came into my room. She was the absurdest-looking little mortal. She still had her feathers on, and they were all draggled and limp and lifeless. Her eyes, too—there was a pain in them that I knew was there for the first time and that I didn't like the look of. "Henry is going to divorce me," she said, and flopped inertly on my bed. She may only have been very, very tired, but there was a note of bitterness in her voice, a strain . . .

"'That's nonsense!' I told her. 'He hasn't an earthly reason.'

"'Reason has nothing to do with it. He starts for New York tomorrow, where he will begin proceedings.'

"There was a distinctly unchildlike silence. Finally Patricia said, slowly, 'So . . . this . . . this is love.'

"She slept with me that night, or rather, I slept. I had the feeling that her wide eyes were boring the shadows until the sun dispersed them, questioning . . .

"Of course, you know all about that absurd Henry



Morley's more absurd trip to New York and the institution of the proceedings—after six weeks of married life. At first I thought that Patricia was going to sit by and let the tide roll over her. I never thought for a moment, tho, that she didn't care. You couldn't have seen into her eyes, which were hurt, dumbly and bewilderedly, and believe that. She cared, and she was waking up to it as one awakes to an immensity for which one is either too young or too inexperienced to be prepared. It was rushing in upon her, in tidal waves of pain.

"He had been gone two weeks when she came to me. She was all in white, with a funny, nun-like little cap on her head, and she had the look of a very small child some one has thoughtlessly struck, or a little nun who has looked, inadvertently, upon a scarifying thing.

"'Of course, you know he must not do this thing,' she said to me.

"'Of course not,' I agreed.

"'It . . .' She put her small hand over the obvious thumping of her heart. 'Pain has its limits,' she said, and gave her new wry smile.

"'One man,' I advised, 'shouldn't be enough to make you feel—like this.'

"'The man,' she shrugged, 'what does he matter? It's the love I feel for him, which is myself. It has made me not a child any more, Victoria.'

"'That's a pity.'

"'No, it's time.'

"'What do you propose doing?'

"I can see her now, wrinkling her brow—you know the way she has. Then the little gleam that animates her when she has thought of something. 'Henry never could endure it,' she said, at length, 'when I was ill. He told me once he'd smash codes, creeds and all conventions to come to me if I should ever be suffering. I think, Vic, I . . . I think I'd better be . . . suffering.'

"'Details . . .' I requested.

"'Well, New York, of course. I'll go to a hospital there and chuck an *orful* bluff. I can, Vic. 'Member at school? I could be the sickest human at the shortest notice you ever saw, now couldn't I? I'll be that now. Then you—you can send for Henry—and, you see . . .'

"Honestly, I didn't think much of the plan. But I could see that Pattie was in a trap and that she was suffering. I knew, too, that that horrible Henry was going rigorously along with the utterly absurd proceedings. I had a queer understanding of how he felt about the thing . . . sort of a self-flagellence. He was deliberately destroying himself. He was taking a terrible pleasure out of his own contortions. There are people like that. So we departed for New York.

"'We might have been so happy here,' Pat said to me, the day we left California. 'It seems to me like Eden . . . and some horrid snake.'



Henry Morley created a perfectly absurd scene. He stormed and raged and ended by taking Pat up in his arms and bearing her off bodily to the hotel



Patricia wore a duck of a suit, a feather thing. She drove poor Henry nearly mad

"'Jealousy,' I told her; 'there isn't a viper much worse.'

"You should have seen Pat in the hospital! You wouldn't have given a farthing of brass for her life from one frail hour to the next. I'll never know whether she really bamfoozled the nurse and the M.D.'s or not, but certainly they gave her malady enough highfalutin names to fit almost any dread disease, and they certainly muffled her up and dosed her up and consulted over her.

"After she had been there two days I got in touch with Henry Morley. If Patricia looked like one foot in the grave, *he* looked like two or three. His eyes had never seen sleep for weeks, and his cheeks and mouth sagged as tho there were no such thing as laughter anywhere. Youth seemed to have departed from him utterly.

"'Pat's ill,' I told him, without preliminary.

"He grabbed hold of me and shouted queries at me. When he had done, I said, still calmly, 'Unless you want to kill her entirely you had better stop your ridiculous divorce proceedings. By order of her physician. That is, unless murder is in your line.'

"'That isn't it . . . she doesn't care . . . Ruggles . . .'

"'It *is* it. She *does* care. And Ruggles, on the California coast, isn't any great immediate aid. If you weren't so pig-headed, blind, stupid, jealous, Henry Morley, you'd see these things without your juniors, *but* superiors, having to point them out to you.'

"That night Patricia received at least half of the combined flowers in the city of New York. I never saw such floral hysterics. They fairly overflowed the hospital and drowned us in riots of color and perfume. 'It's the way,' Pat told me, 'Henry used to surround me with his love . . . it was extravagant, too, and all color . . . all color . . .'

"It seems queer how all the niceties in Pat seemed to be the very things to get her into trouble. That very afternoon the flowers came the nurse was telling us about Geoffrey Patten, a lawyer, across the hall. The nurse said he had been very ill and very lonely. Pat was immediately touched and insisted upon going over to his room and sharing her flowers, and, incidentally, her valuable time. I dont need to tell you that Henry Morley found her there—perched on Geoffrey Patten's bed.

"Perhaps Henry felt softened—anyway, it transpired that Geoffrey was a good friend of his and somehow or other things became amicable, and the next morning Henry bore Patricia off.

"You know about the dovecote they inhabited for a few months after that. You were there on one of their house-parties and had your fill of their billing and cooing. Probably you even saw that Henry was really not thoroly over his—disease, I call it—at all. You dont know about the last party we had there.

"It was like this—Pat invited Geoffrey Patten and me down together. She—she wanted to match-make, like all good wives. We came down, and immediately Henry Morley revived the incidental hospital

(*Continued on page 94*)



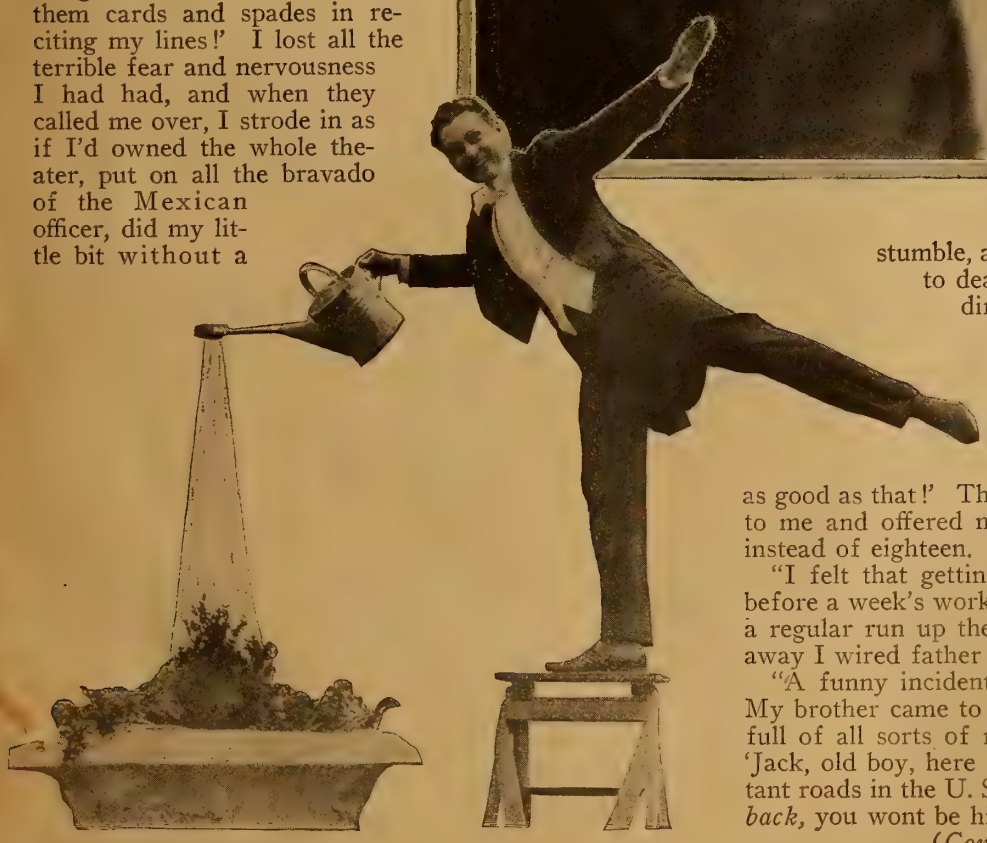
at Goldwyn

KINGSLEY

how to buy and wanted to be sure and have things right.

"Why, one costume must have been awfully funny by contrast, for I had had it built as nearly along the lines of the gorgeous white broadcloth uniform worn by Hackett in 'Rupert of Hentzau' as I dared. I had been offered $18 a week, and father did think it queer that one must have such fine clothes to go with a salary like that, but he believed in doing things well, so he fixed me right up.

"I'd never seen that sort of professional rehearsal. They were all holding their scripts and reading the parts, as is usual at a first rehearsal, I discovered later. The director would correct them, and make all sorts of comments, poke fun at them, and so on. I stood by, awaiting my turn, for everything was sort of unconventional and a try-out. The worse those actors and actresses read the lines or stumbled over parts they had not looked at before, the more confident I got. I thought, 'Why, they are something awful. I bet I can give them cards and spades in reciting my lines!' I lost all the terrible fear and nervousness I had had, and when they called me over, I strode in as if I'd owned the whole theater, put on all the bravado of the Mexican officer, did my little bit without a stumble, and was tickled to death to have the director and his assistant say, 'He's a dandy! Never expected anything as good as that!' Then they turned to me and offered me $20 a week instead of eighteen.





John Bowers has always had luck thruout his acting career. His father started him off with a four-hundred - and - fifty-dollar wardrobe, and things have just rolled John's way ever since. At present he is Goldwyn's favorite leading man

"I felt that getting a raise even before a week's work was up meant a regular run up the ladder, and as soon as I could get away I wired father of my wonderful success.

"A funny incident happened just before I left home. My brother came to me the day before, with both hands full of all sorts of railroad folders, and said, solemnly, 'Jack, old boy, here are time schedules of all the important roads in the U. S. A., *so that, when you start walking back,* you wont be hit by an express that you dont know

(*Continued on page* 105)

Tricks of the Trade

Photography Is Not Always What It Seems

THE Brooklyn judge, who, a month or so ago, ruled out a motion picture as evidence in a trial, knew something about animated photography. Time was when one could say "The camera never lies." But that was some little time ago, Rollo, some little time ago.

Now practically every photoplay has at least a trick or two. If nothing else, the flash of moonlight on the lake, when Horatio takes Hortense out for the fateful canoe proposal, is nothing more or less than the good old sunlight "shot" to look like moonshine—and possibly tinted. You simply never can tell these days.

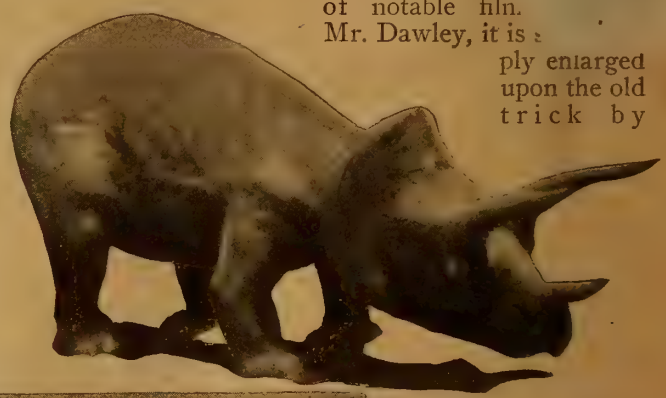
Take celluloid fires, for instance. Of course, any two-thousand-dollar-a-week director doesn't stop at the mere burning of a house these days. Or even a yacht or a business building, if necessary. But lots of times they economize with "smoke pots," concealed just inside the windows or portholes, causing dense smoke to roll thru the apertures. Then they stage a cabin or a room in flames in the studio and splice in the interiors and exteriors to fit. Thus Francis X. O'Brien may dash madly into the "burning" building on Monday, but he may not get into the flaming room where the fair young flapper is more or less unconscious—staged back at the studio—until the following Thursday.

And the automobile stuff! You're tricked again there, time and again. By tricking the camera work, the machine can be apparently sent at a rate of ninety miles an hour or more when it is, in reality, merely creeping along. You have observed recent comedies in which motor cars, traveling at break-neck speed, knock down rows of telegraph poles. With poles prepared to be easily pushed over and a slow-moving car to do the work, it is easy enough to get the effect of lightning speed.

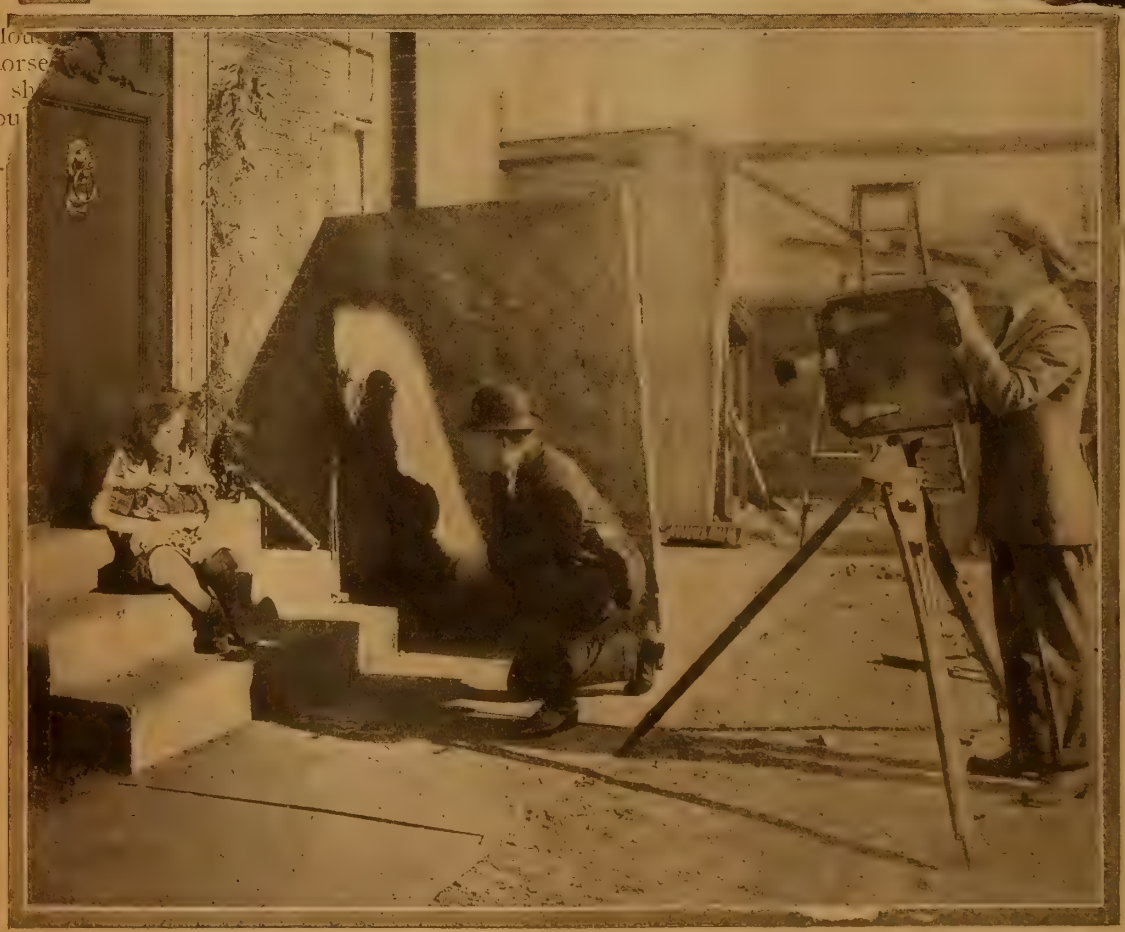
Comedy directors have been using skidding machines on slippery pavements a whole lot recently. You have seen the police patrol, loaded with comedy coppers, skid at break-neck speed, distributing burlesque policemen as it whirls about. The speed is mostly in the photoplay, however.

You have seen the express train coming head-on towards the automobile stalled at the crossing until it actually hits the machine. This is done in reverse fashion. The car is placed on the tracks and the train drawn up to the car until the locomotive actually touches the machine. Then the locomotive is backed away, while the automobile is similarly handled. When the finished positive is shown on the screen in reverse, the effect is obtained of a train dashing madly into the car.

Herbert M. Dawley's "The Ghost of Slu
tain" was a rec
of notable filn
Mr. Dawley, it is
ply enlarged
upon the old
trick by



which a knife, apparently without human aid, slices bread, by which chairs move about a room seemingly unaided, etc. By this method,



Madge Evans posing as the Little Match Girl in a Prizmacolor picture being made by the World Film Corp. at Ft. Lee, Peerless Studio. These color creations are entirely made in the bright sunlight and the spotlight effects are gotten by the aid of mirrors

By
JAMES FREDERICKS



Harold Lloyd and Snub Pollard in "Look Out Below," a marvel in screen trickery

which requires infinite care and time, single animated pictures are taken of objects in sequence. That is, a knife is thrust into the loaf of bread, the hand withdrawn from range of the camera and the object photographed, the knife is moved slightly, the camera crank is turned, the knife is moved a fraction further, another picture is taken, and so on until the movement is completed. The final positive, upon being flashed upon the screen, gives the appearance of the knife in motion without human aid. Mr. Dawley wanted to film prehistoric mammoths in action, and he built huge models—of cloth, wire and steel—of the dinosaurus and other monstrosities of the pre-stone ages.



The prehistorical monsters which Herbert M. Dawley built of cloth, wire and steel, but which appeared as live mammoths in "The Ghost of Slumber Mountain"

Placing these in front of the camera and slowly filming their "movements"—that is, by moving their head a bit and photographing, moving it again a bit more and again photographing, he attained the effect of prehistoric animals in action. Mr. Dawley was able to take something like twenty feet of film a day—that is, on days he worked hard and consistently. But the result! Astonishing, even to a fight to the death between huge creatures of the dim past.

A recent Pathé-Harold Lloyd comedy, "Lookout Below," presented an interesting instance of trick work. In this comedy the comedians went thru all sorts of breath-taking chases and knockabout stunts, apparently upon the upper girders of a high skyscraper. When we saw the comedy at the New York Rialto Theater, the audience gasped at each movement, for the comedians were apparently taking their lives in their hands every second.

But the thing was a gorgeous trick. A one-story steel "skyscraper" was built on the edge of a Los Angeles hill and the motion picture camera placed on the ground alongside. The camera was focused so that the hill did not come within the range of the lens, which just caught the girder, with the streets and houses in the gully below as a background. Thus the effect of the upper girders of a skyscraper was attained, this effect being aided by some flashes taken around a real skyscraper, which were interpolated here and there. The comedians dashed recklessly along girders about three feet from the ground.

You have seen films which slow down fast movements; that is, show a race-horse almost drifting by the camera, altho he is galloping, an athlete floating lazily over hurdles, etc. These films are taken with special cameras which run ten times faster than the average animated machine. The normal rate of photography is sixteen pictures per second. The ultra-rapid camera takes ten times as many exposures per second. When the ultra-rapid film is run thru the projection machine, it travels at just the same speed as the ordinary film and appears on the screen at the rate of sixteen pictures per second. Thus the movement is slowed up and a bird sluggishly flies across the sky at one-tenth his normal speed, every movement being revealed to the eye.

It is likewise possible to speed up slow motions This field of photography has always been more popular than its sister. Patience is the one essential. This method has already been referred to in explaining "The Ghost of Slumber Mountain." Briefly, animated photography is nothing more or less than the taking of a string of successive snapshots by, let us say, the process of one turn per picture. For speeding up slow movements, instead of the handle being turned continuously as in taking regular animated pictures, it is moved at stated

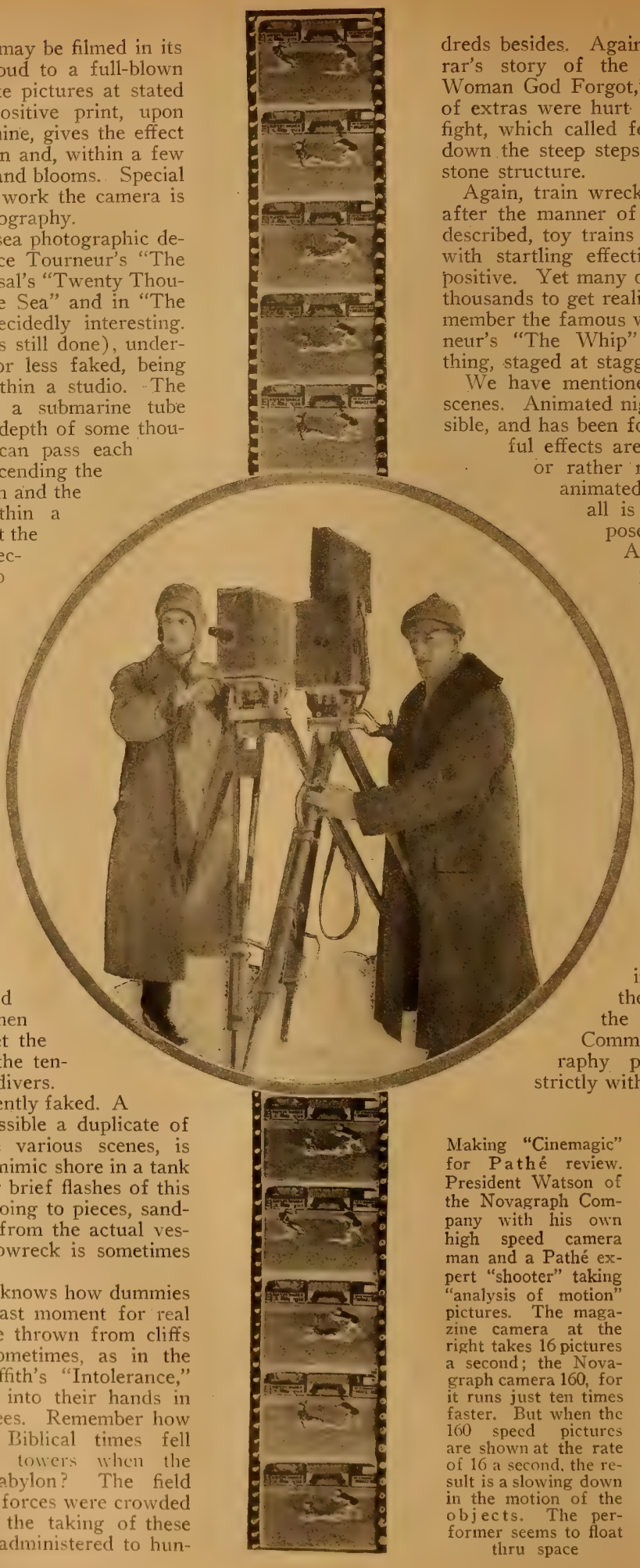
intervals. Thus, a rose may be filmed in its transmigration from a bud to a full-blown flower by taking separate pictures at stated intervals. The final positive print, upon being run thru the machine, gives the effect of one continuous motion and, within a few minutes, the bud grows and blooms. Special clockwork apparatus to work the camera is used in this sort of photography.

The Williamsons' subsea photographic devices, utilized in Maurice Tourneur's "The White Heather," Universal's "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" and in "The Submarine Eye" are decidedly interesting. Previously, (indeed, it is still done), underwater stuff was more or less faked, being taken in glass tanks within a studio. The Williamsons' device is a submarine tube which can be used to a depth of some thousand feet. Two men can pass each other ascending and descending the tube, air is pumped down and the camera-man works within a bell at the bottom. To get the necessary lighting, an electric device is lowered to the depths, the current being supplied from the ship above.

There are any number of other trick stunts requiring little explanation. The Williamsons' device brings to mind the famous octopus which fought the divers in "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea." Of course, the octopus was not real. It was a construction, it is said, of rubber sheeting and steel, a number of men working within it to get the effect of movement to the tentacles which seized the divers.

Shipwrecks are frequently faked. A toy ship, as near as possible a duplicate of the ship used for the various scenes, is "wrecked" upon a tiny mimic shore in a tank in the studio. By using brief flashes of this toy in the moment of going to pieces, sandwiched in with flashes from the actual vessel, the effect of a shipwreck is sometimes vividly attained.

Practically every fan knows how dummies are substituted at the last moment for real players who fall or are thrown from cliffs and buildings. Yet sometimes, as in the making of David Griffith's "Intolerance," extras take their lives into their hands in order to earn special fees. Remember how the warriors of the Biblical times fell from attacking battle towers when the hordes surrounded Babylon? The field hospitals of the Griffith forces were crowded night and day during the taking of these scenes. First aid was administered to hundreds besides. Again, when Geraldine Farrar's story of the ancient Aztecs, "The Woman God Forgot," was filmed, hundreds of extras were hurt in the famous pyramid fight, which called for many supers to roll down the steep steps and sides of the huge stone structure.



Making "Cinemagic" for Pathé review. President Watson of the Novagraph Company with his own high speed camera man and a Pathé expert "shooter" taking "analysis of motion" pictures. The magazine camera at the right takes 16 pictures a second; the Novagraph camera 160, for it runs just ten times faster. But when the 160 speed pictures are shown at the rate of 16 a second, the result is a slowing down in the motion of the objects. The performer seems to float thru space

Again, train wrecks are frequently faked after the manner of the shipwreck already described, toy trains rushed into each other with startling effectiveness in the finished positive. Yet many directors have expended thousands to get realistic wreck scenes. Remember the famous wreck in Maurice Tourneur's "The Whip"? This was the real thing, staged at staggering expense.

We have mentioned the faking of night scenes. Animated night photography is possible, and has been for a long time. Beautiful effects are obtained these days—or rather nights—in this field of animated picture-making. Yet all is not night that is supposed to be in the films.

A word in regard to war pictures. Operators working on the European battlefield have frequently used telephoto lenses by the aid of which it is possible to cinematograph close-ups of soldiers at a distance of some six hundred or more feet. Startling effects have been obtained with this sort of lens. Yet even this was dangerous, of course, and a number of camera-men lost their lives in Flanders fields and the other battlefields of the Continent.

Comments upon color photography possibly do not come strictly within the province of trick pictures. Many attempts have been made to produce natural color motion pictures. Outside of the unsuccessful Kinemacolor pictures of some years ago, color films have been produced by stenciling or hand-coloring. Kinemacolor and other color films required special projection machines, thus making the showing of these pictures almost prohibitive. Experimentors have been

(*Continued on page 106*)

I'll Get Him Yet.



The Story of a Girl Who Preferred Love to a Career

By GLADYS HALL

SUSY FARADAY JONES was born with the spirit of Wall Street, the face of a Botticelli cherub and the heart, so her frantic adorers thought, of a deep sea, cold sea, fish. What may or may not be pertinent to her career, she was born to the paternity of Bradford Warrington Jones, owner of the Standard Railroads Corporation.

The father, likewise the railroad magnate, was not the first nor by any means the last to be misled by Susy Faraday's cherubic countenance. That face, he thought, was born, *not* to "launch a thousand ships" (or trains), but to wear extravaganzas in the way of hats and to break young male hearts that her absurd feet might tread upon them. Which was quite all Bradford Warrington expected of the delectable girl he had wanted to be a boy. It was a face, too, that might well stand between a man and—well, the income tax, for instance. Upon the strength of which he transferred the Standard Railroads Corporation into the name of Susy Faraday Jones.

Upon the day following the mere detail of the transfer Susy Faraday showed herself into her father's unofficial-looking office. Bradford Warrington was totally unprepared for anything more serious than the announcement that she had, somehow, overdrawn at the bank. When he had casually mentioned the transfer at dinner the night before, Susy Faraday had merely flicked her curly lashes and observed with her "select" boarding-school slang, "I'll say that's good, old dear." Susy was frequently amazing.

There was something, even to Bradford Warrington, rather different about Susy today. There was a brusqueness, if a creature of such delicious curves and contours could comprehensibly be brusque.

"Poor dear," she addressed him, and proceeded to slip off her absurd gloves with an air somehow methodical.

Bradford Warrington raised one eyebrow. "I've a busy morning, honey-bee," he said, with deprecation. There was something about Susy . . . one did not make undue encroachment . . . one was never over-familiar . . .

Susy smiled, with evident indulgence. "You run right along, Braddie," she said, with ease. "You've worked long enough and hard enough in your lifetime, and now that you've had the foresight and perception to shift the burden to younger and—ah—stronger shoulders, you will not find the burden shirked. In fact, dear, I am more than glad to assume the responsibility."

"I . . . you . . ."

"Exactly. You run right along now, and get your favorite caddie and play your little eighteen holes, and have your little toddy, and you will find me back from the office in time for dinner. We've guests."

"You . . . I . . ."

"That's what I think. We always concur—er—I was about to say—it's not every one who has had the foresight to realize the new era of the new woman. You, Braddie, are capitalizing it as you have capitalized every advantage which has, so to speak, knocked at your door. Now dont keep me, dear; it will take me five or ten minutes to get hold here."

Bradford Warrington Jones gave a last prodigious gulp. He had seen at that moment Bradford Warrington

I'LL GET HIM YET

Narrated by permission from the Famous Players-Lasky photoplay of the same name, directed by Elmer Clifton, with this cast:

Susy Faraday Jones (alias Skinflint Jones)
owner of the Standard Railroads.....Dorothy Gish
Bradford Warrington Jones, her father...George Fawcett
Scoop McCreedy, a newspaper man..Richard Barthelmess
Harold Packard, a rich young dilettante....Ralph Graves
Robert E. Hamilton, Susy's legal adviser....Edward Peel
William R. Craig, supt. of Susy's railroad..Porter Strong

Jones in the pliant face of the girl-child-he-wanted-to-be-a-boy. There it was . . . the spirit that had made the little farm-lad first a brakeman and then, successively, every official to the super-official, the owner. The spirit of leadership which does not brook—because it never admits—defeat.

Susy Faraday was watching him. The moment she saw victory she showed humor, also explanatoriness.

"You see, dad, it's this way," she said. "I'm sick to death of breakfast-trays and stupid engagements and stupid men that never do an earthly thing save play—and play at love. I dont like play. Things are too real. I want some of the real things. I'll never get them, done up in cotton batting the way I am. That transfer was my *chance*. I'm going to take it, if I have to fight for it thru the courts. I've *got* to have it. There's something in me, Braddie, that's got to be tested and tried. If I fail—I'm satisfied. If I win—well, I shall . . ." Her young face, suddenly grim, softened and her mouth twitched . . . "Harold Packard made love to me last night," she said, with seeming irrelevance; "he didn't take . . . he asked. There I was . . . in front of the roaring fire . . . feeling . . . feeling *softy* . . . there *he* was . . . and here we are today . . . *apart* . . ." Her mouth gave a scornful curve. "The real things," she said, as if to herself; "iron rails . . . trains . . . shrieking locomotives . . . sweat and grime and coal and dirt . . . a man, perhaps . . . dad, it's . . ."

Bradford Warrington Jones looked down on her thru eyes that were wet. "It's me," he muttered, in a sort of amazement; "it's me . . . in you . . . the me . . . I *was*."

Susy Faraday shot forth her small hand. It gripped her father's, and he was amazed to find it a firm little fist, gritty and hard. "You're *on*," said Susy Faraday; "it's the same stuff, dad, good stuff, at that . . ."

Susy found the Standard Railroads Corporation simpler than the three R's. Hers was that kind of a mind. The Standard Railroads found "S. F. Jones," as she signed her official communications, a power of blood and iron to be reckoned with, but not bargained with. Here was no compromise, here no appeal. Decision was decision, absolute. "S. F. Jones" signed to an ultimatum was as inevitable as the sphinx and as final as the creed.

There were various small matters—Rivera, for example, and the thru trains, which, petitions notwithstanding, S. F. Jones would not allow to stop. "I have said what I have said," came from the inner shrine. And—"Skinflint" Jones, Rivera dubbed the autocratic owner.

Then there was Harold Packard. He was like a fly, persistent and with harmful potentialities. He buzzed about Susy Faraday and would not be put off. It had not yet occurred to him that he might be undesirable. Susy was just another "queer" girl, and had to have her little flings and oddities before she became what she was indubitably designed for, and nothing else, Mrs. Harold Packard.

To speed matters along, Harold, who owned the town paper among other things, inserted a rather flowery announcement of their engagement. The town buzzed with that. It was pronounced to be "the thing." The two scions of the two most wealthy families. What could be better, more suitable, more in keeping?

The day after the announcement the Packard paper sent a reporter to interview Susy Faraday. She received him, grimly, in her sumptuous office. She was looking very efficient, very desirable, very aloof. The reporter



When the thru trains rattled thru Rivera, nobody suspected that the little housewife was the reviled reason thereof



"You know," he said, "I've a gun here, Susy. I'm—I cant go the sight of these men coming and going . . mysteriously"

was "Scoop" McCreedy. He was young, and lean, and poor and eager. He was shabby and rather anxious and, given a chance, which he hadn't been, very bright. He was rather bitter, too, as frustrated youth is apt to be. Susy didn't help abate the bitterness. She was too entirely the prettiest girl he had ever seen. She was too damnably like the more-than-mortals he wrote about when he wrote, nights, on his forthcoming best-seller. She was the kind of a girl he had always dreamed of going home to nights, after a long day's work. How dreams have a habit of dying . . . yet never quite dying . . . as this one, for instance.

"You're not a butterfly, I see," said Susy Faraday, with rather abrupt irrelevance, and her pretty eyes had inventoried his gray ones, his sleek hair, his height and breadth, and her young heart was pounding, rather unnecessarily, it would seem, under her simple blouse.

"A grub," replied McCreedy, not very brilliantly. He did not care, at that moment, whether he were brilliant or the reverse. He took an obdurate sort of pleasure in being drab and dull.

"I like grubs."

"Do you?"

"Yes. *So* much. I—will you call to see my at my house?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I believe in the eternal fitness of things."

"I find you very fit—very. I want you to come."

"I dont have to obey whims . . . yet."

"This isn't a whim." Susy Faraday made the statement impulsively, and then found, with a sudden constriction of the place where her heart beat, that it was backed by a desire, deep . . .

Their eyes met, held, plumbed . . . the bitterness softened around "Scoop" McCreedy's young mouth; the efficient air dropped like a mantle from Susy's soft shoulders; they became a man and a maid, merely; and outside, spring was maddening the earth . . .

Something more maddening than the spring was stirring Jones père, however, and he was in no fit mood for young love's dream. It wasn't the sort of a dream he had dreamed for his only child, at that. And there was the income tax, which could not seem to be handled, and Susy, who was doing the most unheard of things with the railroads corporation, and then, as sort of a climax, this youngster, with his lean face and his plea of love for Susy Faraday.

"You're a damned fortune-hunter!" snarled Jones père, and at the end of a profane riot act young McCreedy found himself on the gravel path that wound circumspectly about the Jones estate.

Susy was waiting, but unprepared.

"Damn the rich," her lover raved, as he was admitted into her sanctum; "snobs, autocrats, kaisers! I'm thru with the lot! I'm thru with girls who have more whims than cash, if such be possible, and no brains at all, and less heart . . . I'm sick to death of the city and its ways—of you and your ways—of—oh, God, darling, dont look at me like that . . . I . . ."

"You've got to marry me," pronounced Susy Faraday, with a cold succinctness, taking no heed whatsoever of the volcanic eruption.

"I . . . after . . . your father . . . I'll be . . ."

"You're not to marry my father. You are to marry me."

"I . . ."

"Want to. Exactly. I know that you do. 'Scoop'"—two soft arms found their way about him—who could have believed that arms could be so soft?—"say that you do—say it . . ."

"I *want* to—beyond belief."



I found you hiding a strange man in the kitchen

Susy Faraday had been brought up to get what she wanted when she wanted it. She wanted "Scoop" McCreedy—and she wanted him without parlance or delay. There was no time like the present. She married him forthwith. "Of course," he said, "you'll have to live on what I make, Wonderful. There's nothing doing on father's millions with little 'Scoopy.'"

"I should say not!" agreed Susy, and thought it a superfluity to mention the "coupla" million snugly and irrevocably in her own name.

Bradford Warrington Jones had become accustomed to shocks during the past weeks—and perhaps he had not thought so unkindly as his language warranted of the grim young man who had, with reluctance, requested his daughter's hand. Or perhaps he just knew his Susy. Whatever philosophy he adopted, he maintained an aloof silence and allowed the owner of the Standard Railroads to engineer her honeymoon even as she engineered his locomotives.

Susy Faraday McCreedy brought to bear her best efficiency.

"They say there's no such thing as love in a cottage," she told her groom; "they say it's bunk! I'd like to give my life to proving that they are wrong. There *is* love in a cottage—we'll find the cottage—and we *have* the love."

That the cottage proved to be in Rivera meant nothing to Susy McCreedy. Not likely that Rivera would recognize "Skinflint" Jones in the atom of femininity that met her ardent young Romeo every evening under a bower of roses.

Nor when the thru trains rattled thru would anybody suspect, that the little housewife, feeding her lord bread and kisses over a breakfast table, was the reason thereof.

"'They,'" observed "Scoop," one evening shortly after the nuptials, "said one true thing when they observed that the course of true love never did run smooth. I've been fired from the paper."

"Been . . .?"

"Yep. Packard owns the paper, you know. He's looked like a gunman ever since he heard of our marriage. Today he stalked me about like a nemesis and finally stormed into my office with some detail absolutely irrelevant and told me I could quit. You, Susy, were written all over his face, you and his outraged pride. Well, there's an end to *that.*"

"It doesn't matter."

"Scoop" surveyed her daintiness, touched, like a flower, with little fragilities, and groaned. "I'm a rotter," he made moan, "a plain rotter. I took you from—from *that*—and I cant even give you—*this.*"

"Packard's paper doesn't offer the only job in these broad United States. With your pen . . ." Susy waxed inarticulate.

There was humor in the knowledge of the millions of S. F. Jones lying snugly safe in safe securities—it *would* seem hard to eat the bread without the cheese, when they might have feasted on nectar and ambrosia—but Susy, besides a knowledge "intime" of railroads, had a knowledge nine-tenths intuition. It came to her that the cold ducats of S. F. Jones would smother and extinguish of a surety the living flame which had become her sole emotional sustenance. "Scoop" McCreedy was like that.

Money being the root of all evil, as every one knows and more than every one has heard, evil naturally gravitated to the halcyon cottage of the "Scoop" McCreedys. It had its inception

(*Continued on page* 108)

Twin Stars of Joy

EDDIE LYONS and Lee Moran are twins, professional twins, and just as close to each other as tho they had been brothers by birth instead of just by choice.

They were born in the same State in the same year. They are both of Irish parentage. They both use their own name in pictures and are both almost six feet tall and weigh respectively one hundred and thirty-five pounds. Even in their coloring they are exactly alike.

Both began their stage careers in vaudeville. Lyons organized a "Newsboys' Quartette" and sang tenor in it, while Moran had a song and dance act of his own. Then, at practically the same moment, they deserted the two-a-day for the alluring promises that musical comedy offered.

In all their wanderings up to this period they had never met each other—in fact, their paths diverged as far as the paths of any two ordinary mortals.



Eddie Lyons and Lee Moran have played together for some years in Universal comedies. They like each other just as well in real life—in fact are twins of separate parentage



The photoplay was the destiny that brought them together.

After a short flier in stock, the theatrical kind, they learnt what a one-night stand meant from actual experience.

But both Mr. Lyons and Mr. Moran found that they were beginning to weary of constant travel and smoking-cars and hotels. They joined the movies and so it was that they found each other, when they were engaged to appear in Nestor comedies. Eddie Lyons played juvenile leads, while Lee Moran was usually the character man. They were clever foils for each other and their comedies began to be looked forward to eagerly.

Nowadays their comedies are unique in that they contain two leading men—again Lyons and Moran, who also assist each other in directing their own pictures. Their personalities are known to thousands of admiring fans who like that boyish vim and enthusiasm which is the keynote to the charm of each. Their seven years of constant work together in producing comedies has cemented a friendship that is as sincere as is their faith in each other.

What's in a Name?

By DORIS DELVIGNE





Lois Wilson won her first chance in films thru winning a prize in a Southern beauty contest. Then Lois Weber gave her a part in one of her productions. Little Miss Wilson found it easy to emote and has remained in pictures ever since

IN the very first place, Lois Wilson's name means something awfully nice. If you remember, Lois stands for "good, desirable," and it didn't take long for the judges of a beauty contest down South to discover those qualities in Miss Wilson—even apart from her Christian name.

Then the next thing was, that another found her namesake very desirable. Lois Weber asked Lois Wilson to come to California for a part in the picture she then contemplated filming. Miss Wilson was visiting in Chicago, had nothing to lose, and came West. Then people say there's nothing in a name! Why, there was so much in Lois Wilson's name that today she's standing in the front rank, without having gained her position thru paid publicity. In fact, this shrinking violet has had mighty little publicity, at least via the papers. She has charmed us into loving her just because even the screen portrays her desirability.

Lois Wilson gives an immediate impression of youth. She admits that she doesn't fear any ravages of time for the next fifteen years to come.

"I'm just fortunate in the way my face is built, I think, for while I cry very easily—and always did—it doesn't make me wrinkle or show after effects."

"Can you weep any time you wish?"

"Yes, indeed. If I just will myself to think of something sad, joy flees," and Lois' merry laugh rang out, belying her affinity for tearful scenes.

At present Lois shares her dressing-room with her intimate chum, Kathleen Kirkham, a girl who started on a screen career at precisely the same time as Miss Wilson. I browsed thru her clothes closet and stood entranced before some particularly lovely evening frocks, mostly in blues, for Miss Wilson loves that shade and also uses dull blues in her street costumes.

"Yes, that's the second time I have utilized that idea in a net gown," said Miss Wilson, in answer to my raptures. "I liked the first dress so well that I had it copied when it began to look like a battle-flag. I'm so funny about clothes. I never like to wear any of my screen things at home, even if they are in good condition. I always feel that they belong to a character, somehow. They are not *me* at all. I have distinctly different negligées even at home. One of those I just had made and it was so beautiful that mother suggested my taking it for the picture. She said I could bring it home right afterwards—but no, that's not my way. I cannot love those hand-me-ups from the characters. I want my own home things, not something a screen lady passes on to me.

"I give things away, or I have them made over very often, but I possess two distinct wardrobes always."

"And are you planning to become a star now, or does it satisfy you to be a leading lady?"

"Dont know what will happen, for, you see, I went thru a disappointment at Paralta, having just signed for a five years' contract as a star. Then came the hard luck of that company, and I went back to the ranks even before I'd been safely out of them. Really, I dont care, tho, for I want eventually to go on the stage. It has an intense attraction for me.

"The other night one of my boy friends was visiting, and he said, 'Let's go to a picture show on the Boulevard.' Just before that we had been discussing the stage

"Luck in Lois," Says Miss Wilson, Who Can Weep So Easily That She's Never Had to Weep Over Not Getting a Job



Lois Wilson lives in California with her mother and her three sisters. While she owes a great deal of her happiness to her mother's sympathy and understanding, Lois' own nature, which welcomes service for others, is a potent item

and screen and, while I love the stage best, I felt in duty bound to defend the screen and fibbed a little, saying I thought the films had it all over the stage, so many more opportunities, so much more variety, and so on.

"Well, when he asked me to go to a movie, I said, 'Oh, no, not tonight. I'm too tired. I had a hard day today.' He said, very sympathetically, he was sorry and chatted a few moments, then burst out with 'How about the Orpheum tonight? If I can get good seats over the 'phone, will you go, Lois?'

"I fell very hard. I said, 'Oh, perfectly *lovely!* Hurry! Perhaps you can get seats even if it *is* seven-thirty. Do call them up!'

"Then I knew I had bitten. That saucy lad said to me, 'There, that answers your argument once for all. You're not too tired to see a long show at the Orpheum, because it's on the stage, but you are entirely too weary to drive two blocks away and see a picture show. Oh, you inconsistent women!' "

Lois Wilson has three charming sisters, the next younger having just appeared on the screen for the first time, playing at the Fox studio with Gladys Brockwell. She is a very different type, not so retiring and, as Lois admits, a far better business woman. The younger girls still attend school, and at night it's just like "Little Women" at the Wilson home, for all the girls gather about Marmee and tell her their entire day's experiences.

"Nothing is too trivial for mother to hear. She is the loveliest mother in this wide world," said Lois, enthusiastically. "I want you to meet mother, she is so sympathetic, so interested in all our little trials and happinesses, and my youngest sister, who is very popular at high school, always amuses us at night with her recitals of new beaux. We have the finest times together. I think the reason we've all been so happy is because mother never commands. She lets us all do absolutely what we please—on our *honor*. Why, not one of us would do anything out of the way—she would be simply *ostracised* by the whole family if she did. None of us could stand being held aloof from the family circle. I guess that's why we try to behave and develop so that we may be proud of each other.

"The other night a neighbor came over to call on mother to ask about a dance to which we were going, because her young daughter had begged to go, too. She said to mother, 'Is it really a proper place for our daughters to go?' Mother drew up so proudly, as she looked at us and said, 'If it were *not* a



proper place, my daughters never would have asked to be

(*Continued on page* 106)

Memory's

By SUE



MANY bespangled goddesses who call themselves fortune-tellers pretend to foretell the future thru auspicious scenes which fate or their "control" reveals to them in a crystal globe.

THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is the film player's crystal. Glancing over the pages of its past issues reveals the glories of the early days of the industry and its players, as well as prophecies for their golden future, which have been fulfilled.





In circle, Pearl White and Crane Wilbur in "The Perils of Pauline"; *right,* Beverly Bayne in the old Essanay days

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE was the *first* publication to devote itself to motion picture players and their doings. Without favoritism, it has fondly fostered arrived players and tried to help beginners along the way. It has seen some of the players who had their popular beginnings simultaneously with the MAGAZINE'S own birth grow greater each year. It has watched certain others disappear completely. And so we think it not amiss to recall certain little happenings in the picture world to your memory.

Left, Mary Fuller, the most popular actress of 1911, and *below,* Alice Joyce in Kalem pictures of 1911 vintage

It is interesting to note that in the year 1911, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE conducted a



Crystal

ROBERTS

contest, probably the first of its kind, to determine who were the most popular players in the shadows. The three winners in this contest were Mary Fuller, Alice Joyce and Arthur Johnson. Of these Alice Joyce alone remains an active and, if anything, more popular star than she was in those days. At that time she was appearing in Kalem one- and two-reelers, today she is perhaps Vitagraph's most popular star. Of the other two, Arthur Johnson, who was one of the first screen matinée idols, famous in Lubin dramas, has been dead three years, while Mary Fuller, who in 1911 was an Edison star, played her last stellar rôle in 1916 under the Universal banner. In 1916 she resigned from pictures because of poor health and, altho billed to appear in a Lasky picture with Lou-Tellegen in 1917, backed down and has made no appearance since on the screen. Miss Fuller has a great deal of money of her own, which accounts also for her withdrawal into private life. She lives with her mother in New York City for months at a time. She left the films at the height of her popularity and is still well-loved.

In this same popularity contest of 1911 we find the following actors listed.







Above, Florence Lawrence and Arthur Johnson in "Her Artistic Temperament," 1911. *At the extreme left,* the Gene Gauntier Players starting for the Gap of Dunloe, in the heart of the Killarney district, Ireland, to produce "A Daughter of Old Ireland," in 1912. The three central figures are: Sidney Olcott, director; Jack J. Clark, leading man; Miss Gene Gauntier, leading lady

Ruth Roland as she appeared in the old Kalem days

Slightly below Arthur Johnson comes Florence Lawrence, Miriam Nesbitt, Gene Gauntier, Lillian Walker, Pearl White, Francis Ford, Dorothy Phillips, Francis X. Bushman and Carlyle Blackwell. Of these Miriam Nesbitt has retired from the screen and is the wife of Marc MacDermott; Gene Gauntier, who was a member of the first company to film pictures in Ireland and Jerusalem, has disappeared completely from public life, as has also Florence Lawrence, who was so popular as a co-star with Arthur Johnson; while Lillian Walker, Pearl White, Francis Ford,





Dorothy Davenport and Francis Ford in an old-time thriller. *At the right* J. Warren Kerrigan in "A Shepherd of the Hills"



Earle Williams in his greatest play, "The Christian"; *below*, Antonio Moreno and Edith Storey as they appeared in "The Tarantula"



and Dorothy Phillips are producing pictures steadily. Francis X. Bushman and Carlyle Blackwell, while still in public favor as stars, are at present not connected with any producing companies.

A year later, in 1912, we find the winners of the MAGAZINE'S popularity contest to be G. M. Anderson, Beverly Bayne, Clara K. Young and Romaine Fielding. Of these, Clara Kimball Young, then a Vitagraph player, is now shining at the head of her own company; Beverly Bayne is unattached, except by marriage to Francis Bushman; while G. M. Anderson, after a poorly produced come-back in 1918, has again abandoned the screen and is producing stage plays instead of Broncho Billy pictures. Romaine Fielding has disappeared from the film world, altho occasionally his friends catch a sight of him on New York's Broadway. The next highest in the contest were Marc MacDermott, Ruth Roland, Henry

(*Continued on page 86*)

That's Out

By Tamar Lane.



Our Own News Monthly

Mary Miles Minter springs a surprise. She admits she is 17. Every one thought she was still 15.

In spite of all reports to the contrary, it is not expected that the Big Four will take Lina Cavalieri into their combine.

Cecil B. De Mille has presented his latest production, "For Better, For Worse." According to indications, it is mostly for the latter.

Gloria Swanson is in it, but spoils everything good she has done by abusing her face with paint.

A New York insurance company says, that Eugene O'Brien is the best actor they ever insured. What do they mean by that?

After seeing "Daddy Long Legs," it is the consensus of opinion that Mary Pickford is going back—but back to the movie throne she always occupied.

Showman Rothapfel fails to make a great impression as a producer in his first effort.

Jesse Lasky makes a master stroke. Selects Wanda Hawley for title rôle in "Peg o' My Heart."

Fred Stone has left for California, where he will make several more pictures, says a news item. We dont know what sort of a caption to put over this. Shall it be "You Cant Keep a Good Man Down" or "They Always Come Back for More"?

Best News of the Month

Metro announces that it will add to its scenario department.

Our Idea of a Wonderful Title

Universal has purchased a story from Fannie Hurst entitled "The Petal on the Current."

Uneasy Lies the Head——

"The exhibitor is still king of the industry," says a trade paper headline. Right. And the producers are willing to crown him any time.

It Must Have Been a Rough Trip Over

Hist! Likewise, listen! The air grows thick.

"Some persons have a mistaken idea that the creation of motion pictures is simply a means of achieving wealth. I do not regard it as such, but as an art. I feel that it is impossible to bring down the making of motion pictures to the standards of commercialism. Only those who actually love art should have anything to do with the making of pictures."

No, this is not Tourneur or Griffith talking. It is Mr. William Fox, making a speech on his arrival in England.

"Harry Houdini, handcuff king, arrived at the Los Angeles film colony last week. His wife accompanied him," says a news note. Evidently the latter is one thing from which Harry cannot escape.

Something We'd Like to Know

Why has Jane Cowl never made another picture? Didn't she like "Lilac Time"? Or was she disappointed in herself?

Diogenes Is Wanted on the 'Phone

In Mae Marsh's picture, "Spotlight Sadie," there is a man who actually admits that he is a failure. He should be preserved in alcohol. Come to think of it, he was.

Lost, Strayed or Stolen

Ivan Abramson and his sex plays.

It is thought that perhaps the commercialism in the film business has touched *his* artistic sensibilities, too.

The latest news says that Lou-Tellegen is to appear opposite Geraldine in a series of pictures. They should burn up a lot of film in their love scenes.

Why do they call a photoplay a vehicle? Is it because the star so often has to be carried to success?

For Sale, Cheap

Motion picture rights to:
"Ten Nights in a Barroom."
"The Curse of Drink."
"Father, Oh, Father, Come Home to Us Now."
"The Face on the Barroom Floor."
And many other alcoholic subjects.

"In 'The New Moon,' Norma Talmadge has two artists supporting her," announces the publicity department. They earned this title, no doubt, because they drew their salary regularly each week.

"The Unpardonable Sin"

Going out to spend an enjoyable evening at the movies and finding a Triangle feature and a Toto comedy on the bill.

New York press and trade paper reviewers continue to slop sweetness over punk productions. The Manhattan scribes in general are a very tenderhearted lot and hate to hurt the feelings of the poor producers. Besides, molasses catches more flies than vinegar.

When Marguerite Hit Town

By ALICE DE PIQUET



PREPARATIONS for her arrival—preparations of an unusual sort—had been going on for several weeks at the Morosco studio of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, where Marguerite Clark was to work in California.

She hadn't been to California in four years—since the "Goose Girl" days. Four years in New York endears that city and the working conditions there to the heart of a star, so we are told, and the people with whom Miss Clark was to work on the coast were faced with the problem of replacing New York with California in her affections.

She was just a bit homesick when she reached Los Angeles. Those who met her at the train noted a wistfulness, an appealing look in her eyes, which seemed to say, "After all, why didn't I stay in New York?"

Charles Eyton, manager of the Morosco studio, took Miss Clark and her husband, Lieut. H. P. Williams, in charge, saw that they were comfortably fixed and that they had everything they wanted. Hotel rooms had been engaged, and all was ready for their arrival.

"Tomorrow," said Mr. Eyton, "we will go out to the studio."

"Well, we'll have to go house-hunting some time tomorrow," said Miss Clark.

"Dont bother about that yet," said Mr. Eyton. Miss Clark said nothing.

The next morning a beautiful limousine called for Miss Clark at the hotel.



Marguerite Clark was asked to go to California to produce her next pictures. She didn't want to leave New York, but when she found this palatial home waiting for her to step right into, and a garden full of ready-bloomed poppies and roses, she changed her mind—always a woman's prerogative



"What a car!" said the star. "Even nicer than our own! I wish I had it." And then she went closer—registered astonishment when she saw on the door of the limousine her own monogram.

The fact gradually dawned on her that the limousine was really hers, and California began to look more promising. All the way to the studio, we are told, Miss Clark was silent, probably deeply touched by the thoughtfulness which had even selected a car for her use while on the coast. But there were more surprises coming.

Walter Edwards, her director, met her at the

She Was Prepared to Dislike California, But—

studio. "Come over here," said he, "and I'll show you your dressing-room." He led her over to the side of the studio and opened a little door in the wall.

"Here you are," he said. Miss Clark looked in. The dressing-room, to be sure, wasn't much. It was only about ten feet square. The walls were only bare plaster, and the only furniture was a chair and a dressing-table, both in rather bad shape. And there was no window at all—only electric light.

Miss Clark gave a little sigh—she was probably thinking of her dressing-room at the New York studio—and then she gritted her teeth and smiled. "It's very nice, I'm sure," she said. "But if it wouldn't be too much trouble, I'd like to have a window cut in. Then it will do nicely."

"Well, we'll see about that," said Mr. Edwards. "Perhaps something will be done about it soon. Now come and see the studio." So he took her thru the stages, and across the street to the exterior lot, and explained to her as he went all the nice things about the place. And she was very silent and wistful.

When the tour of the studio had finished, he said, "Now come over here. I want to show you



© Strauss & Peyton

Marguerite Clark has played fairy for us so often, it is pleasant to hear how the Lasky Company played fairy godmother to her. Here is a snapshot of her new dressing-room bungalow and just a peep into the interior





something." He led her back across the street and up to a little cottage next to the studio.

"What a charming little house," said Miss Clark, enthusiastic for the first time. "Who lives here?" Mr. Edwards said nothing, but opened the door and signaled for Miss Clark to enter.

She entered on a long, cool Colonial hallway, done in white and blue-gray. And beyond the hallway she caught a glimpse of a wonderful big, light kitchen, with windows all the way around.

Miss Clark clasped her hands together and

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Across the Silversheet

A Review of Recent Pictures



Richard Barthelmess and Lillian Gish are the star performers in D. W. Griffith's great production, "Broken Blossoms"

THE photoplay that was to mark an era of advance in the shadow world has been long anticipated. There have, in the last year, been good photoplays and better photoplays, but each on the same level of production. Like the great American novel that is always going-to-be, the great American screen drama has proven elusive.

But at last a single path has been blazed thru the forest of prejudice and narrowness, that has marked the opinions of exhibitors and producers as to what the public wants. Opinions that have hitherto withstood all advance attacks.

And the crown of the Columbus of screen advancement goes to David W. Griffith.

It all happened when Mr. Griffith inaugurated the unusual by starting a repertory season of pictures at the George M. Cohan Theater, New York City, with a scale of seat prices running from $1.50 to $2.50. The opening night showed "Broken Blossoms" as an initial offering. And "Broken Blossoms," at the time of our going to press, is still packing that theater.

"Broken Blossoms" is to the screen what Shakespeare's plays are to the drama. It is a tragic poem, a voiceless opera; all the hopelessness, and despair, and brutality, of our boasted modern civilization are laid bare before us. We may not injure our loved one physically, as did Battling in the play, but is not the wounding of sensitive spirits just as great a crime? The lesson is obvious for those who wish to see it.

Words are not delicate enough instruments with which to tell you the story. It requires the clear, silvery call of temple bells, the clash of cymbals, the baying of stringed instruments.

In the Far East lives a young Chinese poet who dreams of carrying his message of civilization to the whole world. He journeys to London, where his gossamer dreams of benefiting others are torn to shreds, which disappear on the current of gross materialization. In England he is recognized solely as a Chink storekeeper.

In the dregs of the London slums, where he takes up his being, lives a bully prize-fighter called "Battling Burrows." "Battling" has a girl child who is the butt of all his wrath, the recipient of his excess strength and brutality. One day, wounded from his brutal whip, the girl flees and falls fainting in the Chinaman's doorway. The Yellow Man revives her and cushions her bruised body in the heart of his home. He places soft silks from his former days of luxury in the Orient, about her, burns sweet





Above, May Allison is charming in "Castles in the Air," (Metro). *Right,* a scene from Rothapfel's first feature production, "False Gods"

By HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR



Mary Pickford furnishes one of the most enjoyable entertainments of the month in "Daddy Long Legs"

ncense to soothe her waking hours, and brings lowers for her hair. He cares for the wounded child with the tenderness of a lover, and the ack of desired recompense of a mother. The nopelessness of his pure love is almost unbear-able to view.

Swift as the stilettic wrath of lightning comes the sudden "righteousness" of "Bat-tling." A Chink and his child!

He steals into love's altar when the Yellow Man is absent, ruthlessly tears the silks from the thin young body; beats, breaks, mangles every object that pure love has enshrined there; and finishes his destruction by dragging the terrified girl home, where he beats her to death.

The vengeance of the Yellow Man follows "Battling" swiftly and surely—too swiftly, to my way of thinking. A bullet is too easy an ending.

The yellow poet carries the child back to his broken shrine, for her first and last peaceful sleep, and then, seeking the cold chill of peace-giving steel, dies at her feet. The story, adapted from Thomas Burke's "The Chink and the Child," is told with a beauty denied my pen. Each unfolding scene is a marvel in composition, photographically the most beautiful thing that has ever been done. The color tinting which Mr. Griffith has used to flash across the screen helps immensely in getting the desired emotion across. At the moment of the brute's anger a dull crimson glow floods the screen. We feel hatred, anger and vengeance in the very atmosphere.

As for the players, Lillian Gish, as the girl, gives one of the greatest performances of the year. Thruout her maze of tragedy, of stark terror, pain and blows, she never fails to give the impression of a suffering child. Richard Barthelmess is quietly convincing as the Yellow Man; in fact, touched one period of real greatness when he stood yearning over the couch of the sleeping child. All the starved longing of the world was in his glance. Donald Crisp is truly remarkable as "Battling" Burrows; but it is the master hand of Griffith that has made "Broken Blossoms" a great example of what can be done with the voiceless art. Griffith indulges in an orgy of sorrow and brutality in "Broken Blossoms." He has put all the pain of life into a beautiful poem.

Mr. Griffith has blazed a trail which is going to bring new followers to the screen, but who will have the courage to follow him?



Above, Marguerite Clark is at her best in "Come Out of the Kitchen." *Left*, Ethel Clayton in the rather mediocre "Woman Next Door," (Famous Players-Lasky.)







MARY REGAN—FIRST NATIONAL EXHIBITORS

Coming down to earth, I am glad to say that, in my opinion, Anita Stewart comes fully into her own in "Mary Regan." Here is the Anita Stewart of old, with all her former facile skill of subtle portrayal fully apparent, with the same beauty of face and figure and gowns that made her one of the best loved girls on the screen. The story concerns the daughter of a thief who marries a chap she does not love in order to reform him. She is rewarded by being cast out by the boy's father, who does not understand her real position. In the end the lad is killed in a raid with his boon companions to whom he had returned, while Mary Regan finds happiness in the love of a strong man, who had protected her thru all her misfortunes. Frank Mayo is excellent in support of Miss Stewart.

COME OUT OF THE KITCHEN—PARAMOUNT

Dorothy Gish is inimitable in "I'll Get Him Yet." *Below*, George Walsh is livelier than ever in "Help, Help, Police"

Have you been wondering, as I have, what had happened to Marguerite Clark's elfin charm? Wonder no longer, for she has unpacked it from the camphor balls of Paramount's winter of neglect and has clothed herself in it more becomingly than ever. "Three Men and a Girl" was an improvement over Miss Clark's other recent picture essays, but "Come Out of the Kitchen" is even better. I attribute this improvement to Marguerite Clark's evident renewed interest in her work. She seems to thoroly enjoy playing the part of Claudia Daingerfield, who, in order to pay for her father's operation, rents their beautiful Southern home to a rich young Northerner and, disguising herself with an Irish brogue, hires out as cook to him. Her efforts with an inconsiderate stove, her bundling in of her fat Southern mammy to do the work, and the misunderstanding of the situation by the rich young man are all invested with a dainty, delightful humor by Miss Clark. Eugene O'Brien appears quite at home as the Northern plutocrat, altho I found it difficult to believe my eyes when I saw him making love to his supposed cook. "Come Out of the Kitchen" is an entertaining comedy, charmingly told.

DADDY LONG LEGS—FIRST NATIONAL

Douglas Fairbanks in "The Knickerbocker Buckaroo"

On the other hand, in my opinion, "Daddy Long Legs" lacks a certain true-to-life tone. While I found "Daddy Long Legs" vastly amusing, I was always conscious that I was being told a fairy story. However, fairy stories have a distinct sphere in this world, and Mary Pickford's "Daddy Long Legs" will bring smiles to the most tired lips. The legend concerns a little orphan who rebels against the cruelties of the institution. Many reels of celluloid are wound round Mary's escapades in the home. At length, however, orphan Mary is sent to college by an unknown benefactor. Here she learns many things; namely, the difference in democratic America's classes. So when she meets the man she really loves, she refuses to marry him, considering herself not his social equal. After she has written a successful book, she finds herself socially acceptable and in time makes the desirable discovery that the man she loves and her benefactor are one and the same person—and they live happily ever after—which, I believe, is the correct fairy-tale ending. Mary Pickford played with all her usual charm, while the cast was remarkable for the picturesque portrayal of "Daddy Long Legs" by Mahlon Hamilton and the return of Marshall Neilan to the screen.

(*Continued on page* 111)

Behind the Scenes

Conrad Nagel Is a Very Real Person

By ALEXANDER LOWELL



DID you see "Forever After," with Alice Brady and Conrad Nagel? If you did, of course you have not forgotten the unforgettable Teddy, as he must ever after remain for one who has seen him as, *essentially* as, the adolescent Ted. Teddy, in the garden, pleading gruffly, "Aw, Jen-nie, come *awn!*" Teddy, with what Stevenson aptly called "the greensickness of youth"; Teddy of the unmanageable hands and feet, the still more unmanageable and wholly gulpy emotions, the fierce young humbleness, the flaunting young pride; Teddy, suffering in the many throes of his youth . . .

He was so human, that Teddy—such a flash-back to the days when all of us were Teddys and Jennies and all the world was a garden, a garden with a balcony, inaccessible; when all the world was consummated in a kiss . . . that clean dear youth, interpatterned with sunshine and pain, the youth of Tarkington, of Teddy and Jennie in "Forever After."

It would not have amazed me to have found Conrad Nagel, in reality, a very ultra, a very supersophisticated sort of a young person. Such success as has come to him might very easily have that effect. For instance, or for *instances*, there was the Princess Stock Company in Des Moines, which last is Mr. Nagel's home town; then New York, where he "did" some vaudeville, and after that, in rapid succession, "The Natural Law," "Experience," Laurie in the screen version of "Little Women," "The Lion and the Mouse" with Alice Joyce and "Redhead" with Alice Brady. All of these were successes, personal and general, likely to make of the young quester an arrogant and assured personage—but it has not done that to Conrad Nagel. He is easy and pleasant and eager and unassuming—and he likes to work and is ambitious. Splendid ingredients.



Conrad Nagel has to his credit one of the stage hits of the year as Ted in Alice Brady's "Forever After." His notable screen appearances have been as Laurie in "Little Women" and in "The Lion and the Mouse," with Alice Joyce, and more recently in "Redhead" with Alice Brady

"We're going to be on the road next year—for a whole year," he said, with deft strokes of the rabbit's foot, "with 'Forever After.' I hate awfully being away from New York for so long, and yet I know that this tour will be bully experience. It will give me the personal touch. And I love the part. You know, I was in the navy, and Mr. Brady had some one else take my part for the matinées, and I ran over from the ship and made the evening performances. It was strenuous." He added, with enthusiasm, "Dont you love Jennie? She's a dear!"

His parents, he told me, are both artists, his father being director, or president, of a dramatic college or something of the sort, in Iowa, and his mother a musician, if I am not mistaken. Anyway, the point of the matter is, that the

(*Continued on page* 95)

The Fame and



HAZEL LORENZ

AT midnight of July 1st the Fame and Fortune Contest closed!

Hereafter no more photographs will be accepted for entry in this great beauty contest, which has aroused the interest of young, ambitious people, not only in the United States, but all over the world.

While the contest is closed to the public, the judges may not be able to reach a decision as to who the winners will be for several weeks at least. With thousands of photographs still to be considered, it is impossible to predict just when the final leaders in the contest will be decided upon. It is probable that three leaders will be named and invited to come to New York, under proper chaperonage, to have test pictures taken, after which the final first prize will be awarded.

While it is impossible to predict definitely at the present moment, it is expected that the first issue of our new magazine, SHADOWLAND, will carry the first announcement of the leaders of the contest, with brand-new photographs of them. The first issue of SHADOWLAND will appear on the newsstands the latter part of August.





Above:
EDITH HANLON

Left:
NONINE LIDDON

The creation of this third publication by the owners of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC means, that the winner of this beauty contest will not only be given a start in films, but will have a path of fame blazed to

Fortune Contest Closed!

success for her thru the publicity of the three greatest screen and theatrical magazines in America today.

Picture producers, having faith in the critical judgment of Motion Picture Magazine and Classic, are already trying to tie several of the Honor Roll beauties to contracts.

The tenth Honor Roll, for the period between May 1st and April 15th, has been chosen and includes the following:

Mabel Harriette McQuade, of 126 23rd St., Elmhurst, N. Y. Miss McQuade has played small parts with Vitagraph and Goldwyn. She has dark-blue eyes, blonde hair, is five feet six inches tall and weighs 131 pounds.

Jeanne Fuller, of 10323 Bernard Ave., Cleveland, Ohio. She is a brown-eyed beauty with brown hair and is five feet four inches tall.

Nonine Liddon, of 804 Webster and Bunch Sts., Corinth, Mass. Miss Liddon has brown eyes, blonde hair and is five feet two inches tall.

Vonnie Smith, of 434 West 120th St., New York City. She has gray eyes, dark-brown hair, is five feet three inches tall and has never been on the stage.

Edith Hanlon, of 317 S. Flower St., Los Angeles, Calif. Miss Hanlon has played bits with Metro, Christie, National and Goldwyn. She has gray eyes and black hair and is five feet four inches tall.

D. Lewis Clinton, of 269 West 72nd St., New York City. Mr. Clinton has appeared in amateur theatricals. He has dark-blue eyes, brown hair and is six feet one inch tall.

Hazel Lorenz, of 3929 Gravois Ave., St. Louis, Mo. Miss Lorenz has brown eyes, dark-brown hair and is five feet four inches tall. She has had no stage or screen experience.

Contestants should take careful note of the following:

Pictures which were

(*Continued on page* 110)



D. LEWIS CLINTON





Above:
JEANNE FULLER

Left:
VONNIE SMITH

Right:
MABEL HARRIETTE McQUADE



© Lumière, N. Y.



A True Pollyanna

Madge Kennedy is a glad girl in real life. Her philosophy is that "All's well with the world," not so hard to believe, when one studies these glimpses of her and her mother on the grounds of their home not far from the Goldwyn studios in California





"Oscar," the pet of Madge Kennedy, isn't any animal you ever saw, tho he resembles a number of familiar ones. He eats eucalyptus leaves, clings to a tree like an opossum, jumps like a kangaroo when he doesn't leap like a frog and loves stick candy. He is a Kaola bear, sent her by an Australian admirer, and he makes his home in the garden of the comédienne's California home

Photographs by Clarence Bull

Our Animated Monthly of Movie News and Views

By SALLY ROBERTS

THERE'S a whispering and getting into corners, a shrugging of shoulders and "You know me, Al" sort of look, and when you come to sift it right down to the marrow, the bone of contention seems to be whether the throne-room of motion pictures shall be in New York or Los Angeles. You see, the Famous Players-Lasky arranged to put up a fine studio on Long Island. The Talmadges appear to like New York best, especially Norma, who cordially detests being away from Henri Bendel and the other Fifth Avenue tailleurs, and after all, when they want a first-class extra it's so very easy to get the square peg for the still squarer hole, way back in greater Manhattan.

Of course, Goldwyn has come out to California with a septette of stars, and Brunton studios fairly shriek stellar prosperity, not to mention the new Doug Fairbanks studio right across the way, formerly Clune's, now being done up beautifully for the electric wire of the films, but if once fifty per cent. of the working studios migrate to New York, there wont be enough work left for the extras and they are sure to follow the leaders. Extra people can make about twenty-five dollars weekly now; they cant live on less. If there are only half as many studios—well, that is why they whisper and surmise.



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Despite her frequent denials, Mrs. Irene Castle, widow of Vernon Castle, who died fifteen months ago in an aeroplane accident, was married, in May, to Robert E. Treman, of Ithaca, N. Y. The ceremony was performed at the Little Church Around the Corner, which the couple are seen leaving after the ceremony. Mr. Treman is the son of Robert Treman, Deputy Governor of the Second Federal Reserve Bank

Talking about extras—over at the Christie studio, Mr. Al's good friend, a wealthy Canadian named George Tuckett, who tips the scales at about 350 pounds, was doing bits "just for fun" at three dollars per day. A director from another studio happened in, *sized* him up for a man of parts, and offered him the same stipend of three per diem, plus a guarantee of three days weekly! Mr. Tuckett, who could buy the whole aforesaid studio outright and still have a lovable bank account, looked deeply thoughtful and said he'd think it over.



Some basketful! Casson Ferguson and Shirley Mason playing between scenes in the costumes they wear in "Secret Service." *Above*, Charlie Ray getting some summer exercise

One of the little girls who plays in comedy at Fox was badly torn by a bear and is laid up in the hospital. There have been lots of animal films lately; even Christie used the old lion from Jack Bonavita's former studio, the Selig.

Dorothy Gish has been aching to have her hair bobbed, but Lily and mother wont hear of it. Connie Talmadge, her bosom pal, had hers clipped long ago, and that made Dot sorer than ever over the maternal hardness of heart. So one day, after Constance had gone East, Dorothy received a lovely Tiffany package per Wells-Fargo. Box after box was opened, the merry little nest of boxes continuing down from a papa box to an infant in swaddling clothes, which finally yielded up a bunch of light-brown locks belonging to the former Mountain Girl and lovingly inscribed to Dorothy Gish in Connie's most effervescent style, "I beat you to it!"

The Charlie Chaplins "broke in" their new home by a



Dorothy Dalton came to New York City for two months. The first thing she did was to visit the costumière's. Here she is being shown a new model

dinner in honor of Blanche Sweet, all the Gishes, and Mildred's mother, Mrs. A. F. Harris.

Enid Bennett is the honoree on Broadway this week, for two very beautiful large photographs of her are on display in Brock's jewelry shop, each in a handsome silver frame, flanking the sofa-pillow donated by the prima donna, Ellen Beach Yaw, to one of the foreign relief committees. Young Mrs. Niblo has a baby tigress, which she is keeping for a house pet until it's big enough to make over into a hearth-rug. Which do you like best, the lady or the tiger?

Viola Dana, with her bobbed hair and very newest, honest-to-nothing lacey hosiery, and wrapped in a handsome, blue silk kimono, slit at the sides, displaying the expensive aforesaids, rushed out of Metro accompanied by Eileen Percy. "As *usual,* I'm going to eat," sang Miss Dana, gaily. By the by, she was one of the honor guests at the Hayakawa fifth wedding anniversary, at which "Sassy" gave Tsuru a diamond and sapphire bar pin.

Wally Reid was there, played a saxophone solo during the entertainment part of the evening. Wally is the smartest thing—if there's any talent yet undiscovered in that lad, I want to be there on the stock-taking. I just saw two pen-and-ink sketches he finished, one of Marguerite Clark, the other of Gloria Swanson with her latest bit of hair-dressing.

At the Hayakawa supper-dance there were too many notables to give the entire list, but you'll be interested to learn that the Kerrigans, (Kathleen Kerrigan is now playing with May Allison in "Free"), Lois Wilson, Wallace Reid and the missus, Antonio Moreno, the Borzages, Donald MacDonalds, Sylvia Ashton, Desmonds and Billy Masons were among the number.

John Emerson, Gaston Glass and Ernest Truex, Anita Loos, Frances Marion and Louise Huff, who worked together at Æolian Hall, New York, for the Fifth Liberty Loan, blocking the traffic while they gave an imitation of work at a real studio

There was a diving party in the harbor, including Gloria Swanson, Dorothy De Voe and Bobbie Vernon to help float the Victory Bonds. You'll remember that it wasn't long ago that Gloria was afraid to swim at all, but she's balking at nothing nowadays. They all dove into deep water at the naval base from a submarine designated for the purpose by our government. We're to have visitors on the subs hereafter, by government orders.

I saw Gloria emerging from Lasky studio wearing a charming georgette and silk frock of that peculiar terra-cotta which is all the rage. A short-brimmed sailor matched it. She was bearing handsful of mail to her car, and in answer to my question, said, "Oh, I'm so

(*Continued on page* 88)

Eats With Enid

By GLADYS HALL

I KNOW this title may jar upon the too, *too* poetic mind. A very ultra person may well be imagined to observe, with an air distingué, that it is euphonious but hardly appropriate—to the point tho not classical. The ultra likewise the distingué person will be quite right—oh, quite—save in the little matter of not having seen Enid manipulate the eats.

There are certain persons . . . anyway, it was a damp and gloomy day. Chilly, disheartening and persistently *wet*. I trudged thru the dun gloom—straight into the coziest nest of a place, with soft blue velvet hangings and the gleam of gas-logs leaping warmly, and a slender girl with high-piled hair, dressed in black satin and smiling with great brown eyes and friendly lips. I am not going into superlative hyperboles anent the beauty of Enid Markey. This "aint" that kind of an interview. And besides, some would think she is and again, others would think she isn't. She's a typical *girl*. A cozy girl. A chummy girl. A friendly girl—and a sweet, sincere one. She's not a vamp, nor yet not the sweet, sweet "ingénoo." Nor is she obviously your professional, nor yet a clothes-rack or the amazing by-product of a press-agent. She's just an honest-to-God *girl*, who might be running slimly over the sands at Palm Beach or playing tennis-with-room-for-improvement, but happens to be on the stage.



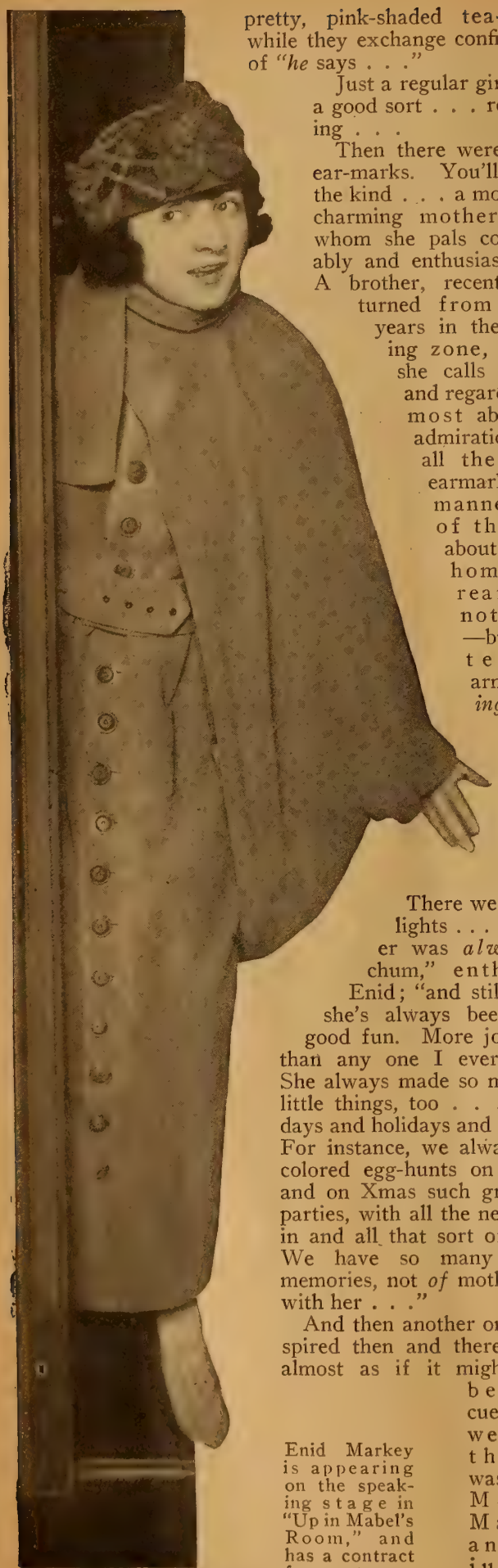
Photographs Campbell Studios, N. Y.

Enid Markey is a cosy girl, a chummy girl. She is the sort of girl who pals with her mother, calls her brother dear and receives the confidences of friends



She's the kind of a girl your boy falls in love with when love is young and clean—under the riding moon of young summer—or canoes with in some bosky glade off the river-banks, with heads close, whispering together. *You know . . .*

The kind of a girl another girl has tea with in some



Photograph
Campbell Studios, N. Y.

Enid Markey is appearing on the speaking stage in "Up in Mabel's Room," and has a contract for next year as well

pretty, pink-shaded tea-room while they exchange confidences of *"he* says . . ."

Just a regular girl . . . a good sort . . . refreshing . . .

Then there were other ear-marks. You'll know the kind . . . a mother, a charming mother, with whom she pals comfortably and enthusiastically. A brother, recently returned from three years in the fighting zone, whom she calls "dear" and regards with most abundant admiration . . . all the little earmarks and mannerisms of the girl about whom home has reared—not walls—but sheltering arms, *loving* arms.

There were sidelights . . . "Mother was *always* a chum," enthused Enid; "and still more, she's always been such good fun. More jolly fun than any one I ever knew. She always made so much of little things, too . . . birthdays and holidays and all that. For instance, we always had colored egg-hunts on Easter and on Xmas such great big parties, with all the neighbors in and all that sort of thing. We have so many happy memories, not *of* mother, but with her . . ."

And then another one transpired then and there . . . almost as if it might have been a cue, only we knew that it wasn't . . . Mother Markey and the just-returned brother came in trundling a tea-wagon, and on the tea-cart were steaming, delectable chicken patties and intricate little cakes and coffee in eggshell cups. Enid remarked that coffee is her vice. She doesn't smoke and has none of the modernistic and most approved "isms."

All this may have a rather frivolous sound—but if so, it is only the sound. Back of the slenderness of Enid, back of the brown eyes and pretty laughter and softness and charm, there is a very real determination, a very self-evident strength and purpose.

It takes these things, strength, determination and purpose, to gain the foothold she did gain in the pictures, to play in the pictures she played in, to keep on even, as she admits, when she was discouraged and disheartened. It takes these things still more to give up the pictures and California, which was home, and come, for the first time, cross-continent to "go on the stage." All her friends told her she was *mad,* said Enid. They dilated on pathetic pictures of the dreary stream of young hopefuls who come to the Great City to "go on the stage." They dilated still more pathetically on results, which do not deserve the bare suggestion of hopeful. Enid turned a deaf ear—or rather, she heard but was unconvinced.

Mother Markey was still chummy. She is a very wise, far-sighted mother. She knew that to let that young desire ferment would be to work destruction. She came cross-continent, too. Left the California they both love so ardently, as they told me with their faces suddenly swept by a nostalgia of longing, facing the long, wet, slashing fingers of our Eastern rains. "But flowers," said Enid, "however lovely, dont grow *success.* I love California, but I knew my *chance* was in New York.

"I do not believe in the no doubt pleasing theory of the world beating a track to your door because it feels, by instinct, or some equally psychological factor, that you have genius, power, beauty or any other extraordinary quality. I believe that you, you yourself, are the one who has to do the beating of the track. Initiative seems to me to be the keynote of success. It is always the getting started, the *beginning,* the initial plunge. After that, it is almost like coasting—that is, speaking comparatively. The line of least resistance is the line leading to oblivion, because it is so fatally easy and, what is hardest of all, because it is made, or seems to be made, so fatally attractive. Choice, too . . ." The young philosopher wrinkled leaf-brown eyes reflectively. "You see," she went on, "it would have been as simple as the a, b, c for me to have gone on in pictures there in California, which was home. Everything was pleasant, even the moderate success I was having. But I—I, myself, was not being tested out. I felt, really, that I didn't care so terribly much about failing if only I dared. And, with mother's help, I have.

"I—I think that I was right. And oh, but I was lucky. Why, I can hardly believe it myself. I went to see Mr. Woods without so much as an introduction—he had only seen a bit of my work on the screen—and he signed me right up for my part in 'Up in Mabel's Room'—and, what is still more, he has signed me up for next year, too. I am so thrilled and so pleased and so proud I just dont know what to do. But I'm humble, too—it's luck, just luck, and because I have hoped so hard and worked so hard and been so anxious to make good. And oh, I love it! I love every little bit of it!"

All this I learnt and more, while Enid poured the coffee and told of working with "dear Bill Hart," and how she preferred drama to comedy, but seemed to *be* preferred in comedy, and many other little hopes and plans which promise to hatch out into big ones and vivid . . .

And when I left I carried with me a snug and solid feeling—and a picture of a jolly fire and a pretty girl and a charming, hovering mother—and youth and ambition and promise . . . and hope . . .



The Answer Man

This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to The Answer Man, using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopaedia in existence. If the answer is to appear in the Classic, write "Classic" at top of letter.

EVERYBODY—I greet you again. Hope you all received your answers last month. Dont fail to ask questions and I wont fail to favor you. Take my facts from my factory, my philosophy from Solomon and my words from Webster. Step right in; the big show is about to start.

KOOKABURRA.—My word, you call me an irresistible piece of camouflage! Whether to doff my hat or roll up my sleeves, I dont know. No, Earle Williams' wife is not an actress. She was a Brooklyn society girl. Do come again and often.

A. K. B.—Yes, he is a dead one now. Better to be alive and poor, than rich and dead. Lila Lee in "A Daughter of the Wolf." *Fiat lux* means "Let there be light." Go study your Latin. I have always been interested in Latin. Even if it is a dead language, it is not for dead ones.

PATRICIA IRWIN.—Top of the morning to yourself! You ask, "Which are the greater and more just, the laws of God or the laws of man?" This comes under the head of Phool Questions, so I wont answer it.

AGNES E.—Well, if you do get married, let it be for love, and not for money or for convenience. Monroe Salisbury is with Fox. George Larkin opposite Ruth Roland in "The Trail of the Tiger."

G. U. R. SARCASTIC.—Ah, gowane! But you're not as bad as a mule, for they only kick at intervals. Florence Dixon in "Never Say Quit." No, I do not fear imitations. I was the first and am therefore the oldest Answer Man in captivity. I am the great *I Am*. Being the all-knowing and the all-seeing, I do not fear nor do I despise imitators. Does the diamond fear the rhinestone? Does the sun fear the candle flame? Does the lion fear the mouse? Ask me some more.

BLUEBIRD.—Always spelling happiness. No, doctors cannot cure you, but they can help you cure yourself. Why, Florence Reed is on the stage, and you can reach Nazimova at Metro's New York office. Interview with her in July, 1918.

MARIE.—Oh, yes, Eugene O'Brien—why, he is with Selznick. Indeed we have bound volumes of this magazine for sale. Some letter you wrote about Eugene O'Brien—wish he could see it.

ELLAYE PHAN.—Thanks for the paper. Glad to get it and wish the *Reel Correspondent* much success.

AMERICAN SOLDIER.—And away off in Belgium. Never mind, you'll be back soon. You say a piece of soap the size of a piece of Ivory costs $3.75 in Germany, and you ask is it any wonder the Germans are dirty fighters. You boys certainly cleaned them up. Let me hear from you again.

WONDERING GLOOGOOS.—I thank you. Shirley Mason, June Elvidge and Zena Keefe are on the World program. Mary Pickford born on April 8th, Douglas Fairbanks on May 23rd, Norma Talmadge on May 2nd. You bet your credit's good. That's right, establish a credit. It's greater than money sometimes. Oh, lots of times.

WILLIAM G.—Fine weather. She's right; a woman's heart is like the moon, ever changing, but there is always a man in it. As to man, he is fickle ever, to one thing constant never. Cant prove anything by me.

ANNE ADMIRER. My French—why, yes, I get that from Webster, too. *Pax vobiscum.* So you think Wyndham Standing is marvelous. Young Yale Boss is going on the stage. I well remember him as the famous Edison boy player. See July 1917 CLASSIC. You want to know where Mrs. Wallace Reid met Wallace. Sorry, but it is not in the cards.

B. B. G. THRIFT STAMP.—Either Mary Pickford, Charles Chaplin or Douglas Fairbanks. Join one of the clubs. Send for a list of them. Florence Billings is with the Miller productions. No, you bet photoplayers wont go to seed unseen.

HELEN G.—Let me see, well, the five books that made an indelible impression upon my memory are Les Miserables, Don Quixote, Lorna Doone, Robinson Crusoe and Frankenstein. I hope you have read them all. Write our Automobile Department for the price of a Stutz.

BETTY OF MELROSE.—Hello, Betty. You ask if Mack Sennett needs any more bathing girls. Cant say that he needs them, but he is always taking more on, and they are always taking more off. Oh, I find my whiskers a little cumbersome these days, but they are still in trim. The only trouble is, that birds are inclined to want to make their nests in them unless I keep them well trimmed.

GERRY.—Fine feathers make fine beds too. You want to write and ask if it is possible to interest the producer directly. That's the only way you can get to him, but many of the companies are not buying in the open market.

MADGE.—Captain Edward T. Langford was with the 107th Infantry. Wallace Beery is appearing in Maurice Tourneur's productions. All lobsters are green at first. Some get wise after being in New York, after being cooked they turn red.

Y. R. U.—You ask how they are going to preserve me after the 1st? Ah, not in alcohol, my dear, but in buttermilk. Clara Kimball Young's ex-husband is remarried. Billie Burke's husband is Florence Ziegfeld of the Follies and Marguerite Clark's is Capt. Palmerson Williams.

JANE O., FORT WAYNE.—No, I cant see why the dentists can complain of hard times, altho if people have nothing to eat, they dont require teeth to eat it with, do they? Lillian Gish is in New York now.

HELEN G.—Ask me anything you like. The longest bridge in the world is the Lion bridge over an arm of the Yellow Sea in China. It is five and a quarter miles long, and the roadway is 70 feet above water. A contest such as you suggest is now under way. Heard the Editor speaking of it today.

U. S. S. SARANAC.—You're right, ships wear flags, and not fly them. Why, I go to the barber twice a year to get trimmed. He never neglects to trim my $9.50 too. Even trimming has gone up.

The Answer Man

FRENCHY.—Oh you Frenchy! Babe! Carol Dempster was Mademoiselle and Adolphe Lestina was Monsieur, Richard Barthelmess was Ralph, and Frances Parkes was the chum in "The Girl That Stayed at Home."

DOUGHNUTS.—Address Marie Walcamp, Universal City, Cal. Casson Ferguson is with Lasky Company. You say a married man has cares, but a bachelor has no pleasures. He, he; ha, ha; and likewise ho, ho!

GRACE G., ST. PAUL.—Yes, James Bryce said, "America should be particularly thankful for its remoteness from European quarrels, and menaces," but that was several years ago and he could not say that now. I believe England will pay America $35,500,000 in settlement of all war claims. Uncle Sam ought to sleep good on that.

GERTRUDE R.—No, I have never shimmied. I dont care for the sport. Maxine Elliott was born in Rockland, Me., in 1871, and Lena Cavalieri was born in Rome in 1884.

GERALDINE B.—Right to the point, all right. Metro is the only company that can help you. You'll find me here *a coup sur*.

BETTY C.—You bet I want to hear from you all, and don't get discouraged if you dont hear from me right away. Quick answers go by mail, so just enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

GLADYS I. C.—What a pity! Truth gets well if she is run over by an auto, while error dies of lockjaw if she scratches her finger. Just so with you—the former applies to you. No record of the Thanhouser Kidlet.

BONNIE.—Peculiar, isn't it? Reminds me that the Siamese strive to have in their houses an even number of windows, doors, rooms and cupboards for they have a superstition regarding odd numbers. Henry Gsell interviewed in April 1919 CLASSIC. You say vaccination is war-like because it is most always in arms. Don't shoot, I'll come down. A little soft music here, professor, as they're passing out.

CHU CHIN CHOW.—No, I dont buy my clothes second-hand, but I will have to if prices keep on going up. I dislike anything second-hand, even clocks with second hands—they cut up life into too small pieces. Better stick to school, child, and let me hear from you in ten years from now. Oh, I'll be here.

F. T. W.—But I like a soft, gentle and low voice; it's an excellent thing in a woman. William Sheer is not in "The Cabaret Girl," but he is in "Regeneration."

DEARIE.—You say, "If you write a play, how do you sell it?" Humph! that's the eternal question—ask Dad, he knows. It's not so hard to write a play as it is to sell one. G. M. Anderson is staging "I Love You," and is not playing in pictures now.

CENTRAL I. O. U. 500.—Ask central for something less than that and try and get it. Somebody is going to be ousted and Mr. Bell cant ring too soon. *Some* picture. A stitch in time saves embarrassing exposure, and should have been practiced in that picture.

MISS W. E. N.—To the manor born, not manner born, is correct. I think I shall have to ask all my correspondents to paste a little photo of themselves at the top of each letter. That would give me a good line on them, and I would know whether it would be safe to be cross or more diplomatic to be polite.

U. R. A. NUT.—Yes, Jim Corbett has played in motion pictures. You want to know who is more popular, Douglas Fairbanks and Marjorie Daw, or, Eugene O'Brien and Norma Talmadge? Better take a vote on it among your fingers and toes. Same old story, but it is hardly possible to suspect another without having in one's self the seeds of baseness the party is accused of. Hence, dont believe half what you hear and divide the other half by two.

JEAN.—Go to it! I like to work. I doubt if I will ever wear out—certainly I won't rust out. Life without work and purpose would be dull. Arthur Shirley and Phil McCullough in "Modern Love."

ARTHUR B.—*Nous verrons.* William S. Hart was born in Newburgh, N. Y., which is *not* the land of lobsters.

CLEOPATRA 2ND.—I'll say she does. Yes indeed, a woman can defend her virtue from men much easier than she can protect her reputation from women. Your letter was mighty interesting. Francis Ford has opened a new studio in Los Angeles.

MOLLY M.—Yours was very interesting. Believe me or not, but the most unhappy moment in a woman's life is when she realizes that she can no longer create envy in another woman. Men know this better than women do.

KITTY CARLYLE.—Oh yes, I'm this year's model. Grace Cunard is playing now. Valeska Suratt is still on the stage. Mabel Trunnelle isn't playing. Victor Sutherland was Cliff Stone in "Daredevil Kate." Seena Owen is married to George Walsh. You're welcome.

MARION D.—"She Stoops to Conquer" grew out of an incident that occurred in Goldsmith's travels about Ireland. Yes; Ann Forrest in "The Rainbow Trail." Thomas Meighan in "The Heart of Wetona." Yes, Marion, it is wise to flatter if one can flatter wisely.

GRACE CAROL.—Yes, sir. Seventy-seven, and I'm good for at least another quarter of a century. Edith Johnson in "An Actor's Romance." William Duncan and Nell Shipman in "Rustler's Reformation." Robert Frazer and Carol Holloway in the other.

DOROTHY GISH ADMIRER.—I think it was Rousseau who said "If happiness could be prolonged from love into marriage, we should have paradise on earth." But it seems it cant always be did. Anita King had the lead in "Petticoats and Politics." Mary Mersch in "Who Killed Walton?" Do write again.

H. M.—Write to you personally? My son, no one can read my writing. The theory most generally accepted at the present time is, that letters of our alphabet originated with the ancient Egyptians. They were, to begin with, "Ideographs." Katherine McDonald in "Headin' South." Yours was mighty clever.

WANDERING GLOOGOOS.—Why dont you settle up and then settle down? Ernest Truex and Louise Huff in "Oh, You Women." Yes, Jane Austen was indeed a genius. She was the daughter of a rector of Stevenson in Hampshire, born in 1775 and died in 1817. You have the title wrong on that. Charles Clary in "Rose of Blood."

JOSEPHINE D.—Good for you, but unless you believe in your own selling argument, why expect others to? Marshal Neilan in "Rags." William Duncan in "Her Debt of Honor." David Thompson was Pierre.

THE OLD SOUTH.—Fire ahead. You ask me what I'd do if I had a million. Nothing, quoth the raven, evermore. Does Theda Bara wear tights? Get thee behind me, Satan, quoth the Answer Man. Little Billie Jacobs in "The Golden Windows." Runa Hodges in "A Fool There Was." Norma Talmadge and William Morrison in "Battle Cry of Peace."

B. C. W.—You say your "father's sister is married to a nephew of an aunt of Mary Pickford. What relation am I to Mary Pickford?" Just a minute, you're running on thirteen cylinders. I believe her father is not living. Easter Walter was Judith in "Hands Up." Same one. You say you get the same wages I do. You have my deepest sympathy.

LILLIAN D.—Thanks for the cards. As I have often said, if you do not like anything in this department, dont cuss, but just put your foot on the soft pedal and play a Chopin nocturne on your vocal chords. In other words, dont boil over, just boil within.

ABERDEEN.—Bert Lytell married? Oh, now! No, I have never met him. You girls josh me so. Fay Tincher in "Rowdy Ann." Taylor Holmes in "Taxi," a Paramount.

BROWN EYES.—Yes, Lottie Briscoe and Edwin August are in a vaudeville sketch known as "Movie Hand." Both were with Lubin. Call upon me in the day of trouble and I will try to relieve you. Will you do that?

(*Continued on page 95*)

Many people spoil their nails by the wrong kind of care

What causes rough cuticle and hangnails

How to have smooth, even cuticle, perfect nails

ONLY a bit of cuticle one-twelfth of an inch wide covers each delicate nail root. You can see from the diagram what a tiny protection this is.

Yet the nail root is very sensitive. When it is injured, the nail which grows from it, and the cuticle which covers it, are spoiled.

Some people actually *cut* the fine rim of cuticle which protects the nail root!

Sometime, see for yourself the injury cuticle cutting does:—Look through a magnifying glass at a cuticle that has been manicured with scissors or knife.

What the magnifying glass reveals

You will see that there are many little raw places where more than the dead skin has been cut. The live cuticle itself, the real protection of the nail root has been actually cut away.

In the little places where it has been cut, this live skin grows especially fast. It grows up much faster than the rest of the cuticle. In this way an uneven edge is formed. This ragged edge splits and forms rough places and hangnails.

When cuticle is neglected, it sticks tight to the nail. The growing nail pulls it up unevenly to form an ugly line. The cuticle dies, dries up and becomes a horny white rim. Then it splits in places and forms rough edges and hard hangnails that catch on things.

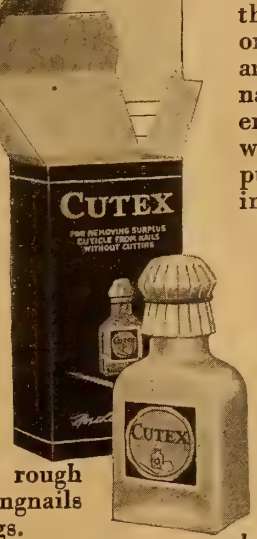


The delicate nail root is only one-twelfth inch below the cuticle. People injure it by cutting the cuticle.

Diagram



Well kept nails depend on faithful, gentle care. Easily you can keep your nails so charming that your friends consider them one of your special beauties.



A smooth oval margin to each nail

It is easy to keep your nails always in exquisite condition without cutting or over-rough pushing back. It is only a matter of a few minutes' care.

In the Cutex package you will find an orange stick and a quantity of absorbent cotton. Wrap some of the cotton around the end of the orange stick, dip it into the bottle and work it around the base of your nails. The surplus cuticle is softened, removed. Then carefully wash the hands with soap and water, pushing the cuticle back when drying them.

By this method, in only a few minutes you can keep your nails in perfect condition. Give your hands this care *regularly* and you will never again blush for their ragged, uncouth appearance.

A complete manicure set for only 20c

For only two dimes you can get a complete manicure set containing the Cutex Cuticle Remover, Nail White, Paste Polish, Cake Polish and emery board, orange stick and absorbent cotton. There is enough of each product to give you six complete manicures. Send for it today. It will give you a new idea of how lovely your hands can look. Address Northam Warren, Dept. 808, 114 West 17th Street, New York City.

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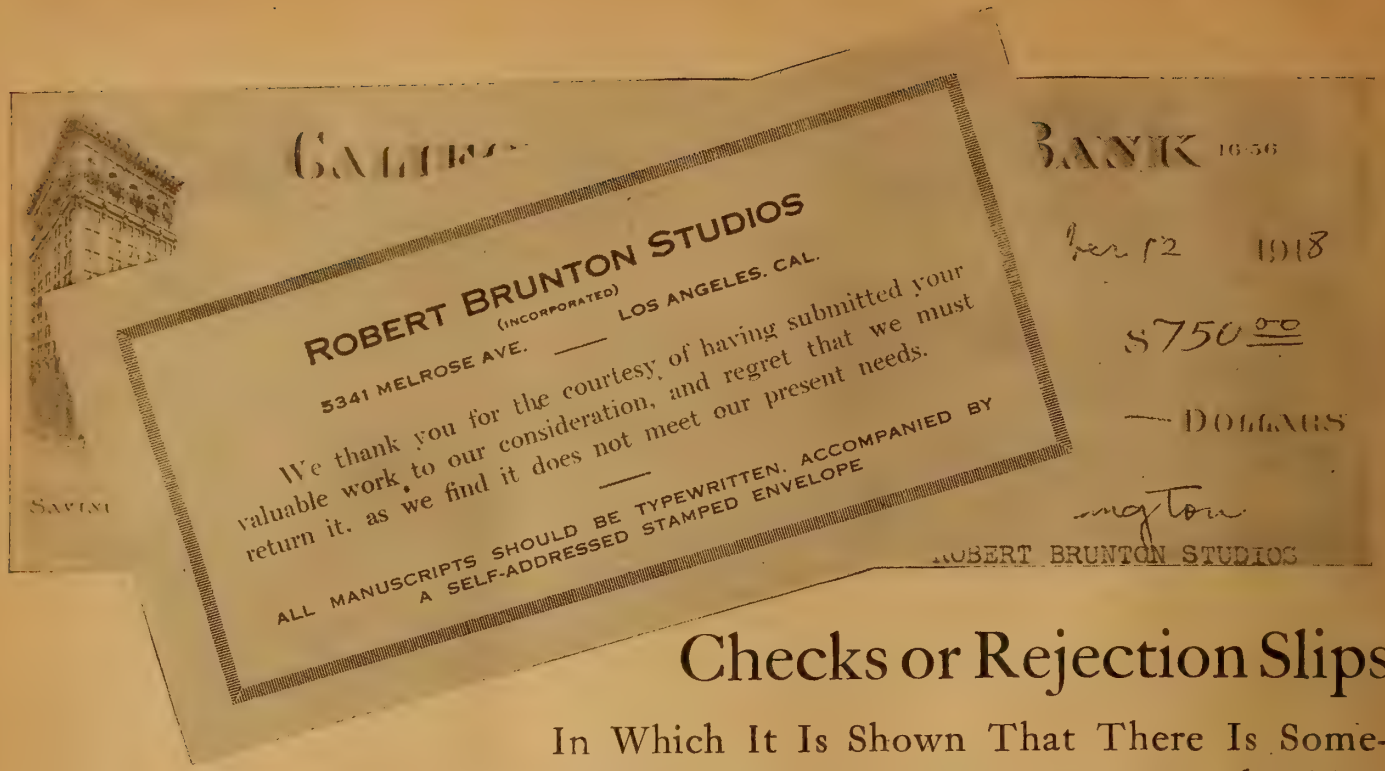
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Checks or Rejection Slips

In Which It Is Shown That There Is Sometimes a Very Narrow Margin Between the Two

By JAY BRIEN CHAPMAN

IN these days when every one knows how to write scenarios, and every one does write them, from studio camera boys to small-town grocers up and down, there is one particular thing that strikes a scenario editor or reader with particular emphasis as he is deciding the fate of their efforts. That thing is how close, and yet how far, is the much-to-be-desired check from the despised rejection slip.

The public seems to be well instructed in the rudiments of scenario writing today, due probably to the numerous textbooks on the subject and to magazine departments dealing with it. Stories come in with every mail in which this teaching is traceable, and to a person without experience in the profession they might very well seem as good or better than the average run of pictures shown by the exhibitors. When these stories return to the authors they pore over their texts to find wherein they had failed, or give up their attempts in disgust, not realizing how close, in the matter of intelligent effort, they have been to receiving a check and seeing their signature on the screen.

This instruction they have imbibed is what I might style an elemental course in the mechanism of scenario writing, some of which is out of date. It is mostly good stuff to know as a first course, proving very helpful in getting the standard of outside scenario writing up to a certain point. But a volume or so more could be written on what else is necessary to cross that narrow margin between the rejection slip and the check, and perhaps a few hints, even, frankly and sincerely given from the inside, will serve to help a few who are so near and yet so far.

For lovers of statistics I have gathered the following data from the experience of myself and other scenario readers, writers and editors of various studios, on a large number of scripts submitted during 1918. Taking one hundred representative stories, it is estimated that thirty-seven were rejected as totally valueless. Nineteen were rejected for lack of development, seventeen as lacking material for the length of production desired. Fourteen did not fit the stars of the company to which they were submitted, nine were condemned as conscious or unconscious plagiarisms and four were eliminated by their objectionable theme or material.

The thirty-seven stories voted worthless we can count out. So can we discount the plagiarisms and the few which were rejected because of their morbid, indecent or unpicturizable themes. That leaves us with nearly half of the stories which stood a better chance, and, of these, probably half needed but a little more knowledge, or a little more intelligent effort to make them available, to bring in a check instead of a rejection.

It is as well to be frank. Do not go against the established rules of dramatic structure, or what you know to be good scenario practice, because some noted staff author has done so. Because he wishes to write a story with a multitude of principal parts, or giving the star a minor acting rôle, or yet one totally without logical sequence, do not think that you can get away with this. *Your story has to be considerably better* than the average of studio authors' stories to stand a chance under ordinary conditions, for remember the staff author has to be permitted to earn his salary by getting over as many stories as possible.

A good idea will no longer sell by itself. Original ideas have been exhausted. It takes hard work and from a thousand to five thousand words well spent in development of plot, setting and characterization to make your idea any different from that of the next person, or from other ideas that have been done in various guises many times before. Otherwise, if the idea be worthy, it will merely come under my classification of "lacking material." The older scenario authorities used to recommend submitting a synopsis of one hundred and fifty words length. No matter how clever you are in making a few words say a great deal, I believe that it is impossible to make anything new in the way of a combination of ideas within that limit.

(*Continued on page* 90)



Anna Nilsson

as Mrs. Pat. Dyvenot

In "Venus in the East"

In this scene Anna is playing the role of the "Queen of Society." And she certainly looks the part. Her poise and grace and ease of manner all proclaim her a woman of noble birth.

Paramount Picture

Miss Anna Nilsson is another famous star of the screen stage who states that she "prefers" Ingram's Milkweed Cream.



PHOTO BY HARTSOOK

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GREEN ROOM JOTTINGS

George Larkin has been bitten by the star bug and a terrible case of staritis has set in that threatens to carry his name into the electric lights very soon. Mr. Larkin has won his spurs by long service as a leading man and his large personal following warrants the faith his backers have in him.

Ruth Roland expects to be able to announce the name of her bungalow very shortly. She has received enough letters in answer to the announcement that we printed in a previous issue of our Magazine, to name every home in the United States.

Fannie Ward has the most beautiful private garden of sea anemones in the world. It is in a marble pool on her beautiful California estate and is said to surpass the famous collection of the Duke of Monaco.

Thomas Meighan recently took John McCormack thru the Metro studio. Mr. McCormack had a fine time learning all the tricks of the trade, and snapping pictures of various things that took his fancy—one being Eileen Percy.

May Allison has another sparkling comedy role in "Almost Married." Those who saw her splendid work in "Peggy Does Her Darndest" will welcome this new production.

Viola Dana is working hard on a new picture called "The Microbe." It is rather hard to liken dainty Viola to a microbe, but anything is liable to happen in pictures.

William Russell is "Some Liar"—in his new picture. Not only is he a liar, but he's a salesman, with the funniest line of goods you ever heard of—cradles and coffins—guaranteed to get 'em coming and going.

Fans of long standing will be pleased with the news that **Ella Hall,** the dainty little ingénue of a few years ago, is the mother of an extra-precious baby. She is perfectly content with the smaller audience of her own home, with baby and husband Emory Johnson to applaud.

Florence Vidor, who has done such excellent work with the Lasky people, will shortly be seen in "The Other Half," upon which King Vidor is busily engaged. She will be supported by Charles Meredith, Zazu Pitts, and David Butler.



ANITA STEWART

Movies have indeed invaded the two-a-day circuit. "Topics of the Day," the novelty screen feature which presents timely and witty paragraphs selected from the press of the world by "The Literary Digest," is now being shown in all the Keith vaudeville theaters in the United States. It is said that managers have found the "Topics" a great opening "act" which puts the audience in a happy, receptive mood for the vaudeville acts that follow.

Another dear old man of the movies has passed away. **Daniel Gilfether,** the man who played with Mary Pickford in so many of her early Famous Player pictures. He did some strong character work in "The Red Circle" and "Who Pays?" the serials released by Balboa. Mr. Gilfether's last work was with Marguerita Fisher in "The Man of Charity."

Embryo scenario writers will be overjoyed to know that the Universal Film Company throws open its doors far and wide to new writers. In fact, Universal desires "new stories from new authors." We fear we have let that company in for an overpowering amount of mail.

While **Mary MacLaren** was at the little town of Independence, California, taking scenes for "The Weaker Vessel," her new picture, she discovered a shoe store with boots of the vintage of 1868. She bought a pair for use in some future film. They have half-inch heels and square toes that the star declares make her look like a lady policeman.

Jess Willard, the world's heavyweight champion, has answered the call of the movies. In his first picture "The Challenge of Chance" he is called upon to display a bit of histrionic ability. Jess hit his victim so hard that he knocked him out of humor for the rest of the day.

Alice Lake has indeed graduated from the ranks of comedy, for she is busy supporting Bert Lytell and Hale Hamilton in their new Metro features.

Constance Talmadge and Harrison Ford are at it again. They are one of the finest comedy teams we have. This time they offer us "Happiness à la Mode."

Eugene O'Brien's first starring vehicle has been fittingly titled "The Perfect Lover." Anyone who has seen his work with Norma Talmadge will concede this point.

Click-click snipped the shears. Lovely **Viola Dana** has cut her hair for her new picture, "Some Bride." Now she's repentant, but it's too late.

Chester Conklin, who is doing some star comedy stuff at the William Fox Sunshine Comedy lot, admits that he is not an ordinary person. He has been making comedy pictures for five years, but the first time he ever saw a dramatic production being filmed was on the Fox lot a few days ago, where he watched Albert Ray and Elinor Fair make scenes for "Be a Little Sport."

Priscilla Dean has been a Wild Cat of Paris, a Brazen Beauty, a Two-Souled Woman, a Wicked Darling and an Exquisite Thief. Now she expects to prove beyond peradventure that she is better than anything else a Spitfire.

Eugene Mullin, the new scenario chief at Universal, was the staff author with the company that took Clara Kimball Young around the world making a series of one-reel dramas. Mullin says he used to start a story in San Francisco, write a few scenes in Hong Kong and figure out the final fade-out in Sydney, New South Wales. Mullin and Miss Young are renewing this old acquaintance now that both are members of the Hollywood movie colony.

Eileen Percy, the little blonde lady who began her picture career with Douglas Fairbanks, has been engaged to appear opposite Sessue Hayakawa in "The Gray Horizon." Miss Percy, it might be added, is one of the best golfers on the West Coast.

Thomas H. Ince has decided to co-star **Douglas MacLean** and **Doris May.** Doris has been playing with Charlie Ray under the name of Doris Lee, and Douglas has supported all of the Ince stars. Big things are expected of this new team.

Doris Kenyon expects to issue a volume devoted exclusively to her own poems very shortly. Miss Kenyon has had a great many poems in the leading magazines and newspapers thruout the country of late, and her friends will be glad to see them in book form.



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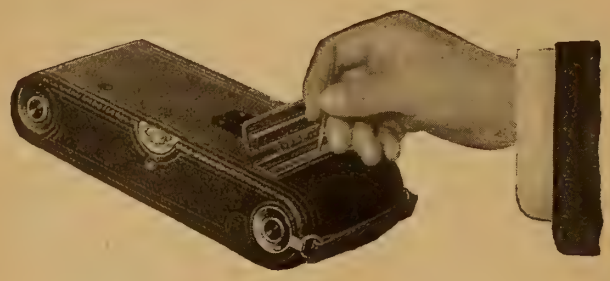
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No. 2



The date on the Film

In just a few years you will ask:

This picture of John, was it made before or after the war? And this of little Mary taking her first toddling steps—how old was she then?

How those snap-shots, made on our trip to the Yellowstone bring it all back to us, except the date,—when *did* we go?

Grandmother before the fireplace with her knitting, growing old gently and gracefully—how old was she? It is so annoying not to remember.

Time plays the mischief with memory—but with the *date on the film* you may laugh at his tricks. All folding Kodaks and folding Brownies are now *autographic* and, with autographic film, provide the means for dating and titling each negative as you make it. It is all done in a few seconds, is as simple as "pressing the button" and though it may not seem so at the moment, *a date is always worth while.*

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The Solution of This Great Mystery Serial Will Be Published Next Month

Winners of $300 Cash Prizes and Final Chapter to Appear in September Issue

Owing to the enormous task of sorting and judging the thousands of answers, that were submitted to this great serial mystery contest and our early press date, we are unable to announce the winners of the contest this month. But next month, in the September issue of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, will appear the names of the winners and the final chapter of the serial as the author, H. H. Van Loan, conceived it.

For the benefit of those who wish to know the conditions under which this contest was run, we repeat, that we offered $300.00 in cash prizes for the solution to this mystery, which was run in serial form in the magazine, which would nearest coincide with the author's final chapter.

The conditions were, that $300.00 in cash prizes should be awarded to those who sent in the best solutions, and these solutions were to be sent in monthly. The *first* guess or even the *second* you submitted might be wrong, but that would not prevent you from winning first prize. All solutions were to be sent in on postal cards, postmarked on or before the 20th of the month preceding the date of the magazine.

Postal cards were to be addressed "Crimson Iris Editors, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y." The prizes are to be awarded on *all* the cards, not on the final one only. Each card had to be numbered thus: The first card read "The Crimson Iris, No. 1," the second card "No. 2," and so on. We expected you to be wrong in one or more of your guesses—perhaps in all but your last; but so long as your deductions were logical or probable, you had a chance for first prize.

The *last* card had to contain a solution. It was to contain a very brief synopsis of what the last installment would be. The last card will count for more than all the others put together, but it will help you greatly in getting a prize if you have mailed a card every month, even if some of them were poor guesses.

The contest closed on June 20th. After that date no solutions were accepted.

The cash prizes will be divided as follows:

1st prize....	$100.00	5th prize....	$25.00
2nd "	50.00	6th "	20.00
3rd "	40.00	7th "	15.00
4th "	35.00	8th "	10.00
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Its noblest works, its aims, its views,
Dear world charmer, you've conceived it.





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to secure a satin skin:
"Apply Satin skin cream, then Satin skin powder."
(Ask your druggist for free samples.)





Memory's Crystal

(*Continued from page 62*)

Walthall, Helen Gardner and John Bunny. John Bunny has passed to a better land. Marc MacDermott has turned from hero rôles at Vitagraph and Edison to character portrayals, Ruth Roland from Kalem days has become a Pathé serial star, while Henry Walthall, then a member of the famous Biograph company, still maintains his excellent standing. Helen Gardner left pictures—and no traces—behind.

In the summer of 1912, the readers of THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE voted Maurice Costello, Dolores Cassinelli, May Hotely, and Francis X. Bushman the most popular players. Maurice Costello, then a star at Vitagraph, left the screen, attempted a recent come-back and then retired again to private life. Dolores Cassinelli, at that time an Essanay player, left the screen for some years, but is back again, more beautiful than ever, as a Pathé star. Mae Hotely played in Lubin comedies for five years and in pictures for fifteen years; our last records of her are in Billie Reeves' comedies. Twelfth on the honor roll of this contest appears the name—Mary Pickford.

Going into 1913, we find the favorite players to be Romaine Fielding, Earle Williams, who now, as then, is starring in Vitagraph photoplays, and Warren Kerrigan, then an American star, is still beloved and has just formed his own company to release thru the Hodkinson Exchanges. The leading women in this contest were Alice Joyce, Muriel Ostriche, Mary Fuller, Edith Storey. Muriel Ostriche is still appearing and popular, while this last year Edith Storey gave up her stellar career to drive an ambulance for the Red Cross. Sixth on this list appears the name of Mary Pickford.

And again we turn the pages and come to 1914. In a great artist's contest, we find Earle Williams, Clara Kimball Young, and Mary Pickford to be the winners, closely followed by Warren Kerrigan, Mary Fuller, and Marguerite Clayton. Marguerite Clayton, then well known as the opposite of Broncho Billy at Essanay, is now freelancing it—her latest rôle being with Norma Talmadge.

In 1915 we find our readers choosing what they consider would be the great cast: Mary Maurice, Charles Chaplin, Bobby Connelly, W. Chrystie Miller, Mabel Normand, Antonio Moreno, Mary Pickford, Earle Williams. Of these, Mary Maurice and W. Chrystie Miller are dead; the others are still playing.

Skipping time's pages to December, 1918, we find the most recent ballot of people from all over the world, pronouncing Mary Pickford the most deserving and popular artist. Closely following Miss Pickford are listed Marguerite Clark, Douglas Fairbanks, Harold Lockwood, William S. Hart, Wallace Reid, Pearl White, Anita Stewart, Theda Bara, Francis X. Bushman, Earle Williams and William Farnum.

And now Memory draws a roseate veil over her crystal. She has given us a glimpse into the past, a glimpse which proves that the loves of yesteryear are dear unto us yet, and more than that, Memory has proven that the prime favorite of yesterday can be queen of today and tomorrow, if she will. In pictures, as in life, the law of existence is the survival of the fittest.

Some one remarked to Alice Brady that applause was necessary to players, as it gave them confidence—"More," replied the actress; "it gives us *breath!*"

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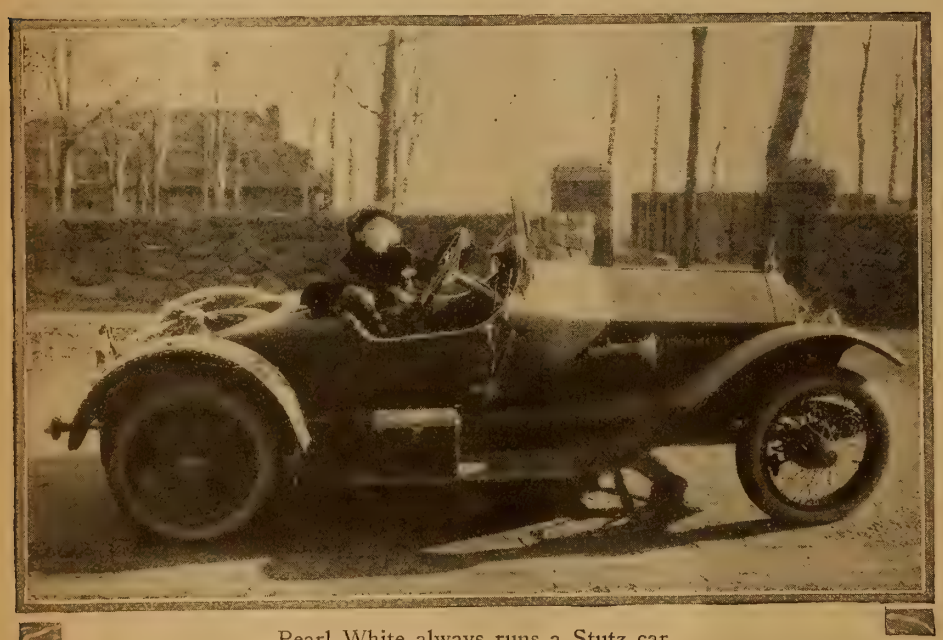
(*Continued from page* 74)

enthused over acting now, my new contract gives me such good opportunities, and we're doing the 'Admirable Crichton' next." Miss Swanson was showing lacy, ribbony naughty-naughties with every swish of the georgette skirt and her hose—well, they're best described thus:

Oh, memories that bless and burn
Where flat-iron touches dropstitch turn,
I gaze entranced and long at last to earn
Such hosiery—such hosiery!

Beverly Travers is a lucky girlie, she was shown in three pictures released in Los Angeles in one week, one being Pauline Frederick's "Fear Woman," another "The Home Breaker," with Dorothy Dalton, and the third, "Upstairs and Down," starring Olive Thomas. Miss Travers is a San Antonio maid who played stock in New York, has been doing heavies for a year here, and who is engaged for the current Hayakawa production. She told a funny story of two piano tuners in her home town, who visited a certain domicile to dally with the ivories for several hours. Feeling the need of communion with "familiar spirits," and being somewhat diffident about asking outright for a beverage, they approached the owner of the instrument with the query whether she had alcohol handy, as they needed it to cleanse the keys.

The lady thought deeply—"Oh, yes, I've just remembered, I have about a pint of whiskey, would that answer the purpose?" It would, opined the thirsty bipeds. The liquid refreshment arrived in due time and the men were again left alone to finish the tuning job. When the lady came back to pay them, there was very little fluid left in the flask, and she said, cheerfully, "Do you know, I'm so glad I thought of having that. John always wanted me to throw it out, but my little Fido, who weighs but two pounds, gets so chilly after his bath that I usually rinse him in whiskey, and this is all I had left after the last time I washed him. You see, I strain it and pour what's left into a smaller bottle!"



Pearl White always runs a Stutz car

Did you know that Bert Lytell knocked out two front teeth, falling over some *unseen* obstacle on the stage? Worst of it was, he had to make so many speeches, one for the Victory Ship entertainment, Metro night, another at the Ad Club in Los Angeles. He's a very fluent talker and as much in demand for impromptu speeches as Frank Keenan, who is the recognized speakie of the Silent.

Mary Pickford has bought a lovely lot on Adelaide Drive, overlooking the ocean and canyon at Santa Monica, and will build a twenty-five thousand dollar *cottage* on it for her mother and herself. The lot is one hundred by two hundred feet, so there will be plenty of lawn space, and room for the tennis court. Imagine running out of the front yard to bathe in the Pacific! Isn't it wonderful to be rich?

Howard Hickman has been quite ill from overwork, for they are trying to rush thru the biggest contract for pictures ever signed, namely, sixteen features. These must be finished by December, 1920, and then comes the world-circling trip of Mr. Hickman and Bessie Barriscale, on which they will be accompanied by the camera-man and make some special features, including oddities seen at quaint places en route. Bessie astonished her dinner guests one evening by appearing in the same little costume she wore years ago in "Little Lord Fauntleroy"—a play in which she made a stage hit. She had her maid do her hair in curls, and you never saw anything quite so cute as Bessie in knickerbockers of velvet.

A perfectly good story comes to me from Bill Duncan. He recently received the prize letter of his collection, and this is why it's a "feature," see? A young woman from the Middle West wrote him that she had lost her parents and quite a few friends in the flu epidemic and didn't care much about life nowadays, so she had just about decided to drown her sorrows in acting, and if he'd telegraph just when his new serial began, she would be right there to do the leads with him, and "so on." Mr. Duncan says he's heard of 'em acting for money, or for notoriety, but as a sorrow-chaser, acting meets a new need. Anyway, he telegraphed back that Miss Johnson was under contract and suited his serials perfectly, and that the young lady had better stay right where she was and try dressmaking and "sew on!"

The Jackie Saunders' fans never left her, altho it is quite sixteen months since the infant Saunders arrived and kept Jackie home. Now her screen work will commence again, just as soon as she returns from Philadelphia, whence she traveled to take her invalid mother home. Miss Saunders' first release will be "Jackie the Hoyden," written by Lee Arthur.

Ruth Roland nearly met an untimely death, for they do say punsters should be hung, drawn and quartered promptly. Easter Walters was telling Ruthie about her new soldier-boy affinity and wailed, "But it's hard luck, Miss Roland, for with this unusual spring in California, every time he wants to take me any place it rains—I think it's the meanest thing!" Miss Roland promptly replied, "Say not so—probably he's your rain-beau, and you'll find a pot of gold at the end of the trail!"

Polly Moran was at the Orpheum doing a Sheriff Nell act, and was in mighty good company, having Helen Scholder, a 'cellist, the Eddie Foys, Kosloff the Russian dancer and many other big featured artists on the same bill. She kept them convulsed, for Polly in private life is quite as humorous as on the screen.

Enid Bennett, Dorothy Dalton and Charles Ray have been insured in favor of Thomas H. Ince from loss thru disablement or death of a star. Ethel Ritchie, who used to do such good Western parts with Balboa, is engaged for Mary MacLaren's "The Weaker Vessel." directed by Paul Powell, who used to be with Balboa also. Priscilla Dean, who has done burglar ladies, French spitfires and adventurous chickens, is appearing now in a Spanish rôle, and if anything can look better on her than the Spanish headdress, it had better come forth now or seek an early grave.

If the talk about Anna Nilsson being starred is really true, we'll see one of the cleverest actresses come into her rights during 1919.

Clara Horton is forging ahead, too, having a heavy rôle in Rex Beach's Alaskan drama. Cullen Landis also plays an emotional part, quite a change for these youngsters of the screen, but Mr. Beach selected them personally as best expressing his ideas. They have been working under real rain and hand-made rain with fire-hose, coast trade-winds and home-made wind-machine breezes, so that you fans may see Alaska as she's portrayed in California.

The Grauman theater has featured Clarine Seymour, "Cutie Beautiful," as she was named by D. W. G., in a Spanish dance with Osdolfo di Valentina be-

(*Continued on page* 110)

Before a busy day at the Studio, Miss Ostriche always protects her hair with a Bonnie-B Hair Net.





How I Keep My Hair Smooth and Lovely

By MURIEL OSTRICHE, Famous Film Star

You'd think after a strenuous day in the studio, my hair would be in a wildly flying state—but it isn't! I've discovered the way to keep my hair beautifully arranged all day long—I wear a Bonnie-B Imported Human Hair Net.

The Bonnie-B Human Hair Net is so delicate, and matches my hair so perfectly, that it's absolutely invisible. My hair always looks as though I'd just arranged it. The Bonnie-B is as strong as it's dainty—it lasts *three times longer* than ordinary hair nets.

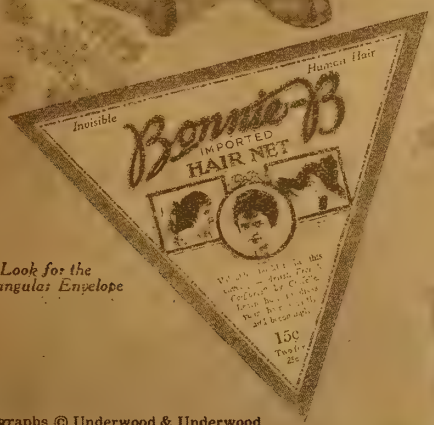
The little booklet—"Artistic French Coiffures," by Cluzelle—which comes with every Bonnie-B Hair Net, tells you how to arrange your hair in the newest, most fascinating styles.

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Muriel Ostriche

P. S. If you will write me at the above address and send me the stamps for your Hair Net, I shall be very glad indeed to tell you how I arrange my hair.



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Checks or Rejection Slips

(*Continued from page* 80)

Have something about your story, some element or elements within it, a sure-fire appeal. If you do not know just what I mean by the word appeal, in this sense, or quite what sort of appeal would be sure-fire, study some of the very best-selling novels and most successful plays and pictures until you see what element of appeal they have; just what makes them big. Sometimes a title may help, sometimes it is the story itself, sometimes the theme or setting, and often, it is a matter of lovable or remarkable characters.

Screen characterization, having to be done almost entirely in terms of action, is far more difficult than plotting, and consequently less overdone than the various other elements of the drama. At times it is the soul of the creation, one well-delineated character saving and even making great an indifferent story, while at other times it is essential that the characters be mere puppets, representing men and women in general, where the less distinctive they are the better. But many a screen story has been rejected, and many another made a failure after production, because the characters were unreal, and were not given some little distinctive trait by which we might know them intimately.

One of the handicaps of the staff author is that he must fit the characterization and type of his stories to the stars for whom he is hired to write. The outside writer can make his story character what he wishes, and from a sky full of stars pick the one best suited to play it. The majority of stories will fit themselves without alteration to several stars.

But the rub comes in choosing them, if you have written your story without any particular star in mind. Best be frank and admit that there are stars who can act and stars who cant. Do not give one of the sort who cannot act a story depending upon the strength of the star rôle; give that star a vehicle of interest in which he or she can ride, drawn by powerful situations built around, but not of, the central rôle. In other words, let them be prominently visible in all big situations, but with nothing to do but look pleasant, or pained as the case may be.

A star who can act wants plenty to do, psychological stuff as well as action. For these stars your story must have a big, active, outstanding part. It is not carried along by the story, but instead carries the story along with it. In the case of the other type, who are merely to look girlishly cute or mannishly handsome and thrilling, or appear as a vehicle for the display of wonderful costume, or yet earn their salary by lack of costume, your drama must be played out with the other characters.

Be conservative in your decisions on who can act and who cannot. If you see a picture company using one of their stars as a clothes rack, write a story that will give excuse for more elegant costume than ever. If some one else has been drawing crowds entirely on her light and airy notions of dress, do not send in a vehicle which would necessitate the covering of her beautiful limbs. In nine cases out of ten the motion picture companies know what they are doing, and it is not for an outside writer to inaugurate a change.

Do not be stingy with your time, effort and plot material. As I have said before, it takes a good idea, good development, plenty of good situations, and a full, clearly written synopsis told in terms of action to give the outside writer a chance with the staff author.

Stories we reject as "lacking material" are often good two-reelers; but now the demand is for five and six reels. That results from a stinginess of material; compare your story in point of material with some of the big successful films, and see how you stand.

Others rejected for lack of development are often strong in material, but the separate situations are mere skeletons, so sketchily outlined as to be mere suggestions, without difference from many which have long done duty on the screen. Skeletons of plays, like skeletons of men, look much alike; it is necessary to clothe them in flesh to give them individuality.

Devote yourself to all close details of "getting across," then every once in a while stand back like an artist from his painting, and get the general perspective; view the problem in large focus to make sure that you are steering your detail in the right direction. When you get your first check do not let your elation make you careless; by dint of careful effort make a second creation greater than the first. Keep in mind the elements of the game, but more than this, by a little clear thinking and self-criticism help yourself to a higher education in the phases not dealt with by text-books; bridge the gap between the rejection slip and the check.

ELEPHANT'S KISS ALMOST KNOCKOUT FOR BERT LYTELL

"I have just been kist by an elephant," announced Bert Lytell, mopping his face with a red bandanna handkerchief. "Talk about putting your face in a lion's mouth! This had all the fascination of a flirtation with a buzz-saw—and then some. The playful pachyderm tried to nip me just below the Adam's apple and nearly severed my connection with Metro.

"It was all the still man's fault. Just because he saw the affectionate look Lulu gave me when I tossed her a peanut, he suggested that I pose with her for a kiss. It would be a great stunt, he said—call it 'vamping the elephant,' or something like that.

"Instead of Lulu, he posed me with Lena, the fat elephant. How was I to know that Lena does tricks, while quiet little Lulu's only accomplishment is catching peanuts? If it had been Lulu, all would have been well.

"Well, he posed us, cried 'hold it!' and there was a click as he squeezed the bulb. Lena heard that click and thought the ring-master was cracking his whip at her. She closed her mouth with a snap, and if I hadn't ducked, my head would still be with Lena. As it was, she got my glasses en passant, as they say in chess, and now I have to hunt another pair before my next scene in 'World of Make Believe.' And, as for the still man, he remarked, 'fine! and sauntered off."

William Faversham in a conversation upon books with Barbara Castleton, was lamenting the difficulty he found in persuading his friends to return the volumes which he had lent them. "Well," replied Miss Castleton, "your acquaintances find it is much easier to retain the books themselves, than what is contained in them."

How Every Woman Can Have A Winning Personality



You may have all those attractive qualities that men adore in women

Let Me Introduce Myself

DEAR READER: *I wish to tell you* how to have a charming, winning personality because all my life I have seen that without it any woman labors under great handicaps. Without *personality*, it is almost impossible to make desirable friends, or get on in business; and yes, often must a woman give up the man on whom her heart is set because she has not the power to attract or to hold him.

During my career here and abroad, I have met a great many people whom I have been able to study under circumstances which have brought out their weak or strong points, like a tiny spot on the lens of a moving picture machine will magnify into a very large blot on the screen. And I have seen so many people, lacking in personality, try to make a success of their plans and fail completely, in a way that has been quite pathetic. I am sure that you also are familiar with one or more such cases.

Success of a Winsome Manner

I saw numerous failures that were so distressing that my thoughts could not help dwelling upon those shattered and vain ambitions. I have seen women of education and culture and natural beauty actually fail where other women minus such advantages, but possessing certain secrets of lovableness, a certain winsomeness, a certain knack of looking right and saying the right word would get ahead delightfully. Nor were they naturally forward women. Nor were they the kind that men call clever. Some of them, if you studied their features closely, were decidedly not handsome; *yet they seemed so.* They didn't do this by covering their faces with cosmetics; they knew the *true* means. And often the winning women were in the thirties, forties, or even fifties. Yet they "appealed." You know what I mean. They drew others to them by a subtle power which seemed to emanate from them. Others liked to talk to them and to do things for them. In their presence you felt perfectly at ease—as though you had been good, good friends for very long.



Juliette Fara

French Feminine Charms

The French women among my friends seemed to me more generally endowed with this ability to fascinate, than did my friends among other nationalities. In the years that I lived in Paris, I was amazed to find that most of the women I met were enchanting.

"Is it a part of the French character?" I asked my friends.

"Were you born that way?" I would often ask some charming woman.

And they smilingly told me that "personality" as we know it here in America, is *an art*, that is *studied and acquired* by French women just as they would learn to cook, or to sing by cultivating the voice. Every girl and woman possesses latent personality. *This includes you, dear reader.* There are numerous real secrets for developing *your* personality. In France, where the women have always outnumbered the men, and where opportunity for our sex is restricted, those who wish to win husbands or shine in society, or succeed in their careers, have no choice but to develop their charms in competition with others.

How Men's Affections Are Held

Lately, the newspapers have been telling us that thousands and thousands of our fine young army men have taken French wives. It was no surprise to me, for I know *how alluring are the French girls.* Nor could I help conceding the truth in the assertion of a competent Franco-American journalist that "American girls are too provincial, formal, cold and unresponsive while the French girls radiate warmth of sympathy, devotion and all those exquisite elements of the heart that men adore in women."

And I who am successful and probably known to you by reputation through my activities on the Faubourg St. Honoré can tell you in all candor, as one woman confiding in another, that these French secrets of personality have been a very important factor in the successes of mine. But it is not my tendency to boast of myself, the *Juliette Fara* whom I want you to feel that you already know as your sincere friend, but I speak *of* YOU and *for* YOU.

French Secrets of Fascination

My continued residence in France enabled me to observe the ways and methods of the women closely. I studied and analyzed the secrets of their *fascinating powers.*

When I returned to the dear old U. S. A., I set myself at work putting together the facts, methods, secrets and formulæ that I had learned while in France.

Of one thing I am absolutely convinced—every woman who wishes it may have a winning personality.

Overcoming Deterrent Timidity

I know I can take any girl of a timid or overmodest disposition, one who lacks self-confidence, or is too self-conscious for her own good, and show her how to become *discreetly and charmingly daring,* perfectly natural and comfortable in the presence of others. I can show you *how to bring out charms which you do not even dream you possess.*

Uncouth Boldness—or Tactful Audacity?

If you are an assertive woman, the kind that suffers from too great forwardness, I can show you in a way that you will find delightful, how to be *gentle and unassuming,* to tear away the false fabric of your repelling and ungracious personality and replace it with another that wins and attracts. By this method, you will succeed, oh so well, while by uncouthness or misapplied audacity you meet with setbacks.

I can take the frail girl or woman, the listless one who usually feels that the good things in life are not for her and show her how to become vigorous and strong, tingling with enthusiasm and good cheer and how to see the whole wide world full of splendid things just for her.

Become an Attractive Woman

I can take the girl or woman who is ignorant or careless of her appearance, or the girl who dresses unbecomingly and instill in her a sense of true importance of appearance in personality; I can enlighten her in the ways of women of the world, in making the most of their apparel. All this without any extravagance; and I can show her how to acquire it with originality and taste. You realize, of course, that dressing to show yourself to advantage, is *a real art* and without that knowledge you will always be under a disadvantage.

For Married Women

There are some very important secrets which married French women know that enables them to hold the love, admiration and fidelity of their men. How the selfish spirit in a man is to be overcome so ingeniously that he *does not know what you are accomplishing* until some day he awakens to the fact that his character and his manner have undergone a delightful change—that he is not only making you happy, but he is finding far greater pleasure in life than when he was inconsiderate. There are secrets in my compilation that are likely to change a turbulent course of married life for one that is entrancingly ideal. And this power lies within you, my dear Madam.

Acquire Your Life's Victory Now!

What we call personality is made up of a number of little things. It is not something vague and indefinable. Personality, charm, good looks, winsomeness and success can be cultivated. If you know the secrets, if you learn the rules and put them into practice, you can be charming, you can have an *appealing personality.* Don't think it is impossible. Don't think you must be born that way. Don't even think it ought to be hard to acquire it; because the secrets of charm that I have collated and transcribed for you are more interesting than the most fascinating book you have ever read.

Once you have learned my lessons, they become a kind of second nature to you. When you notice the improvement in your appearance, how you get on easier with people, how your home problems seem to solve themselves, how in numberless little ways (and big ones, too) life gets to hold so many more prizes for you, you will decide to put more and more of the methods in practice in order to obtain still more of life's rewards.

No New Fad—the Success of Ages

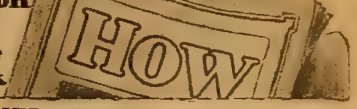
I am well enough known by the public not to be taken as advancing some new-fangled fad. All my life I have understood the value of plain common sense and practical methods. And what I have put into my course on the cultivation of personality is just as practical as anything can be.

I could go on to tell you more and more about this truly remarkable course, but the space here does not permit. However, I have put some important secrets for you into an *inspiring little book called "How"* that I want you to read. The Gentlewoman Institute will send it to you entirely free, postpaid, in a plain wrapper, just for the asking.

My advice to you is to send for the free book *"HOW"* if you want to gain the finest of friends and to possess happiness with contentment that will come to you as the result of a *lovely and winning personality.*

Juliette Fara

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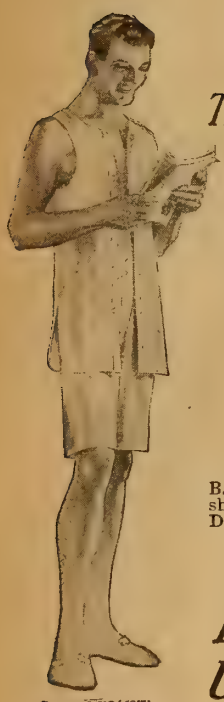
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The Climax of Creation's Drama

(*Continued from page 29*)

minute when they took one look at what was ahead of them.

The bigness of the thing makes you weary. Just *looking* at it with the knowledge in your heart that you can walk over to the little old Pullman and be taken away from it. *What* must it have meant to our tired brothers of the trail to come to this great gap between them and the promised land, and know they'd have to cross it or go 'round? Both methods seem impossible. Goin' 'round you run right into the Painted Desert, with its radiant and endless sands—or the Petrified Forest, land of Forgotten Pasts. So—some one took his life in his hands and made a trail. Some one who decided to "git across." Who didn't have time to "go 'round"—like Doug Fairbanks.

Consequently, we have today, for the convenience of the M. P. stars and tourists, several trails that are at your disposal if you like hanging on edges.

Every one seems to prefer the Bright Angel Trail, but I'd say its name is too suggestive. However, it has its advantages. You dont have to stay in the valley overnight, if, after eight hours on the back of a mule that is set in its ways and has ideas of its own, you feel like coming back to the blazing log fires of El Tovar.

Nearly all of the tourists wear rented clothes for the trail trips and, after the M. P. stars have spent a day or so on this location, they have to rent some also.

No matter what trail you are going to take, every one in the hotel comes out to see you mount and ride off. That is, if you *do*. If you are wearing rented clothes of the vintage of '76 and are of portlike, (no, Mr. Typesetter, I dont mean *portly*), build, this makes you very happy. *I* prefer mounting at the hitching rack. A hint here may prove of benefit to the uninitiated. They dont ask you your age when you register for this trip, but they certainly ask you how much you weigh. It's best to be honest about it. You get the right size mule. Otherwise, when a perfect forty-four claims to be a poor, skinny little thirty-six, she's apt to find her feet dragging on Bright Angel Trail. The mule is apt to step on her toes. They named the trail, I reckon, from a lady who told a fib about her weight. Always remember that you cant deceive yourself—or the mule.

As the mule brigade starts there are merry "ha-ha's!" from the startees. These are supposed to cover a sinking heart and register bravery. When you find the first five or six hundred feet of Bright Angel covered with ice and notice that they have left the trail about a foot wide so you can see where to land if you happened to fall, the ha-ha's weaken.

If the mule skids, you are supposed to remember that no mule is perfect.

About thirty-four hundred feet below the rim you come to a nice plateau, where you can take your attention away from the mule for a moment and enjoy the scenery. Here are tents, a good spring, garden, etc. You can, if you're out of nerve, stop here for the night. After a short rest and a cool drink, the brave ones continue the trip, which leads across a plateau to the great gorge where, fifteen hundred feet below, you see the sullen waters of the Colorado winding their way among the rocks.

Mining prospectors, at one time, laid out this plateau in lots, hoping to estab-

lish a big mining camp. Iron pyrite and copper in rich veins are found in the valley. Also, altho geologists will probably say "No," carnitite, a radium-bearing ore.

While many take it for granted that the men holding claims in the valley are waiting for the railroads to buy them up rather than have the scenery spoiled with shafts and holes, I prefer to think that they are holding them because the ore is rich but the expense of transporting would be enormous. So far they have brought up considerable on the backs of mules. The copper asurite and malachite run good grade and the carnite is the best I have seen.

For those who have not had enough thrills, there is still the Devil's Corkscrew to be done. This is a six-hundred-foot drop down a zigzag trail. Even the mule balks here. The trail must be made on foot and, personally, I recommend it only to those having Alpine ambitions. It certainly taxes a camera-man's ingenuity to find a place where he can set up his camera, and it has been suggested that large hooks, imbedded in the rock walls, would be of great assistance. The ambitious directors of canyon pictures could hang their camera-man up on a side wall and let him grind with perfect ease, the while scenes were staged on the narrow trail below. More attention should be paid to the comfort of the poor camera-man.

Now, if you can get your mind off the fact that you must go back the very same way you have come, you can eat lunch "where the silvery Colorado wends its way" and then, reinforced, take the back trail toward the rim.

Sunset finds you "over the top" practically safe and sane, and you can, if you are able, feast your eyes on the greatest ever-changing blaze of color that Nature affords. If the time ever comes when the canyon duplicates a scene, I want to hear about it.

It is never the same. When the sun breaks thru the purple shadows you see peaks and walls that were not there before. You watch a hill turn thru all the shades of red and purple and blue, into the shell-pink of full light.

This canyon has never been fully explored. It is so very endless. Adding to the color scheme we have the Hopi Indians, with their radiant pottery and rugs.

Outside of the canyon, the side trips, the Indians and the postcard hour, there's one thing that should hold your attention. I'm speaking of that little studio belonging to Thomas Moran.

When the main tourist season is over and the M. P. cameras quit grinding, Thomas Moran, the great painter of mountain scenery, goes with his daughter to the canyon studio. Here he paints the pictures that stand today as the best pictures ever painted of the canyon. He is in such full sympathy with this great creation, and he sees its shadows, its lights, its storms and its sunsets just as God created them. Last year, at the age of eighty-two, he did new pictures of this masterpiece of Nature, and they are more colorful than those he did a few years ago.

Great artists of the canvas, the pen, the stage and the screen come, at some stage of life's game, to this great climax of creation. It will bear repeating on canvas, on paper and especially on the screen. For, with the motion picture, we can bring to the multitude who might otherwise never have the opportunity of seeing it the mystery, the beauty and the magnificence of God's masterpiece, the climax of His drama of creation.



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- ☐ Gas Engine Operating
- ☐ CIVIL ENGINEER
- ☐ Surveying and Mapping
- ☐ MINE FOREMAN OR ENGINEER
- ☐ STATIONARY ENGINEER
- ☐ Marine Engineer
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.....Civil Engineer	.....Sanitary Engineer
.....Steam Engineer	..... Automobile Engineer

Name .....

Address .....

Some Bride

(*Continued from page* 44)

scene in his mind and fixed it all up with himself that Geoff was in love with Pat and vice versa—which was not exceedingly flattering to me—but what would you? We were all having a merry little time of it, not daring to look the one at the other for fear Henry would misinterpret something or other, when a new housekeeper arrived. Henry had hired her.

"She turned out to be the very nurse who had allowed Pat to go into Geoffrey's room and care for him and had lost her job on account of it. She'd turned detective.

"Pat told her the whole tale and she promised to fix up a sure-cure for the suffering man. That he *was* suffering there couldn't be much of any doubt.

"The next night there was a theater party planned. Just as they were leaving the nurse stopped Henry and told him, with an intriguing air of mystery, that she had run across some letters in which she believed he would have an interest.

"Poor Henry was considerably upset. He hastily and rather flimsily told Pat that he had a business man coming to the house and stayed behind. Of course, half an hour later, Pat went back to the house. She'd mislaid her pearl necklace, she said . . . Well . . you may not believe it, but the world has lost a Duse, a Bernhardt, a Nazimova in Patricia. Her imitation of the jealous rages of Henry Morley would have made her famous overnight. It was superb. It was really tremendous. The nurse, without ever having seen the Horrible Henry in one of his tantrums, recognized the truth of the portrayal. And as for Henry . . . after his first fear that she was in earnest . . . some dim and long obscure sense of humor reasserted itself and he laughed, too . . very long and very loud. It seemed like a clearance of an atmosphere that had been burdensome and heavy for too long. It was electrical."

"And now?"

"They're pals now . . you should see . . . Pat keeps her eyes cast down as tho at a Quaker meeting . . and when she raises them she . . ."

"She . . ?"

"She looks at Henry!"

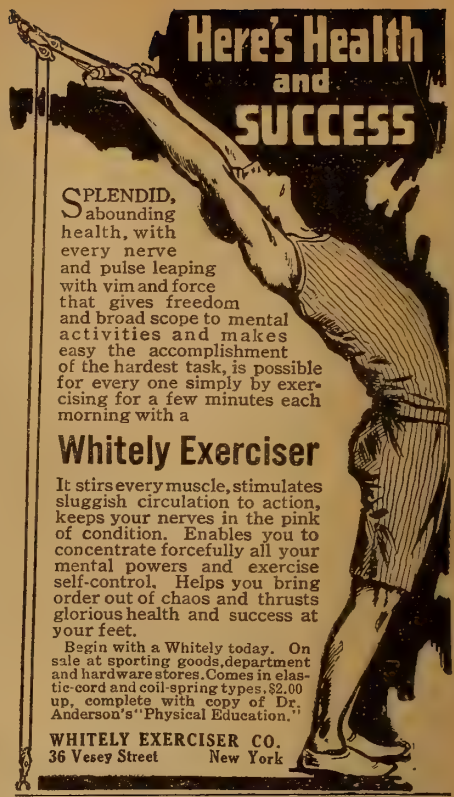
ROVING

By Norine Strough Wintrow

I climbed, today,
A rock-ledged way,
And watched a flashing river run
Along the vale—
A ribbon frail
Of jewels sparkling in the sun.

I followed, then,
A shaded glen.
I saw two lovers kiss and part.
The sandy floor
Of ocean's shore
I paced, and watched the stars depart.

My wanderings done,
Into the sun
I passed, and went my busy way
With others who
Had reveled thru
Another movie matinée.



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PISO'S for Coughs & Colds

Behind the Scenes

(*Continued from page 69*)

artistry which he makes so manifest comes to him, not from without, but from within. It is in his blood. And he was brought up in the atmosphere of it, the encouraging atmosphere. "Mother and Dad always wanted me to be an actor," he said, "from the very beginning. They spurred me on and told me it was my line, my forte. There was none of the dearly beloved parental opposition. It doesn't make so good a story, does it?" He looked rueful. "I'm afraid I won't make a very good reading anyway," he said, "that's one of the drawbacks of merely being young—I haven't had the time for many dark deeds. Now, if you would come around next year . ." he waved an inclusive hand . . "I'd see what I could do," he promised, with his generous smile. "Hold on, tho," he added, "I *did* go to jail once!"

"That's sufficiently dark," I said, with encouragement, and pencil in air. "What was your—ah—form of crime?"

"Oh, that . . when I was ten or something like that, I set fire to a bridge in Des Moines with some fire-crackers. The police took undue offense and *I* took to a cell. There I sat, with everything but the stripes, waiting for my exceedingly irate parent to come and bail me forth. I'm sorry to say that I cant remember thinking of a thing but the fun I was missing and what I'd have to eat when Dad came for me. I never for an instant doubted that Dad would come."

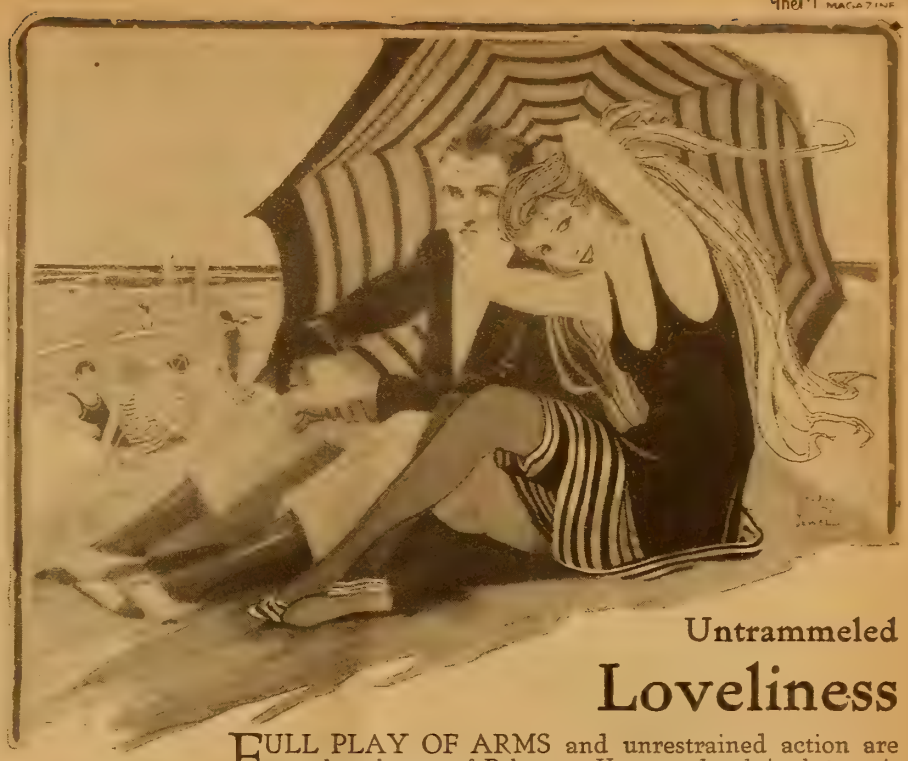
That last sentence is characteristic of Conrad Nagel. He has about him an air of equanimity which admits of no doubt. He has a complacence and an earnestness and a belief which is due partly to given youth and partly to a given ability, both of which are indubitable. And he believes, which is mature, in taking things easily, slowly, learning as one goes. He would like to play "Hamlet"; he would like to play "Oswald" in Ibsen's "Ghosts"—and in the drawer of his dressing-table are thumbed copies of both of these—but he is studying them and *playing* the things he knows . . . wherein is a wisdom sound and deep.

Life is full, he thinks, and very good. Troubles are the yeast. Struggle makes the reward. He has a healthy scorn of the vague analyses of things, the morbidities, the dim pessimisms. He sees life thru the rose spectacles of his twenty-three young years, but back of all a maturing brain is functioning, and growing . . .

We have passed the stage when we described the blue eyes and the gold hair of the players, or the profile, or the inches . . and yet there is always a reversion. Conrad Nagel reminds one of a Greek statue come suddenly alive. He has the clean-cut lines, the hint of sternness, the immortal youth . . . more than any other quality is that one of youth . . . that sense he gives one of the Maytime of life . . . that freshness of vision . . . that perennial hope. If he can give that to a world, war-weary and pain-weary, he need not turn to the "Melancholy Dane" nor yet to the subtle Ibsen . . . these will last so long as we ourselves . . . but youth is a gift which a young god must bring.

THE TAX

"Mother, may I to the Movies go?"
"Yes, my darling daughter—
Here's the nickel they charge for the show,
And the Peace Tax makes it a quarter."



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FULL PLAY OF ARMS and unrestrained action are natural to the user of Delatone. Unreserved and simple grace is desired by sensible persons. Use Delatone and you can follow the present fashions at the seashore, in the ballroom, at dinners, parties—anywhere. It encourages untrammeled movement, unaffected elegance and guileless grace. That is why—

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Beauty specialists recommend Delatone for the removal of objectionable hair from the face, neck or arms. After application, the skin is clear, firm and hairless.



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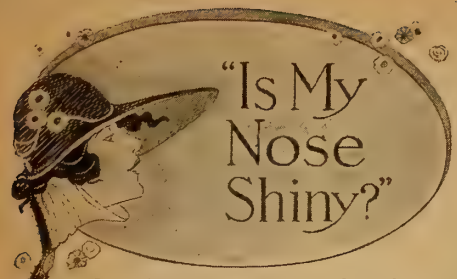


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IN this day and age attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your *"looks,"* therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times. **Permit no one to see you looking otherwise;** it will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life—which is to be your ultimate destiny? My new Nose-Shaper "TRADOS" (Model 24) corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation quickly, safely and permanently. Is pleasant and does not interfere with one's daily occupation, being worn at night.

Write today for free booklet, which tells you how to correct Ill-Shaped Noses without cost if not satisfactory.

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Use LA MEDA COLD CREAMED powder in the morning and you are *sure* of a velvet smooth, powdery fresh appearance all day. A skin charm that has none of that overdone suggestion. Heat, cold, rain or perspiration will not mar it.

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give the wearer comfort and confidence and permit absolute freedom of action—all most essential to a graceful carriage.

Styles for women, misses and children sold everywhere.

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The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 78*)

RACHEL C.—That's the idea, if I dont answer at first try, try again. No, Henrietta Crossman is not playing in pictures.

COTTON TRAIL.—Yes, Pearl White is still serialing it. "In Secret" is her latest. You refer to Rubye de Remer in "For Freedom." Lillian Walker is with Hodkinson Company.

GNR. J. L. B.—No, indeed, I dont mind being used as a shock absorber—shoot. Glad to hear of your experiences, and you have my deepest sympathy.

BROWN CURLS.—Come to New York, hey? Oh, Brooklyn is not so insignificant as you think. It has 191,066 buildings in it, while there are only 151,453 in New York proper and Staten Island and the Bronx put together. Our population is over 2,000,000 souls, (4,000,000 heels). Go ahead and try to get in the movies.

ADELE DE T.—*Fort bien.* A cover of Billie Burke. So you think "make-up" is what has kept Fannie Ward so young-looking. I fear I cant agree with you. Make-up does not preserve screen youth—the deadly eye of the camera sees right thru make-up. Constance Talmadge is now in the East playing in "Information, Please." Natalie Talmadge will also play in the picture.

MT. JEWETT, PA.—In other words, you would be content with little, if nobody had any more. Antonio Moreno is playing with Carol Holloway in "Perils of Thunder Mountain." He is in Los Angeles. You ask, what is the color of the stationery my readers write on—every color, except black, for that couldn't be red.

K. K. K. KATY.—Wife! What favoring wind blew you hither? I am not married, and never expect to be. They're not doing that now. Yes, Niles Welch is married. I have an assistant to open my mail and lick stamps for me, and this is a regular office, with a desk and everything. Every little thing in the right place too, when I'm not in it.

JANE K.—Address all players in care of the company. Send for a list of film manufacturers.

BESSIE RIVERS.—Why did you send me a wrong address? Take care!

PHONE GIRL.—Hello, Central! Well, your letter was full of dreams. You say I'm a thing to adore—thanks, so is a knob. But, my child, the world is the same everywhere. Eugene O'Brien has signed a contract with Selznick.

I WANTA KNOW.—Most of the players are in Los Angeles, and they are so well known there, that a letter will reach them. Tom Moore in "Lord and Lady Algy" (Goldwyn). Zena Keefe in "The Amateur Widow," released thru World.

RUTH ROLAND CURLS.—Your letter reminds me of the child who said she was as old as her tongue, and a little older than her teeth. Oh, some of my readers are wise, and otherwise. Elliott Dexter is the husband of Marie Doro.

OLGA MAE.—So this is your first. Well, you see I dont bite, and I'm tame. Yes, I do find my beard warm in the summer, but what is one going to do? Yes, it is nearly as white as snow—whiter than most of the snow I saw this winter. You refer to Virginia Lee in "Luck and Pluck." Last I heard of Francis Bushman, he was going on the stage.

TONY.—No, I dont go to church regularly, but I am thankful for all I get—cigars, suspenders, candy, garters, tobacco, chewing gum, old shoes, etc. Casson Ferguson in "The Only Road." You're liable to hear anything. Theda Bara is not dead, nor does she expect to die just yet.

CORINNE LOVELY.—Your letter is so sincere, and your questions so personal and numerous, I'll have to ask you to come over and see my beard, my birth certificate, etc. Come on. Meanwhile, write Charles Ray and tell him I personally request him to answer you.

THEODORE N.—That's just it, should we be governed by our feelings, or by our judgment? And remember, Teddy, the girl who *always* says no, will never be married. Virginia Lee you mean. Mary Pickford had a birthday on April 8th.

OREGON GIRL.—Thomas Holding in "The Eternal City", and Frank Losee was the Baron. You're welcome.

ARNETTE.—You certainly are an active being. Action may not always bring happiness, but there is no happiness without action. Hence, push on, keep moving. Yes, William Bailey.

LOVELY LETTY.—What could be tweeter! Creighton Hale in "Oh, Boy." George Walsh is playing in "Help, Help, Police!" Needless to name the company, with that title. Run in again, Lovely Letty.

IMA, OF PATERSON.—You say you are like a candle, out for the night. Out of what, ideas? You make me laugh. Sidney Drew died on April 9th, 1919. We shall all surely miss this great comedian. Ethel Barrymore played in "Our Mrs. McChesney." You ask if I ever get scented letters. Oh, yes, and some contain the other kind of cents, too.

ETTA E. S.—So there is a Gem Correspondence Club now? Hurrah! The more the merrier.

MISS LIBERTY.—So you thought Mabel Normand copied Mary Pickford instead of Rose Melville in "Sis Hopkins." Katherine Williams you mean. Ralph Kellard is back on the screen. Mary Miles Minter in "The Intrusion of Isabelle."

ROSALIND & SYLVIA. — What's this, a partnership? You ask about thirty questions. Whew! More air!

BEREAVED VIRGINIA.—Sorry, but I cannot give you the desired information about the late Harold Lockwood.

TWEEDY-KA-CHINK.—So you think that a wife can always be a sweetheart. Bacon says, "Wives are young men's mistresses; companions for middle age; and old men's nurses." I am not in need of either the one or t'other. Madge Kennedy and John Bowers in "Daughter of Mine." And Ernest Truex and Louise Huff in "Oh, You Women." You just bet I want to hear from you again.

BESSIE V.—Send for list.

JACK MCG.—Earle Metcalfe is back with Paramount. Fay Tincher is with Christie. So I am an old fool, am I? Well, old fools are more foolish than young ones, but it takes brains to be a real fool. And dont forget what Rabelais says, "If you wish to avoid seeing a fool you must break your looking-glass." People are never so near playing the fool as when they think themselves wise.

RACHEL V.—No information about that Montreal company. Sorry.

TWO SUNBEAMS.—Aha! But the advanced woman this summer will wear a tube skirt! Afternoon frocks in hobbles, and French heels that hurt. Constance Talmadge is not married yet. Can Roscoe Arbuckle shimmie? Roscoe, shake-a-leg and show us.

LIGHTNING.—But we see more women than men in this world, just as we see more heaven than earth. And a man's heart beats 92,160 times a day. And some women make it beat even faster—figure it out for yourself. Next!

HELEN D.—Send for a list of correspondence clubs, but be sure to enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. And be sure and lick your own stamp.

TRACY M. P.—No, I expect to remain a bachelor all my life. You know Socrates and Milton both had cruel wives. Socrates drank the fatal hemlock, 'tis true, but after Milton's wife deserted him he wrote "Paradise Lost." Now Mildred Harris in "When a Girl Loves." You know, she is Mrs. Charlie Chaplin.

L. B. C.—Thank you. You say Kathlyn Williams played in "I Hear You Calling Me," released in 1915—where she was fighting a leopard.

MARGARET V. C.—Oh, I am quite satisfied with my hall room, thank you. A tub satisfied Diogenes, but Alexander wanted worlds. Like the mob that hath many heads, but no brains. Margarita Fisher in "Trixie From Broadway." That's the picture where she leaps from a burning roof to the ground. James Cruze is directing Wallace Reid.

CORINNE L.—Who am I? I am Me—in other words, It. Well I have got to hand it to you. You surely are a thinker. Charles Ray is married. I hope you dont entertain the thought that I dont receive letters from the fans. You're all wrong. Stop in some time and I'll show you.

ALICE.—I understand Cleo Ridgely has just undergone a serious operation. So you write some, and say you cant get any pep into your books. Wouldn't we have a glorious conflagration if all who cannot put fire into their books, would consent to put their books into the fire.

BLONDE.—My dear, there is a *great* difference in the knot of matrimony and the knot in a necktie, especially if the latter is the tie that binds. Warren Kerrigan is not married.

RUTH C.—Theda Bara is 28 years old. "In lieu of" means in place of, instead of; "lieu" being French for place.

STEVE.—Mad yet? Cheer up. Here's wishing you much love, the only fire against which there is no insurance. And here's a chance for a new insurance company. You have some head all right, and so has a pin. Which is the better off, the needle or the pin?—the latter has no eye. Eileen Percy and E. K. Lincoln in "Desert Gold."

HELEN G.—You bet the screen is mightier than the battleship. Let me film the world and get all peoples acquainted with one another, and there will be no more wars. Thomas Meighan was Robert in "Out of the Clear Sky." Reid Hamilton in "Forbidden City." *Nous verrons.*

JOE LEE. — You refer to Valeska Suratt in "The Victim." Yes, Dorothy Phillips. Such an old Edison. Richard Tucker and Gertrude McCoy in "On the Stroke of Twelve." I saw that when I was a child.

REJECTED.—Thanks for the card. So crowded for space that I can hardly breathe. More air! Pauline Curley. Frank Keenan is in "Yankee York." Alackaday, poor man, methinks it behooves me to pity you. No, I never had a personal acquaintance with Socrates—not quite as old as that.

MYRTLE C.—Well, well! "I'm from Missouri, show me," originated in a small western city about twenty years ago, but has only been popular the last three or four years. Earle Williams in "The Usurper."

I Was a Failure and Broke at Forty

At forty I was a failure.

I had never made over $40 a week.

That was before the days of war salaries.

Still $40 was away below my estimate of myself. It hurt my pride.

Certain fellows with less ability were making three times as much.

It cut me to the quick to see them driving cars, their wives dressed better than mine could afford, and enjoying luxuries that we couldn't even think of.

We were always living from hand to mouth.

I had held about a dozen different jobs.

Never got fired—

but never got a raise of over $5 a week.

I barely managed to hold my own.

I never had a bank account.

My salary just slipped through my fingers.

Really I didn't know where the money went.

There wasn't enough to buy all the things we wanted—

let alone save anything.

And so we dragged along from one year to another.

As living costs began to rise, we felt the sting of poverty more than ever.

Still, I wouldn't admit THEN that I was worried.

But I was doing some pretty tall thinking.

One by one the men I knew were drawing away from me.

They were leaving me behind.

The mere thought of it made me bitter and resentful.

But what was the matter?

Why did I have to go on with a struggle that got me nowhere?

Gradually it dawned upon me.

These thoughts kept coming:

"Saving is the great developer of character.

"You do not save.

"You waste.

"You spend a little here, a little there.

"for what?

"for useless things, and they keep you poor.

"And poverty worries you until you are unfit for business.

"Now stop it!

"Begin to save.

"Budget your expenses—

"and then live within your Budget.

"Get a few hundred dollars ahead.

"You'll sleep better and work better.

"And you can grasp some of those opportunities that you have passed up for the want of a few dollars.

"You can prepare yourself for bigger things.

"But the first step is saving.

"Begin where you are.

"Take the first step first.

"And do it NOW!"

When this awakening came, things began to happen.

Soon I had a little bank account—

and a desire to make it a big one.

I found that saving was easy—

that is, SYSTEMATIC saving.

We had everything we needed—

but we lived within that Budget.

And we were happy.

Why say, there was a different patter to those kiddies' feet when they came running to meet me.

My work changed right about.

I was a different man.

I felt myself getting ahead.

There was something to work for.

Before the year was out I had a dandy raise.

And raises came right along.

Already I am caught up with some of these fellows who were leaving me behind.

And I am going to catch all of them before I get through.

USERS ARE ENTHUSIASTIC

I am wild about this book, the one I should have had long ago. T. B., Watertown, Fla.

I kept tab on house expense for 6 years, when I told my folks it averaged $40.00 a week they laughed at me. We are 10 in the family. Taking the book home I told one of my daughters to put everything down from January 1st to date, when we closed the month of January it amounted to $174.79. It surprised them all. I am sure I can save what I paid for the book in a week, don't need to wait two years as it is an eye opener to the folks at home. Be sure and send me another book in December, 1920.
R. K., Odebolt, Ia.

I am very much pleased with same. Enclosed please find money order to pay two copies of this great book, kindly send me another copy by parcel post as I desire to turn same over to a close friend.
D. O. R., Frankfort, Ky.

Will you please accept this check and forward one copy of this book? I have seen a copy of this book and it is just the article I've been looking for for the past year or so.
W. L. F., Alexandria, La.

I gave the book to a friend of mine for a wedding present and if I am not mistaken will prove the most valuable present I could have given him. Kindly send me another of these books for my own use.
W. G. V., Kansas City, Mo.

Attached herewith you will find check in payment of your account against me, and for the balance request that you mail your Household Money Saver to the following four parties.
A. E. K., Cleveland, O.

Today we are on easy street.

With nearly $10,000.00 worth of stocks and bonds safely tucked away,

and a nice little business of my own—

Do I know what saving will do for a man?

It all comes from going about it right.

Hit-or-miss methods will get you nowhere.

Plan your Budget carefully, and then watch closely that you keep within it.

I have read a lot in the magazines lately about Budgets.

All authorities endorse them.

And by the way, there is a new Budget system out—

invented by an accountant named Palmer.

It's the finest thing I have ever seen.

It comes to you in book form.

The Budget and the actual expenditures are right together on the page.

And it shows you all about making a Budget—

and how to keep track of everything.

An eighth grade child can do it.

The book has pages for two years, for any size family or any income.

No matter whether you work on a salary or have a business of your own.

Mr. Palmer's system is just what you want.

One man in Cleveland bought a copy for himself.

After it came he bought four more for his friends.

In January a lady in Chicago saved $240 more than she had planned to save.

The price of this book is only $3.

That's less than half a cent a day, as it lasts two years.

It's substantially and handsomely bound.

Really, I think it is the best investment I ever made.

It will pay for itself several hundred times over.

The publishers will send it to you at their own expense.

You don't even need to send postage in advance.

Keep it five days.

Then send $3.

But if you don't want to keep the book, mail it back.

What the Budget system has done for me it will do for thousands of others.

Send for Mr. Palmer's wonderful book today.

KRIEBEL & CO., 641 Home Insurance Bldg., Chicago.

KRIEBEL & CO., 641 Home Insurance Bldg., Chicago

You may send me Mr. Palmer's book, prepaid. Within five days after receiving it I will send you $3, or mail the book back to you.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

For the convenience of those who wish to remit cash with order, we allow a cash discount of 25 cents, making the price of the book $2.75. If you remit cash with order you may keep the book five days, then return it if you do not want it and we will refund your money.



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SYLVIA W.—Yes, very often I smile, and smooth my luxuriant alfalfa, as you term it, after reading some of these letters. You say you can admire beauty shy of brains. So can I, but I seldom see a beautiful woman without brains—there aint no such animal. Wanda Hawley is playing with Wallace Reid.

MISS KENTUCKIAN.—Your letter ought to be printed, it's great. Plato calls the passions the wings of the soul, and he also styles them as chariot horses of the soul; tho strong and fleet, they should be under command. Ann Little opposite Bill Hart.

FRENCHY.—Oh, my word! Of course, you are my friend. Mary Fuller isn't playing now. Not much faith in those schools. I should say Homer's "Iliad" in Greek, Virgil's "Æneid" in Latin, and Milton's "Paradise Lost" in English.

BOAN DRIE.—You ask if I go under an assumed name. All the children on Duffield Street know me as The Answer Man. Never found the right one, but still have hopes. You know we meet in society many attractive women whom we would fear to make our wives.

HELEN B.—Address First National Exhibitors, 6 West 48th Street, New York. Address the players out West. Why dont you try New Jersey? Among some tribes of American Indians the pieces of sticks given the witnesses of the marriage are broken as a sign of divorce.

I'M FOR GRACE.—Thanks for the clipping. Grace Cunard and Elmo Lincoln are playing together now. The word "ski" is pronounced skee and it is sometimes spelled skee.

UNEEDA BISCUIT.—You say you love every hair on my head. Sarcasm! Away with thee! I am sorry I cant supply you with a good hair tonic. But for $85 in postage stamps I will send you a copy of the recipe I have found very efficacious. I have used it for over sixty years and still have a few hairs left.

DOROTHY W.—Watch for the interview with Conrad Nagel. Both he and Alice Brady are very fine in "Forever After," their stage production.

SARAH MAY.—So you miss the "Letters to the Editor." He still gets them, but you dont. Yes, John Bunny's son is playing.

SGT. E. VAN P.—You want to know the name of the girl in the gambling scene on the left side in "The Long Trail." Anybody know?

GLADYS R.—Write to Select for pictures. You bet I am enjoying my Ford. When it gets out of order I stop at the 5 and 10 cent store and get the necessary parts.

GLADYS T.—Any relation to Gladys R.? How you run down the weaker sex! You say "Who takes an eel by the tail, or a woman at her word, soon finds he holds nothing." Sounds like Shaw. You refer to "The Unknown Love" with Dolores Cassinelli and E. K. Lincoln.

COUNT D'E.—You ask if Catherine McDonald is Irish or Hebrew. What's the difference? You cant count on me for that answer.

RENA A. K.—You write a very clever letter, child, and I hope to hear from you again.

T. B. F.—Why call me "Old Wiseacre?" I am not old enough yet to be wise. You want to know the weekly salary of Wallace Reid and Norma Talmadge. I suggest you ask them. You also want to know if Willard Mack and Pauline Frederick are divorced. Give them a chance. They've been married only about a year. They appear to be very happy.

GRACE E.—Please send me another copy of that magazine with an Answer Department and my picture on it. No, I did not write it. If they persist in using my stuff I'll make them pay me a salary. Marie Walcamp is with Universal.

CHAPLIN FAN.—So you dont care for Chaplin, and like Max Linder better. Yes, I have read that Socrates was cracked, but the cracks in Socrates let a whole lot of light out on the world. You can reach the giant Maciste at the Bee Hive Exchange, Chicago.

M. M. M.—Hello, there! You want us to use an article by Eugene O'Brien entitled "Women I Have Kist, and Why." Why pick on Eugene? Pardon me, but you say love is misery well sweetened and divided between two adults of different sexes. Very good, but I dont know why it should be misery—why not joy?

ANNA K., PHILA.—Wait a minute until I go out in the other room and change my mind. Now then, you say, "Where mystery is practiced there is generally something bad to conceal or something incompatible with candor, or ingenuousness, which forms the chief characteristic of genuine innocence." Bravo! Elmo Lincoln will be interviewed in due course.

LYTELL FAN.—"Cleopatra" was taken in the East. Bert Lytell's picture appeared in "Unexpected Places."

MYRTLE C.—Of women, many are cold, but few are frozen. You can get our magazine on the 1st at all newsstands. Vernon Steele. Players are really too busy to correspond.

LORD TOMMIE.—Yours was a jewel. Every sentence sparkled.

ANITA.—You should admire your ideal, but do not examine it. Glad to get the snaps from Christchurch. Thanks a lot. Pretty girls in New Zealand.

LEWIS.—In care of the company.

CREIGHTON HALE ADMIRER.—George Cohan in "Seven Keys to Baldpate." Biograph did "Strongheart" ages ago.

O. T. B. O.—I took my tape measure out of my pocket the other day while on Broadway, and I found that the Woolworth Building is 750 feet high; the Singer 308 feet and the Metropolitan 700. The Statue of Liberty, from fountain to torch, is 305 feet, while the Eiffel Tower is 984. Vera Sisson is not playing now. Herbert Hayes.

ANNA LA V.—But you shouldn't drink coffee. It is like the earth, when it is ground. You're right, all food stuffs are high. The butcher gets everything out of the steer, but the bellows; and he gets that out of the customer. Edward Jose was the fool.

M. A.—Not too loud, for nature has given us two eyes and two ears, and but one tongue; that we should see and hear more than we speak. Dorothy Green isn't playing now. Sorry I cant use your name, but write to the correspondence clubs.

NAPIERITE.—I thank you for the bootjack you so kindly sent me. Who told you that I needed one? I threw my last one at a cat on the back fence and somebody must have used it for kindling wood, because the next day it was nowhere to be found. Yes, Montagu Love. But George Clemenceau married an American girl.

DOROTHY W.—Thanhouser & Vivaphone produced "David Copperfield." Dickens was born on the 7th of February, 1812. His first work brought him $1.50 a week. He died at 58.

HELEN, JERSEY CITY.—Wheeler Oakman in "Micky." Ralph Graves was Lord Woodstock in "Sporting Life." Niles Welch in "Jane Goes a-Wooing."



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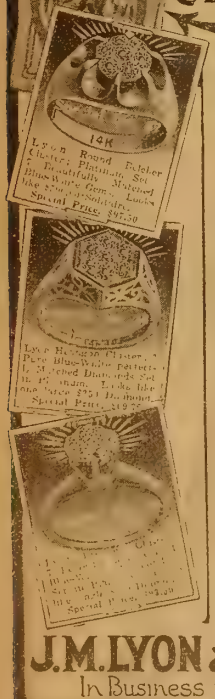
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Rider Agents Wanted
Boys make big money

BUBBLES.—You cant just call her flighty. They do say a flighty woman is like a defective aeroplane, she's bound to fall sooner or later. Beware! J. Frank Glendon in "The Wishing Ring Man."

IRENE A.—Your turn has come, speak! Address, Ruth Roland, care of Pathé, Los Angeles, Calif. I'll say she does.

FRANCES C.—You say I sound like an old man. Thanks. You hit the nail on the head. Believe and you will be happy, doubt, and you will be safe.

TITANIA.—We had an interview with Sessue Hayakawa in January 1919 CLASSIC. Save your money, but above all dont be a tightwad. Tightwads always live longer than good spenders, however, for they dont eat so much.

MONI MAD MAID.—You didn't ask too many questions. A bore is a fellow who insists upon talking about himself when you want to talk about yourself. See? Dorothy Dalton was in New York in April.

M. H. H.—Why, the Commodore and Pennsylvania are the two new hotels in New York. I prefer the Commodore because it is much cosier and more homelike. William Desmond was in Los Angeles, and Thurston Hall was Shannon in "The Midnight Patrol."

OLGA 17.—Fe fi fo fum! Haven't you forgotten your old Answer Man? So you have taken unto yourself a new admirer —Russell Simpson. 'Course I'm not going to be 77 permanently. Wait until I have a birthday. How about yourself?

ELEANOR LOUISE.—You can reach John Barrymore at the Plymouth Theater, New York City. He is playing in "The Jest."

M. T. P.—You can reach Ann Little, Ince Company, Los Angeles, Calif You say you would like to see an interview with Antonio Moreno and a good pictures of Niles Welch.

SPEED.—George Cheseboro is in Los Angeles. So you keep a copy of all my answers in a book. My most gracious thanks.

MARIAN L.—Last I heard of Marin Sais she was in Los Angeles. William Desmond in "The Mints of Hell." Geraldine Farrar in "The Stronger Vow."

ISLE OF VIEW.—Lonesome? Never. My books keep me company. It's true that our minds are as different as our faces; we are all traveling to one destination, happiness, but none are going by the same road.

VALDORA & LEOLA.—So you dont want a sarcastic answer. How'll you have it served, with or without? Evart Overton is on the stage.

SOLDIER.—But there is hardly a pleasure without pain, remember that Gail Kane can be reached at her own company, Los Angeles, Cal. Texas was admitted into the Union in 1845—and the State's name means "Friends." It is called the Lone Star State, and its inhabitants are known as "beef-heads." It has no State motto.

DICK P.—So you call him a "rotter." That's English slang, I understand, and "By Guns" and "Great Guns" are American slang.

ANSWER MAN ADMIRER.—Truth is but another name for fact, and you have me right when you say that my proverbial sentiments only return me a paltry $9.50 per. I sure did admire your letter

WILLIAM F. J.—So you are waiting for opportunity to knock at your door. Dont. Opportunity no longer knocks—she presses a button and you are to do the rest. Knocking is a lost art, anyway; come, crank up! Viola Dana is playing in "False Evidence." Tom Moore with Goldwyn in "One of the Finest."

JUST JEAN.—Pretty warm in New York. Often take a stroll in the park and listen to the squirrels sing and the birds chatter. No flies on me, child, but there have been some mosquitoes. Alma Hanlon was with Raver last and George Walsh is still with Fox.

LENA G.—Your letter was a gem. More of Ruth Roland?—that's what I say. No, I cant complain, but can you think of any really great man who did not have a long nose? At this moment we recall only one, the distinguished Socrates. And the nose of the Greek philosopher looks as tho it had been damaged in an accident or shortened by some mishap—probably by his Xantippe. Dante had a long thin nose, likewise Napoleon, Wagner, Thomas Jefferson, President Wilson, McAdoo and Secretary Glass. Also me, ahem!

J. S. M.—No, I'll not publish any more addresses here. You must join the correspondence clubs. I got in hot water publishing one name.

RUTH PINE.—You ask for the addresses of twelve players. All I can say is to address them in care of the company.

H. R. K.—No stamp enclosed. That Gish picture was taken in Los Angeles. No, not the real characters. You must learn to play. Dont take life too seriously. You know the great gifts are not gotten by too much analysis; everything good is on the highway.

ELLAYE PHAN.—Glad to see you. Sorry, but I haven't Romaine Fielding's address. Jack Kerrigan is in Los Angeles, Cal. I'm not sure whether Theda Bara will answer or not—no harm in trying. Let me hear from you again.

DINKUM AUSSIE.—Guess this Aussie means Australia, yes? Gee, you are a true friend. Reminds me of a bit of sentiment: "The water that flows from a spring, does not congeal in the winter, and those sentiments of friendship which flow from the heart cannot be frozen in adversity. Think it over.

O. B. JOYFUL.—That's what I'm trying to do. Rubye de Remer and William Pike in "We Should Worry" (Fox). You know, it is wise to flatter, if one can flatter wisely.

HERBERT H. D.—My dear boy, a woman's love is never at even temperature. It is either somewhere near 98 in the shade or hovering about the zero mark. Robert Gordon was Louis in "The Kaiser, the Beast of Berlin." See above, and join one of the clubs. Best wishes.

L. C. W.—Herbert Rawlinson opposite Billie Burke in "Good Gracious Annabelle" and Craufort (u and not w) Kent was the husband. No, indeed, admire your ideal, but do not examine it.

C. W. S.—Let 'er go! The "Wild Goose Chase" was taken in the west. Mae Marsh's picture on the December, 1917, cover. Do you really want my picture on the cover? How many of you do? All that do please hold up your right hand with thumbs down.

BRUNET.—You say that Anita Stewart is too thin now, but she knows how to wear clothes. She no doubt dieted for a month to get that way, and here you come along and criticise her for it. The way with men. When Charlie Chaplin gets a chance to show Mildred Harris how to mix a rabbit or a salad scientifically, he no doubt feels just like liberty enlightening the world.

ARVI.—Really, such letters as yours help me to survive. Wish I could talk with you. Doubt whether such a film as you suggest would be of universal interest. Stop in again.

CODDY.—You refer to Eugene O'Brien. Arizona isn't much on pictures, for we sell only 720 magazines there a month, 62 in Alaska, 557 in Delaware, 986 in Idaho, while we sell 62,457 in New York State, 26,000 in Illinois, 21,000 in Massachusetts, and 23,000 in Pennsylvania every month.

I. M. ANXIOUS—Of course, you should read the advertising columns. You may not be interested in automobiling, but you surely want to know all there is about our most interesting American things, and you want to know the latest news about them. Richard Barthelmess in "The Hope Chest." Douglas MacLean in "The Hun Within."

PERCY E. W.—Ben Wilson is with Universal. Eric von Stroheim is playing in a production of his own at Universal City, called "The Pinnacle." Catherine Calvert is in "The Career of Katherine Bush." Famous Players have the old Universal Studio at Fort Lee.

EDNA P.—You are all wrong about that, that nothing can sink to the bottom of the ocean, because the smallest shell will in time sink to the bottom. Bert Lytell in "Blind Man's Eyes." Glad you like to write to me.

DAM & BILL.—So you love each other. Good. There are different kinds of love, but they all have the same aim—possession. Mae Marsh is about 22 years old. Your verse was very good, but—

SARAH M.—I suppose that yarn was hatched by some woman. It's not true. Woman is like a setting hen, she must hatch something. You want some of Marguerite Clark pictures reissued. Sure, why not?

REJECTED GLOOGOOS.—But dont marry the girl who can only open a charge account at the delicatessen—rather marry one who can open a tin can. Robert Anderson opposite Dorothy Phillips in "The Heart of Humanity." Joe Burke and Henry Spade were the brothers.

MONANG.—Cæsar's ghost! You ask for a list of the dead players. Why, child, it's hard enough to keep track of the live ones. However, it might be a good editorial feature to publish a permanent list of the players who have passed away, beginning with John Bunny, Arthur Johnson, and so on.

LADYBUG.—You address me "Dear Sunshine Man." Do you know I like that ever so much? You speak of Dot Gish as "that vivacious little wildcat," and say that her rollicking good humor has won its way into your heart. I'll tell the editor all you say and particularly about Dorothy's picture.

DIMPLES.—Fine, thanks! Marguerite Clark in "Girls." She will stay in Los Angeles for a while.

MISS MONTANA.—Congratulations. Glad you got into the movies. Hope you can stay in and that we may see you on the cover some day. Write again.

SINBAD.—Pardon me, but you cant go by that, for sometimes the best housekeepers are often the worst home-makers. No record of Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford playing in a picture together. Probably a Liberty Loan sketch. Scenes—no, no.

A. P. B.—Winnifred Allen with Fox last.

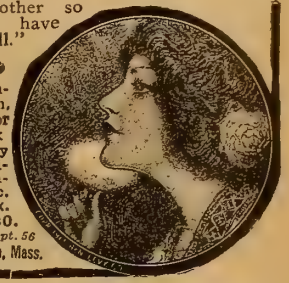
MALVINA.—But if you cant do a kind act with good grace, do it anyway. Address Eugene O'Brien, care of Paramount. You say the navy rather than the aviators should be called aces, because it is easier to find an ace in a deck than in the air. I order it up. What would you call the mate, and the man what cooks the mate—all aces? I would call the latter a trump.

MADO.—Never heard of the director you mention. Is he foreign?

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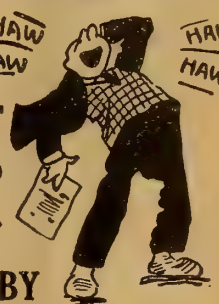
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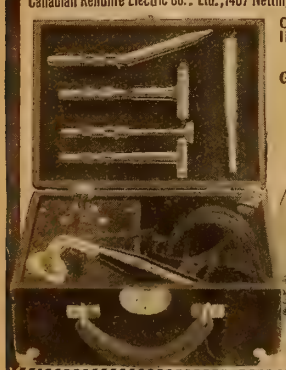
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..Chilblains	..Nervous Affections	..Toothache
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Gatling Gun Gish

(*Continued from page* 31)

itself, for Dorothy is naturally so funny that the camera can catch only a small part of her action. There is little rehearsing, for the sparkle must be spontaneous, and when the camera begins its fatal registering she enters thoroly into the story, playing the scene with her own abandon, the "business" coming to her naturally as she works.

Playing comedy for hours, however, is very wearing, and even her gay and lively spirits fag sometimes and she rebels at the insistent demand to be "funny." At such moments consternation reigns, and every jolly little story and clever joke is trotted out to help chase away the clouds, while Director Clifton resorts to a never-failing remedy—chocolate ice-cream—to swing the little star back into Merryland again.

"Being a clown is no laughing matter," sighed Dorothy, as she danced a fancy step or two to her favorite ragtime played on a concertina, which is always an essential part of her set. "Why, I lie awake all night lots of times trying to think up something funny that hasn't been done."

Dorothy talks very fast and with much emphasis, and in a few moments she told me how *much* she was missing her dear friend, Constance Talmadge, who has returned to New York to make pictures; that she was *very* fond of Mark Twain and Victor Hugo, and that Poe was her favorite poet; that she thought Mary Pickford made the most *wonderful* Liberty Loan speeches; that one of the studio cats had four of the *cutest* kittens; that she had that very morning started her first bank account and how she disliked everything pertaining to business, but her mother decided it was time she learnt something about her financial affairs; that she had the *best* time at Marshall Neilan's recent dinner-dance, for there were two orchestras and she danced all she wanted to for the first time in *all* her life; that she *so* admired John Barrymore; and that she read K. C. B. *every* morning!

Hers is the exuberance and the joy of Youth, for there have been few shadows to mar the sunshine, and Dorothy Gish looks out upon the future fearlessly. The whimsical quality of her smile, the sensitive mouth mirroring every fleeting thought, the clear eyes which are as often serious as roguish, made me wonder if—sometime—when the years have stirred the depths of her nature, her talents would unfold, revealing an emotional actress. Her sense of humor, developed to its fullness, would serve to enrich her emotional power, as, happily for the world, the real drama of life, and therefore of the films, must be a well-balanced blending of comedies and intensities.

MARY PICKFORD

By Elizabeth Brown

Your eyes are the drifts of summer-shot skies,
And your mouth is as sweet as the Tuscan wine—
Your hair is a mist of brown, brown locks
With the glint of sun-gold in their shine.

Your nose has the tilt of the gay Parec,
And your chin dimples in like a babe's of two—
But, O womanly wile—when you smile, when you smile,
I gaze in sheer awe at the beauty of you!

I Must Have More Money



How Can I Get It?

Thousands of women everywhere are saying that every day. Rents are higher, food and clothing cost more. They economize every minute; they go without things they need, and still they cannot quite make ends meet.

Maybe the income has increased a little. Still, it is not enough to pay for necessities, to say nothing of a few luxuries that every family is entitled to. What are you going to do about it?

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When Marguerite Hit Town

(*Continued from page 65*)

shouted. "Oh, what a wonderful little house," she said. "Is it for rent? I must live here. I have never seen such a delightful place in my life."

"No," said Mr. Edwards. "It isn't for rent. But look at this room. And he opened the door into a delightful boudoir, in white and blue, with old French prints on the walls, a full-length mirror covering an entire end wall, and a little bed and dressing-table all done in the most delicate way.

When Miss Clark had looked and looked hungrily and had wished and wished she might live there, Mr. Edwards broke the news.

"No, you cant live here," he said, "because it's already rented. This is your dressing-room!"

The ensuing scene will not be described. We will say only that "Harry," who is Lieutenant Williams, was hastily called to the star's side, and that when she looked up again the shoulder of his coat was quite, quite damp. To think that this wonderful little house was her dressing-room! A kitchen for lunch—a wonderful cook was ready to start work at a word—a dressing-room that excelled anything she had ever dreamed—and outside a little garden full of poppies and roses. She *was* glad that she had come to California.

After a time of rejoicing, she remembered another unpleasant thing. "We must go house-hunting today," she said. And she left the dressing-room and entered her limousine, looking back at it wistfully as she drove off with Mr. Edwards and Harry.

Mr. Edwards gave the chauffeur his directions, and after ten minutes the car stopped in front of one of the most beautiful residences in Los Angeles. Wide sweeping lawns, decorated by ancient trees, spread before a house that might have been built by Lorenzo de Medici or some other lover of life and beauty in the wonderful days of the Italian Renaissance.

Miss Clark and her party entered and traversed room after room—every one a work of art—every one possessing a personality of its own.

And when she had finished admiring, Mr. Edwards said:

"Will it do? We thought you would like it. Everything is ready for you to move in at once."

Harry's shoulder was again called into use. Mr. Edwards hastily left them to themselves. And we will follow his example.

The next day, however, Miss Clark gave out a statement to the effect that she had never been so happy in her life before, and that California was wonderful. Which seemed to indicate that her reception was a success.

DOOMED TO BLUSH UNSEEN

FLORA—Our scenario editor told me that a large percentage of the scripts submitted are so impossible he doesn't even bother to read them.

FAUNA—I suppose those are what you really might call the unscenarios!

What makes a successful photoplay writer?

Read this interesting experience-record of men and women who have won name and fame and money writing for the screen

Why do some people succeed at photoplay writing—and others fail? Is it a special talent—an unusual "knack"—a God-given gift bestowed upon the few and denied to the many? Why are the moving picture studios deluged with a steady stream of manuscript; and yet, despite all this, why are producers clamoring for photoplays that are off the beaten path—stories that pulsate with realism and that develop unexpected "twists" and "angles" at every turn?

What are the ingredients that go into a successful photoplay; and how can you blend them to the best advantage? What is the vital story-structure around which ALL successful photoplays are built—and how can **you** learn it?

If you are interested in these questions—and you are!—you will be interested in the experiences of those who asked these self-same questions and who found the answer to them in the Palmer Plan of Photoplay Writing. Here, for example, is a letter from one of our students—just as it came to our desk the other day:

"My impression of photoplay correspondence schools was bitterly uncomplimentary. It was only to please an insistent friend that I signed up for a course of study with the Palmer Plan. Up to this time I had not been able to find out from personal interviews, by letter, or by reading books on the subject, just what was required to make a photoplay saleable. My work had one fault in particular. Always I was told of it, but never was I shown just how to overcome it.

"I opened the Palmer Plan lessons half-heartedly enough. One is never vitally interested in something done on the wave of a friend's enthusiasm. But almost immediately I was interested.

"When I put the lessons down I realized that here was a plan that **would work**! The essential points in photoplay writing had been selected and were made clear. More than this—the thought to be conveyed to the student was hammered in until it 'registered.'

"I wrote a play and checked up the points that tallied with the Palmer Plan lessons I had learned—and I trusted to luck about the old fault that had stood out so conspicuously.

"My play came back to me for revision. My weak spot had been discovered, and another one, too. But—here is the point I want to rub in: **I was told just exactly and precisely how to master those faults of construction.** I wrote another play, and applied the prescribed remedy. It worked like a charm. At any rate, my play, 'Diamonds and Daffodils,' was immediately sold and is now being produced as a five-reel picture.

"This is the first play I have ever been able to sell and I do not hesitate to say that the sale of this play was due almost entirely to the splendid help I received from the Palmer Photoplay Corporation.

(*Name and address of the writer on request*)

Hardly a day goes by but what we receive a letter from some grateful member with the story of his or her success. One member, after struggling unsuccessfully for years, received $500 for his first photoplay marketed through us. Another secured a staff scenario position three weeks after enrollment. Another member succeeded in having his very first story accepted and produced. Another rose in a few months from an underpaid clerical position to Assistant Managing Editor of one of the largest film companies. Still another—a busy housewife and mother of four children—is earning over $200 monthly from spare-time work.

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LASHNEEN COMPANY, Dept. No. 19X, Philadelphia, Pa.

What's In a Name?

(*Continued from page* 59)

allowed to attend the dance.' You see, mother *trusts* us so."

Miss Wilson's closest friend is Wallace Kerrigan's wife, and the two baby Kerrigans cherish their "Auntie Lo" and scramble all over her beautiful frocks, regardless of sticky fingers. Next to acting, Lois Wilson loves kiddies' pastimes best, and it's a pretty safe bet that if you cant locate her at home, studio or on location, that she is amusing the junior Kerrigans. Mrs. Kerrigan is just Lois' age, and during the recent flu spell, when nurses were not to be had for love or property, Miss Wilson subjected herself to the serum treatment and then bravely nursed the four Kerrigans thru flu and pneumonia, for she happened to have a ten days' *rest* between pictures.

"I wasn't afraid, because it was the right thing for me to do. Warren Kerrigan had been able to secure a nurse for his mother, so that we did not have to worry about that household, and I felt free to take care of his twin brother's family. Mother would call up every little while and express some anxiety, though she felt also I should be nursing them, and I always said, 'Mother, I haven't the least bit of fear—I *know* I am coming safely back to you.'"

"But do you like housework, Miss Wilson?"

"Oh, I just *love* it—I am always cooking and fixing things. I am an enthusiast over nice cooking utensils, are you? I bought mother a complete outfit of those glass oven dishes, and every time I am down town I potter thru the house-furnishing departments and bring home something new. I can make *fine* lemon pie in a Pyrex plate—you ought to see it," said Lois proudly.

There you have it—Lois Wilson is one of the happiest girls working on the screen today, because her motto is "Service," and she is always aiding some one.

Tricks of the Trade

(*Continued from page* 52)

trying to get a color film which could be used on an ordinary machine.

Prizma films seem to have overcome this difficulty. In making Prizma pictures all scenes are photographed in specially designed cameras built in the Prizma laboratories. The scenes are taken thru a series of color filters which register the actual color values in the negative. The negatives for Prizma films are made on panchromatic emulsion, which means that it is sensitive to all colors, thereby differing from the usual negative, which lacks red and orange sensitiveness, and these negatives are developed in total darkness.

The material used for positives is a celluloid base, covered with a sensitive emulsion on both sides. It is first printed with a design and then treated, after which all of the pictures representing the greens and blues are printed on one side. On the opposite side all of the pictures representing red and orange are printed. The reds and greens are in register opposite one another, as are the oranges and blues. After development and further chemical treatment, the images appear in their natural colors and are ready for projection. The coloring is produced by the aid of dyes, the film being so treated as to absorb the dyes selectively.

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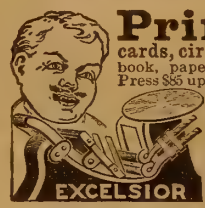
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The Star Idea Versus the Star System

(*Continued from page* 37)

time to time. The huge sums were spent, but you movie fans remained unconvinced. The nice little girl, whose salary, I believe, eventually reached $75 a week, never was "put across." She was a dear little thing, but she lacked star personality. She was, fortunately for her but unfortunately for her career, incapable of entering into the emotions which the player must understand in order to win the public.

These are fair examples of what I mean by the star system, as contrasted with the star idea. They are the type blunders—the failure to analyze the cause of a certain success and not to see the author's or the director's hand behind the actor, and the belief that you can fool the public by advertising. You can fool the public for one or two pictures—sometimes, but a star's success must endure and have sufficient momentum to carry over a bad picture.

It can all be boiled down to this—that which interests us most outside the theater still interests us inside. We do not check our affections as we enter, to pick them up again as we leave. The principal interest of the majority of normal human beings is their friends. We become interested in an individual and will endure all sorts of boredom from them; that is, it would be boredom if it came from any one else. They tell us about what they did for their colds, of how their cousins are coming to visit them, of their favorite brand of underwear, and we reply in kind. We exchange the dullest of commonplaces, which, from a stranger, would be utterly tiresome drivel. So we are attracted to personalities upon the screen. No matter what they do, we are interested.

One of my most cherished possessions is a tigerish letter from a dear little girl in Iowa, who called me all sorts of names because I once wrote a paragraph adversely criticizing a certain Mary Pickford production. She declared that if all Mary did was show herself in a long string of close-ups, it was sufficient. There are millions like the little Iowa girl. They love their screen friends and maintain their loyalty thru good pictures and bad. That is the star idea. It will remain until human nature changes. But you can no more "make" a star by advertising than you can make friends by advertising. Advertising brings you to the theater once—stars keep you coming.

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Theda Bara, who was in Miami, Fla., filming exterior scenes for a South Sea island production, picked up several good anecdotes while there.

When Miss Bara arrived at the Royal Palms Hotel a table was set aside for her and a special waiter assigned to serve her exclusively. The first time he attended her, Miss Bara asked the dusky giant his name.

"I'm Lord Hollingsworth," he replied.

"Do you wear that title because you work in the Royal Palms?"

"Oh, no, ma'am!" said Lord Hollingsworth. "I aint a reg'lar nobleman. I's named in honor of Lord an' Taylor, case when I was young my old mammy took me to N' York and she went to that store and she liked the name!"



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Millions of People Can Write Stories and Photoplays and Don't Know It!

THIS is the startling assertion recently made by E. B. Davison of New York, one of the highest paid writers in the world. Is his astonishing statement true? Can it be possible there are countless thousands of people yearning to write, who really *can* and simply *haven't found it out?* Well, come to think of it, 'most anybody can *tell* a story. Why can't 'most anybody *write* a story? Why is writing supposed to be a rare gift that few possess? Isn't this only another of the Mistaken Ideas the past has handed down to us? Yesterday nobody dreamed man could fly. To-day he dives like a swallow ten thousand feet above the earth and laughs down at the tiny mortal atoms of his fellow-men below! So Yesterday's "impossibility" is a reality to-day.

"The time will come," writes the same authority, "when millions of people will be writers—there will be countless thousands of playwrights, novelists, scenario, magazine and newspapers writers—they are coming, coming—a whole new world of them!" And do you know what these writers-to-be are doing now? Why, they are the men—armies of them—young and old, now doing mere clerical work, in offices, keeping books, selling merchandise, or even driving trucks, running elevators, street cars, waiting on tables, working at barber chairs, following the plow, or teaching schools in the rural districts; and women, young and old, by scores, now pounding typewriters, or standing behind counters, or running spindles in factories, bending over sewing machines, or doing housework. Yes—you may laugh—but these are The Writers of To-morrow.

For writing isn't only for geniuses as most people think. *Don't you believe the creator gave you a story-writing faculty just as he did the greatest writer?* Only maybe you are simply "bluffed" by the thought that you "haven't the gift."

Many people are simply afraid to try. Or if they do try, and their first efforts don't satisfy, they simply give up in despair, and that ends it. They're through. They never try again. Yet if, by some lucky chance they had first learned the simple rules of writing, and then given the Imagination free rein, they might have astonished the world!

But two things are essential in order to become a writer. First, to learn the ordinary principles of writing. Second, to learn to exercise your faculty of Thinking. By exercising a thing you develop it. Your Imagination is something like your right arm. The more you use it the stronger it gets. The principles of writing are no more complex than the principles of spelling, arithmetic, or any other simple thing that anybody knows. Writers learn to piece together a story as easily as a child sets up a miniature house with his toy blocks. It is amazingly easy after the mind grasps the simple "know how." A little study, a little patience, a little confidence, and the thing that looks hard turns out to be just as easy as it seemed difficult.



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Miss Helene Chadwick, versatile screen star, now leading lady for Tom Moore of Goldwyn Film Company, says:

"Any man or woman who will learn this New Method of Writing ought to sell their stories and plays with ease."

Thousands of people imagine they need a fine education in order to write. Nothing is farther from the truth. The greatest writers were the poorest scholars. People rarely learn to write at schools. They may get the principles there, but they *really learn to write* from the great, wide, open, boundless Book of Humanity! Yes, seething all around you, every day, every hour, every minute, in the whirling vortex—the flotsam and jetsam of Life—even in your own home, at work or play, are endless incidents for stories and plays—a wealth of material, a world of things happening. Every one of these has the seed of a story or play in it. Think! If you went to a fire, or saw an accident, you could come home and tell the folks all about it. Unconsciously you would describe it all very realistically. And if somebody stood by and wrote down exactly what you said, you'd be amazed to find your story would sound just as interesting as many you've read in magazines or seen on the screen. Now, you will naturally say, "Well, if Writing is as simple as you say it is, why can't *I* learn to write?" *Who says you can't?*

Listen! A wonderful *free* book has recently been written on this very subject—a book that tells all about a Startling New Easy Method of Writing Stories and Photoplays. This amazing book, called "*The Wonder Book for Writers*," shows how easily stories and plays are conceived, written, perfected, sold. How many who don't *dream* they can write, suddenly find it out. How the Scenario Kings and the Story Queens live and work. How bright men and women, without any special experience, learn to their own amazement that their simplest ideas may furnish brilliant plots for Plays and Stories. How one's own imagination may provide an endless gold-mine of ideas that bring Happy Success and Handsome Cash Royalties. How new writers get their names into print. How to tell if you *are* a writer. How to develop your "story fancy," weave clever word-pictures and unique, thrilling, realistic plots. How your friends may be your worst judges. How to avoid discouragement and the pitfalls of Failure. How to *win!*

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"Received the book. I could give myself a shaking, if possible, for not sending long ago. Why, everything is so plain a blind person could see."—Rosa Beard, Nelsonville, O.

"I have already sold a synopsis—written according to Mr. Irving's instructions—for $500.00, and some short sketches for smaller sums."—David Clark, Portland, Ore.

"Your book opened my eyes to great possibilities. I received my first check to-day to $175.00."—B. Barlow, Louisville, Ky.

"It is the most complete and practical book ever written on the subject of writing."—Harry Schultz, Kitchener, Ont.

"The book is all, and more, than you claim it to be."—W. T. Watson, Whitehall, N. Y.

"I am delighted with the book beyond the power of words to express."—Laura Davis, Wenatchee, Wash.

I'll Get Him Yet

(*Continued from page* 56)

with Scoop's new job, which happened with horrifying inadvertence to be on the Rivera Board of Trade, whose first enterprise was to start a paper roasting the Standard Railroads Corporation and, particularly and specifically, "Skinflint" Jones.

Scoop waxed enthusiastically indignant. "This thru train business, for example," he propounded to the downcast eyes of his small bride; "S. F. Jones must be a devil and as hard as nails. Why, it means that most of the men in this town have to walk their legs off to catch the train in the next town. Save 'Skinflint' a few pennies to gorge with, I suppose, and that's the answer. Good God, these magnates . . . with their wretched power . . . and their wretched use of it . . . ; socialism, that's what it turns one to . . ."

"Perhaps," ventured Susy, with undue timidity, "er . . . 'Skinflint,' as you call . . . her . . . *him* . . . didn't know."

"Didn't *care* is the word," scornfully informed young Scoop; "'Skinflint' doesn't have to do the walking, nor the going without because of precious energy wasted. *Not* 'Skinflint!' I wish you'd write up a good hot paper on the subject, Sue, you're clever at that sort of thing, and read it at the next board meeting. Give it to 'Skinflint' a-plenty. Call him names. Dont be afraid to land into him. The old brute deserves it."

Susy McCreedy had a sense of humor. The sense of humor, not Susy, wrote the bitterly condemnatory paper. The sense of humor read the paper and gave it the denunciatory twang—but Susy and *not* the sense of humor faced Harold Packard after the meeting, as that dilettante came in to report the thing for his own paper.

Susy dragged him away from under Scoop's wrathful eye.

"Dont breathe!" she begged of him, "I know it's funny, but—" defiantly; "if I want to roast my own self—what of it? And it means—well, only one thing means anything to me just now, Harold, and that is that Scoop doesn't find out that *I* am S. F. Jones—that I have the railroads—the money—in my own hands. You see . . ."

"I dont." Harold's mouth set, obdurately.

Susy grasped him with both hands. She spoke quickly, almost brokenly; her new earnestness was amazing to young Packard.

"That's because you have never been in love," she said; "if you had been, Harold, you would want to do what the person whom you loved wanted most, needed most. Scoop needs his pride just now—and he wont have it if he knows that I have millions back of me, that I dont need him, dont have to need him. It—he isn't quite ready for that, Harold. I know it. This is—well, pretty much life itself to me, Harold; dont take it away—for—for spite, you know . . ."

Harold proved malleable. Perhaps, who can tell, in that pampered organ he called his heart there may have been, ready for ignition, a tiny spark of the love Susy felt for Scoop McCreedy.

But Harold was only the forerunner. There was the superintendent of the Standard Railroads . . . he called, in desperation, to learn precisely what the revoking of the Rivera thru train order meant.

"Your word has always been your word, Miss Susy," he said, at a loss, and then he smiled at her, fatuously.

"You must go at *once*," said Susy, frantically; "Scoop is apt to come in at any time—and—well, the thru trains must stop, that's all, superintendent; it's—it's a matter of shoe leather, you see, and tired people who have to—have to work—now go, oh, *do!*"

Scoop entered to find Susy rather forcibly ejecting the bewildered superintendent. He didn't take kindly to the fact of the ejection.

"You know," he said, following the heavily breathing daughter of the Jones' millions into the somewhat depleted pantry, "you know . . . I've a gun here . . . Susy. I'm—I cant go the sight of these men coming and going here . . . mysteriously . . . almost furtively. Perhaps it's my news sense—too keenly developed—over keenly—but it makes it all seem unreal to me—as tho I were not part of it. I find you hiding a strange man in the kitchen, meeting another in the village, hiding still another under sofa and in the cupboard. It's doubt, I guess, suspicion, even jealousy if you will. It's all of them—there's nothing worse."

His face was a white mask of misery. Susy studied it. She was a creature of swift and usually unerring action. She came over to him, standing close.

"Nothing worse?" she repeated. "Sure?"

"Of course."

"After all," her eyes sought his, wistfully now; "love *is* all, isn't it? No matter under what circumstances, no matter with what surroundings. We've discovered that—in a cottage—not enough to eat, sometimes, but fun just the same—*love* just the same . . . nothing could change it, could it?"

Scoop McCreedy smiled down on her. "Nothing," he said; "I know that, honeybee."

Susy Faraday McCreedy adopted a martial pose. "Then," she said, rather ringingly; "*I* am 'Skinflint' Jones, owner of the Standard Railroads Corporation."

Scoop stared down on her, for a long moment. In the silence of the small kitchen their two hearts beat, audibly. Then Scoop laughed. He held out his two hands. "Well," he said, "I guess the Jones millions cant change the toil of these, anyway, nor the operative power of my gray matter . . . and I guess . . . I guess, little 'Skinflint' Jones, that love'll stand the test!"

Karefree Kerry

(*Continued from page 33*)

while, because they were preparation, and I didn't mind the hot, gruelling work of it, but the horrible months of waiting that followed—when we saw other divisions sent across—and we were still held here—that was the rotten part of it. It makes me sick to own up that I never got over."

When his discharge came, Kerry again entered pictures, this time in the East with Marion Davies.

"And what are your plans for the future?" we asked.

"Who knows?" he laughed. "I'll go where chance takes me. As long as pictures want me, I'll stick; never worry—and get all the fun I can out of life.

"I dont know what I've told you—what *should* one say when one's interviewed? But, anyway, dont let it be held against me."

And he nearly crushed our hand in farewell—he was so glad when five o'clock sounded, work for the day was over, and his first interview was at an end.



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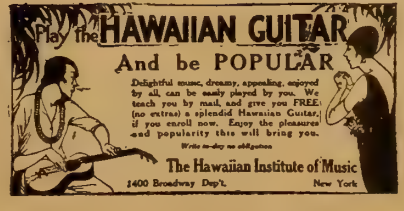
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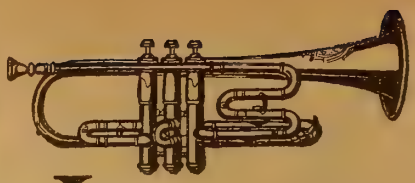
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The Fame and Fortune Contest Closed!

(*Continued from page* 71)

received after midnight of July 1st will not be entered in the Fame and Fortune Contest.

If you wished your portrait or portraits returned, the right amount of postage to cover return mailing should have been enclosed. Stamps should have been attached to the picture and *not* placed in a separate envelope.

We are returning the portraits of those who have failed to win a place and who attached stamps to their pictures, as quickly as possible, but it is a gigantic task and requires time.

There is little doubt but that the winner will be selected from among the various semi-monthly Honor Rolls.

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND will give two years guaranteed publicity to the winner. This will include cover portraits in colors, special interviews, pictures, articles, etc.—the sort of publicity that could not be purchased at any price. The magazine will procure an initial position for the winner and other opportunities if necessary.

The Fame and Fortune jury includes: Mary Pickford, Thomas Ince, Cecil de Mille, Maurice Tourneur, Commodore J. Stuart Blackton, James Montgomery Flagg, Howard Chandler Christy, Samuel Lumière and Eugene V. Brewster.

Our Animated Monthly of Movie News and Views

(*Continued from page* 88)

fore the showing of "The Girl That Stayed at Home"—running here two weeks in succession, contrary to the policy of that house, that no show may remain longer than one week.

Recent moves show Mrs. Wm. Desmond, formerly Mary McIver, playing opposite Smiling Bill Parsons; Jack Pickford moving to Ocean Park and closing his town house; Thomas Santschi going over to the Katterjohn studio; Herbert Standing playing with Tom Moore at Goldwyn. Chester Conklin has gone with Fox, Jack Richardson is with Texas Guinan.

A "Shepherd of the Hills" dinner was given by Harold Bell Wright at Glenwood Mission Inn to entertain the featured players in the production. Mountain flowers and very red apples formed table decorations, and the waitresses were garbed like Sammy Lane in the story. After the dinner, the guests attended a pre-view of the play, to which many Riverside and Los Angeles folk had been invited, and at which Mr. Wright and Catherine Curtis (Sammy Lane) were presented with huge baskets of flowers by the Riverside City Librarian.

King Vidor with his wife Florence and baby Suzette are resting at Palm Springs, on the desert, where the Wm. Farnum company, including Irene Rich, have been staying some time. Florence Vidor's next contract is with Friend Husband.

And my last bit of gossip is about Fay Tincher, who was amazed to see herself billed in a matrimonial gazette, picture and all, as being ready to wed a "pleasant, agreeable, wealthy man"—only it wasn't Fay's name that had been written under the photo. A Chicago friend of Miss Tincher discovered the fraud, and so the latter has placed the matter in the hands of her attorneys and a suit is being prepared.

Across the Silversheet

(*Continued from page 68*)

CASTLES IN THE AIR—METRO

At last we have a variation of the poor working girl type of heroine. For, in "Castles in the Air," we find our hall-room girl with a job as usherette in a theater. And in common with the girl of today, she tells the manager just where to get off when he tries to prevent her going to a rich chap's home for dinner. And when the young chap turns out not to be a villain at all, but a lonely person who has had a misunderstanding with his wife, we are not at all surprised at the competent manner in which our heroine folds away her pretty bright dream of being a millionaire's mate, makes a friend of him instead, finds his wife for him and makes the most of her own romance by marrying a mere theater manager. Such is the original plot which May Allison plays with her determined vigor, characteristic American spunk and keen sense of humor. In some scenes, Miss Allison is startlingly, blondly beautiful; in a few, namely her hall bedroom scenes, she has been carelessly lighted. George Baker is the director who guided her pretty feet thru this melodramatic maze and made the whole appear fascinatingly possible. Ben Wilson is wholesomely entertaining as the theater manager, who watches for hours in the rain to guard his little usherette from harm.

HELP! HELP! POLICE!—FOX

It is a pretty sure bet that when there's a picture fight, George Walsh will be in it, and you can be equally certain that he will win. This would be the result even if the scenario didn't call for the hero coming out on top, for the young man is possessed of as iron a pair of muscles as ever graced a Grecian Adonis. In "Help! Help! Police!" George Walsh is, as usual, a rich man's son who gets into all kinds of scrapes while innocently trying to serve others. He performs some mighty good athletic stunts and is helped by better photography than Mr. Fox has seen fit to give him recently. Young Walsh has splendid possibilities, but William should play Foxy Grandpa to him and give him a scenario with a *few* situations embellished with humor or love-making, as well as muscles.

FALSE GODS—ROTHAPFEL

This is the first feature picture that S. L. Rothapfel, late manager of the Rivoli and Rialto theaters, New York City, has directed for his new experiment, the Unit program. Mr. Rothapfel has directed this story with an amazing ability to get over a great deal of thought without a myriad of subtitles. One finds the first two reels strikingly human. The affairs of Lila Andrews and her young husband Cecil Andrews become things in which the spectator is vitally interested. When fate, in the shape of a rich old woman, invites them among the rich set we shudder. As Lila learns to flirt in order to help her husband be a financial success, we are vitally worried—and then, all of a sudden, flop goes the human story and in stalks melodrama: unpaid bills, pawned bracelet, men demanding payment, a murder, false accusation, hasty justification and reconciliation, all are mixed in with a hasty spoon. But withal there are many fine and original touches, and if Mr. Rothapfel can do so much with the first picture he ever directed, we may look for fine things from him. Grace Darling is pleasing in the lead, while Hugh Thompson does some unusually strong characterization work as the husband. The rest of the cast was competent, except Harry Mestayer, who seemed painfully uncomfortable.

FIRES OF FAITH—LASKY

A certain tone of sincerity pervades this picture, which is really Salvation Army propaganda, and makes it quite worth while. The plot concerns the life of Elizabeth Blake, who is saved from a wretched existence by the Salvation Army. Catherine Calvert plays the part of Elizabeth Blake excellently, while Eugene O'Brien is sartorially pleasing as the scion of wealth who is shanghaied while rescuing her. Rubye de Remer shows a vast improvement in her screen work as his fiancée, while Robert Anderson's singularly powerful personality makes the rôle of the small-town man who faithfully loves and finally wins Elizabeth very nearly the hit of the piece. Edward Jose directed and directed well.

THE UNPARDONABLE SIN—HARRY GARSON

Screened from Major Rupert Hughes' novel of the same name, this photoplay reeks with every atrocity that the Germans could possibly have perpetrated. Here is a picture which can do no good and a great deal of harm. It plays too violently upon the vulgar emotions and most certainly should not be shown in theaters which children and young people of the impressionable age frequent. The best that can be said for "The Unpardonable Sin" is that it brings Blanche Sweet back to us, and a splendid bit of portrayal by Mary Alden. Marshall Neilan directed, but without his usual keen sense of proportion. I refer, specifically, to the comedy antics of Wesley Barry and Bobby Connelly as the American and Belgian boys who converse together fluently. One wonders in which language! I found Miss Sweet's performance intensely emotional—in fact, it started at such a white-hot pitch and had so few gradations that it quite wore the spectator out.

FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE—LASKY

Another Cecil B. DeMille photoplay which overtops Mr. DeMille's own standard of excellence in production. Mr. DeMille is rapidly becoming the highest authority on luxurious pictures. He deals with the problems of people that have money, and all of his scenes and actors are in keeping. His theme is again that of mismating—due this time to a misunderstanding of patriotism. A satisfactory solution of the domestic dilemma is reached by a mutually satisfactory changing of couples. The cast includes the suave Elliott Dexter as the man who carried on at home, Gloria Swanson as the girl who loved him but married a soldier instead, Tom Forman as the unloved soldier and Wanda Hawley as his beautiful recompense, all of whom are distinctive in their varied rôles.

THE NEW MOON—SELECT

The story of this Russian picture was told in our last month's Magazine. It is embellished on the screen by Norma Talmadge. While not so entertaining as her recent photoplays, it contains a certain element of suspense. The chief fault with the picture seems to lie in the in-



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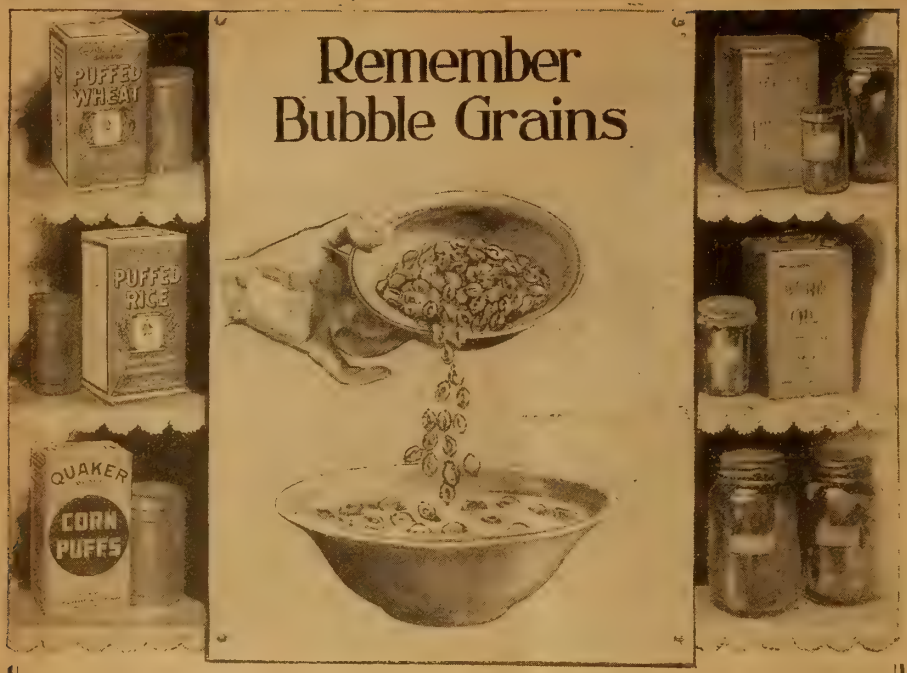
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ability of the director to get across the correct Russian atmosphere. Marc MacDermott, Pedro de Cordoba, Stuart Holmes and Marguerite Clayton contribute their personalities to an excellent cast.

A ROGUE'S ROMANCE—VITAGRAPH

An Earle Williams feature directed by James Young and written by H. H. Van Loan. The action is supposed to take place in France, and there is frankly so much of it—action—not France—that it would require all my space to recount it. While the first two reels are rather well done, the rest flops into movie moves.

THE KNICKERBOCKER BUCKAROO—ARTCRAFT

The latest Douglas Fairbanks Production, a production which drew mobs of enthusiastic followers to the New York Rivoli, but which struck me as quite boresome. The whole picture dissolves into a race, a chase and is quite, quite too long-drawn out. No money has been spared to make this a flawless production; the subtitles are splendidly original and keenly humorous, but the plot doesn't hold one's real interest. Douglas is as agile as ever.

THE WOMAN NEXT DOOR—FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY

Known in story form as "Vickey Van," this new Ethel Clayton picture is rather poor melodrama. A woman who leads a double existence is the heroine.

MARVELOUS—THE DURN THING RAN!

Wild-flivver training unsurpassed was witnessed at the Metro Studios after Bert Lytell had got an automobile into K. D. condition as per the script of "One-Thing-at-a-Time O'Day." Joseph Kilgour stood by and watched the machine take shape once more under Lytell's dexterous hand.

"A flivver, Joe, is almost human," remarked Lytell, as he finally wiped his hands on his overalls and gave the engine a spin. "You may think it strange, but parts of the healthy automobile's mechanism are as unessential to its well-being as the tonsils are to the human. Watch—"

He jumped into the machine, juggled the proper buttons and levers, and rattled away down the street.

"Well, I'll be—" muttered Kilgour, staring at a stack of gears, nuts and valves that lay where the flivver had stood. "I thought he was spoofing—but look what he has left over!"

If a mechanic hadn't shown up just then searching for the extra parts that had disappeared from his workbench, Kilgour might never have been disillusionized.

NATURAL HISTORY

Strange how little most of us know about our Natural History. The following conversation took place in the Metro Studio, where May Allison was working on her new picture, "Almost Married."

"What color is a kangaroo's feathers?" asked one extra of another who stood near Miss Allison.

"I'm not sure," reflected the other, trying to appear learned, "but I think they're pink, if I remember correctly."

"They're not, either," broke in a third future-great, "they're red, I know."

"Is that so—how do you know?" inquired Miss Allison, becoming interested.

"Well, I've seen enough of the feathers, I guess," declared the knowing one, "in the hats of those Australian soldiers, and they're bright red."

Who's right, anyway? We thought a kangaroo had scales.

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SEPTEMBER

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Motion Picture Magazine

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Almost a decade ago, when the art of the screen was first pronounced worthy of depicting life's dramas, this Magazine was founded. From the first, it aimed to be the voice of the Silent Drama—the friend of those in front, and of the shadowed players. It has always been ready to encourage all that is good, and eager to wield its power against all that is unworthy. Every word, every picture in this Magazine is printed for you, the reader; hence it is your Magazine, and the official organ of the Motion Picture public.

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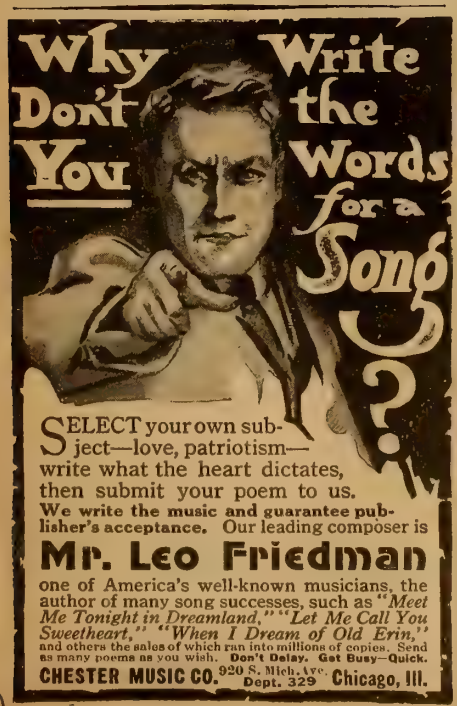
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STAGE PLAYS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these speaking plays appear in their vicinity.)

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Astor.—Fay Bainter in "East Is West." The story of a quaint little Chinese maid who falls in love with a young American and, just when racial barriers seem insurmountable, turns out to be the daughter of a white missionary. Has all the ingredients of popular drama.

Broadhurst.—"39 East." A charming comedy founded on a boarding school romance in which many interesting characters make love-making difficult for a pair of young lovers.

Cohan and Harris.—"The Royal Vagabond." A Cohanized opera comique in every sense of the words. A tuneful operetta plus Cohan speed, pep and brash American humor. Also tinkling music. And a corking cast, with Grace Fisher, Tessa Kosta, John Goldsworthy and Frederick Santley, besides the delectable dancers, Dorothy Dickson and Carl Hysom.

Eltinge.—"Up in Mabel's Room." Piquant, daring but decidedly amusing farce built about the pursuit of a dainty pink undergarment which bears the same name as a recent jazz dance. Admirable cast, including the radiant Hazel Dawn, Enid Markey, Lucy Cotton and Evelyn Gosnell, all known to the screen, and Walter Jones and John Cumberland. "Up in Mabel's Room" is an admirable example of well-knit farce.

Garrick.—"John Ferguson." A straight drama that compares favorably with anything of the kind that New York has seen for years. Beautifully staged and acted. Masterpieces of this kind should be liberally patronized to encourage others.

Hudson.—"Friendly Enemies." This serio-drama of German-Americans, true to the United States and otherwise, has established a season's record. Louis Mann still in his original rôle.

Henry Miller's Theater.—"La La Lucille." Musical comedy built around the efforts of a loving couple to arrange a divorce in order to live up to the terms of a millionaire aunt's will. A correspondent is engaged and troubles begin. John E. Hazzard and Janet Velie play the would-be divorcées, while Marjorie Bentley and Helen Clark give able assistance. Light summer entertainment.

Knickerbocker.—"Listen, Lester." Lively, dancy show with considerable humor, thanks to clever Johnny Dooley. Excellent aid is given by Gertrude Vanderbilt, Clifton Webb, Ada Lewis, Ada Mae Weeks and Eddie Garvie.

Lyceum.—"Daddies." Appealing little drama of three bachelors who adopt Belgian war babies. Amusing complications occur when the children develop along unexpected lines. Jeanne Eagels is quaintly pleasing in the leading rôle.

Selwyn.—"Tumble In." Musical comedy version of the successful farce, "Seven Days," the comic story of a house party under quarantine. A negligée chorus now lends optical aid. Peggy O'Neill is the best of the cast of fun-makers.

Vanderbilt.—"A Little Journey." The comical experiences of a dozen or more interesting travelers on a Pullman which is finally wrecked. Excellent cast.

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Next Month's Issue
Motion Picture Magazine

Advertisements claim many things. We could proclaim a wealth of wonders concerning the **October** issue of Motion Picture Magazine—but—we know it isn't necessary. The reliability of Motion Picture Magazine is a well-known fact. Every reader knows that they can depend upon Motion Picture Magazine in the exact fashion that they can depend upon their family. Motion Picture Magazine is an essential part of every home.

In order that you may look forward to a few of the happy hours that the October Issue of the Motion Picture Magazine will bring you, here are just a few reminders of the fascinating features to come:

RICHARD BARTHELMESS

Do you wish to know how it feels to be a success in your early twenties? Would you like to know the real character, the likes and dislikes of young Dick Barthelmess who has scored the most unusual success of the season in D. W. Griffith's "Broken Blossoms"? Then watch for the personality story which Hazel Simpson Naylor has written with her usual keen insight into the very mind and heart of the young actor.

PAULINE FREDERICK

Have you visualized Miss Frederick to yourself as a very grand lady who trails about in silks and satins, perpetually bejeweled? If you have, you want to read this intimate little story which shows you Pauline as a very real person.

MONTE BLUE

Here you will meet the young man who has made so many friends of late in Paramount pictures. Could you ever forget his portrayal of Private Pettigrew in "Pettigrew's Girl"? Of course you couldn't, and you will never forget this little story of his own life struggles and happinesses.

Add to this forecast, stories of the month's greatest photoplays, told in fiction form by Gladys Hall and other well-known writers, exclusive pictures of the stars photographed by our special Coast photographer and all the well-loved departments, and you have just a small sample of the wonders to be found in the October Motion Picture Magazine.

Motion Picture Magazine
175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

ON THE ROAD.

"The Unknown Purple." Interesting and well-sustained thriller. The story of a convict who discovers a way to make himself invisible, transforming himself into a purple ray, and who starts out to get revenge.

"Mis' Nelly of N' Orleans." Mrs. Fiske in a new comedy of moonshine, madness and make-believe, in which she again proves herself to be one of the greatest of comédiennes. Excellent cast, notably Irene Haisman, who seems to have picture possibilities.

"Three Faces East." Another Secret Service-German spy drama, this one by Anthony Paul Kelly, one of our most successful photoplaywrights.

"The Velvet Lady." Pleasant musical show with Victor Herbert music and a bright cast including Minerva Coverdale, Georgie O'Ramey, Marie Flynn and the vivid Fay Marbe.

"Dear Brutus." Written with all of Barrie's whimsical insight into the human heart. What would you do with a second chance? Barrie takes his characters to an enchanted wood of the might-have-been, where they reveal what would have happened had they taken another road. Here is a scene of the rarest sentiment. William Gillette gives a compelling and haunting performance, while Helen Hayes plays the daughter who might have been with superb humanness, and the remainder of the cast is admirable, particularly the statuesque Violet Kemble Cooper. Tasteful staging, especially the magic wood.

"A Sleepless Night." Another farce written with the idea that nothing funny ever happens outside a bedroom. The usual in and out of bed piquancy, being the tale of a guileless young woman who decides to be unconventional and pink-pajamaed at any cost. Ernest Glendinning and William Morris admirable. Peggy Hopkins is the lady in question.

"A Prince There Was." George M. Cohan's very entertaining comedy. He plays at a literary game in which hearts are trumps—and wins. Grant Mitchell now playing the leading rôle.

"The Fortune Teller." An interesting play that comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb. Marjorie Rambeau does some really wonderful acting, the best seen in New York in years.

"Some Time." Lively musical comedy using the flash-back screen idea. Ed Wynn very amusing as a stage carpenter, while Mae West gives excellent comic aid as a tough chorine. Tuneful music.

"Tiger! Tiger!" Edward Knoblock's powerful study of the primitive in man. The story of a British Member of Parliament and a cook—and a passionate love that brooks no obstacles. Frances Starr is admirable as the servant, while Lionel Atwill gives a fine performance.

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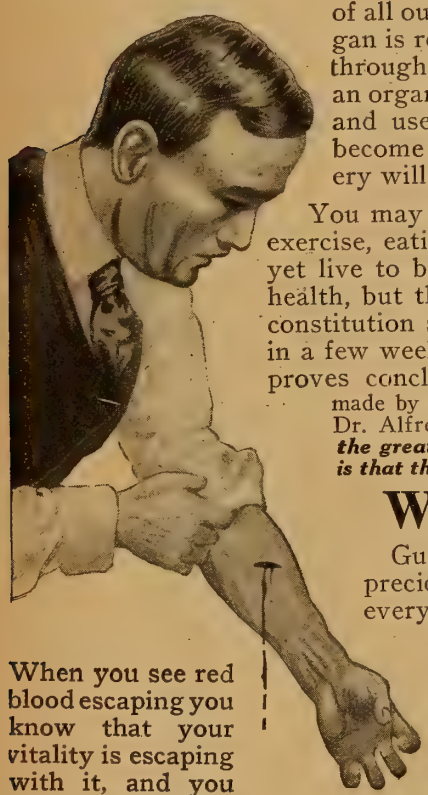
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You may violate Nature's laws in the matter of exercise, eating and abuse the body otherwise, and yet live to be very old and retain a fair degree of health, but there is yet to be born a person with a constitution so strong that he will not break down in a few weeks under intense nervous strain. This proves conclusively the truth of the statement made by that eminent British authority on the Nerves, Dr. Alfred T. Schofield, namely, ***"It is my belief that the greatest single factor in the maintenance of health is that the nerves should be in order."***

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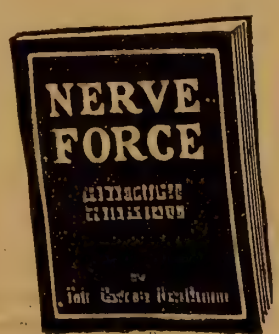
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PAUL VON BOECKMANN
Studio 131—110 West 40th Street
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Letters to the Editor

A critical comment. Is Mr. Finnerty a movie Bolshevist?

SIR—It is my impression that people go to the movies to be amused. It is not a difficult matter to amuse us poor fish, whose conception of a wild time is a ten-cent portion of the perforated drama. We prefer to laugh, but we are perfectly willing to weep, provided only that the producers tell us when. In other words, the average movie maniac must have his favorite dish labeled, else how does he know what to do? I'll admit he's an awful boob. Else how would so many ex-plumber's apprentices be smoking fifty-cent cheroots?

To be fair to the producers of photo-plays, they usually tag the product of their massive brains. So that when you or I drop into the movies, under the impression that the feature is a comedy, we laugh right out, just like that, at the spectacle of three burly ruffians tying a railroad track to Tessie, the telegrapher. We know it's all a joke. Could anything be more quaintly humorous? Or, conversely, in a serious play, when the hero casts his halibut eye at the Cooper-Hewitts, under the delusion that he is looking spiritual and that sort of thing, and says something like this, "Money! Ah, but money is not everything. In fact, money is a curse." If the producers have given us fair warning, we know whether the hero is kidding us or whether he really means what he says. If it is the latter, we nod gravely approving heads; if the former, we jab our neighbor in the ribs and burble, "Ha! ha! Aint it rich?"

Now and again, however, some unfortunate labels his film a comedy when, as a matter of fact, it is tragedy of the weepiest sort. You've seen 'em. You know. You are likewise aware that this rule works both ways.

In that timeliest of all timely problem dramas, (I refer, of course, to "Bolshevism on Trial"), I discovered a rip-roaring comedy, comparing favorably with the best that Keystone has ever released. The trouble was, it was tagged "problem drama." And who has the temerity to laugh at a problem drama? You guessed it. I accept the nomination.

I saw this picture in a section of the town which boasts of a radical element. They were well represented in the theater. They applauded when the red flag was run up. The other half hissed. Which proves my contention that the movie fan's sense of humor is, if he has one at all, very anemic.

Modesty forbids my boasting of a more complete ignorance of Bolshevism than that displayed by the author. I will say that I know very little about it. I do know, however, that Bolshevism and Socialism are one and the same, synonymous, interchangeable, what you will. No genuine American Socialist will tell you different. But our author has ideas of his own. His villain, Androvitch, pretends to be a Socialist until he is placed in a position of power. Then he grows pop-eyed, tries to swipe his comrade's wife, says that Socialism is narrow and restricted and, finally, that Bolshevism is liberty, freedom, etc., etc. The author says Socialism is all right, but Bolshevism! That is something else again!

Russia is of no particular interest to me. I dont intend to discuss Russian politics. But this Bolshevism that is kicking up such a row there was brought about in part by American Socialists, and it has the support, both moral and financial, of all American Socialists. The come-

dian who wrote this "timely problem drama" must have been living in the woods for a long time. Or doesn't he read the newspapers?

It is just barely possible that he was working on the assumption that he could not afford to displease the Socialists, any number of whom would see his picture. But the Bolsheviki! Huh! They're a long way off and they haven't got any money anyhow. We should worry!

This facetious continuity cut-up gave us a bunch of impractical visionaries for Socialists. They meant well, but they were harmlessly non compos hokus. Ah, but his Bolsheviki! This is a different animal! They wore the most fantastic whiskers, and shh—! They were frightfully loose morally! They didn't appear highly displeased, as they should have done, when a flock of chorus minxes, in the usual musical comedy attire, jazzed around a bit. What do you think of that for immorality? Isn't Bolshevism just too awful? These bold, bad celluloid Bolsheviki actually seemed to enjoy the spectacle of a flock of wild women in abbreviated costume! In this connection, it does seem rather unfair that this brand of Bolshevism costs about four dollars a portion in the Broadway girlie shows, when these rude, uncultured Russians get it for nothing.

The humorous features of the picture, however, were not, for the most part, in the author's ignorance of Bolshevism, but rather in his ignorance of people. His hero was even more of a numbskull, if possible, than the poor fish who took him seriously. The villain was so painstakingly and conscientiously crafty-looking that no one but a movie hero would have trusted him as far as he could toss a piano. His heroine went around like an angel, ministering to the poor. Now, who ever heard of a lady Bolshevik doing anything like that? Our hero's father was an honest millionaire. Need I say more? No, unless it is to add that said millionaire did not make his money in the moving picture business.

I could go on for hours, piling instance on instance to show the ludicrous nature of this picture, but what's the use? Is it any wonder that there are people who sneer at the silent drama's claim to being an art? Is it to be wondered at that people decry the sensationalism of the films when the lithographs of this picture broadly hinted at things that every movie fan over sixteen who had a dime ought to know? Needless to say, of course, the sensation seekers were disappointed. But whose fault is that? Not the producer's, surely.

Mr. Editor, the next time somebody pulls that ancient bromidism about the films being "in their infancy," you tell him I said they're in their second childhood. And that's no idle jest.

The performance will conclude with the entire congregation singing my latest (and as yet unpublished) song, the chorus of which goes like this:

"When it's rhubarb time in Russia will you Bolsheviki me?
Will you carve your name upon my soviet spine,
Place a bomb upon my breast,
Dupont's powder is the best (advt.)
And give my love to Trotzky and Lenine?"

I thank you.

THOMAS FINNERTY.
73 South Second Street.

Concerning photographs:

DEAR EDITOR—I should like to know why such stars as Anita Stewart, Marguerite



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How can I become a Motion Picture Director?
Can I become financially interested in Motion Pictures?
Can I write for Motion Pictures?
Have I a "Motion Picture face"?
Can I train myself for any branch of the business?
If I have the talent and ability to become a picture star, how can I get a start?

These are questions that have long remained unanswered. But they can be answered. There have been schools that pretend to teach Motion Picture acting, but they are generally frowned upon by the profession. Personality, charm, winsomeness and beauty are God-given gifts. They can be cultivated and improved, but not created. Acting is a natural talent. Some have it, others acquire it, but most people who haven't it never will learn it. Grace is natural to some, but most people can acquire it. There is no rule about beauty, grace, charm, etc., and some may win without any one of the supposedly necessary requirements. Here are a few very successful stars:

Chaplin	Pickford	Fairbanks
Hart	Nazimova	Drew
Arbuckle	Keenan	

How different they are! Not one of them is noted for grace or form, and hardly one for beauty, and dozens of others might be added to this list.

And in the various other branches of the Motion Picture business startling deductions can be made. The Motion Picture Institute was organized to analyze the conditions of the Motion Picture Industry, to inform the public of these conditions, and to show how and why some people can get in and why others cannot.

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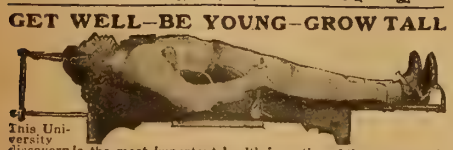
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Clark and Norma Talmadge will not send their photographs to admirers. I think such stars owe something to the fans who have made them what they are. There are many stars who are less known and who receive far less compensation for their screen work who are always prompt about sending photographs.

Alice Joyce, Mary Pickford, Clara K. Young, Mary MacLaren, May Allison, Bessie Barriscale and Margarita Fisher are some who very generously send out photographs. I hope you will publish this, as others beside myself are interested in this subject. Sincerely,

MARION STUART.

A wail against serials comes from Sydney, Australia:

DEAR EDITOR—This is my first letter to you, so please excuse me if I crowd things up a bit. First, I wish to tell you how much we like the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and the MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC. We are ten in this house (flats, you know), and four of us buy the MAGAZINE and CLASSIC regularly. Over in New Caledonia I have some friends who had never seen a screen magazine of any description. To say that they are pleased to get the copies that we send them is to put it very mildly indeed.

And now for my first growl:

Why do *good* actors go into serials? Take, for instance, A. Moreno. Here is an all-round, good and popular actor . . . he can act . . . and does not depend on his looks for his success, yet, altho he gained popularity in features as leading man and star for Pathé and Vitagraph, he has taken up serials . . . I have no particular grouch against serials, in fact, I rather like them; they are interesting and also good for the box-office. On the part of the players, they require plenty of *nerve*, and the physical as well as mental strain must be very great, but . . . you cannot really say that there is much acting in serials. The people flock to see their favorites, and they require the players to perform inhuman stunts (I am aware of studio tricks, but they are not always tricks), so that only an acrobat can really succeed in serials . . . Of course there is no story, only a series of stunts pieced together, with a bit of mystery and some romance. And that is where the trouble starts. The story makes the artist's popularity . . . witness Walthall in "The Birth of a Nation" and Stuart Holmes. No one can deny that, apart from their art, the parts they played made them, and as for Moreno, altho he is good in serials, he is not half as good as in features. Somehow he does not seem to know what is going to happen next. Please understand that I dont mean to say he lacks nerve or acting ability. I mean he is not as good as he *can be*. An artist should not be allowed to turn into an acrobat.

And now for growl No. 2: I saw "Carmen of the Klondike." Please . . . please cant we have something real about the Northland? Story, cast and all were perfect . . . but, apart from donkeys, who ever heard of coins and banknotes as common currency in the Klondike? And I was not aware either that newspapers were printed over there in the gold-rush days of '98 or thereabout. In this respect, "The Flame of the Yukon" was truer in regard to atmosphere, etc., including the number of claims one can register.

Best wishes to the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and CLASSIC. I remain your sincere reader, ALMA P. THOMPSON.
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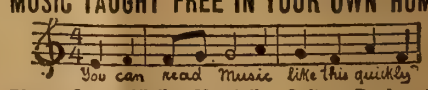


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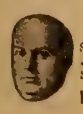


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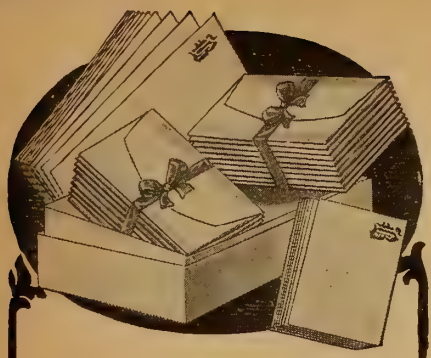
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REVELATION

By Fra Guido

As I gaze on the screen,
As I gaze
Thru the haze
Of the fade-in and out,
There remains
Just a tiny little smile,
A pout, on the wee lips of Gish.
Now it wanes,
And in grandiose style,
In comes Reed, with the grace and the swish
Of a queen;
And again now is seen
Little Mary, divine,
Louise Huff, superfine,
Each one with a gleam
Of a dream all her own.
And oft as I gaze,
As I gaze
Thru the haze
There remains
But that gleam,
Of the lip or the eye or the thought
That each one has wrought
With her soul;
And out of it all,
This one's smile, that one's tear,
Mary's love and Flo's hate,
Comes a picture of fate,
With its gold and its dross,
Its gains and its loss,
Its pain and its strife,
A composite, whole,
Revelation
Of Life.

FILM LUMINARIES

By Anna Hamilton Wood

Where did you come from, movie star,
Over a stony road and far?

Chas. Ray: "From vaudeville in days gone by."
F. X. Bushman: "From a grocer's clerk I climbed this high."
Tom Meighan: "A medical man I near became."
D. Fairbanks: "I started in at the mining game."
W. S. Hart: "With serious mind I played Shakespeare."
Pearl White: "I Little Eva'd the salty tear!"
Enid Bennett: "I trudged to an office thru weary days."
Chas. Chaplin: "I sang and danced in eccentric ways."
Wallace Reid: "I thought with my pen to challenge strife."
Norma Talmadge: "I came to the screen from private life."
Montagu Love: "I started out as a reverend sir."
Dorothy Kelly: "I dreamed in art to make a stir."
Mary Thurman: "I taught in a little country school."
Mabel Normand: "I posed for artists, stern and cruel."
Herbert Rawlinson: "I left my home for a 'big tent show.'"
Sylvia Breamer: "From musical comedy I did grow!"
Eugene O'Brien: "I studied to mend men's broken bones."
Bill Parsons: "I talked insurance for saddened homes."
Olga Petrova: "On the *London Times* I wrote for pay."
House Peters: "Thru the Boer War I fought my way."

My hat is off to you, movie star,
For what you *were* and what you *are!*



The Field of Dishonor

She had never seen a highwayman before. This one had on army officer's boots and the manners of a gentleman. She laughed and told him so. But it was serious business for him. He faced death, prison, disgrace.

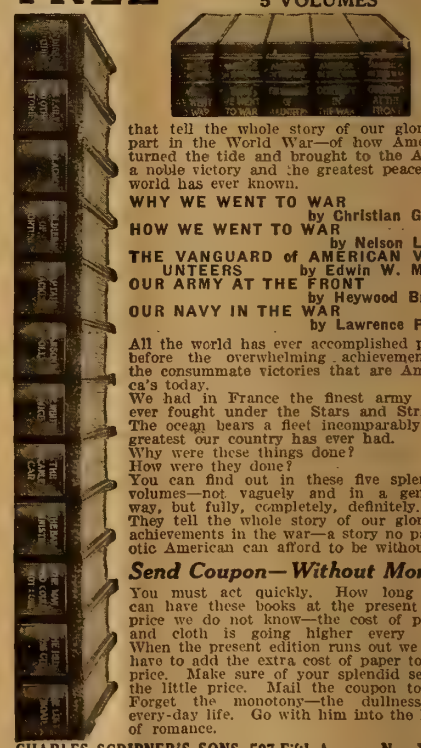
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THE INGÉNUE

By GLADYS HALL

I am the cutest thing. I have
Gold curls
And baby stares, and I
Wear frocks made out of
Wisps of tulle, and naughty hats,
And I
Am just sixteen.
I say my prayers each night at
Mamma's knee, and every morn,
With tootsies bare, in ruffly pantalettes,
I greet
The morning sun—with outflung arms
And *such*
A morning face.
Oh, I am young . . .
Last year I put away
My dollies and
My dollies' 'ittle clo'es, and then I cried,
Because
I missed them so.
And my director bought
A parrot green for me, and six white mice.
The parrot, he says "Damn!"
And sometimes
"Hell!"
But I cant understand him when he talks
That way.
How could I understand and be
An ingénue?
And then my leading man bought me the dearest,
Dinkiest, duckiest doodlum of
A snake.
I call her "Pettie."
I love her so.
I feed her all
My salary
Every week.
Some day she'll die of overeating.
And now I have a monkey, and he sleeps
In one twin bed
And I
Sleep in the other.
We are pals.
I feed them all, and teach them all
Their prayers.
But I feel sad.
It's very hard to be an ingénue.
My press-man says
If I dont buy a hundred-legger and then get
The hundred-legger overshoes and socks, he'll
Leave. And if I do
I'll die.
It's very hard to be
An ingénue.
A vamp has only men
And things like that.
But I have snaky-snakes and minkey-monks, 'cause I'm
A little baby-ingénue.

VAMPED

By JAMES A. SANAKER

I took her to the picture show;
I didn't really mean
To pop the question till I saw
A pippin of a scene.

Two people had a tiny flat,
So cozy and so cute;
They both looked just as happy
As could be, beyond dispute.

I said, "Now, that's exactly my
Idea of the way
To start a honeymoon off right
Upon your wedding day."

And then, a-holdin' hands, she said,
"Oh, Jack I'm awful glad
You spoke at last; let's hurry home
So you can ask my dad."

SHADOWLAND

"The Magazine of Magazines"

will appear in August

There is a wealth of romance and mystery in the word, SHADOWLAND, and the new magazine will live up to the glamour of its name. The builders of THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC are going to make SHADOWLAND the handsomest magazine in the whole world. Their guarantee is behind it. SHADOWLAND will carry more

Beautiful Color Plates

than any magazine published in any land. It will essentially be a magazine de luxe of the screen, but it will also treat vividly of the best in art, the speaking theater, music, literature and kindred arts. It will have the best stories, the best articles and the best interviews that money can buy and—more than all else—it will have

Vital Things for the Whole Family

SHADOWLAND will not be just the most beautiful magazine, but it will be an invaluable one, a necessary, essential publication. Every member of the family will find something absorbing in it.

You Will Have to Have It!

Artists, writers and photographers everywhere are now seeking out valuable material for the first issue of SHADOWLAND. Contributions have already been secured from some of the biggest writers in America.

WATCH FOR

SHADOWLAND



"HERE IT IS!"

5:30. Dad's home.

And, of course, gets the *important* news first.

The Paramount-Artcraft Motion Picture Theatre Program for the week is here.

No wonder wholesome, stick-together families welcome that little program.

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Paramount-Artcraft Stars' Latest Productions

Listed alphabetically, released up to July 31st. Save the list! And see the pictures!

Paramount

John Barrymore *in* "The Test of Honor"
Billie Burke *in* "Good Gracious Annabelle"
Marguerite Clark *in* . . . "Girls"
Ethel Clayton *in* "The Sporting Chance"
Dorothy Gish *in* "Nugget Nell"
Lila Lee *in* "Rose of the River"
"Oh! You Women" A John Emerson-Anita Loos Production
Vivian Martin *in* "Louisiana"
Shirley Mason *in* "The Final Close-Up"
Wallace Reid *in* "The Love Burglar"
Bryant Washburn *in* "A Very Good Young Man"

Thos. H. Ince-Paramount

Enid Bennett *in* "The Haunted Bedroom"
Dorothy Dalton *in* "Other Men's Wives"
Charles Ray *in* "Hay Foot, Straw Foot"

Paramount-Artcraft Specials

"Little Women" (*from Louisa M. Alcott's famous book*) A William A. Brady Production
Maurice Tourneur's Production "Sporting Life"
"The Silver King" *starring* William Faversham
"False Faces" A Thomas H. Ince Production
"The Firing Line" *starring* Irene Castle
"The Woman Thou Gavest Me" Hugh Ford's Production of Hall Caine's Novel "The Career of Katherine Bush" *starring* Catherine Calvert
"Secret Service" *starring* Robert Warwick
Maurice Tourneur's Production "The White Heather"
"The Dark Star" Cosmopolitan Production

Artcraft

Cecil B. De Mille's Production "For Better, For Worse"
Douglas Fairbanks *in* "The Knickerbocker Buckaroo"
Elsie Ferguson *in* "The Avalanche"
D. W. Griffith's Production "True Heart Susie"
*Wm. S. Hart *in* "Wagon Tracks"
Mary Pickford *in* "Captain Kidd, Jr."
Fred Stone *in* "Johnny Get Your Gun"

*Supervision of Thomas H. Ince

Paramount Comedies

Paramount-Arbuckle Comedy "A Desert Hero"
Paramount-Mack Sennett Comedies "Trying to Get Along" "Among Those Present"
Paramount-Flagg Comedy "The Immovable Guest"
Paramount-Drew Comedy "Bunkered"

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Cover portrait in oils of Dorothy Dalton painted by Leo Sielke, Jr., after a photograph by Evans, L. A.

Chicago claims Dorothy Dalton as its special protegée and is proud of its gift to the screen. Miss Dalton, besides being an actress of exceptional ability, has several vaudeville sketches to her credit. She is an all-round girl, and a fine pal. She swims, plays tennis and golf, drives a car, rides a horse, and plays several musical instruments. Miss Dalton's latest release is "The Lady of Red Butte."

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READ
How players invest their money in next month's MAGAZINE

WATCH FOR
The Fame and Fortune announcement in the October MAGAZINE



Maybell Laboratories, Chicago

Gentlemen:—"I can heartily recommend your preparation "Lash-Brow-Ine," for promoting the growth of the Eyelashes and Eyebrows. Wishing you every success, I am,

Sincerely,

Gloria Swanson"

Gloria Swanson's
BEAUTIFUL EYES

are framed in long, silky, luxuriant EYELASHES and well formed EYEBROWS, and these are largely responsible for the deep, soulful, wistful expression of her eyes and the great charm of her face. No face can be really beautiful without the aid of beautiful Eyelashes and Eyebrows. You too, can have beautiful Eyelashes and well formed Eyebrows, if you will just apply a little

Lash-Brow-Ine

to them for a short time. It is a pure, harmless, delicately scented cream, which nourishes and promotes the growth of Eyelashes and Eyebrows in an amazing manner when used as directed. Long, thick, luxuriant Eyelashes and well formed Eyebrows lend charm, beauty and expression to an otherwise plain face. Stars of the stage and screen, as well as hundreds of thousands of women everywhere, have been delighted with the results obtained by its use. *Why not you?*

SATISFACTION ASSURED OR MONEY REFUNDED

Two sizes, 50 cents and $1.00. At your dealers, or sent direct, in plain cover, upon receipt of price.

The wonderful success attained by "Lash-Brow-Ine" has caused the name to be closely imitated. Look for the picture of "The Lash-Brow-Ine Girl," which appears on every package of the genuine "Lash-Brow-Ine," and refuse substitutes.

MAYBELL LABORATORIES
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CHICAGO

"THE LASH-BROW-INE GIRL"

GALLERY OF PLAYERS



CATHERINE CALVERT Photo by Campbell Studios, N. Y.

Catherine Calvert has not only beauty, but talent as well. She attained fame in the plays of her husband, Paul Armstrong, and since his death has devoted her time to pictures. Her latest success is in "The Career of Katherine Bush."



CONSTANCE BINNEY

© by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Prominence came all-of-a-sudden to young Constance. She made her first picture hit in Maurice Tourneur's "Sporting Life." With seven-league boots she bridged the gap and became John Barrymore's leading lady in pictures and a star in a Broadway production, "39 East."



CORINNE GRIFFITH © by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Everyone knows that Corinne Griffith made the long jump from Dallas, Texas, to Brooklyn's Vitagraph. From upholding the beauty end of Earle Williams and Harry Morey pictures, she became a star.



MARTHA MANSFIELD

© by Alfred Cheney Johnston

The New York girl who was chosen to play opposite Max Linder in his Essanay comedies. She is popular in musical revues and at present is silverscreening under the direction of Ralph Ince in "The Perfect Lover."



MOLLIE KING

©by Alfred Cheney Johnston

John Stahl is bringing the "Queen of New York" musical comedy back to the screen in a series of six productions. Mollie has been dancing on the Century Roof and in "Good Morning Judge" this past winter. Her first photoplay is called "Greater Than Love."



WYNDHAM STANDING

Belonging to the family of the famous English Standings, Wyndham has come into his own. His performance with Elsie Ferguson in "Eyes of the Soul" is one of the most artistic of the year.

Photograph by Puffer



PEGGY O'DARE

This beautiful blond creenite used to be nown as Peggy arup, but when she ecame Eddie Polo's eading lady in his Jniversal serial, they enamed her O'Dare. Yes, there are many nore at home like Peggy, she has wenty brothers and isters.



To remove skin blemishes use the successful Woodbury treatment described on this page

You can rid your skin of blackheads —read the famous Woodbury treatment given on this page

Three famous skin treatments

DO you know what makes a man or woman have an oily skin? A shiny nose? Blackheads? Skin blemishes?

You ought to know these things! Unless you understand what is keeping your skin from having the fine texture and healthful coloring that nature intended, you cannot have the clear, soft skin you long for.

Examine your skin carefully. Find out just what is the matter with it. Then, in the famous Woodbury booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," study the causes of your trouble and learn the special Woodbury treatment that will correct the condition of your skin, and make it soft and clear. You will find this booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Your skin is changing every day. As old skin dies, new forms to take its place. The proper Woodbury treatment, persistently used, will give your skin the smoothness and clearness you wish it to have.

Get a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap today and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs. Woodbury's is on sale everywhere. A 25 cent cake lasts a month or six weeks.

Sample cake of soap—booklet of famous treatments—samples of Woodbury's Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream sent to you for 15 cents.

For 6 cents we will send you a trial size cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury special treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 15 cents we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream.

Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1309 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1309 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

Blackheads

How to keep your skin free from them

Apply hot cloths to the face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough wash cloth, work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear, hot water, then with cold. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a lump of ice. Dry the skin carefully.

Make this a daily habit, and it will give you the clear, attractive skin that the steady use of Woodbury's always brings.

To remove blackheads already formed, substitute a flesh brush for the wash cloth in the treatment above. Then protect the fingers with a handkerchief and press out the blackheads.

Oily skin and shiny nose

How to correct them

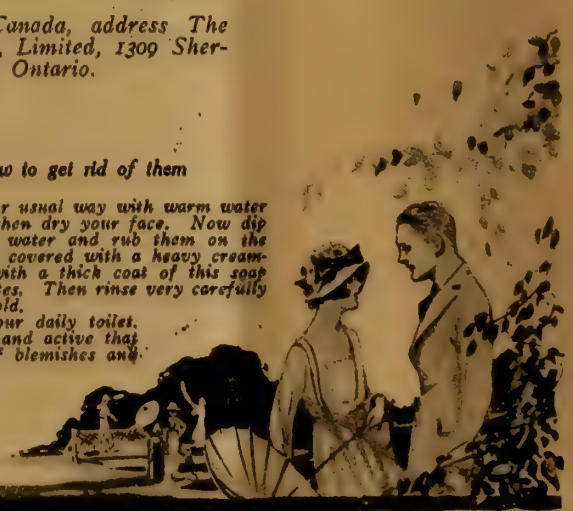
With warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

This treatment will make your skin fresher and clearer the first time you use it. Make it a nightly habit, and before long you will see a marked improvement.

Skin blemishes—*how to get rid of them*

Just before retiring, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap and then dry your face. Now dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this soap cream and leave it on for ten minutes. Then rinse very carefully with clear, hot water; then with cold.

Use Woodbury's regularly in your daily toilet. This will make your skin so firm and active that it will resist the frequent cause of blemishes and clear your skin.



Hold That Pose!



ARE you a poseur?

Are you pretending to have all the virtues that you know are lacking in your inmost heart?

Are you wooing the world with the love thought?

Are you pretending to like people, you can scarcely tolerate?

Are you being kind to bores and bromides?

Are you helping others to success because it is the kind thing to do, altho you have no vital interest in their welfare?

Are you pretending pleasure when you feel the pain of boredom?

Are you smiling when your soul says weep?

Are you admiring the wealth of others when the inmost you cries out hungrily, "It isn't fair—all this luxury should by rights be mine?"

Are you forcing yourself to be kind when you wish to be cruel?

Are you helping where you'd like to hurt?

Are you being faithful to your friends, constant to your family and unselfish, when the instinct of the roamer and the desire to be irresponsible pulses in your veins?

Are you giving that which you wish to keep?

Are you going when you wish to stay?

Are you doing all the things which you dont want to do, while your ego instinct cries out for self?

Are you living each day so that you help others to be happy? Are you raising the people you come in contact with to your standard of prosperity and life as it should be?

In other words, are you posing as the hero or heroine of your life's motion picture, while as a matter of fact you are only a human being with faults and little foolishnesses of character?

THEN, HOLD THAT POSE!

For your assumed virtues will become real.

And with each passing year made beautiful for some one else, because of the sacrificing of your own personal desires, you will find your pose becoming more instinctive.

You will WANT to help the under-dog. You will be a current which will turn the tide of life in the right direction for all the little eddies that come in contact with you.

And like the Indian who believed that the strength of all the warriors he conquered entered into his body, thus making him strong, so will the habit of good deeds enrich your soul and leaven your character into an overwhelming force for good.

You will become just what you have played at being.

By constant posing as the hero or heroine of your life's play, you will become the real star of your existence.

The Poet-Philosopher of the Photoplay

Photograph by Stagg, L. A.



TUNING a pen to the melody of the poet of the photoplay is a pleasant but difficult essay.

For the melody of David Wark Griffith's mentality is so entrancing that words are as empty of feeling in comparison, as a beautiful woman is without a soul.

David Wark Griffith does not impress you as being superhuman or godlike. His very naturalness, simplicity and lack of pose are a few of the qualities which convince one that he is a great man. For it is an axiom that upon casual acquaintance, one cannot differentiate between a true genius and the ordinary run of human beings, except that the great man is more likely to be genuine, and natural, and less of a poseur, than the waiter who brings you your coffee, or the sales-"lady" who sells you your shoes. The mediocre person, the would-be, the man desirous-of-genius, alone adopts a greater-than-thou attitude.

Griffith is a genius of countless possibilities. Not only is this true, but every press and person of any consequence thruout the world has recognized him as such. So that he himself cannot be unaware of the world's favor.

One of the secrets of D. W. Griffith's success is the enthusiasm with which he supervises the most trifling detail



And yet when I met him the day after his most loudly trumpeted success, when all New York was bowing down before him thru the me-



Olive Thomas is one of those dear little butterfly girls who never grow up. She is happier when dancing than any other time, but she loves her dog with the keen sentiment of youth

Love Me— Love My Dog!



We cant title these pictures Beauty and the Beast, altho Olive Thomas qualifies easily for the beauty part of it. Olive's Russian wolfhound is something of a beauty himself, we'll say, and we wouldn't hurt his feelings by calling him—beast

Photographs by Hartsook, L. A.

Girls I Have Made Love To



Wally Reid experienced his most torrid love scenes with Geraldine Farrar; while Cleo Ridgley, nestling so vamplishly here in Wally's arms, had only one ambition: to be married and have twins



Wally has kist Ann Little a time or two, in "The Man from Funeral Range" and "The House of Silence." "I dont think Ann even saw me," said Wally

"What's in a kiss
But joy and bliss?
Nothing more, Love,
nothing more;
Turn not away, turn
not away,
For I am thine, Love,
only thine.

"Oh, just one kiss
From off those lips,
Touched with Nature's dew;
Just one kiss from off those
lips,
One little kiss from you, Love,
One little kiss from you!"

—*Old Song.*

WALLY REID, the perfect lover, spoke sadly of the passing of the kiss. This doesn't mean that there was a single kiss nor a single piece of candy by that name passing around the entire company. On the contrary, candy had nothing to do with the matter, and word had recently come from New York ordering various companies working at the Lasky studio to cut out the clinches.

"Lead up to them," said the wire, "but cut just before the final moment."

So the kiss, long-drawn-out and frequently repeated, that has always marked the end of a perfect scene, promises to go the way of the moving picture Indian; that is, it will appear only occasionally. Verily, the world of shadows will soon be as unreal as it seems!

"I remember," said Wally Reid, reminiscently, "when as a director, (Wally was a director and author, too, for more than two years), I preferred not to tell an actor exactly how to handle his love scenes, only explaining the situation to him and leaving much to the inspiration of the moment."

(Let me say at once, in case you dont know Wally—every one calls him Wally—that Mr. Reid was indulging in the popular pastime of straight-faced kidding. However, he was "muchly" serious; that is, as serious as Wally is ever likely to be on a given occasion. Also, his regret for the kiss was more a matter of sentiment, no pun intended, than anything else. He himself has been off the perfect lover stuff ever since he has been a star. But he and the moving picture kiss are such old friends that he would be less than human if he did not regret its passing.)



Wallace Reid Confesses That All Close-Ups Are Not What They Seem

By ELIZABETH PELTRET

"Later," Wally went on, "when I became a professional lover myself, I realized that it pays to be good and virtuous and hold to the golden rule. I had done as I would be done by, and my directors did the same for me, only interfering when the star was difficult. (Can you imagine what it must be like to work with a star that is difficult? I couldn't, not where Wally Reid was the leading man, but he said Dorothy Gish was an instance.) Do you know," seriously, "I never have kist Dorothy Gish! I remember a particularly violent argument during the making of the first picture that John Emerson ever directed, 'Old Heidelberg,' in which Frank Woods, John Emerson and myself all had it out with Dorothy over the matter of a kiss. She said she never had been kist in a picture and she wouldn't be kist then. The story, you remember, absolutely required a genuine kiss in at least one scene, the scene in the prince's room.

"'Kiss her anyway,' Emerson told me, 'or get as near to it as you can without making it seem like a struggle.' Kathie was supposed to be willing. But Dorothy was stubborn and there was nothing to the scene at all!" He laughed at the recollection.

The most torrid love scenes I ever saw Wallace Reid do were those in "Maria Rosa" and "Carmen" with Geraldine Farrar. I mentioned this.

"Yes," he said, "the scene at the window in 'Maria Rosa' had the whole studio worried. Every one stopped work and watched us breathlessly. We had quite large audiences during the making of 'Carmen,' too." He was Geraldine Farrar's leading man for three years.

"Jerry is a wonderful actress," seriously. "She lives every part she plays. When we were making 'Joan the Woman' she lived like a recluse, didn't go to a single party and denied herself every little amusement. But during the filming of 'Carmen' there was many a jolly party at her house. But we were speaking of kisses. The actresses who draw away from a kiss are generally those who regard the kiss as a personal matter to them instead of to the character they are playing. Sometimes, tho, the younger ones are thinking of the 'p-f-f' that will sound from the gallery when the picture is shown. Still, if one is really in the spirit of a part it is impossible to be self-conscious about a kiss that really belongs to the story. On the other hand, realism has its faults as well as its virtues. There are times when a kiss is not a kiss.'

"When is that?" I asked, and he answered, earnestly:

"When it's a bite!"

I gave a surprised shriek, thereby drawing a reproachful look from Director Jimmy Cruze, who was engaged in an important commercial transaction involving $17.50.

"That was in 'Carmen' and 'Maria Rosa,'" Wallie Reid went on. "Jerry Farrar became so carried away by her interest in the parts that she bit——"

Wally has a dry, quiet way of talking. He is very tall and wears his hair brushed straight back from his forehead. His hair and eyes are dark-brown. One notices that his chin and mouth are surprisingly like those pictured on a plump cherub. He comes from an old theatrical family and so any discussion on the subject of stage kisses is certain to impress him as being either superfluous or funny. The habit of regarding a kiss in a plot as a stumbling-block is typical of the amateur. Wally's father, Hal Reid, was a well-known playwright, and Wally used to assist him in systematizing his writing.

This system Wally himself used during the two-year period when he wrote one two-reel drama every week and then, for good measure, put it on the screen, directing it himself. This was for American. The system consists of drawing an ordinary triangle. "Every plot," said Wally, "is a triangle. If not the triangle of two-men-and-a-woman, then a man, a woman and an idea; anyhow, there is a triangle in it somewhere. Draw, then, a little triangle and develop your plot by making notes opposite the points where they naturally belong. Marking in important kisses, of course." I heaved a sigh of relief. For a moment I thought he was going to lose the subject. But it had merely been mislaid and he had



Photograph by Evans, L. A.

Wallace Reid is the screen's most perfect lover. In real life he is the happy husband of Dorothy Davenport and the proud father of William Wallace Reid, Jr., age, two years







Wally demonstrating a few sample kisses for the final close-up

found it again, so all was well.

"We were talking," I remarked, "about the girls you have kist."

"So we were," he admitted. "But why put it that way? You know what they say about a man who will kiss and tell and, besides that, I've never tried to make a reputation as a masculine vamp. I began my screen career doing character parts, not even a juvenile. I played Rosemary Theby's father when I was twenty—an old 'kike' with long whiskers in a biblical story. The first lead I ever played was with the Vitagraph Company, and Florence Turner, a great actress and a wonderful woman, was the first girl I ever kist."

"On the screen?" attempting the impossible; no one can kid Wally.

"That's what we were talking about."

"Oh, of course," properly rebuked.

"While the camera was grinding, Florence Turner never stopped being the character of the story; she was always perfect, always an artist. The first genuine star of the screen! Cleo Madison, too, used to throw herself into her work. I saw her at Venice, (a Los Angeles beach resort), a few days ago. She's prettier than ever.

"Cleo Ridgley was a star who absolutely belied her looks. She always appeared a rather vampish type when, as a matter of fact, her actual ambition was to get married and have twins, and she achieved it. She did have twins, you know, and she is perfectly happy."

"Has your wife ever been jealous of any of your screen kisses?" he was asked. He married, you will not forget, Dorothy Davenport.

"No! She comes from an older theatrical family than I do! The Davenports have figured in theatrical history for generations. She wants to go back to the screen. The baby is quite a young man now—almost two years old."

At present Wally Reid is doing four light comedies to every one drama. He likes the comedies best, because they give him an opportunity for characterization. But they contain no very violent love scenes, nothing to compare with the kisses of "Carmen" or "Maria Rosa." In fact, obedient to orders, almost all the kisses take place after the fade-out. He kist Ann Little, tho, a time or two, the while she was a dance-hall girl in "The Man from Funeral Range" or he was freeing her from suspicion in "The House of Silence." "She was very indifferent," he said. "I dont think she saw me at all." Lovely Grace Darmond had a kiss or so during the making of "The Valley of the Giants."

"She was wonderful," he said, referring not only to her kisses, but to the fortitude she showed during a railroad wreck at Arcata, in Humboldt County, California. The car carrying the company rolled down an embankment and Wally Reid was "kist" on the head with an iron bar.

"Another time when a kiss is not a kiss," he remarked.

Such times are not infrequent in the life of a popular actor. Recently, before a large crowd at the L. A. Athletic Club, he kist an old man with a long beard in order to get a thousand dollars for his pet war charity.

Wallace Reid is a star who has earned every bit of his success. Beginning in his early teens, he has done just about everything around a studio. For two years the largest salary he received was thirty-five dollars a week. He is twenty-eight years old. When I saw him he was busy making "The Love Burglar," from the play, "One of Us," by Jack Lait.

"You do not think, then," he was asked, in conclusion, "that the perfect lover has disappeared?"

"Let them give me a perfect story," he answered, "and I'll show them!"

HOLD IT!

By Walter E. Mair

I didn't somehow used to think the close-up was artistic.
I liked the fade-out stuff the best—subdued, but realistic.
When Jack and Jill went o'er the hill
To find a church or take a pill,
The scene to me were better done in manner slightly mystic.
Gadzooks! Crass youth must live and learn while burning up its tapers.
I've been to war and seen the world cut up some novel capers.
If *anywhere* back in the States
For me *one little close-up* waits,
I'm *opposite!*" But *can the spot,* until it's time to sign the papers!



© Hartsook, L. A.

The latest photograph of Mary Pickford and her mother

The Mother of Mary

By MARK LARKIN

AN iron pulley, the drive shaft of a side-wheel steamer and the fact that a man was in a hurry shaped the destiny of one of the world's most famous women and resulted in the mother of Mary becoming a person of renown.

It all began twenty years ago. One evening in 1898 John Charles Smith, commodore purser on a side-wheel steamer running between Toronto and Lewiston on Lake Ontario, was in a hurry to go ashore. He rushed out of his cabin, slammed the door, dashed down the passageway toward the gangplank, jumped over the drive shaft that turned the great wheels and—bumped his head. The thing on which he struck his head was a huge iron pulley, hanging directly above the drive shaft.

At first it appeared that he had received only an ugly scalp wound, but as time went on, complications developed from which he failed to rally and a few months later the dashing young steamship officer died.

The Mother of Mary was, at this time, only twenty-four years of age. She had three small kiddies, the oldest not yet five and the youngest a babe in arms. Thus, with the discouraging prospect of disaster before her, with her back against a broken and crumbling Wall of Finance, and with her small family gathered about her in a tragic group, this woman, defiant, stood at bay against the whole world.

In addition to mothering her own little brood, she was forced to assume the further responsibility of caring for her invalid mother, a paralytic, helpless, who practically lived in her wheel-chair.

(*Continued on page* 124)



Mary Pickford at the age of eight, when, as Gladys Mary Smith, she first went on the road. At the right, Mrs. Smith, now Mrs. Charlotte Pickford, as she appeared when she started out to make her family famous

Where the

Recreation in

By CAMPBELL



Photograph by Stagg

Above, The Ship Café at Venice, where the cinamese are wont to while away wearying hours. It is so-called because the exterior is a replica of the galleon in which Cabrillo, a Spanish gentleman, is said to have discovered these parts. At the right, Venice, in the background, the most popular beach resort, is located some fifteen miles from Los Angeles. One day when Bebe Daniels went down to take a dip—as most of the other photoplayers do from time to time—she met Al. Santell and Romanoff, the wrestlers, who wanted her to stage a baseball game



Photograph by Stagg



Jack Doyle's bar in Vernon is said to be the world's largest. It is quite a rendezvous for the film-players on Tuesday and Friday nights when prizefights are held in the adjoining Arena

"MY Gawd!" said a very fat, very well-known, erstwhile very jolly photoplayer, as he sat resignedly down to a raspberry ice-cream soda in one of Los Angeles' leading bevo parlors.

"My Gawd! If my friends in Chicawgo saw me drinkin' this stuff, they'd wander up an' kiss me."

Which is a bit of philosophy, inasmuch as the cinamese, who really aren't the strange race they're sometimes painted, seem to betake themselves to New York at the slightest provocation, ostensibly on a shopping tour, but in reality for the recreation denied them in the golden city of the angels, which, alcoholically speaking, is nearly as arid as the Sahara.

This question of having a good time in a dry town is quite perplexing. Especially when the populace for the greater part retires after the first show of the movies and finds itself tremendously thrilled on near-beer. And refuses to rent its Hollywood bungalows to movie actors, children or dogs.

The Mecca of the movies has become a home town in the sense that our screen luminaries have contented themselves with homes, motor cars and the merest thirst for the excitement that accrued to them in the days when they were treading the boards back on old Broadway. They have a lot of cafés in Los Angeles where the near-liquor flows freely, where gaunt women scream at one from a platform hung with signs that proclaim dancing from nine until twelve P. M., and

Players Play

California

AMES

where it is quite possible one can get a look at the stars of the shadow stage. And there are always the picture theaters, where the luminaries are given the pleasure of watching their flickering selves. But then there are the same flickeratoriums in any other city.

But fortunately, perhaps, for them, there is an oasis in the form of one Vernon, a café located some twenty minutes out of town by taxi, where the thirsty find refuge and the lovers of terpsichorean art and jazz music can realize their fondest hopes.

In days gone by the photoplayers were there in full force, but with the wearing away of the cretonne upholstering and the increase in taxi freightage, the ranks have thinned until it is now actually possible to count the luminaries as they whirl by in a waltz or shake along in a shivering shimmie. Out at Vernon, which the élite prefer to call "The Country Club," you pay a dollar at the door, a dollar for a cocktail and a third dollar for cigarets. Plus as many other dollars as Fortune may happen to have regaled you with. The café proper is patterned something after Maxim's, with round-top tables, futuristic impressions of gaunt women confronting you on the walls, and

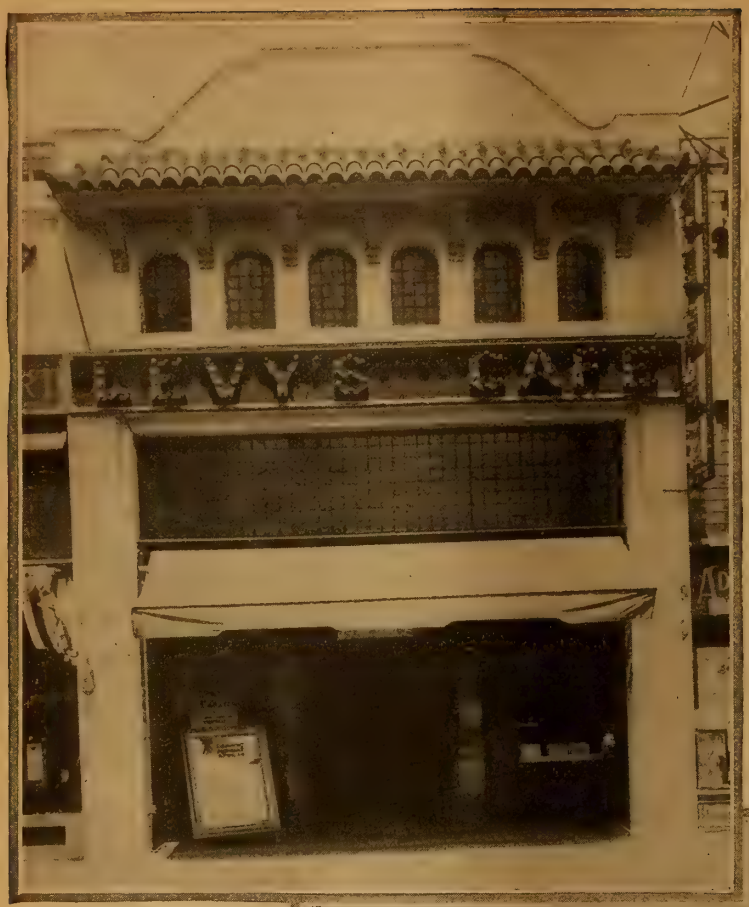


Photograph by Stagg

The Los Angeles Athletic Club which is really the Lambs-Friars Club of the West, and water polo—the prime indoor sport of our luminaries, who disport themselves in the pool of the Athletic Club



The lounge at the Los Angeles Athletic Club where some of our gelatine celebrities are wont to kill time after supper. Mr. Earl Rodney, the gentleman facing the camera, had no idea we were going to take this picture



Photograph especially taken for Motion Picture Magazine by Nelson Evans, L. A.



Photograph by Evans, L. A.

Levy's Café — the place where likker used to flow, but where our film favorites now find they can eat ice cream sundaes and dance from 9 to 12 P. M.

same, plus Charlie Murray, Charlie Chaplin, Charlie Ray, Thomas J. Geraghty, Monte Katterjohn, Dustin Farnum, Monroe Salisbury, Harry Gribbon; Wednesday—"Slim" Summerville, Teddy Samson, Ford Sterling, Mary Thurman, Juanita Hansen, Texas Guinan, Harry Ham; Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday—about the same.

Of course there are others, but inasmuch as print paper costs something in the neighborhood of a dollar an ounce, we shall conserve space.

And, speaking of cafés. At a seaside resort, Venice, some fifteen miles from Los Angeles, where there are a lot of canals and scenic railways, and stands where you try to hit the nigger in the eye and get a good cigar, there is another place where you sit around tables and throw quarters to the jazz band so that they'll let you dance. This is the famous Ship—so-called because the exterior is in the form of an old-time Spanish galleon, built to commemorate the memory of Cabrillo, the gentleman who is said to have discovered California. It has a balcony, and a bar, and dancing floors both upstairs and down (tho the picture players seem always to like to be downstairs best), and a menu that costs a fortune to enjoy. But the Ship furnishes a lot of recreation and gives an outsider a chance to see the film favorites

funny little Bakst thingamabubs hung over the electrics, lending that clubby effect that so many prefer to call "homelike."

Adjoining the café proper is a low-roofed room, the walls studded with bristling palms, the ceiling covered with a futuristic conception of heaven. Along one wall is a long bar, hung with wreaths made of twisted crêpe paper. Along another is a row of rustic booths. In one corner is a table where you put down a dollar and get a paddle with a number on it, which, if it happens to be lucky, will yield you a Mexican doll or a kewpie, while in another corner is a summer-house-looking place where four swarthy gentlemen play ukeleles and the string guitar in accompaniment to the wiggles of a pair of hula dancers. Such is the Hawaiian room. The whole has an air of low-hung elegance.



Vernon Country Club—the oasis in the desert Los Angeles

The cinamese journey there in groups, somewhat in the following fashion: Monday night—Wallace Reid, Bert Lytell, "Fatty" Arbuckle, William Sheer, Barney Sherry, Anna Q. Nilsson, Alice Lake, Mary Thurman, the various Mack Sennett girls, Mack Sennett, Clarine Seymour, Francis Ford, Billie West, "Smiling" Bill and Mrs. Parsons, Rodolfo di Valentino; Tuesday—two-thirds of the

The Intimate Doings of Anna Q.

By DORIS DELVIGNE

ANNA Q. NILSSON has started a little colony all her own. She lives in a white bungalow court, where the shutters are grass-green, the chimneys brilliant scarlet, something like the old drug store windows of the long ago. To further preserve the illusion, a fountain trickles in the court, resembling the funny glass domes under which were kept scantily clad females over whom soda-water rushed ceaselessly.

Anna Q. is a bachelor maid of the merriest type, but she's broad-minded enough not to want a court devoted to sighing maids, so she has surrounded herself by a jolly, mixed crowd. Next to her lives Rosemary Theby, attended by a chaperone. Naomi Childers has just moved into a bungalow which had been occupied by non-professionals and on which Anna had kept a wary eye for some time past. In fact, as soon as a house is vacated, Anna hies to the landlady, gets an option on it, notifies her friends, and not only does the owner a favor, but secures congenial neighbors for her own beautiful self.

So when Luther Reed arrived from the war activities a few weeks ago, Anna had a bungalow all ready for Mr. Reed and his mother. Harry Hilliard has lived near there for some months past, too, and every night a jolly crowd of screen favorites meet at one of the five-room *homettes*. Miss Nilsson is the only one who has been able to secure a maid in this town of dire distress—we call it that, for unless you take a Jap, you're going to stand a strong chance of toying with the pots personally.

Just imagine the fun those girls have. As soon as studio work is over, they rush home without taking off make-up, and one night dinner is served at Anna's home, cooked by her prize, a Lithuanian maid named Julia, the next at Rosemary's—and Miss Theby is *some* cook—and the third at Naomi's. Miss Childers can turn out a succulent roast and a panful of most entrancing biscuits as easily as she emotes on the screen.

Yet in all this joyful Eden there is a drop of sorrow. Miss Nilsson is afraid some one will entice away her maid, whom she's had for a whole year.

"A comedy was called off the other day which I really thought would turn into a tragedy for me," said Miss Nilsson, impressively. "I was at work, of course, and in the evening when I returned Julia had a great story for me. It seems that 'Smiling' Billy Parsons had come over to borrow my bungalow for a location, and asked Julia if if she'd put on her black afternoon uniform, cap and apron, open the door—in short, be the atmosphere of the place. Julia told me she said, 'What I get if I do that?' I nearly died when she told me that part! She hasn't been in America so *very* long, but she is wise to the fact that people get paid for *acting* in the movies. The director said, 'Oh, we dont pay you anything, but you can see yourself act. Wont it be nice to go to the show and see yourself on the screen?' Julia began to close the door, she said, and answered, 'I can see show any time I want without I dress up first and act—no, no!' Well, finally, it seems that Mr. Parsons used a little tact and diplomacy and won her partially over by his own smile and remark, 'You have such a pretty dimple when you smile, why dont you go into movies instead of working in a home?'

"I've always expected to lose Julia to some one who



Photograph by Sarony, N. Y.

Anna Q. Nilsson is called the "Lovely Anna Q." at the studio, because her disposition is as lovely as her face



Anna Q. Nilsson was born in Sweden. She is adaptable, good fun and never complains of conditions

offered to pay her more salary than I could afford, but never, never have I thought any one would tempt her via the screen route. So I interrupted her right there by saying, 'Oh, it's very uncertain whether you can make a living, unless you are a star. You never can be sure whether you will work a whole month at a time, and——'

"Julia came right back with a wise shake of her head. She went on, 'I say to him, 'Ladies dont always smile in the movies. Sometimes they cry—then I get no dimple and how I look? I am not one bit *prittee,* no. I stay by my Miss Anna, because if I am not prittee, I cannot be a star like her.' "

Miss Nilsson laughs heartily, showing beautiful teeth. She has a most retentive memory, great powers of observation, a perfect disposition, and such glorious health and spirits that they call her "The Pine Knot," for she's able to stand anything, doesn't moan over hardships which would put other girls into a sick-bed, and loves to wrestle with the elements.

"My whole trouble is that I love to eat, and I'm afraid of getting fat. The doctor says that I can eat anything and never feel it. I have never had indigestion, and my perfect assimilation unfortunately prompts me to eat more than I should—that is, if I want to look willowy."

"The Pine Knot" has just been doing a picture up in Truckee. You've got to travel quite a bit for snow in California. This year the rains are late, consequently snow is scarce—and high-priced. In the little town of Truckee there wasn't enough

(*Continued on page* 108)



The Science of Living According to Apostle Robert Gordon

By GRACE LAMB

FREUD, or some one of the psychologists, tells us that every individual has an "aura," which is separate, always individualistic and distinct. No doubt everybody has, some more so than others. We all know persons who radiate optimism, others who send forth a miasma of persistent pessimism, others with sheer animal spirits, still others with an atmospheric depression; persons with great imaginative sense, persons with none. Some who give us a sense of excitation, and others——

Robert Gordon's aura is one of *peace*. Sheer peace. Peace of mind. Peace of body. Peace, even, of soul. Calm. Tranquillity. An immense and pervasive serenity. A sort of a Nirvana-state after many and troublous waters.

It is the more extraordinary because he is so young. Just twenty-three. While most of us at that green age are rushing, at least mentally and always spiritually, hither and thither, doubting, fearing and conjecturing, he stands, as it were, on an eminence.

There is a pacific atmosphere in his physical presence which is unique. His brown eyes are widely set and regard the world with a quiet, friendly smile. They hold no hint of anything save calm. His voice has a serenity and a quietude of tone. His gestures are few and simple. There is an absence of all things histrionic. And withal there is power and a fervor which goes deeper than a mere sense of easy combustibility. Somehow, I was minded of the nave of a cathedral, where the shadows fall purple and blue, and choir boys, with voices of human angels, were singing.

One could not conceive of Robert Gordon in a state unduly ruffled or agitated. The world, which includes himself, passes him by and he stands, a spectator. And paradoxically, very much of a participant.

I asked him whether anything could happen to him which could be really cataclysmic to him, really shake him from the serene orbit in which he moves, really make of his life a tragedy.

"Nothing," he replied.

"Is it thru struggle that you have reached this plane of thought?" I asked.

"Thru struggle and thru science," he said.

"Do you believe that a person who has never known struggle could ever achieve this state?"

"They would never be *conscious* of the achievement. I have nothing in my life, which is full and very happy, to be so thankful for as the troubles of my, may I say, early years. My mother and I lived alone in California. She was a widow. Very often our exchequer consisted of about seventy-five cents—and yet I look back upon them as happy days, full of hope, full of purpose, full of promise.



Photograph by Evans, L. A.

Robert Gordon, the brilliant young player who is being featured in J. Stuart Blackton productions



"Music was my real ambition, as it is still my main passion, artistically. But when I gave up the idea of following music as a vocation and happened to get into the pictures, I had one discouragement after another, with, it seemed to me, little prospect of ultimate success, other than that I had been adjudged worthy of trial.

"Things were made just as difficult for me as possible. When I came East I traveled with the old Biograph Company, more often in the capacity of 'props' than of an actor. Well—but it's all over now, and I wouldn't give up an hour of it, not an hour. I feel gratitude rather than malice for all of the people who thought they were holding me back.

"The bitter experience gave me

(*Continued on page* 128)

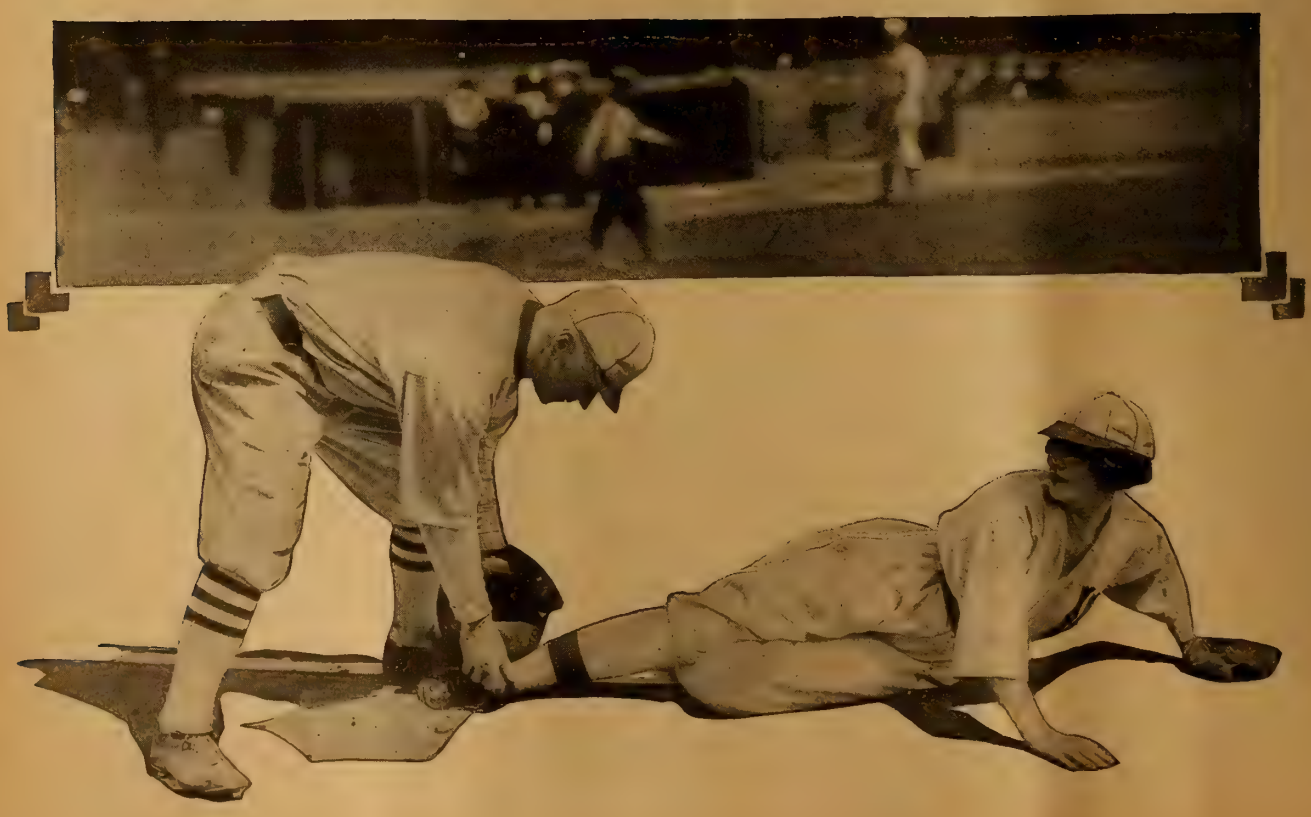


Not satisfied with being the mascot of the Los Angeles Baseball Club, Priscilla Dean took lessons in being the battery as well, so that she could step in in an emergency



Our modern Priscilla spent many summer days being coached by the various members of the team, and rapidly proved that she was as good on the pitch as on the slide. N. B.—Baseball was popular in California this season

Dean of the Diamond



Meet "Battling" Burrows

By RUTH KINGSLEY



Photograph by Witzel, L. A.



Donald Crisp, director and actor of note for some time, has made a lasting impression as the prize-fighter in "Broken Blossoms"

POWER—endless, ceaseless power—a rushing cataract of inspirations, the agility of the jaguar and the lean muscularity of a tiger, a voice that carries far into the night, a screen producer to be reckoned with these past nine years—a dynamo of the cinematograph, whose name illumines many introductory subtitles, whose personality is submerged under and sacrificed to occasional repellent characterizations—an ex-light opera star—in a word, Donald Crisp.

A first glimpse of Mr. Crisp revealed him teaching a deft spring, up the steps of an old English chapel, to Bryant Washburn. The set seemed an ideal one for the director's personality, for he blinked at the fogs of old London thru his lively brown eyes the very first time he opened them, and tho he boasts of enough "hot Scotch" to account for the "Donald" in his name, and while he felt perfectly at home on the veldts of Africa during strenuous service in the Boer War, where he obtained a captaincy and recommendation because of bravery, Mr. Crisp still cherishes the thought—

> "For it's greatly to his credit,
> And ne'er will he regret it,
> That he is an Englishman."

Besides, he looks English with those little "side-boards," his very ruddy complexion and athletic build.

Donald Crisp was champion runner of England for a time, was graduated from Oxford, was a very renowned amateur wrestler, and since he's been on this side and more especially in Los Angeles, lived for six years at the



Donald Crisp attained the rank of Captain in the Boer War

Athletic Club, where he exercised constantly, and where he still takes his daily plunges, punishes the bag, and enters into all the sports and entertainments offered by that very flourishing club.

"Talk of the past? Oh, no, I'd rather not, if you please. It's all so dead—to me the only live thing is the present. Why dig up the entombed and try to make mummies attractive to readers? I dont believe in it. I'd rather just talk about my work in 'Broken Blossoms' with Lillian Gish. It was an artistic sacrifice. I do not believe a man who had any hope of becoming a popular favorite, a star, or a hope of advancing as a screen actor, would have dared to play 'Battling Burrows.' The rôle is so repellent, so horrible in all of its conceptions, that it would kill a man in the eyes of the public. One sees villains, or perhaps one might better say plain crooks, like, for instance, the man of the 'Whispering Chorus,' who have redeeming traits. They say the very worst criminal has one good point. Careful study and dissection of the character of 'Battling' showed up not a single element of love, morality, religion, kindness or decent motive. He had ambition, yes, he was the greatest boxer in England, he terrorized all the tenement folk of old Limehouse, and, like Chanticleer, he believed that the world depended upon his prowess. For him the sun rose and set in brute force.

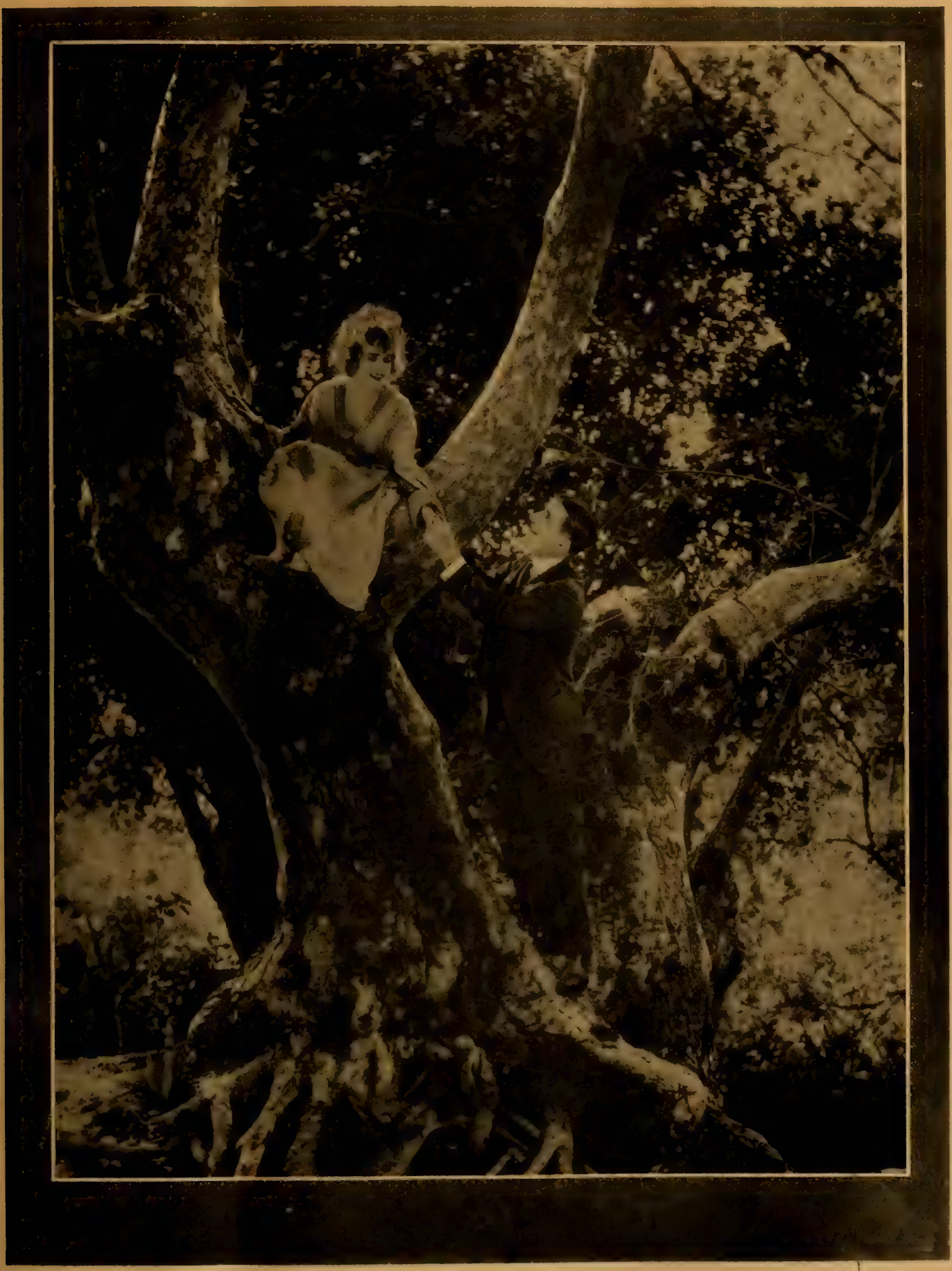
"For two weeks I had sent Mr. Griffith heavies, and he sought them on his own account also. Not one man could play the part. I was directing Mr. Washburn and working night and day to hurry thru our picture. We were in despair—when Bryant took the flu and I laid off the entire company for one month.

"Mr. Griffith had an inspiration. He sent one of his men over to ask me to play the part, now that our company would not be working. I replied that it would be impossible for me to take it. I would be only half-way thru his picture when my own company must start work again.

"Mr. Griffith did me the honor of driving over in his limousine to beg me to take the part. I really felt I could

(*Continued on page* 101)





A MODERN ROMEO

Romeo—"But, soft! What light thru yonder window breaks? It is the east and Juliet is the sun."
James J. Corbett and Kathleen O'Connor enjoy nature between scenes of Universal's serial, "The Midnight Man"

Piquancy and Practicality



Photograph © by Alfred Cheney Johnston

anent the optimistic per
sonality of Billie Burke
Billie Burke . . . saucy
delightful and perennially
refreshing . . . Billie, with
an aureole of scarlet hair
bright blue eyes, tip-tilted
nose and baby mouth . . .
or as Florenz Ziegfeld'
wife and the mother, dot
ing, of Patricia Florenz . .
She is the sort of a perso
of whom, somehow, one
makes no demands. Her
personality as it has come
to us over the footlights
under the Cooper-Hewitts
thru the medium of the
printed page, has satisfied
us, has been enough. To
know her has been to love
her, sans question and sans
doubt. Which is probably
why we have missed other
and even more satisfactory
sides.

But like all persons who



Billie Burke and her daughter Patricia Burke-Ziegfeld, whom she is bringing up along scientific methods

Photograph by Walter Scott Shinn

PIQUANCY and practicality give rather the same impression as the term of "East meets West," or something equally ambidextrous, whatever the precise meaning of that may be. But if a person, and that person a woman, has really achieved and made a crucible of, so delightful a contradiction, what remains for the humble scrivener but to record the interesting fact?

I lay no pretensions to representing the general public. Heaven forefend! Neither the general public as we know it in the subway during the rush hours, nor yet the same public, a hair's-breadth removed, lolling luxuriously homeward in sybaritic limousines. But I am sufficiently representative to have thought with them

Blend in Billie Burke

By
GLADYS HALL

possess the elements of greatness, whatever the manifestations of that greatness may be, Billie Burke has got to where she is, not only by the irresistibleness of her personality, not only by her caste of features which a good God bestowed upon her, but also, and largely, by the practical mind with which she was also beneficently endowed and which she has and does exert—and by the superpracticality of her mother, who has backed her at every turn, advised her, believed in her. "Really," said Miss Burke, "I owe everything that I am solely to my mother. She is a very wonderful woman.

"My father, as you may know, was a clown in the circus, in England. After his death I took the name he went by—Billie. I have some sawdust in my veins, you see, altho dad always kept his business strictly apart from our home life, from mother and from me. I knew almost nothing whatever about it. It was essentially a business to him, and he kept it as such.

"He never wanted me to go on the stage. Probably he had seen bitter things in his time. He wanted me to have a profession, because he was a far-sighted man and he realized what a rod and staff economic independence is to a woman, but he preferred that I should take up music or some one of the other arts, and for a long time that is what I studied for and had in mind.

"It is always curious to me to note, both in my own life and in the lives of others, the beginnings of a path—and the clearing to which we eventually come—better, perhaps sometimes worse, but almost never the same, almost never the goal which we had had in mind. . . . Poor dad, he never lived to see my success over here. It will always be one of, if not my deepest, regret."



© Alfred Cheney Johnston

Billie Burke believes that a sense of proportion is the most necessary quality to make a professional or domestic success of life

"But your mother?"

"Oh, mother! Mother is living with us at Hastings. I dont believe I could get along without mother. She has gone back to my little-girl days again with Patricia. Of course, mother is rather taken aback by my scientific methods and the rigors those methods impose, but she just does sheerly love Baby.

"Mr. Ziegfeld, too, more so than is customary for even the most doting father, I believe, because it is all such a sort of a surprise to him. He never expected in the world to settle down and marry and be a paterfamilias, and it is so distinctly different from the theatrical

(*Continued on page* 110)



Moulding a Vampire

THIS beautiful dancer was not originally vampishly inclined—it was just sort of wished on her! Claire Du Brey's auburn hair and brown eyes were first seen behind the footlights as an ingénue in company with William Desmond, but in April, 1914, she signed up with Triangle to play the rôle of Marie, Billie Burke's maid in "Peggy." Claire seemed to bring a new significance to the word "maid," and forthwith carried wraps and cards in a number of Dorothy Phillips' pictures in such a manner as to make her work stand out. Claire was so sincere in her efforts over these tiny rôles that she was entrusted with the rôle of leading lady in a number of Harry Carey's Western productions, and later with Franklyn Farnum. And then *it* happened! Director De Grasse wanted a new type of vampire to play in "Vengeance of the West" and Claire was chosen. Since then she has vamped and vamped—successfully. Our records have "A Man in the Open" as her latest attempt in this direction.

Pets of Pictureland

By EMMA LINDSAY SQUIER



Vivian Martin and "Raspberry," her pet cat. "Raspberry" would apparently rather look at Vivian than eat—and we dont blame her



Director Walter Edwards and Constance Talmadge making a star out of "Fido," a pet goose. "Fido" may not have liked acting, but she was strong for the cake batter in the bowl

WHAT would the movies be without mascots? Oh, they might worry along somehow, but think of the gobs of luck they'd miss if it weren't for the official luck-bringers of the studios.

At the Mack Sennett Fun Factory there are several animals who do something for a living besides bringing good luck. There are "Teddy," the Great Dane, and "Pepper," the gray cat, who until recently divided first honors equally if not peaceably. Pepper as a feline performer had no peer until she became the proud mother of six young Pepperlets, but now her girlish shape is ruined, and also her inclination to work, and the worst of it is, her half dozen children show no signs of inheriting their mother's greatness; 'tis ever thus with the offsprings of geniuses.

Another popular Sennett mascot is "Gaston," the trained seal, whose name used to be Rudolf. He had an important part in "The Summer Girls" and enjoyed it; he is the sort who loves to be in the swim. Then there is Louise Fazenda's favorite, called "Ralph," a big pelican, and his bill can hold more than his—well, you know the rest; it's true, because I saw him fed. And "Billy," the ram, and "Laura," the lobster, bring up the rear of the mascot gang, with several more itinerants hanging around on the outskirts, waiting for a vacancy in the tribe.

Universal has a whole menagerie of animals, wild and otherwise, but the one who holds the position of official mascot is Joe, the big chimpanzee, who was loaned to Lasky a little while ago to help Lila Lee and Theodore Roberts make "Such a Little Pirate." Joe is versatile, and will kiss a lady's hand or spit in a gentleman's eye with equal fervor. He loves his friends and hates his enemies—and heaven help the latter if they come within reach of his hairy paws.

Fatty Arbuckle is a great lover of chickens; tut, not that kind; I mean the variety that wears feathers and lays eggs. He used "Hildegard," a big Plymouth Rock hen, in a recent picture, and that worthy lady, in addition to her screen duties, found time to hatch and raise a family. Now she will have a job of mascotting for the studio for life for good behavior, but her young cocklets and henlets are already being watched with hungry eyes by the corpulent star and his assisting artists.



When "Pepper," of the Sennett studio, became a mother, she temporarily gave up her screen career. The lady holding the basket doesn't mind the camera, but "Pepper" has serious doubts about it

Douglas Fairbanks, having raised everything from Cain to Hades—in pictures, I mean—tried his hand at raising camels, and adopted two ships of the desert, a baby ship called Clara, and a mother one named Lizzie. The two were used in "Bound in Morocco," but they refused to leave the studio after the picture was finished, so now Doug is telling the world that a white elephant is an ornamental French poodle compared to the camels who wished themselves on him. Anyhow, they can go without a drink for nine days, and in a dry town like Los Angeles that counts for something; it's more



"Billy" is about to make an impression on Chester Conklin. Probably the striped trousers have already made an impression on "Billy," who is sensitive to colors





Lizzie assures Doug that she hasn't had a drink for nine days. Doug tells her that she'll have to emigrate to Mexico, after July first

than some screen actors can do.

When I visited the Fox studios the other day, Theda Bara bit me. Yes, she's just that vicious; of course, I dont mean the queen of vampires, I'm referring to her pet and her namesake, a pocket-edition grizzly bear, given to the famous star by her adopted regiment before they sailed for France. The bear formerly mascotted for the gentle soldier lads, who taught her a number of unladylike tricks. So now she's as docile as a buzz saw, and has an artistic left hook with which she expresses admiration for one. The trainer assured me that she liked me; I'm sure of it; I think she would have liked more of me. So much for Theda II.

Out at the Christie Comedy studio, they have a mongrel mascot dog named "Pal," who is the most un-pally canine on record. He wandered in one day and adopted the place as a whole, but refused to attach himself to any one person. He sleeps all day and watches all night, and any trespasser on the lot takes away with him an imprint of Pal's regards.

There is a hard-working gang of luck-bringing animals at the Lasky place. There is a parrot who swears artistically in French and Portuguese, a rooster named Patrick who fraternizes with the kittens, Sylvia Ashton's donkey, whose name is Ramona, and whose musical attempts should be prohibited by law. Then there's Fido, the especial property of Constance Talmadge. Fido is not the kind of an animal that usually goes with that name; in fact, she isn't an animal at all, but a big white goose, who took a stellar part in Constance's last picture, "Sauce for the Gander." Fido took to acting like



Dear "Laura" becomes so attached to one! Charlie Murray doesn't seem to appreciate the lady's advances



"Teddy" and "Pepper" have a family quarrel. "I'll have you understand that I'm a Native Daughter!" snarls "Pepper." "And you're nothing but a Dane!" "Gee! you're an awful cat!" growls "Teddy"

a duck to—well, you know what ducks take to—and after that, she was adopted. I asked the press agent there why they called her Fido, and he said it was because they had to call her something—which is true, when you come to think of it.

Vivian Martin says she calls her cat "Raspberry" because he's fond of figs, which seems unimportant, if true, and Theodore Roberts calls his magnificent Persians, "Fatma" and "Asrul," but they answer to the name of "Kitty."

Nell Shipman, of the Hollywood Vitagraph Company, has a puppy named "Baree" which she says is full-blooded something or other, but he looks at least half Angora.

Speaking of mascots and animal comedians, Mack Sennett recently discovered the comedy values of trained seals. Besides working in the favorite element of the comely Sennetters, they are able to contribute all sorts of trick stuff, such as daring dives, balancing balls upon the end of their nose, etc. The fact that the Mack Sennett beauties are in the same tank with them doesn't in the least disturb their poise. Consider the tremendous will power necessary to balance a ball on your nose while Mary Thurman is a few feet away!

Anyway, it pays to have mascots around a studio; they make good foils for the stars to have their pictures taken with, and they eat up the scraps from the carpenters' lunches. And lastly, of course, they bring luck; I am sure about this, because a press agent told me so, and you know the reputation for truth that a P. A. has. Funny about a P. A. We believe everything they tell us, even tho we know it isn't true!

Nell Shipman, of the Hollywood Vitagraph studio, and "Baree" have a little tête-à-tête. Right out in public, too. These film stars are positively shameless!



Vera Stedman and a lucky Mack Sennett seal

An Untroubled Eddy in the Silverscreen Stream



Photograph Hartsook, L. A.

OF course, the word "philosophess" is original; but then Helen Eddy is original, too.

Helen Eddy is an actress who, at twenty-two, can really act. She is the creator of many an exquisite character rôle. There was, for instance, the Italian girl of the pictures with George Beban and June in "The Turn of the Road." And not only can she really act, but she never, for an instant, appears to be in the least bit nervous.

Unusual? Decidedly so!

She gives an impression of perfect calm. Her voice is deep and she talks very slowly, almost with a drawl. She is quite tall, five feet seven, tho she looks much shorter on the screen. Her eyes photograph large, but in reality are not particularly so. (It seems that very large, round eyes seldom go with intellectuality.) Her eyes and hair are dark-brown, and her skin is a clear, exquisite olive.

I watched her making a scene, or rather an insert for a scene of Sessue Hayakawa's new picture, "The Ban of Blood." No scenery was used. She stood against a blank wall on a wide, bare, half dark stage, while

Helen Eddy believes that we get out of life, not what we are capable of getting, but what we are capable of holding. Below, Helen Eddy in a scene from "The Turn in the Road"



Helen—Original Philosophess

By ELIZABETH PELTRET

carpenters, building a set a few feet away, almost drowned with their hammering the strains from a hand-organ and a violin playing "I Hear You Calling Me." The din was frightful as well as being funny, but it did not seem to bother her in the least. As soon as the director gave the word, she would become, to all appearances, an utterly heartbroken girl, her whole body would droop and her eyes would fill with tears, tho at frequent intervals the assistant director held a strip of pasteboard in front of her face, close enough to touch her nose, registering the number of the scene. She does not have to rely on her emotions to give realism to her work; she gives only her head to a part.



Photograph by Wells and Vincent, L. A.

Helen Eddy is like a broad, deep river; one fancies that no number of ordinary obstacles could stop her progress or even greatly disturb her

"If I really felt an emotion," she remarked, "I wouldn't be acting it. I cant see any art in a person's making an exhibition of themselves. An actor or actress worthy the name never stops thinking during a scene and no one can think while angry or miserable. Once or twice I have had a director who attempted to make me really feel some particular emotion; I have always thought that an insult to my work. On one occasion an attempt to make me angry for a scene was a success and the scene was terrible!"

But I was telling you about the nervousness she hasn't got.

"I used to do everything I could to make myself nervous," she said, "especially when I was a little girl. I had heard that all great actors and actresses were nervous and I was afraid that if I couldn't get excited I would never be successful. I worried dreadfully over the thought that perhaps I didn't have any temperament."

Of course, she has temperament now, plenty of it. The possession of temperament does not necessarily imply the possession of "nerves." In the great actress excessive excitability is, it would seem, more often due to broken-down health as a result of overwork than to temperament. Conversely, the possession of "nerves" does not necessarily indicate the presence of temperament. There are people so shallow that, like a little mountain stream, they are ruffled and turned aside by every little obstacle. As you may have guessed by now, Helen Eddy is not that kind of a girl. On the contrary, she is more like a broad, deep river; one fancies that no number of ordinary obstacles could stop her progress or even greatly disturb her.

Helen Eddy was born in Cleveland, Ohio, but came to California when she was a very little girl. Her mother was with a stock company in Cleveland for about two years and her grandmother, for whom Helen Eddy was named, was a famous teacher of elocution.

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Buoyant Bobby

Several Reasons Why the Genial Mr. Harron Is an Optimist

ROBERT HARRON is an optimist.

He never doubted for a moment that the Allies would win the war. He is certain that motion pictures will improve at least one hundred per cent. in the next few years, that the art of cinema histrionism will attain Mansfieldian dignity, and—that he will be the champion swimmer of the Los Angeles Athletic Club. The latter of which is quite a feat, altho one isn't in the least surprised when he reads the enthusiastic testimony of one Mr. Vance Veith, the natatorian instructor.

Interviewing Mr. Harron is perhaps almost as weighty a problem as extracting molars from a hen. He's never at the studio when you want him, and when he is there, he is considerably occupied with the masterful Mr. Griffith. Originally, in the old days, when the picture industry was young, he had been occupied with the various plebeian duties in Mr. Griffith's office, hoping all the time that Dame Fortune would crook her finger at him in such a fashion that he might realize his hopes of cinematic fame.

When I saw Bobby he was eating lunch under the shade of the only tree on the Griffith lot with Clarine Seymour and Kate Bruce—perfectly chaperoned, I assure you. Clarine had on a pretty little blue calico dress with a huge bow in the back, and Bobby wore the conventional gray. His hair was ruffled. Dorothy Gish had been teasing him, he said, and he wasn't presentable. But I assured him that we'd always seen his bandolined coiffure on the screen, and that, negligée, he was insouciantly delightful.

Harron's utter insouciance is his outstanding feature. You ask him a question and he throws you a funny little smile and says he really doesn't know what to say. And then he commences to tell you about Mr. Griffith. You tell him that you admire Mr. Griffith, but that you have come to interview *him*. Whereupon he blushes a little, smiles pleasantly at you, and says that the weather i excellent for picture-making. You ask him what h likes best and he replies, "Everything"; something of hi ideals and philosophy, and he says that he wants to d creditable work on the screen and lend a helping han wherever he can, and you demand his past history and h rejoins that it is so very ancient that he cant at a remember it.

And Bobby Harron is only in his early twenties.

It took one of the studio employees, a man who faster down the sets or fixes the Kliegs or some thing, but who is particularly a Harro enthusiast, to furnish me this "copy. Mr. Harron wont talk about himsel He'll tell you about everybody on the lo and how much he enjoys the trudgeo stroke and the American crawl in the swimming pool, but you know by the look in his eyes that he wishes Mr. Griffith would call him onto the stage so that he can make a graceful exit. He is painfully diffident, but delightfully charming.



Photograph Stagg, L. A.

Robert Harron's ambition is to be champion swimmer of the Los Angeles Athletic Club

Mr. X, as we shall call the gentleman who tacks down the scenery, informed me that Bobby is a particularly wonderful dancer, and that he got a cup somewhere last week. That was no especial news to me, who had seen him in company with the Gishes, Constance Talmadge, the aforesaid Miss Seymour, Richard Barthelmess, Jack Pickford and David Butler numerous times in the Alexandria Hotel ballroom.

Mr. X also said that Bobby plays the violin with

By TRUMAN B. HANDY

aplomb. And speaking of his violin reminds me. Not long ago it was stolen while he was dining at a downtown café. As it is a real Strad model, it is quite valuable, and while Harron was beside himself with grief, his diffidence made him refrain from informing the police. When at length he was persuaded to report his loss, he failed to tell the true worth of the instrument. The next morning an enterprising newspaper reporter made mention of the theft in his publication, with the result that the thief, desirous of the generous reward Harron offered, returned the instrument.

Harron is largely self-educated, and possesses a really extraordinary knowledge of literature. As I talked with him he made various references to literary passages, and showed himself particularly well versed in the contemporaries, of whom he seemingly prefers Hall Caine, Rex Beach and Dana Gatlin.

"She's a deucedly clever girl," he said, referring to the latter. "I never thought, until I read her,



Photograph Hartsook



Photo White



Bobby Harron began his career as office boy to D. W. Griffith. Now he is one of his star players in such productions as "The Woman and the Law." Below, Bobby at lunch-time

that a woman could really understand so thoroly a man's way of thinking."

A little look about the studio will reveal any number of Bobby's pets. He takes particular interest in caring for them, and "Cuddles," a large, rangy mongrel dog that he rescued from the pound, is the particular *bête noir* of the keeper of the Griffith eating-house, inasmuch as she persists in upsetting the garbage can.

When Harron speaks of his career, he gives a series of reminiscences of many of filmland's brightest luminaries, a number of whom were making their bow to the camera in the old days at the Biograph in New York. He remembers Mary Pickford as a shy little girl from the Belasco forces, always accompanied to the studio by her mother. Blanche Sweet, with her ardent desire, ultimately realized, to play emotional parts; Mae Marsh, the little, snub-nosed, freckle-faced wisp of a girl who sat on a stump and squinted at the sun and was discovered by Griffith; Lillian and Dorothy Gish, the two Southern girls who attracted Griffith's attention on the occasion of their

(*Continued on page* 109)

The Days o

We suspect that Phyllis Haver wears this delighted expression because she has slipped away from her director and is anticipating shedding her comedy bathing suit preparatory to taking a real swim in her Annette Kellermann

Dont you remember when you played one, two, three one? Mollie McGowan and Harriet Hammond slip back to the sports of their childhood when they have an hour off



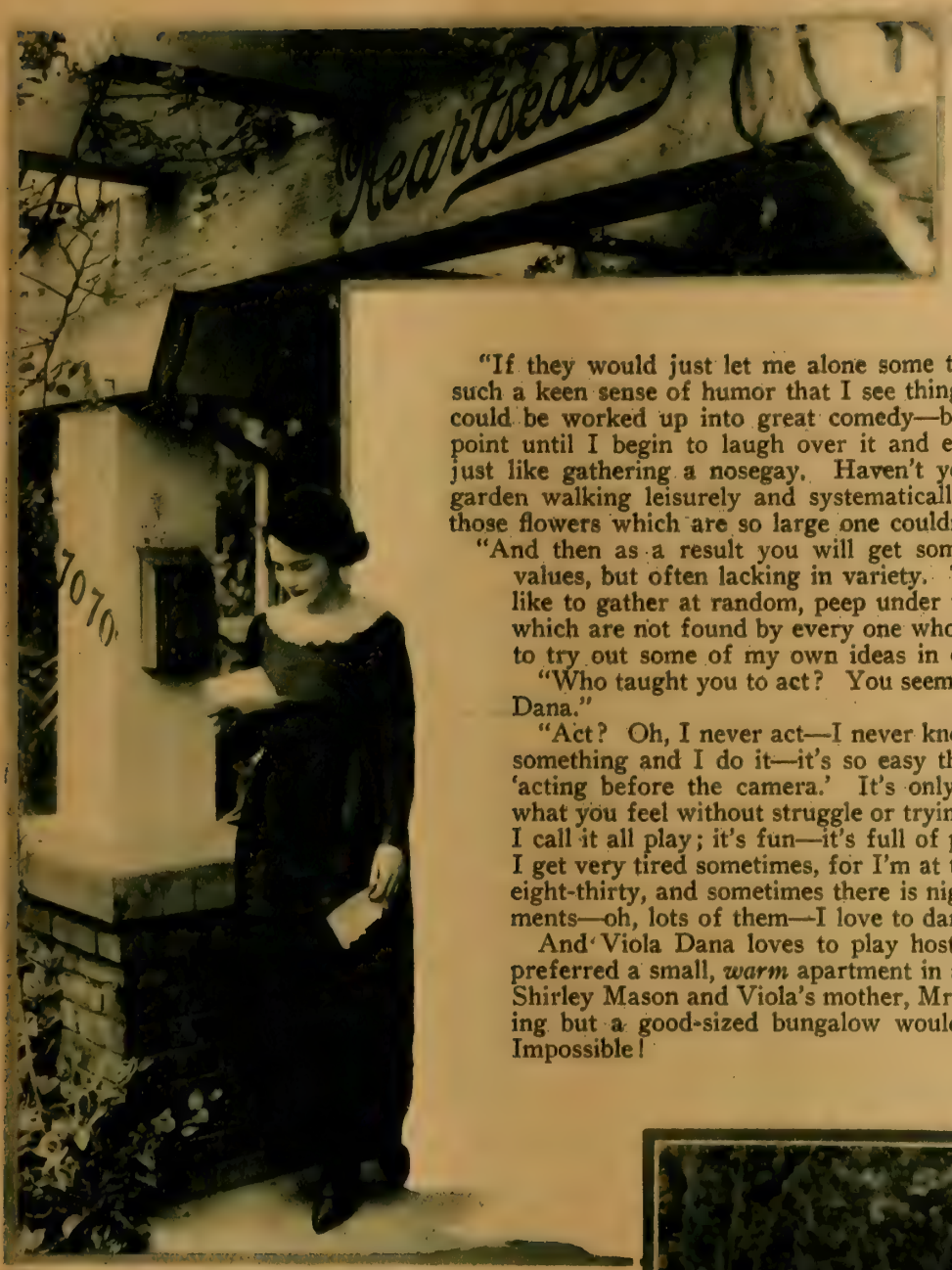
Reel Sport



All photographs © by Mack Sennett

"Smile and the world smiles with you." And who wouldn't when Inez McDonald lures them to a sunning on the beach

Myrtle Lind prefers tramping the woods when there's no need of tramping the studio boards. At the right, Marvel Rae is pouting because she, of all the Sennett beauties, must pose before the camera at this moment. "No sport at all," says Marvel



A Kinema Kewpie

Known Officially a Viola Dana

"If they would just let me alone some time to show what I can do! I hav such a keen sense of humor that I see things which are funny—situations whic could be worked up into great comedy—but my directors never seem to see point until I begin to laugh over it and explain its possibilities in detail. It' just like gathering a nosegay. Haven't you seen some folk pick flowers in garden walking leisurely and systematically along a row and gathering priml those flowers which are so large one couldn't help seeing them?

"And then as a result you will get something perfect as to proportion an values, but often lacking in variety. That is how I feel about it. I woul like to gather at random, peep under the big leaves, find the little blossom which are not found by every one who walks that way. Just so I am eage to try out some of my own ideas in comedy."

"Who taught you to act? You seem to do everything without effort, Mis Dana."

"Act? Oh, I never act—I never know I am acting. I just feel like doin something and I do it—it's so easy that I always wonder why they call i 'acting before the camera.' It's only being natural, only expressing jus what you feel without struggle or trying to conjure up some special emotion I call it all play; it's fun—it's full of possibilities for humorous ideas. Bu I get very tired sometimes, for I'm at the studio in make-up each day befor eight-thirty, and sometimes there is night work—and always I have engage ments—oh, lots of them—I love to dance."

And Viola Dana loves to play hostess also. This year she would hav preferred a small, *warm* apartment in a larger apartment-house or hotel, bu Shirley Mason and Viola's mother, Mrs. Mason, wanted a real home. Noth ing but a good-sized bungalow would do. California without a garden Impossible!



Viola Dana's keen sense of humor throws a rosy mantle over her saddest moments to prevent casual onlookers from seeing her sensitive soul. At twenty-one, Viola is a widow

A HUMMING-BIRD darting hither and thither in search of—well, one wonders *what!*

A saucy little lad defying folk nearly twice his height!

Four feet ten of piquant loveliness, with intelligent gray-green eyes fixed inquiringly on any newcomer.

The whole an anomaly.

And it answers to the name of Viola Dana.

Viola Dana's voice is mirthful, even when heard calling above stage carpenters, props, camera-man and director. "Haven't I changed about a lot since I came into films? I feel like a bird, darting hither and thither, never knowing just where I will alight. Shall it be comedy? Would I rather try great emotional dramas? Am I tottering on the edge of slapstick? I wonder and wonder about myself—and I never seem to see a permanent roost.

By DORIS DELVIGNE

All Photographs Taken Exclusively for Motion Picture Magazine by NELSON EVANS

But then, the Masons had not lived in California bungalows and Viola *had*. She knows that there are chilly days, and with coal of the soft variety, smoky, uncomfortable to handle, at fourteen dollars the ton, fires continually going out, the rooms are difficult to heat all winter. The apartments have oil-burners, of course, and Viola was looking a long way ahead.

"Nothing that I could put up as an argument did any good. So we took the house. Of course, Shirley and her husband got the star bedroom, then mother had the next best because she's mother, and besides, I'm so little I can squeeze in almost anywhere. I have the queerest bedroom! Did you ever sleep in a music-room? Well, that is what I am doing every night. The owner is blessed with antediluvian furniture built strong enough to resist earthquakes and tidal waves, and there is a hideous hand-carved mahogany upright piano which wont fit in any of the other rooms. The landlady wont have it put in the garage and refuses to pay storage for it elsewhere, so it was just naturally wished on me.



Viola Dana would have preferred a small warm apartment, but sister Shirley Mason and their mother insisted upon a bungalow



"Then we faced the servant question. Mother and Shirley didn't know a thing about the troubles along that line. I had a dog about eight inches long given me. I had him in a picture.

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At the left, Corinne Griffith showing the pictorial beauty of a cloth-of-gold gown embellished with cream net lace





Miss Griffith wearing an exclusive Erté model. The bodice is of silver filet mesh and the sleeves, which form the train, are of royal blue satin



There are women who can wear gowns and those who cant. Corinne Griffith is one of those fortunate individuals who no sooner don a garment than it becomes practical, as well as a work of art. Above the most unusual in rose-pink pajamas with touches of silver lace and white fox fur. At the left, a straight gown of yellow crêpe meteor.

The Gowns of Griffith

By HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR

her son, the wrath of Mary's father descends upon her head. His only thought is that she has brought disgrace upon *him*. In the meantime, Martin is lost with his arctic expedition and Mary is forced to earn her own living. Just in time, however, Martin works his way back to England and, after months of searching, runs into Mary in a London fog. Freed by the death of her husband, Mary and Martin are happily married. The whole is not stuff for school children, but it has a great deal more of real life problems in it than the average picture. Fritzi Brunette plays the vampire Alma Lier in a new tone and strikes a pleasing note. Jack Holt as Lord Raa is the conventional screen villain, Milton Sills the hero, Martin Conrad.



Lillian Gish is again a small-town girl in "True Heart Susie," (Griffith)



"Upstairs and Down," (Selznick) fails to come up to its press-agentry

Wallace Reid displays a refreshing sense of humor in "You're Fired," (Paramount)



SQUARE-DEAL SANDERSON—ARTCRAFT

This photoplay presents Hart in a regular Hart rôle. Here is all the vigor and virility of the West, where men drop dead at the draw of a pistol and women are the pawn of things. William Hart reverts to his character of the Westerner after a brief dip into different drama in "The Poppy Girl's Husband." However, this time he does not gallop into the picture as a bad man who must be reformed, but as the hero, who rights all wrongs from start to finish. His method of settling the business affairs of Ann Little, who is besieged by wicked men who want her ranch and poison her cattle and cowboys, is marked by the usual Hart sincerity and directness, one of the reasons for his audiences' perpetual satisfaction. There is an air about a Hart picture of, this man has given us of his best. One could not ask for more.

TRUE HEART SUSIE—D. W. GRIFFITH, ARTCRAFT

"True Heart Susie" is one of the very few photoplays I have seen which shows a complete understanding of women. It is the tale of a pale little country girl who loves a country youth with the lasting devotion of the uncomplex soul. She sacrifices her few simple possessions that he may be sent to college and become a great preacher. Upon his return, however, he meets a jazzy little milliner and, like all men, falls for the silken cocoon and fails to hunt for the heart of his rose. They are married and Susie is bridesmaid and best friend. She protects the little wife from the results of her small sinnings, until nature takes a hand



Corinne Griffith is the star of "A Girl At Bay," (Vitagraph)



Wallace MacDonald and Madge Kennedy furnish a great deal of enjoyment in "Leave It to Susan"



"One Week of Life," (Goldwyn) presents Pauline Frederick in a dual rôle

and the unhappy butterfly, oppressed in her inappropriate, sunless home, quietly dies of pneumonia. In time Susie's good baking-powder qualities are realized by her country Romeo. Clarine Seymour is a genuine find. Between them, she and Griffith have given a real characterization to the screen: the girl who has no real wrong in her heart, but whose air is music and whose food and drink are pretty clothes and flattery. Lillian Gish is poetically lovely in spite of old-fashioned garments and ridiculous hats.

UPSTAIRS AND DOWN—SELZNICK

I went expectantly to view Olive Thomas' much heralded first stellar release for Myron Selznick. I can say a great deal for the genius of Mr. Selznick's press agent, but very little for the picture, for it just missed fire thruout. Scenarioized from the Hattons' clever stage farce, it loses all its speed on the screen. Olive Thomas takes the part of a baby vamp who gets herself into all kinds of scrapes and tries to steal her sister's sweetheart. Miss Thomas is attractive, but far from subtle in her method of screen characterization. Rosemary Theby did an excellent bit of work as the elder sister, while the men of the piece, including Robert Ellis and David Butler, filled the bill.

SUNNYSIDE—FIRST NATIONAL EXHIBITORS CIRCUIT

Charlie Chaplin set such a high standard for himself with "Shoulder Arms" that I expected a great deal of "Sunnyside." Frankly, the only thing that "Sunnyside" did not disappoint in was the crowds it drew. For the comedy itself is somewhat strained, and the laughs are few and far between. It is supposed to be a satire on rural productions as they are filmed. The one really good laugh in it is Chaplin's burlesque of a classic dancer. This is a rare bit of mimicry and presents the famous Charlie at his best. Edna Purviance is present in small-town attire, but even the hideousness of her shawls cannot hide the beauty of her face—and, one might add, figure.

YOU'RE FIRED—PARAMOUNT

Screened from an O. Henry story, this Wallace Reid picture is a hummer. It radiates humorous situations and snappy action and is splendidly produced. Wally Reid takes the part of a rich young dandy, who wagers he will work for a whole month without being fired. His reward is to be *the* girl. Wally plays the part with zest and a refreshing sense of humor. He also photographs remarkably well. Wanda Hawley is the delectable incentive for Wally's escapades. Small parts that make the whole of uniformly excellent quality are played by Theodore Roberts, Herbert Pryor and Raymond Hatton.

(*Continued on page* 120)

A Marsh Flower

Marguerite, the Sister of Mae

By LILLIAN MONTANYE

IF you want to see a motion picture studio that combines up-to-date efficiency with all the comforts of home, visit Oliver Films. It is on the East Side in New York on a street that is populated principally, it would seem, by venders of many push-carts and countless small, lively and interested children, who gather eagerly about the studio door and gaze enviously upon all who enter its magic portal.

The young lady at the information desk, unlike other young ladies we have met holding similar positions, was willing, even glad, to impart information. Almost at once we were admitted into the inner shrine and receiving cordial greetings from Marguerite Marsh, co-starring with Herbert Rawlinson in the Craig Kennedy serial of fifteen episodes, "The Carter Case."

Miss Marsh, in the delightfully sympathetic and good-humored way so characteristic of her, proceeded to do the honors, and never before have we met a studio with so friendly an atmosphere. There was the immaculate lunchroom, where one may be served without money and without price, a belated breakfast, a real home-cooked luncheon or even dinner if the cast must work overtime. There was the big office, importantly and pleasantly occupied by the producers, publicity men and other potentates. There were many dressing-rooms, cosily homelike. In one of them, in an alluringly attractive and truly vampirish atmosphere of rose-color furnishings and softly shaded lights, Ethel Grey Terry, the beautiful siren of the serial story, was entertaining Herbert Rawlinson, creator of the Craig Kennedy character, smiling, debonair, wearing the inevitable cap, and his "emissary," Louis Wolheim.



Photographs by Marceaux N. Y.



Marguerite Marsh is very proud of her family, of Mae and her accomplishments; outside of her family, her chief interest is in astronomy

Down in the studio were many strange and interesting things. Suspended from the ceiling was the ghostly, silent aeroplane in which, in this thrilling serial story, the mysterious enemy flits on errands of terror. In one corner were tall, ragged, glittering stalactites, the makings of a real cave used in one episode. The camera was working and the director was concentrating on the "emissary," who was crawling over huge pieces of coal, a lantern in one hand and a heavy wire, which he was evidently secreting for no good purpose, in the other.

"About four scenes from now," said Miss Marsh, "that same villainous-looking person is going to literally drag me into that coal mine and the whole thing is going to cave in and bury me. I dont mind having the coal mine fall on me, but I do mind ruining this perfectly good sweater that I am wearing."

(*Continued on page* 126)

Uncle Sam



Counting sheep as they enter a national forest. From the film of the U. S. Department of Agriculture entitled "Live Stock Grazing on the National Forests"

THE fans in the movie show know that Uncle Sam has gone into the movie business, because they see his productions on the screen, in the interest of Liberty Loans and in other forms of war work. But the scale upon which the Government has planned to continue this work in peace times is little understood or realized for the simple reason that the motion picture forces in Washington have only recently been organized to function as a single unit.

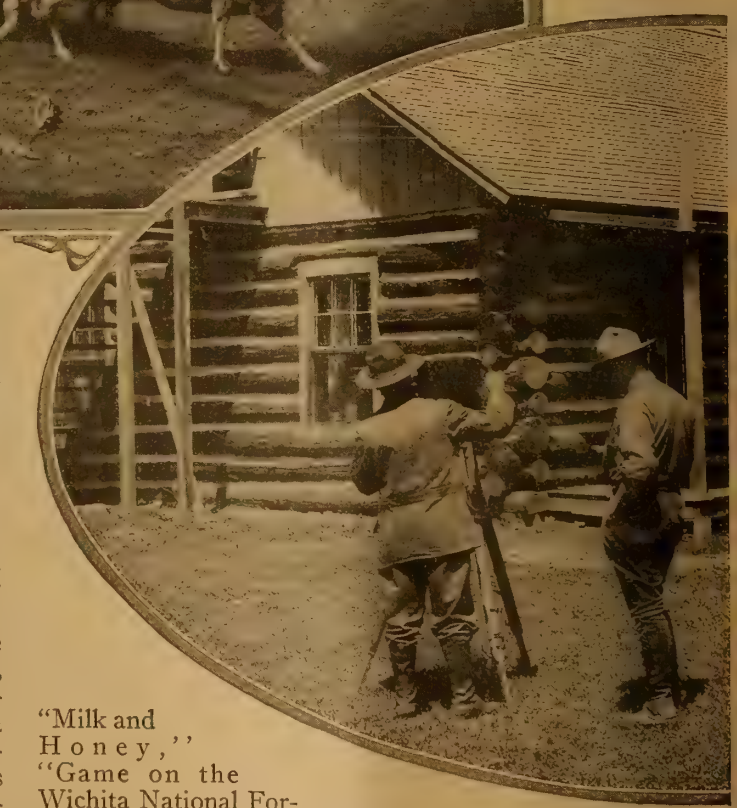
The first Government movies—before the war—were aimed at the American farmer, following Canada's lead, and the Department of Agriculture was the first Governmental department to seriously adopt the screen as a medium parallel to the Government printing establishment, in its work of bettering American farming methods and in the interest of bigger crops, better prices, standardized markets and happier rural homes.

The Department of the Interior and the Department of Labor followed suit, but their functions being not those of war, are only now finding the film of serious use in their work of reconstruction.

First, a word about the films being circuited in rural schools and at State fairs by the Department of Agriculture:

To date the department has produced in all 50,000 feet of films dealing with agricultural subjects. This means 50 reels of pictures, covering a long list of educational subjects, taken in all parts of the United States, showing modern methods of planting and harvesting crops, feeding and raising live stock.

Among these subjects are films which run 500 feet to features, such as "The Story of Cotton," in eight reels. Beginning last November, one reel a week in production has been the record of the department's cinematograph division, under the supervision of Don Carlos Ellis, in charge of motion picture activities for the department. These include such films as "Milk and Honey," "Game on the Wichita National Forest," "Cordwood Production," "Why Eat Cottage Cheese?" besides reels on Uncle Sam's pig clubs scattered thruout the country, building silos, marketing wool, handling cement on the farm, strawberry industry and drying fruits and vegetables.



One of the cameramen from the U. S. Department of Agriculture shooting at a forest ranger station on a national forest

Other pictures now being prepared for exhibition cover the farm help problem, control of hog cholera, control of animal parasites, the story of wheat, exterminating the prairie dog, harvesting cantaloupes, raising potatoes, citrus fruit fumigation, prevention of dust explosions, logging timber, handling beef cattle, and a reel explaining the life and social standing of the well-known "cootie."

While the plans of the department allow for a steady increase of the agricultural film library, the demand for

MOVING PICTURE PRODUCER

By Jonas Howard

their exhibition is so great that it is found difficult to keep sufficient prints or copies on hand. Heretofore the films have been made available to agricultural colleges in all parts of the country, who have been given the right to distribute them among the teachers of rural schools where projection machines are installed, providing sufficiently large audiences of farmers could be guaranteed to make the showing effective and thus fulfill the aim of the Government in producing the pictures—education and instruction.

Thirty State fairs showed the department's films last fall with great success in connection with their live stock exhibitions. The plan met with such big success that expansion was deemed advisable. Next fall every State fair in the United States and many country fairs will exhibit the department's reels for the benefit of the farmers and live stock men who go there for information.

Parts of these films have been run thru various screen magazines as well as released to qualified schools, churches, colleges, community centers, Y. M. C. A. branches and clubs which regularly project films.



A scene from the film of U. S. Department of Agriculture entitled "Milk and Honey"

Said Mr. Ellis, in an interview recently, "It is not the department's idea to distribute these films hit or miss. The main idea is to exhibit them before the greatest number of people to whom they will be of the most benefit and who can directly utilize the lessons they convey in the interest of bigger food supply.

"A regular program has been laid out for future work and will be scrupulously followed. Only in this way can the people get the full benefit of the movement. Films lend themselves so excellently to the illustration of ideas and processes in agriculture that that is perhaps the reason why the department pioneered the way in Washington. These productions are supervised by the best experts in each branch of agricultural study visualized on the screen. Scenarios are planned by Government experts and the department's own staff of laboratory workers put them in picture form."

Next to the Committee on Public Information, whose activities were concerned almost exclusively with war films, the Department of Labor has gone most deeply into practical cinematography. This department has decided to reach aliens by means of the picture screen, with the idea in the forefront of showing them what Americanization will do for them, what the United States stands for socially, politically and industrially. Mr. David K. Niles is chief of the motion picture section of this department.

Quite recently the department, as a means of getting widespread showings for its reels, sent out a questionnaire to every school superintendent in the country as follows:

1. Have you an appropriation for motion pictures?
2. Has your school department motion picture projectors?
3. Give name and age of projector.
4. How long have you been showing motion pictures in your schools?
5. How soon could you begin showing the films of this department?
6. Can you pay anything toward handling motion pictures in

your schools?

7. Name some motion picture theater near the schools in which you believe it would be desirable to show such motion pictures, if you have no motion picture projector and have no immediate appropriation for the purchase of one. State whether you would be willing and able to make some arrangement with such theaters to present educational motion pictures. This co-operation would mean that you would use the motion picture theater as a classroom at such hours as the theater is used for its regular business.



A scene from the film of U. S. Department of Agriculture entitled "Construction of a Concrete Silo"

With the questionnaire went the following letter:

DEAR SIR: You have heretofore indicated your interest in the Bureau of Naturalization of the United States Department of Labor by organizing citizenship classes for the instruction of applicants for naturalization. Educational motion pictures as selected and edited by the Motion Picture Section and the Bureau of Naturalization of the Department of Labor, will visualize the activities of the Federal Government, described in the Student's Text Book, compiled by Mr. Raymond F. Crist, Deputy Commissioner of Naturalization, and are intended to aid the public school-teacher in the preparation of candidates for the responsibilities of citizenship.

While motion pictures can be used successfully in the school-room to supplement the work of the school-teacher and text book, they cannot be used to supplant either. This attempt to develop the educational possibilities of motion pictures in the class-room is under the supervision of your Government. Too long has this valuable aid in the field of Americanization been neglected. The motion picture industry is ready—the next step is up to you. Will you please answer the enclosed questionnaire?

Cordially yours,

DAVID K. NILES.

Movie fans are familiar with the various reels showing the part of each nation in the winning of the war in the Official War Review and in the various special reels or series of reels that have been put out from time to time thru the regular film exchanges. The experience of the Government in utilizing the screen for war-winning purposes has resulted in the permanent establishment of moving pictures as a separate activity of many governmental departments where the dissemination of information is desirable. For the fact that films reach the great numbers of non-readers in the country, the screen takes a place second only to the printing press in its ability to carry the word of progress to millions who otherwise would remain in ignorance of our country.

It is the aim of the Government to count the regular commercial theaters as only one part of the machinery which is to get these films shown. With 14,000 moving picture projectors running daily in schools, colleges and churches in the United States, the institution becomes an important link in official film distribution. Chicago is now installing 230 motion picture machines in its public schools; over 100 rural schools in the State of Wisconsin now have their machines; there is a plan being laid now to put projectors in 6,000 Methodist churches, where, one night a week, community movies will offer an almost unlimited opportunity to secure showings under conditions that are almost ideal.

One of the most important links in the educational movie chain is the rural agent, who has under his supervision from three to a dozen rural schools. He is usually equipped with a Ford, and makes his rounds, carrying with him a portable or semi-portable projector and a program of motion pictures always consisting of a comedy and three or five reels of educational pictures. The farmers are informed as to the dates upon which local showings can be depended upon, with the result that they come from miles around to see the show after the day's work is finished. This plan has been successfully operated in the State of North Dakota, where the State University supplies rural school agents with entire programs.

The State of Wisconsin has developed a plan which is, in fact, the basis of nearly every other university motion picture plan. Outlined, in brief, it is as follows:

The university has in its vaults between 800 and 1,000 reels of instructional moving pictures, covering science, agriculture, comedy, industry and ethical drama.

These films are available to any institution within the boundaries of the State under one of two plans: (a) the routing plan, wherein lantern slide sets and films are forwarded from place to place on a definite circuit; (b) the direct or special service plan, wherein the same material is sent direct to the borrower direct from the university.

Conditions under which the institution may receive the service are as follows: Formal application is made on blanks furnished by the university extension division. For special service, this application must be made a week ahead of time. Transportation charges are paid by the institution borrowing the films. No rental charge is made. The school agrees to charge no admission fee unless by special permit.

This machinery for the distribution and exhibition of instructional pictures, it will be seen, is at the disposal of the Government agencies which will present to the colleges prints of official educational films upon application. At the present time there are eighteen State universities with such departments in operation, tho some to only a limited extent. There are twice that many special and agricultural colleges with a limited plan of film distribution.

The intention of the Government is to utilize this machinery to the utmost. Practical aid in the installation of projectors is one plan under consideration in Washington.

Uncle Sam, then, has become a movie producer and promises to become a movie distributor.

A Masculine Sphinx

Otherwise Known as Thomas Santschi

By RITA ROMAINE



THERE'S a thrilling tale of one Sir Charles Napier, who sent a lion cowering into his native jungle simply by fixing his calm, forceful eye—that is, Charles' eye, as perhaps you jolly well know—upon the forest king.

You may not credit the veracity of that story until you have met Tom Santschi, who in his years of work at the Selig handled as high as twenty-two ferocious beasts at one time, bringing beautiful Kathlyn Williams and himself to perfect safety thru multitudinous scarey reels.

After you've seen Mr. Santschi's quietly compelling eyes, studied his self-control, and taken stock of that dignified gentleman generally, you are quite sure that a lion or any other beast might be trained by him.

About the only way to unearth the secrets of Tom Santschi is to visit his intimates of by-gone years and plead for a bit of news. Mr. Santschi is modestly cordial, retiring, and it's impossible to lionize him. When told that you've heard this or that bit of news about him, Mr. Santschi smiles like a Mona Lisa or occasionally nods assent.

However, jabbing steadily, I uncovered a corner of Mr. Santschi's heart and he revealed that he "couldn't be a lounge-lizard for a quarter of an hour, disliked playing pretty leading parts, and enjoyed doing heavies—the rougher, the better."

It is not difficult to understand this, for if one watches his springing step in a screen drama, notably with Geraldine Farrar in "Shadows," his lithe muscle-play in a fight, his beautiful stage "falls" and catlike agility, gained doubtlessly from his long experience as an animal trainer, one can sense the great love of motion which animates this man, who in point of service is one of the oldest actors on the screen, having commenced his career in 1906, during which time he directed photoplays for almost three years.

And yet, such is his repression and control that one finds him doing a marvelous characterization in "The Garden of Allah."

He is not a "mixer," but he has some very close friend-



Tom Santschi couldn't be a lounge-lizard for a quarter of an hour, he dislikes pretty leading parts and enjoys doing heavies

ships, and loves deeply where he trusts. He is a reasoner, and every smallest detail of his screen performance is subject to deductive processes. The faculty of cause and effect is so strongly developed in Mr. Santschi that he is almost prophetic in his vision, a characteristic which probably aided him not a little in working at the Selig plant.

(*Cont'd on page* 120)

The Fame and Fortune Contest



Photograph by Montgomery, Dallas

FEROL HUNTER

JULY first saw the closing of the Fame and Fortune Contest which has attracted such attention thruout the world. At the last moment more photographs of contestants for screen honors were entered than at any other time, and more beautiful ones. Photographs of every size and description have poured in from every clime like the hail of a thunderstorm.

The task of selecting winners from this vast array of feminine beauty and masculine handsomeness has become an enormous task for the judges. It will take weeks and weeks to reach a final decision. At the present moment it seems as if the original plan of selecting three leaders will be adhered to. These fortunate ones will be invited to come to New York to have test pictures taken and the final winner will be decided upon. If time permits and all goes well, the first issue of SHADOWLAND, to appear late in August, will carry portraits of the lucky three.

Until these three are chosen, we will continue to publish honor rolls of those beauties who have a chance to be among the final winners.

After a careful study of the contestants entered between June 1st and June 15th, we present herewith the twelfth honor roll:

Ferol Hunter, of 2323 Ross Avenue, Dallas, Texas. Miss Hunter has played only in high-school theatricals and has dark-brown eyes, brown hair and is five feet six inches tall.



ELSIE EFAW

MARION THOMAS

SARAH BLOCK



Elsie Efaw, of Centerville, Iowa, has had absolutely no theatrical experience. She has hazel eyes, light-brown hair and is five feet four inches tall.

Sarah Block, of 6468 Mission Street, Daly City, California, has taken leads in amateur plays at school. Her hair is dark-brown, as are her eyes, and she is five feet five inches tall.

Marion Thomas, of 3289 Decatur Avenue, New York City, has had no stage or screen experience. She is a blonde with dark-blue eyes. Height, five feet six inches.



Beauties Galore Enter at the Finale

Lola Osborn, of 701 South Sycamore Street, Iola, Kansas, has likewise had no experience. She has blue eyes and blonde hair and is five feet two inches tall.

Jewel Whitehead, of 430 Roselle Street, Jacksonville, Florida, has played one or two very small parts in motion pictures. Her hair is dark-brown and her eyes blue. She is five feet six inches tall.

Charlotte Elaine Pierce, of Sidney, Nebraska, has had no screen experience, but has done vaudeville work, singing and dancing. She has hazel eyes and light-brown hair. Her height is five feet one inch.



Photograph by Gibson

LOLA OSBORN

Fame and fortune is hovering over the heads of all the contestants who have been beautiful enough to be chosen for one of the honor rolls. Today he or she is practically unknown; a year from now his or her name will be known thruout the world.



JEWEL WHITEHEAD

We guarantee two years of publicity in our three magazines to the winner. This, as we have said before, will include interviews, articles, photographs and even color covers. This kind of publicity cannot be purchased at any price, but MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, THE CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND offer it as the greatest reward possible to the winning beauty.

Now a word upon the return of photographs. As far as has been possible, considering the thousands of pictures received almost daily, the portraits to which stamps were attached have been returned as fast as the judges considered them. However, if you have not already received your pictures back, after having stamps attached to them in accordance with the rules, do not write to us. You will receive them as soon as they can be handled.

(*Continued on page* 120)



CHARLOTTE ELAINE PIERCE

The Serial Girl---Marie Walcamp



THERE are two Marie Walcamps. One of them is called the "great adventuress of the screen," and there is nothing that is too dangerous for her to attempt. She is the girl who leaps from careening automobiles into foaming chasms, the girl who plays with wild animals as tho they were kittens or puppies, the girl who does not hesitate, even with death staring her in the face, to perform any hazardous stunt her director may command her to do. For Marie Walcamp, the heroine of many stirring Universal serials, is absolutely stupid when it comes to defining the word "fear."

And in direct contrast to her is the other Marie Walcamp—a domesticated Marie Walcamp, if you please—with a taste for household duties and pretty clothes and all the other sort of things that women who might hesitate from jumping from a ten-story house are interested in. And tho before the camera she is never seen except when doing difficult stunts, far away from its recording eyes one might find her embroidering in the sun-parlor, or even more incredible—cooking!

The first Marie Walcamp is a girl whose athletic training shows in every curve of her sturdy little figure, while the second Marie Walcamp, possessing the same sturdy little figure, but clothed in the *dernier cri* of fashion, is exquisite in her daintiness.

The adventuress in her responds to the call of danger and excitement; the girl in her loves fudge parties and dancing just as much as any ordinary girl does.

Once—it was not so many years ago—Marie Walcamp thought musical comedy was her forte and made more than a success of her try at it. During her four years in musical comedy she appeared with such stars as Fritzi Scheff, De Wolfe Hopper, Anna Held and Frank Daniels. There were intervals spent in stock—that reliable kindergarten for all branches of acting.

Curiosity of the traditional feminine variety is responsible for her invasion of the cinema world. She had always been interested in photography, holding quite a record as an amateur photographer, and naturally was interested in the mechanism of the greatest camera of all—the moving picture camera.



Marie Walcamp is well known for her daring deeds. She has no fear and yet she is utterly feminine

By
ELIZABETH
PETERSEN



After several efforts, the first ones futile, she secured permission to make a tour of inspection thru a studio. Work was in full swing, and Marie Walcamp found that she was vastly more interested in the work of the players and the directors than she was in the camera—in fact, the camera was almost forgotten until she heard its click as the actual taking of the scene began.

"I made up my mind then and there to become a photoplay actress," said Miss Walcamp. "There was something magnetic in the click-click of the camera—it made me want to get out in front of it and do stunts. I wanted to see myself in action—to see myself as others saw me. The desire was almost uncontrollable, and I screwed up courage enough to ask one of the directors to make a test of me. He did—and shortly after my screen career began as a regular stock member of one of the largest companies.

"I worked about six months before they trusted my ability enough to give me a 'bit,' which means a small part that runs all thru the play. It was another six months before I reached that stage where I really was allowed to 'do something,' but before I was given the opportunity to do something really big, more than two years since the day I started had elapsed. That first big part was a real chance and after that the road became much easier."

Marie Walcamp's early struggle is a vivid refutation of the opinion many hold, that success on the screen comes as a brilliant streak of luck, almost overnight. She has had to work hard for the position she now holds, but is happy in the knowledge that success hard-earned is the lasting success.



Marie Walcamp is as much at home in the saddle as at an afternoon tea and vice versa

She was born in Dennison, Ohio, July 27, 1894, and at an early date began to show her aptitude and preference for Terpsichore and Thespis. When she was five years old she entered a cake-walking contest in "The Park" at her birthplace and was the proudest kiddie in the Buckeye State when she cake-walked away with the prize.



The Perfect Lover

By ALMA PAUL

"IT'S this damnable mixture," whimpered the man they had come to arrest; "it's this damnable mixture of spirit and flesh," whimpered Brian Lazar. "If I had had only a body I might have sat on Parnassus with all the houris of the ages at my feet; if I had had only a soul, I might have kicked aside the shackles, the soft shackles, the silken shackles all of you made for my feet, which were clay . . . But both together! My soul worried at my body and my body demanded my soul . . . and they harried each other and worried each other . . . and one blew thick incense into my nostrils and the other blew the breath of lilacs . . . and I was mortified . . . You just didn't understand . . . you just . . ."

The woman standing in the corner made an impatient gesture to the detective who stood beside her. "Arrest this man," she said; "you have caught him with my ring upon his person. What further evidence do you think you need?"

The detective stepped toward Lazar, who seemed to take the unyielding walls to his breast to shield himself.

"This is not a confessional, you know," snapped the exponent of the law.

"You might have made a poet, Brian," said the woman, and something in her voice seemed to bite like an acid.

"If you will listen to me," implored the man, with the twin hungers burning thru the windows of his haunted eyes, "if you will give me the gift of time while I give you the gift of truth. If you will——"

"That's the one gift you never made, Brian," broke in the woman, pulling her sables closer about her, as tho a sudden draught, or a sudden memory, had made her cold. "You made many gifts, God knows, but never the gift of truth."

"You never asked truth of me, Claire. You knew I had no truth to give. You got—the counterfeit."

The woman laughed again, as tho scourged. "It was a good counterfeit, Brian," she conceded, bitterly. "I'll grant you all of that. Your kisses . . . perfect. The closing of your arms . . . how strong! Your struggles with yourself . . . how convincing! Your eyes, when you closed them, it made us think the gates of heaven were closing to upon us . . . and your kisses again . . . how

"We used to play together, Ellen and I. I painted her picture, too. I told her fairy-tales and they were all about a fair, young man. A sort of an artist-Galahad"

THE PERFECT LOVER

Narrated, by permission, from the Selznick photoplay of the same name. Scenario by Edmund Goulding from the Leila Burton Wells' story "The Naked Truth," directed by Ralph Ince with the following cast:

Brian Lazar.....Eugene O'Brien
Hilda Byford.....Lucille Stewart
Ellen Hawthorne.....Marguerite Courtot
Claire Whitney.....Mary Boland
Mavis Morgan.....Martha Mansfield

they stung . . . how they stung! Like the thorns of a mighty rose rambler . . . piercingly sweet! Too sweet, my friend! When a woman is starving . . . she wants the staff of life. The perfect lover! You have left memories behind you like famines. You have left starvation and desolation. What have you to give in exchange?"

Brian Lazar sank into a chair. His long, fine hand caressed his damp hair. The shadows of the coming evening stole, softly shod and very grey, into the dismantled room. Somewhere near at hand there seemed to arise the ghost of a faint moan, as tho it might have come, commingled, from the aching hearts of crushed women.

"I want to give you the truth," he said, "and you may judge of its sufficiency."

The detective looked at the woman, who glittered in the dying day like a bright reproach.

"Let him speak," she said.

Brian Lazar bowed slightly. It was an ironical reminder to the woman who waited for his truth of the days of his heyday, when the adulating crowds waited, with heightened colors and heightened pulses, for his appearance, for his little, half-contemptuous bow. How are the mighty fallen!

"Like all true things," he began, and he dropped his voice, as tho his tale might hurt some hearer who must not be hurt, "the tale is simple enough. A boy, myself, with a talent, my art. And dreams . . . dreams, of course. Dreams of taking the world which lay within me and putting into it such glowing, immortal color that the world might know itself and never again know pain, never feel despair. A dream, too, of a woman by my side . . . a woman with her laughing heart upon her laughing lips, who would take the fairer half of my dream and shelter it on her breast . . . just that.

"I studied at a little art school in the far part of the State. It was just a small, unpretentious country town, the dwelling-place of small, unpretentious people, whose hearts and whose ideals never strayed far from the woodland paths where the wild thyme still breathed and the laurel turned pink in the pink spring. Sweet . . . too sweet, as you said, Claire.

"My particular teacher and friend was an old artist, Professor Hawthorne. I lived at his home while I studied there in the summer. He had one daughter, Ellen. She was, at the time, fourteen.

"We used to play together, Ellen and I. I painted her picture, too. I told her fairy tales, and they were all about a fair young man, a sort of an artist-Galahad, who was to go forth and dip a magic brush in the gold-pot at the rainbow's end and transform the world for a fairy princess who must be spinning in a tower of samite a mantle of purest gold. 'It must be true gold,' I used to tell her, 'as gold as gold. There is a difference,' I would say, 'between gold and brass. Gold is love, and when you fling it down it rings like an angel's song . . . but brass . . .' That is how we would talk. The lad was myself, of course, and the fairy princess was——"

"Ah!" came from the woman in the thick dusk, like a prayer.

"A dream," said Lazar, and his burned-out eyes glowed like relighted coals.

"Professor Hawthorne called me a genius," Lazar went on, still in his hushed, worn voice. "He told me all that I needed was a chance. 'You have the genius,' he would assure me; 'now if you can find a blazer of the trail.' He was wrong, only in that one thing. I should have blazed mine own. It is time that genius became, not only genius, but a hewer of wood as well.

"In the spring we had our exhibition, and many of the



"I love you," was all she answered me—but there was nothing more—ever—that she could say. She had said all of it

nouveau-riche came on a tour of inspection. Among others, Hilda Byford and her husband.

"I am telling you the truth, and the truth brooks no evasions for any reasons, modesty or otherwise. Hilda Byford had her face turned toward my paintings, but her eyes were on my face. She was seeking a new sensation —but the sensation was not Art.

"The upshot of the matter was that I was commissioned to paint her portrait with the tacit understanding that the portrait was to be the open sesame to general recognition.

"The old professor encouraged me. 'I hate to leave,' I told him; 'somehow I feel that I shall never come back —just as I am. Today will be a tarnished yesterday.'

" 'Today will never be tarnished,' he told me, 'if tomorrow is not.' "

There was a silence, almost a stifled one. Brian Lazar seemed to be collecting little scattered remnants of his strength. "Resurrections," he said, with a little apologetic wave of his thin hand, "they're rotten things."

"Go on," said Claire Whitney.

"Shoot," said the detective, selecting a cigar.

"We're all following stars," said Lazar, "we're all hungry—oh, damnably hungry. I know that now. It isn't our faults, perhaps, that these famines claw at our hearts. I wanted my dream, my Art. I had no need of actuality—then. Hilda Byford wanted—me. Not me, either. My——"

"Your kisses," rasped Claire Whitney, "the closing of your arms . . . your eyes . . . closing . . . your struggles with yourself."

"Yes," said Brian Lazar, "the love I couldn't give . . . at any price. She exploited me for that. She made me the vogue for that. She thought to buy my body while my soul went famishing. Well, in a measure she succeeded."

"Those studio parties," broke in Claire Whitney, "where I met you first. Your third studio—what a dream of potential love it was . . . its rugs and tapestries . . . your famous portraits of famous women . . . the incense swinging in the jade censers Mavis Morgan had imported for you, and you, Brian, moving among us, godlike, almost divine, driving us mad . . ."

"You and Hilda Byford," said the man, and he seemed to gasp as tho in some strange strangulation, "you and Hilda Byford and Mavis Morgan and the others . . . all the others . . . with your white arms like fine ivories and your red mouths gleaming at me thru innumerable dusks and the perfumes of your hair stirring about me like ghosts of impossible flowers . . . sins . . . but horribly sweet . . . and all of it mangling my flesh, maiming my spirit, crucifying the Art which was God within me. I was enmeshed, imprisoned in towers of ivory and gold, mystical towers that reached heaven from hell . . . and I had lost the trail . . . the straight trail . . . the trail that led to springtimes where the lilacs blew their breath and the lights of homely little lamps lit wayfarers home and a child could laugh at the tale of a fairy prince . . .

"Then, all at once, I woke up. Realization came to me. I seemed to have a sudden power. I knew that I was losing . . . the genius that had been clean and keen, the dream that was turning purple and red, the path to the farthest stars. I wanted to get back—to yesterday. I wanted to get away from the incense. I wanted to get away from women . . . from all the women . . . from their swaying bodies, from their pursuit, from their delicious damnation. I wanted . . .

"I wanted it most of all on the night that Hilda Byford told me that she loved me, held me in her arms, crushed her orchids between her breast and mine till their unhallowed scent rose up to make us mad . . . and her husband sought me out and called me unthinkable things, true things . . . and cast me forth as befitted the thing he had called me . . .

"I didn't love her. I never went back. I loved, still loved, the smell of lilacs and the fairy tales and the dream. But her poison, her sweet, deadly poison, had

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"And so . . . this morning . . . when she fainted . . . when I knew . . . when the art dealer had come and had shaken his head . . . I started out

Our Animated Monthly of Movie News and Views

By SALLY ROBERTS

WITH the summer season in full swing, photoplayers are hurrying after hours to the beaches, enjoying the cool breezes on the "deck" of the Ship Café, Venice, taking week-ends on Catalina Island, another favorite Pacific Ocean resort, or racing against time to the cooler atmosphere of San Francisco.

The Café de Paris, a quaint little spot in old Los Angeles, with its old-fashioned hotel rooms above, the darkly cool dining-room now embellished with new-fangled products of the decorator's art—perhaps we'd better say sign-painter's imagination—is always attractive to Saturday and Sunday evening diners, especially of the motion picture colony. At one table a large crowd was the guest of Charlie Swickard, director of many Metro successes. Otto Lederer, of Vitagraph, had three friends with him, and composed a lyric during the courses, which was passed about admiringly by the comedian's friends.

The Paris is a left-over of the old French régime. Formerly run by a Frenchman who would allow no innovations, and who allowed his wife no latitude, it was a rather staid table d'hote. Two years ago, monsieur died, and madame, who possesses a truly beautiful voice and a piquant charm, began to improve the place, hired a set of waiters who wear brown flannel shirts and black trousers and whose hair is worth going to see, and put in a clever pianist as well as two Frenchmen who join madame in the songs. Needless to add, the entire roomful of merry diners join in the choruses. It's almost deafening when every one sings "Ah, Sole Mio!" Here and there one finds a soloist who volunteers to aid in the entertainment, and so everybody knows every one else—just the sort of *bon camaraderie* which professionals, as well as private citizens who just long to be unconventional and Bohemian—enjoy! By six P. M. there's not a table to be had and at nine o'clock madame rings a tiny dinner-bell, and we know it's synonymous for "Scat!" so, of course, we scatter while the pianist gives a farewell "Blues." In order that no one may dispute her authority and desire to see the place run respectably, madame has engaged a tall, husky Spaniard, who believes in the collar-and-coat-tail method of ejecting any unruly visitor.



Vola Vale and William Russell demonstrating Big Bill's claim to height



Louise Glaum, who has staged a beautiful come-back in "Sahara," released by W. W. Hodkinson

At the Campi Café, an Italian place famed for its cookery, and just about two swings around the corner from the Paris, Ralph and Vera Lewis entertained guests. Across from Campi's you'll locate the Campidoglio, affectionately called "Campi's *Dog*" by the initiated, for it's much lower in price—only a forty-cent table d'hote—and boasts of a blind pianist who can play anything suggested—he's a wonder! When it's near pay-day and funds run low, the "Dog" is considered quite a life-saver by those who have not quite the price of Campi's or the Paris. And dont forget to call it *Paree*, if you're stopping over in Los Angeles, please.



Katherine Kirkham, who plays the part of Lillian Josselyn opposite Bessie Barriscale in "Josselyn's Wife," playing soldier with her small nephew. At the right, Tom Mix swinging his 125-pound dumbbell in the Fox gym

The Ralph Lewises have the most beautiful new apartment; indeed, the colony is raving over its artistic furnishings. Vera has exquisite taste and good judgment, and Ralph has always been known as a connoisseur. By the way, did you know that Charles Swickard sings entrancingly? Too bad, really, that he gave up the light opera field for movie directing.

At the Ship Café, on Photoplayers' Night, one noticed a gay crowd at one table, including Lila Lee, George Fisher, who has been playing leads in her latest, Sylvia Ashton, Wanda Hawley, Marion Leonhardt and Cullen Tate. The Wally Reids and Jimmie Cruzes entertained Ethel Flemming, May Bush and Joe King, and scattered about the place were Jim Corbett, now fully recovered from his recent severe illness, the Tommy Meighans, Shirley Mason, Viola Dana, Jack and Lottie Pickford and "Fatty" Arbuckle. On this particular night the Ship was decorated with pink roses and each place had a cute favor in keeping with the guests' vocations. Confetti and novelties were passed about during the dances.

Kolb and Dill came to Los Angeles for a several weeks' stay, and as L. A. is surfeited with musical shows like New York and Paris, you'll be pretty sure to find amusement seekers at anything that promises the slightest deviation from motion pictures.

Next to me sat Julian Lamothe, just returned from abroad, and who was convalescent in New York for some weeks, having been consigned to the army hospital for a leaky heart. Mr. Lamothe was a sergeant-major in the hospital corps, and so overworked caring for the wounded, especially as for a time he was the only one who could speak fluent French, that his heart finally gave out. He's back now writing photoplays, and had with him Bret Harte, grandson of the famous writer and himself a writer of short stories, scenarios and *artist*, for his clever poster designs and art titles are town talk. Mr. Lamothe wrote many plays for Mary Miles Minter and Bessie Barriscale, also the "Calendar Girl," in which Juliette Day appeared with such success.

Occupying an orchestra seat was Jimmie Young. He was accompanied by the newest Missus Young, erstwhile Clara Whipple, of the Titian locks and independent countenance. She's the third matrimonial venture of James, her predecessors having been Rita Johnson, writer, and Clara Kimball, the beautiful and beloved.

Louise Glaum was there also, very beautifully frocked, with a picture hat and one of those loose evening coats which she alone knows how to design.

Donald Crisp had a bevy of nice girls aiding him in the sale of tickets for the Aviators' Memorial Fund. Shirley Mason, Marjorie Daw and Sarah Mason were among these aides. Marjorie Daw was successful in securing the ticket with the lucky number, entitling her to a ride in one of the army aeroplanes. Yes, dears, everything's going up these days.

Gladys Brockwell, in a sweet little confection of the new ribbed eight-dollar-a-yard variety, in palest lavender, with a frou-frou hat to match, sauntered down Broadway one Saturday afternoon, accompanied by her leading man. Evidently they were taking in a matinée. Gladys uses no rouge on the street, and as her face is a little pensive as well as pale, she rather attracts attention in this sunny land where cosmetics are the necessary rule rather than the exception.

Gerry Farrar is earning ten thousand a week and Lou-Tellegen one thousand, and they've brought a retinue of helpers to Los Angeles from the East, including

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The Answer Man

This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to The Answer Man, using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopaedia in existence. If the answer is to appear in the Classic, write "Classic" at top of letter.

ANOTHER month has gone by, and bless us, reader, here I am again! As Leigh Hunt would say, I am here to "Assist the inquiring, to animate the struggling and to sympathize with all." We're off!

SUNSHINE.—Enjoyed your very kind letter. Write some more.

M. H. Z.—You're all wrong, I have no staff of twenty assistants, as you think, only, I, me and myself. Robert McKim, Brinsley Shaw and Jane Novak will play opposite Earle Williams in "The Wolf," Western Vitagraph.

MARGARET MC., CLEVELAND.—So you think I rattle off some corking good stuff for an old man of 78. Say not so—I am not an "old man," but a young old man. I'm afraid Norma Talmadge would be too busy to correspond with you. She has forgotten many of her old friends, even some who helped to make her, alas, alack!

JOSEPHINE D.—Always glad to hear from you. William Worthington was Thinkright, Frank Lloyd was the Judge, Herbert Rawlinson was John, and Ann Little was Sylvia in "Opened Shutters." The world patiently waits for the complete surprise of "a perfect man." So you see—what's the use?

BETTY OF MELROSE.—No, Irving Cummings was never married to Marie Doro. Enjoyed your letter *à l'ordinaire*.

MRS. H. E. R.—You say John Sheehan is playing at the Fulton Theater, Oakland, Cal. Thank you.

RUTH ROLAND ADMIRER.—Franklyn Farnum played both parts in "The Rough Lover." Yes, Eddie Foy has gone in pictures with the seven little Foys. He sang "We'll Never Miss the Water Till the Well Runs Dry."

JINKS.—Welcome unto the Answer Man's sanctum sanctorum. Surely I go to Coney Island. I can have a wild night with the hot dogs, merry-go-rounds, Luna Park and a nice car ride with about 500 people in the same car built for 50, all for a dollar. The bottom picture is of William Garwood.

MURRAWEEDBEE.—Lila Lee is no relation to Jane and Katherine. Thanks for the postal. No, I never lose my head, but I sometimes lose my wits. Even now I am at a loss to know how to say something bright. I shall have to send them to the sharpener's. Drop in again.

VIOLA W.—Mae Murray in "The Delicious Little Devil." Can you picture Mae as a little devil? I can. Enjoyed your joke so much. The worst poverty that is conceivable is when we become too poor to enjoy a rich joke.

SWEET COOKIE.—Hurrah! When you think of matrimony, dont think only of fortune and family, but think of congeniality of dispositions. Yes, Anita Stewart is married. Do I think she can "come back"? Well, now! Ditto Corinne Griffith. The Latin word "peccavi" means I have sinned. But I hope you have not, even as I have not.

MISS A. B. C.—Why, Barbara Castleton was born in Little Rock, and she has brown hair and eyes, 5 ft. 5 in. tall and weighs 128. Nazimova is her real name. Yes.

ELLAYE PHAN.—Fire ahead! Come, 'fess up. But silence is golden. Then, too, as Disraeli said, "There are some silent people who are more interesting than the best talkers."

V. AND L.—You ask fourteen questions about Shirley Mason, fourteen about Eugene O'Brien, and thirteen about Dorothy Gish. Much too much. I'll see you after church.

PUZZLED ONE.—No, I wouldn't say you are crazy. The strongest writer smiles at the praise of his strength, for he alone knows how weak he can be. Dont try acting. Yes, George Eliot, alias Marian Evans, was a peculiar woman, but she wasn't so terribly religious.

BROWN EYES.—Oh, I manage to get around all right, thank you. Well, I lost the hair on my head first, and then my whiskers began to come instead, so they are much younger than I am. Yes, I shampoo them in borax and water. No, I dont usually wear silk pajamas—only when they are given to me. Wallace Reid is about 27.

MARY M., BOWLING GREEN.—Forwarded your letter. Yes, Jere Austin. Since you must know—the star is an actor who habitually plays the leading rôle. Not many star plays give strong individuality to the remaining characters. The leading man plays the male rôle next in importance to that of the star. If the star is a leading lady, the leading man in most cases plays the part of her lover.

ALIVE.—I hope so. "Khaki" is an East Indian word and means "cow dung." It also has the significance of dusty, or dust-colored. There is a Persian word Khaki, which means the same. Yes, indeed, I am very fond of Norma Talmadge, but alas! it is not reciprocated.

D. H. C. B.—Anita Stewart's "Human Desire." Oh, yes, I have tons and tons of waste paper. And think of all the ideas going to waste! Dorothy Gish is 23 and unmarried. Richard Barthelmess is with Griffith, Longacre Bldg., New York City.

DINNEY AND VANGY.—No, I dont know why Theda Bara wears long vamp shoes. Perhaps it's because she has been a vamp a long time. Corinne Griffith in "A Girl at Bay." You refer to William Shay. Run in again some time.

THU JAYS.—Well, well, where have you been hiding? You certainly are clever. A man cannot help being contented with his lot when he's buried in it, can he?

PAULINE H.—You say, "Why in the name of all the gods of Greece dont we have an interview with J. Warren Kerrigan?" We'll have Warren paged right away. Robert Ellis is acting in Selznick pictures.

JOYCE A. M.—But the man whose education is finished is a respirating mummy. When a man's brain makes itself "felt" he needs no better head-covering. Rose Tapley is with Paramount, but not acting. You have quite a list of favorites.

EASTER LILY.—It's this way, Easter Sunday is the Sunday following the fourteenth day of the calendar moon that falls on or next after March 21st. Yes, Tom Forman is in Los Angeles, playing regularly. You think I am young and good-looking. You flatter me.

FRANK D.—Delightful wit, yours was. Write me some more.

DOT.—I appreciate the poem, but oh, boy—the questions you ask! Molly King is with the American Cinema Corporation, 220 W. 42d Street, New York City. "Jacques of the Silver North" is Mitchel Lewis' last picture. Yes, it is possible to be a real society lady without having one's picture taken with a dog.

ANITA'S ANXIOUS ADORER.—Thanks for the Thrift Stamp.

LILY C.—Richard Barthelmess was Everett in "Boots." He was just interviewed—watch out for it. He is in New York now with Griffith.

JANIE G.—Your card was charming, indeed. Thanks.

PEGGY 21.—Thanks for what you say. Yes, I use a typewriter—it happens to be a Monarch. You say you are light-fingered. So? When you come to see me I'll lock up my watch. So you want more of Jack Holt. But how pleasant it is to observe some people happy with little, when the majority of us are utterly miserable with much less.

ANNA K.—So you think I am a jolly old chap. Sometimes not so jolly, tho. They say I have a snapping way about me when I get mad. Wanda Hawley was Sophy in the prolog of "Old Wives for New."

NADO.—You can perhaps obtain the photos of the foreign players you mention from Underwood & Underwood, New York City.

MADAME MARIE.—Just a tribute of thanks for "there are three things hard to find: a white blackbird, a red-hot chunk of ice and a dissatisfied subscriber to MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE." Of course the movies will be popular ten years from now. Why shouldn't they? They're getting more so every day, and so are I—I mean we.

CONNIE LOVER.—You're a White Sox fan, are you? We'll I'm a Dodger fan. Grace Cunard is in Los Angeles. I cant tell you why some young men smoke cigarets thru a cigaret holder about ten inches in length, unless their mothers told them to keep away from tobacco.

BROWN EYES.—Hot? Well, I should say so! The worst thing on the screen I know of is the fly. (Isn't that great?) Houdini was Quenton and Margaret Marsh was Eva in "Houdini, the Master Mystery."

C. W. C.—Yours was some letter. Lillian Walker is in Los Angeles just now. I believe Lillian Gish has no brothers. You say you have often heard that death by electricity is an easy death, but I have never heard it from any one with experience. Send along the photo, for I am sure it wont have that effect. That's some poem, never heard it before. Your letter was a corker.

ANSWER MAN ADMIRER.—My thanks. No, I dont borrow or lend. A money-lender serves you in the present tense, lends you in the conditional mood, keeps you in the subjunctive and ruins you in the future. My, but this is tense! I'm no joker, fair one.

L. M. B.—Norma Phillips and J. W. Johnston had the leads in "Runaway June." Norma was called "The Mutual Girl."

FRED B.—No, I have never been a newspaper writer. The oldest newspaper in the United States is the *Capital and Maryland Gazette,* published at Annapolis, Maryland, established in 1727. William Sheer in "Sealed Envelope." Charlie Chaplin is English. I can smoke any kind of cigars, and what I cant smoke, a chum of mine chews.

JEAN M.—William Hart was born in Newburgh, N. Y. He expects to remain in pictures for at least another year. Dont quite get you. J. Stuart Blackton has engaged the services of Fanny Rice to support Sylvia Breamer and Robert Gordon.

THE VAMP.—But opposition is the surest persuasion. Alan Forrest and Ann Little have agreed to disagree. Ethel Clayton in Japan at this writing. Yes, I like some earrings. They have been worn from the very earliest times. Persians, Babylonians and Greeks always wore them.

ETHEL L. A.—They dont come perfect. But dont marry a man with only one fault. It is all he has to go on. By subtle processes it becomes his only failing, his great peculiarity, his strong individuality. By that time it is almost a halo, and with his irreproachable character it makes a dazzling combination beside which mere woman is verily dust. 'Nuf said! Mere stuff. Dorothy Green is with World.

JUST ETTA.—Time, my child, give me time. Time makes all things even. It levels the roughest natures and smooths the ugliest dispositions. Dorothy Kelly has married and left pictures. At present Rubye de Remer is with World.

CORINNE GRIFFITH ADMIRER.—Address her at Vitagraph. Now that Wilson is out for light wines and beer, the film companies can continue to produce scenes with cabaret and beer-garden scenes with (or without) empty glasses on the table. Wilson, that's all. Ina Claire is playing in a Universal picture.

W. J. C., NEW HAVEN.—Welcome! Hardly think Caruso will make any more pictures. He and his fair bride have left for Italy, where they will visit his son. No, Earle Williams is not Italian. NC-4 means Navy Curtis 4. As I understand it, the "blimp" is the prima donna of the aircraft. It is hard to get them down to earth.

EMMA T.—Dont know how I can help you.

C. D. L.—As I sit here pulling the ends of my bow tie, I have discovered that you neglected to sign your name. You want to see more about Elmo Lincoln. I like John Kendrick Bangs for humor. Humorous paragraphers are the sunflowers of American literature.

ISRAEL M.; JANET G.; H. R. ADMIRER; LOIS P.; MADAM BUTTERFLY; HARRY C. K.; LUCRETIA; WAGNER S. D.; W. F. R.; CADY B.; H. J.; BETTY D.; ELEANOR P.; MARY N.; MARJORIE D.; AUGUSTUS M.; CUTIE; R. M. K.; OLD BLUE; ANDREW P.; EDWARD A. S.; ALLY M. C.; HILDA P.; MILDRED D.; MABEL D.; DOROTHY B. P.; RHONDA H.; GRACIE; VIVIAN E.; CATHERINE O'K.; E. M. M.; L. A. W.; AND HELEN D.—See elsewhere for yours. Alas, alack! you have joined the also-rans.

I. M. WILLING.—Are you? You say you have twenty scenarios written, but dont know where to sell them. Oh, it's easy enough to write them. Pearl White has written a book entitled "My Struggle for Fame," but I believe it has not been published yet.

HAZEL.—Yes, in Massachusetts and Maine cousins are allowed to marry, and I dont know why they cant anywhere. No, I cant read character from handwriting, but I can from the words. Marguerite Clayton at the Paragon studio, Fort Lee, N. J. Gladden James is back with Vitagraph, playing with Harry Morey. Harry is very playful.

QUEEN ANNA.—So you are going to call me Bill. Some call me Rip Van Winkle, some call me—well, I just dont want to be called a woman, see? Anything but that! An old woman! Zounds! Yes, Kipling has been in America. Did you ever read his "American Notes"?

AMY BETTY.—Haven't Mr. Davis' address. No to your second, and the Lee children live with their parents. Yes, why didn't you stop him? Is it any wonder that coal is so high when we know that creosote, pitch, oils, carbolic acid, antiseptics and high explosives are all hidden away in a lump of coal? Did you ever see the men shoot it—into the bin?

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.—Enjoyed yours very much. You will find among Coleridge's collection of essays, "The Friend." There are few better specimens of genuine English prose employed to do honor to a genuine English character. Hedda Nova, the European actress, is with Universal now.

(*Continued on page* 112)

The Crimson Iris

By H. H. VAN LOAN

The Conclusion of Our Great Mystery Serial

Prizes Awarded to the Winners

Of all the thousands of people who followed the Crimson Iris serial from month to month and sent in their solutions to the murder mystery, not one was completely correct. Of the vast number of postal cards sent in by interested readers, only three were completely logical.

Whether the mystery was so completely veiled that it was impossible to anticipate the last chapter, or whether the contestants did not spend sufficient time reasoning out their answers, who can say, but the results were indeed disappointing.

Therefore, we are doing the best we can and awarding the prizes to the solutions that seemed the most intelligent. You will doubtless remember that we gave the winners the privilege of having one half of their prize sent to some returned sailor or soldier. Many have done this.

Checks have been mailed to the lucky winners:

First prize, $100 goes to Paul Cator, Mineola, Queens Co., N. Y. Mr. Cator gives $50 of this to Peter J. McGovern, (sailor), 116 Monroe Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Second prize, $50 goes to Mrs. Robert M. Conway, Cincinnati, Ohio, who gives one half of her $50 to Private Frank Gaffney, Rahway General Hospital, Rahway, N. J. Gaffney lost one arm in the Argonne Forest and was one of the five of the 27th Division who won the Congressional Medal.

Third prize, $40 goes to Mabel Lerch, Lockport, N. Y., who gives one half of the $40 to William Skeets, Lockport, N. Y. Skeets was wounded, captured as a German prisoner and only recently returned to Lockport.

Fourth prize, $35 goes to Mrs. A. Barretta of 845 E. 155th Street, New York City.

Fifth prize, $25 goes to Mrs. Ruth Abbott, 142 Fish Street, Athol, Mass.

Sixth prize, $20 goes to Henry Jacobson, 89 Valley Street, Providence, R. I.

Seventh prize, $15 goes to Mrs. Lillian Kellogg, 189 E. Main Street, Norwalk, Ohio.

Eighth prize, $10 goes to Margaret D. Petts, 3 Regent Circle, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS OF "THE CRIMSON IRIS"

Arthur Gebhardt, president of the American Cinema Company, disappears weirdly from his London hotel. His only intimate in the city, Brenon Hodges, a man of fashion, notifies the police. It transpires that Gebhardt was not an American, but a German born in Laupheim, and that he had been travelling with a false passport.

Harry Letherdale, star man of the "Chronicle" and expert criminologist, becomes interested in the case. He goes to Scotland Yard and discloses the fact that he has found Gebhardt's opera hat and wallet containing his card on the parapet of Hungerford Bridge. Brenon Hodges is suspected of implication. At this juncture word is received that Arthur Gebhardt has been found at the Victoria Studios—*murdered!*

Letherdale and Inspector Henry of Scotland Yard go immediately to the Victoria Studios and there find the body of Gebhardt. They assemble together the people working in the studio and question them with little or no result. The coroner is summoned and is equally at a loss. As they are leaving they overhear Charles Dunn, the assistant laboratory man, questioning the camera-man about an iris he "shot" that morning. "You shot two," he tells him; "I only made one iris," declares the camera-man. "You made two," reiterates Dunn, "and I colored them both crimson."

The camera-man, Pliny, is sent to the Yard for further questioning and the police proceed to "follow up" Rita di Garma, star at the Victoria Studio and known to have been a friend of Arthur Gebhardt's.

Rita di Garma first denies all charges, then, confronted with evidence, admits her love for Gebhardt, which, she claims turned to hatred when he insulted her and proved himself to be a German spy. This supplies Letherdale with fresh impetus and he follows two suspicious looking Germans to a public house where he overhears them talking of the murder in terms of satisfaction. He seeks the London office of the Cinema Company of America and finds it obscurely located. We leave him planning a new coup.

Letherdale follows the German clue, and posing as one of them extracts considerable information from a man named Gantz—*so* considerable that he uncovers a veritable nest of spies of which Arthur Gebhardt, christened Rudolph Kleinsmidt, was one. He also locates the bullet which was supposed to have killed Gebhardt in a set at the studio and advances a further theory of poison.

Further disclosures reveal the facts that Gebhardt became pro-German thru blackmail intended to reveal hidden things in his past life: that Brenon Hodges played a difficult and loyal rôle alike to a woman, to his country and to Gebhardt and also that when Gebhardt was found murdered his hat was missing. "The one who took that hat," said Letherdale, "is the one that killed Arthur Gebhardt!"

CONCLUSION

(Continued from July)

The trio stared at him in amazement. The girl gazed at him with a look of bewilderment and confusion, while the Inspector and Superintendent appeared to be baffled by his emphatic statement. Finally, the officials turned towards the girl, as tho awaiting an explanation from her. Letherdale saw the look they gave her and hastened to her assistance.

"Miss di Garma has said that she saw the hat on the sofa," he remarked. "Do you know what became of it?" he inquired as he met her gaze.

She shook her head.

"You didn't remove it, did you?"

"No."

"I believe you," said Letherdale. Then, as he swung his chair around until he faced her, he added: "What would you say, Miss di Garma, if I should tell you that you didn't kill Arthur Gebhardt?"

She was startled by this remarkable question. She leaned forward in her chair. Her inability to understand what was transpiring in the thoughts of the reporter, whose serious countenance convinced her that he knew more than he had cared to disclose, confused her. She found herself unable to reply. Her feelings were shared equally by the Superintendent and Inspector Henry, as they eyed him with astonishment. Frost seemed to look upon him with sympathy; for he actually believed the strain Letherdale had undergone during the past few hours, together with his lack of sleep, had temporarily unbalanced his mind.

"What are you driving at, Letherdale?" he asked as he scrutinized the young man. "Miss di Garma admits the act! It is probably true that she committed it in self-defense."

"I disagree with you, Superintendent," Letherdale remarked. "Rita di Garma did not kill Arthur Gebhardt!"

"That is absurd," expostulated Inspector Henry. "Miss di Garma admits she killed him! . . . I have her confession!"

"She has every right to believe she shot him, Inspector," continued the reporter, calmly. "If I saw a man drop to the floor, dead, after I had held a gun up to him,

and fired, I would be pretty well convinced that I was solely responsible for his sudden demise. But, as you gentlemen have already stated, this is a most extraordinary case."

A deep questioning look was stamped on the face of the Superintendent, which gradually changed into one of suspicion and doubt. He was puzzled by the strange words of the reporter, and as he studied the serious contenance of Letherdale he was inclined to believe there might be something behind the reporter's insistence. This newspaper man had sprung several ingenious surprises in the past, and possibly he was on the verge of introducing a new one now.

Well, if Miss di Garma isn't responsible for Gebhardt's death, who is?" he inquired as he faced the reporter.

"That question has been answered by the victim, himself," replied Letherdale.

"W—what!" exclaimed the Superintendent and Inspector, in unison.

The gaze of all of them was now fixed on the man who made this startling statement. Casting an assuring look at Rita, the reporter continued:

"I think both of you gentlemen recall the late Professor Rouvier, who was at the head of the Institute of Sorbonne, in Paris," he went on. "During his last visit to London, I interviewed him, and was deeply impressed with some of his theories. Many of these theories were found to be impracticable and others have been tested, successfully, and are now in constant use.

"Later, during one of my visits to Paris, I called on the great criminologist, at the Institute. While we were discussing crimes and their motives, he explained to me one of his remarkable theories. He called it 'The Iris Test,' and told me, tho he had experimented with it many times, on only two occasions had he met with success. One was in the case of Antoine Derpernay, whose mutilated body was found in the Rue Madeleine, just previous to my visit, and the other was that of Marie Rossini, who was killed in the Champs Elysees. In both cases the police were completely mystified and unable to find the assassins. Finally, Professor Rouvier was called in by the Prefect, and after a consultation, it was agreed that the criminologist be permitted to apply 'The Iris Test.'"

"I have heard of 'The Iris Test,' but have only a vague knowledge of it," interrupted the Superintendent.

"As you know, the retina is the base of the eye," explained Letherdale. "Rays of light are reflected from the crystalline lens onto the retina, after which they are transposed onto the brain.

"Professor Rouvier maintained that in some cases the visual impressions registered, the instant previous to death, remain on the retina of the eye, for a period of thirty-six or forty-eight hours: providing the preservation poisons have not been distributed thru the system of the deceased. Furthermore, he was of the opinion that, it might be possible, with the aid of a powerful lens, to transmit this impression to the plate of a camera!"

"Remarkable theory," the Superintendent said, thoughtfully.

"Most extraordinary!" agreed the Inspector.

"Now then, from the moment I saw that mysterious scene, at the studio, which disclosed a portion of the tragedy, I was confident the moving picture camera had lied," said Letherdale. "This scene revealed a feminine hand, which discharged a revolver aimed at the left abdomen of the victim, and yet, the wound was in Gebhardt's right temple."

The small audience sat rigid as they listened attentively to his words. The Superintendent shot a questioning glance at the Inspector, whose countenance revealed a mystified look, and Rita gazed helplessly at both of them for an instant, after which she turned her eyes towards Letherdale again.

"Go on!" said Frost, as the reporter hesitated.

"When I observed this, I was convinced that the hand shown in the picture, was not responsible for this man's death. In fact, I so expressed myself to the Inspector. It was a most extraordinary situation! Miss di Garma believed she had killed this man, and apparently she was justified in her belief. The evidence was so powerful that she confessed, and with the exception of myself, no one seemed to dispute her claim: as far as I know.

"However, I was certain she was innocent, but helpless to prove it. The mere fact that I believed her innocent would not be sufficient to exonerate her. Finally, I recalled 'The Iris Test,' and decided I would try it in this case." Then he turned to the Superintendent. "You gave me permission this morning, Superintendent, to make a photograph."

Frost nodded.

"With one of our expert photographers, who happens to possess a powerful Genthal lens, I went to the morgue. Placing the lens of the camera near the pupils of the dead man's eyes, we made two time-exposures. Then we returned to the office and put the plate in a strong solution of hypophosphate. Imagine my surprise when I discovered the test had proved successful! We had succeeded in getting a perfect reproduction of the visual impression registered on the retina. The results of this test not only exonerated Miss di Garma, but revealed the real assassin of Arthur Gebhardt! In addition to this, it explains how the mysterious scene was taken, which was discovered by Dunn, the laboratory man." He paused a moment, and then added: "Now then, Superintendent, I think I have explained why I believe Miss di Garma innocent. And, here are the proofs to bear me out!" As he said this, he unwrapped the prints and handed them to the head of Scotland Yard.

"By Gad, you've done it!" exclaimed Frost as he gazed at the prints in astonishment. For, what he saw reproduced there, was sufficient to free Rita di Garma from any blame in connection with the death of Arthur Gebhardt.

The Superintendent handed one of them to Inspector Henry, and then proceeded to study the other carefully. It was a large photograph of the eyes of the murdered man, and there before the Superintendent, registered in the pupils of the dead man's eyes, was reproduced, the scene enacted at the studio, the instant before his death. As Letherdale studied the picture, over the shoulder of Frost, it seemed as tho he was gazing at an "Iris," at the end of a moving picture drama. The picture showed half of the interior of the foyer set, and there stood Rita di Garma, with a revolver in her outstretched hand. A small curl of smoke seemed to prove that the gun had just been fired. At the left side of the foyer was a large French window. Thru this window was thrust the head and arm of a man. He was frowning in the direction of Gebhardt, and in his hand was a revolver, which was levelled at the film magnate.

"There's the one who killed Arthur Gebhardt!" remarked Letherdale as he pointed to this figure.

The Superintendent turned to Rita, who had risen and was standing beside Letherdale as she studied the photograph. "Did you hear another shot, besides the one you fired?" he asked her.

"No," she replied.

"That's strange," mused Frost.

"If you look closely, Superintendent," interrupted Letherdale, "you will notice that this man has a peculiar piece of metal attached to the barrel of his gun."

"I see it!" said Inspector Henry.

"That is some sort of a silencer which the Germans recently invented," Letherdale informed them.

"There's Peepo!" exclaimed the Inspector.

"Who's Peepo?" inquired Frost as he turned his attention to the photographer again.

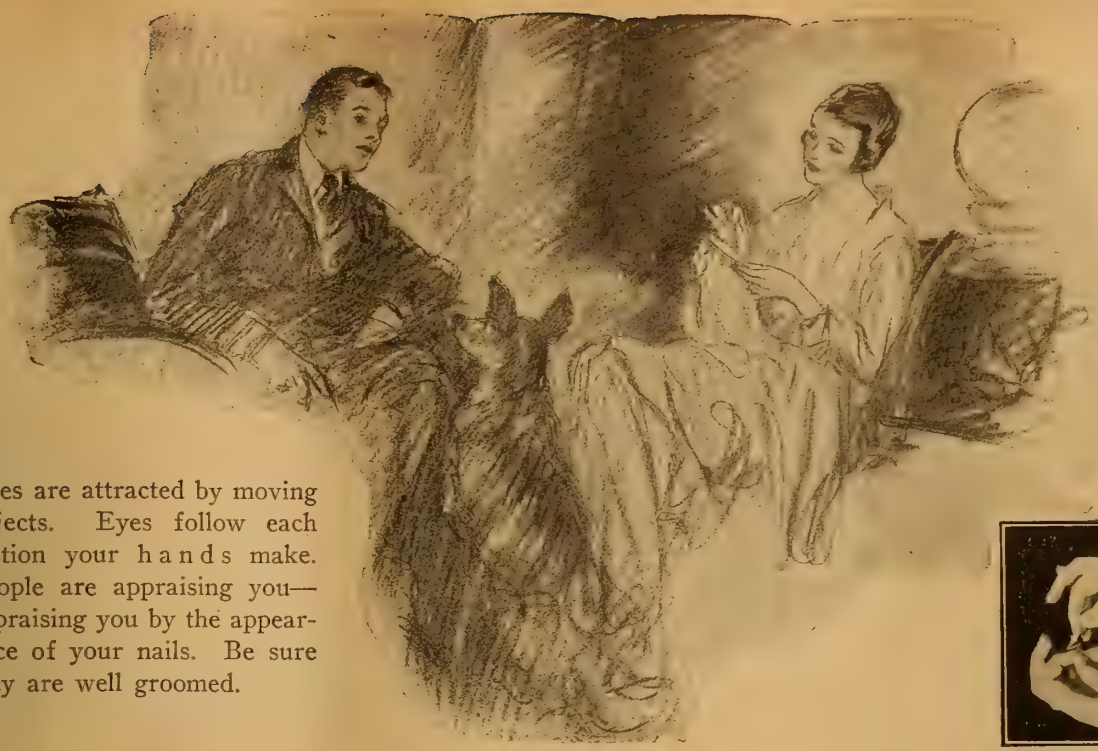
"There he is," Letherdale said, as he pointed to Rita's pet, who was quite prominent in the picture. He was perched on the top of the camera, and his right front paw was on the crank.

"I think Peepo has disclosed who took the mysterious scene," opined the reporter. He smiled to Rita as he said this.

"It would seem so," agreed the Superintendent. "That explains why it was out of focus." Then he studied the face of the man at the window, which was staring straight at him, out of the picture. For, the man was undoubtedly glaring hard at Gebhardt when he fired.

"Who is this man?" added Frost.

"Why, that's Lloyd, the director!" exclaimed the Inspector. *(Continued on page 94)*



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"Alias, Rudolph Klemm," added Letherdale calmly, as he met the stare of Henry.

"Was he one of the gang?" continued the Superintendent.

"He belonged to the German ring," the reporter informed him.

"Oh!" cried Rita, softly. This news was a shock to her. She had never suspected her director of disloyalty to his country, and the truth was difficult for her to understand.

"Are you certain you didn't see him?" pressed Frost, as he glanced at her.

But she was unable to speak just then, and simply shook her head.

"You will notice that the window was at the left of her and out of her view," the Inspector explained as he studied the picture. "He probably saw her enter the studio with Gebhardt and waited for an opportunity to commit this crime. When she raised her gun, and fired, he discharged his revolver at the same instant, and then quickly disappeared. That's why she heard only one shot. In order to make certain there would be no slip, he used a gun with a silencer."

"And the reason he was not in the mysterious scene, was because he was out of range of the camera," mused Frost. Then he was silent for a moment. He placed the photograph on the desk before him, and then leaned back in his chair. His gaze rested on the opposite wall for some time. After an uninterrupted silence, he suddenly turned to the reporter, who was now standing beside him.

"This case is growing more interesting every minute," he remarked. "Now then, granting that this man fired at Gebhardt: what became of the bullet?"

The reporter turned to the Inspector. "Did you notice the painting of the cavalier, on the rear wall, over the sofa?" he asked.

"Yes, I remember it," replied Henry.

"Well, I found a bullet in that chap's chin," Letherdale informed him.

"What calibre was it?" inquired the Inspector, with surprise.

"It was a .38."

"Strange," said Henry, thoughtfully, as he glanced at his superior, "the one I found was also of .38 calibre!"

"Where did you find it?" asked Letherdale, curiously.

"Underneath the sofa."

The reporter was puzzled. "Have you Miss di Garma's revolver?" he inquired of the Superintendent.

For reply, Frost opened a drawer in his desk and took out the weapon and handed it to Letherdale, who proceeded to study it closely. It was an ordinary Colt revolver, of .38 calibre. All the chambers were loaded, but one, and that contained an empty shell. The trio watched him in silence. He was about to lay it down, when another thought occurred to him, and raising it he forced it open and removed one of the loaded cartridges. After studying it for a moment, he put it back and handed the revolver to the Superintendent.

"The question is: which of the two bullets, we have found, killed Arthur Gebhardt?" Frost remarked.

"I'll wager a bunch of new Easter bonnets, for all of us, that it did not come from this gun!" replied Letherdale, as he pointed to the one he had just handed Frost.

"How can you prove that?" ventured the Inspector.

"Because, there is a grave doubt in my mind, that Gebhardt died from the wound!" he declared. "If this is true, then it was not fired from the revolver held in the hand of Miss di Garma."

At that moment the telephone bell rang. The Superintendent answered it, and after a brief conversation, hung up the receiver. "That question will be answered in a moment," he remarked. "Dr. Pivers is on his way here, from the waiting-room, and he is bringing his report!"

Almost before he had finished speaking, the door opened, and Sergeant McCarthy ushered the Coroner's Physician into the room.

"Well, what have you found?" inquired the Superintendent, as Pivers made his way towards his desk.

The physician glanced at the others and then bowed to Letherdale and the Inspector, after which he looked inquisitively at Frost.

"You need not be afraid to speak," the latter informed him, "for, all of us are interested in this case." Then he added: "What was the cause of death?"

Pivers hesitated a moment, and then replied: "Suffocation."

"What!" And the Superintendent stared at him in amazement, as the others did likewise.

"I made two examinations," continued the physician. "The first one was superficial, and seemed to indicate the victim had succcumbed as a result of a slight fracture of the skull. Upon recommendation of Mr. Letherdale, I made a second examination." All eyes turned towards the reporter as he said this: "This one was thoro. I discovered traces of poison in the tissues, and some grains of white powder on the skin, at the edge of the wound."

"Did you analyze this powder?" interrupted the Superintendent.

"Yes. It was potassium cyanide! The cardiac nerves had been paralyzed. Suffocation followed, and death was instantaneous."

"In your opinion, could he have died of the bullet wound?" asked Frost.

"I doubt it," responded Pivers. "The bullet entered the skin, just over the right eye and came out above the right ear. As it grazed the skull it discharged its contents of potassium cyanide, and death resulted, instantly."

"What sort of a bullet was used?" queried the Superintendent.

"It was a specially made steel bullet, with an ingenious cap at the point so delicately fitted that the slightest pressure forced the cap back into the walls, and this action forced out the potassium cyanide," explained Letherdale.

"By jove!" exclaimed Frost . . . "what will these damned dogs be doing next?"

"I wouldn't insult our friends," said the reporter, "for even the dogs are rendering most valuable aid to democracy at present."

The Superintendent then turned to his assistant. "Inspector: go out and get that fellow, Lloyd," he ordered.

As Henry arose and started towards the door, Letherdale interrupted. "That isn't necessary," he said, smiling. Looking at the Superintendent, he continued: "I thought you might want to interview him, so I asked Sergeant Claverly, of the Hackney Station, to bring him to the Yard. They should be here now." And he glanced at his watch.

"Excellent work, Letherdale," said Frost. "You seem to have anticipated everything in this case."

But the reporter received the compliment silently and modestly.

Then the Superintendent engaged in a little conference with Pivers and the Inspector, as Letherdale withdrew and walked over to one of the big windows, which overlooked the Embankment.

Rita took advantage of this opportunity to thank the man who had done so much for her, and rising she stepped over to his side. He was gazing abstractedly on the activities along the banks of the Thames, and seemed unconscious of her presence until she spoke.

"How can I express my gratitude to you, Mr. Letherdale?" she said softly.

Somewhat surprised, he turned and faced her. "By not attempting it," he replied as he looked into her eyes, which had lost some of their sadness now.

"I feel so helpless; so utterly incapable," she admitted, in distressed tones. "I owe you everything!"

Her admission embarrassed him. This sort of an experience was new to him, and he toyed with his hat as he endeavored to think of something nice to say to the most wonderful girl he had ever seen. Finally, he said, rather nervously: "Y—You are everything." Then he awaited the punishment.

The smile she gave him almost checked his respiration, and for the first time in his life he understood how it felt to be immensely happy.

"You're the most interesting man I've ever met," she admitted, as she studied his countenance, with a look of admiration in her big, brown eyes.

"Opportunity has had a lot to do with this," he said modestly.

"No: it was you," she corrected him. "You made the opportunity." (*Continued on page 96*)



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"It sounds nice," he said, smiling, "even if I disagree with you."

"I shall always be indebted to you," she informed him, as her eyes looked up into his.

"I'd be a cad, if I thought that," he said with a slight frown. Then he hesitated, after which he added: "You know, I think you need someone to protect you from these German spies."

She glanced out of the window, and then finally turned her eyes towards him again. There was a roguish little smile in those eyes when she spoke. "Perhaps I do," she confessed.

"You're a wonderful girl," he told her. "And some day I'd like to come and tell you how much I think of you."

"I'll be waiting for you," she told him. He could read in her eyes that she was serious, too.

"Will you really?" he asked her, in order to hear her say it again.

"Really," she said softly.

"There's something else, too," he added. "If you dont mind, I'd like to call you Rita, till then. Your name is rather extensive, and it takes a long time to say all of it."

"You may," she agreed. And they both laughed.

"I've just discovered where Heaven is," he informed her.

Then the door opened, and Sergeant McCarthy reappeared, closely followed by Claverly. The latter's face was flushed with anger, and he shoved McCarthy aside impatiently, and rushed into the room. His gaze was fixed on Letherdale, who had started forward to greet him. The Superintendent, Pivers and Inspector Henry looked on with interest and amusement, as Claverly approached the reporter.

"Sy, what d' y'think that rotten Lloyd did?" he blurted out: using his cockney dialect, which was customary of him when he was angry.

"I dont know. What did he do?" asked Letherdale.

"Wy, th' blawsted hidiot spiled th' big finish: 'at's what 'e did! . . . 'e cownfessed t'me on th' wy 'ere!"

Letherdale laughed heartily. Then he stopped, as he saw the Sergeant gazing at him with a mystified look. "So he confessed, did he?" he said. "Well, that's fine!" Whereupon he turned to the Superintendent and remarked:"

"You hear what Sergeant Claverly says? . . . Lloyd has confessed!"

"Sounds interesting," said Frost, as he smiled.

"Did he say how he did it?" added the reporter.

"Hit was some sort of a poisoned bullet, Sir," the Sergeant informed him.

"Where is he, now?" asked the Superintendent.

"He's in the cage, downstairs," replied Sergeant McCarthy.

"Dont let him mix with Gantz and Mayer," said Frost.

"He's at the other end of the hall, Sir," McCarthy informed him.

"I'll question him later," added the Superintendent. Then as he looked at Claverly he said: "That's all, Sergeant; you may go."

When Claverly and McCarthy had left the room, the Superintendent turned to the others and remarked: "Now you have seen how complete, how thoro, this German system is. Their spies and agents are at work in our very midst and where we least expect to find them. They are to be found in all walks of life: professional, commercial and industrial. It is safe to estimate that every German, outside of the Fatherland, has been approached by agents who have resorted to various means in order to obtain their aid."

"Arthur Gebhardt is only one of thousands, who have been forced to act for Germany," added Letherdale. "After stealing 'The Earth,' this gang became suspicious that Gebhardt would betray them, so they decided to put him out of the way. They glanced over the list of 'faithfuls' and discovered Rudolph Klemm, who had been useful to them in various ways before, was employed at the Victoria Studios. He was the logical man for this job: for they knew Gebhardt was a frequent visitor to South Hackney. Accordingly, Klemm was notified, and he worked so smoothly that, had it not been for 'The Iris Test,' I question whether he would have been apprehended. He went to lunch with the members of the company for the purpose of establishing an alibi, and then slipped away, returning to the studio, after he saw Miss di Garma and Gebhardt go down the road. He would have killed the film magnate anyway, but Fate seemed to be assisting him; and there is no question but that he was a witness to the quarrel between Miss di Garma and Gebhardt, which resulted in offering him the opportunity he had been waiting for. He fired at precisely the same instant Miss di Garma did, and even tho he had taken the precaution to equip his gun with a silencer, it is doubtful if she would have heard a shot, other than her own. She did not hear him escape, because he was not in the room. The left wall of the 'foyer' was placed against the glass side of the studio, and the French window was camouflage. It was one of the many which assist in forming the glass wall of the studio. So, you see, Klemm wasn't even in the studio when the shot was fired. He was outside.

"But, what became of the hat?" inquired Inspector Henry.

"Why, the chump believed that by taking this, he would link up the murder with the robbery of 'The Earth,'" replied the reporter. "That's where he shuffled wrong."

"This is all very plausible," mused the Superintendent, "but I think that camera-man did a considerable amount of lying."

"You could hardly censure him for that," said Letherdale. "The truth would have cost him his job. You must remember he was working for Klemm."

"This is one of the greatest mysteries Scotland Yard has ever been called upon to solve," said Frost, thoughtfully. "It seems to have been carefully planned and ably carried out. However, they have failed miserably. For instance: 'The Earth' has been rescued from the Thames, and Sir Arthur Willet is endeavoring to arrange with the executors of Gebhardt to show the picture, as advertised, at Daly's Theater, and give the proceeds to the widows of British soldiers."

At this point, the conference was again interrupted by Sergeant McCarthy.

"Sergeant Smith, of Vine Street, and a gentleman by the name of Thein," he announced to the Superintendent.

"Send them in," ordered Frost.

As Smith entered, handcuffed to the German, whose countenance was still a sickly-white, Letherdale turned to Frost.

"The master of the intrigue," he informed him.

"Well, here it is!" announced Smith, as he dragged the shivering man up to the desk.

"This gentleman," said the reporter, "has been spending this afternoon and evening sending wireless messages to Neun, and to the German submarine base at Lambay, Ireland. His idea of a good time is to send ships, loaded with helpless women and little children, to the bottom of the ocean. His hands are sodden with the blood of the innocent!"

Then Letherdale told the Superintendent the story of how he discovered the clue which led him to Gerrard Street; of the way in which he gained entrance to Thein's confidence; the plan to sink the Campian, and of the decoy which was now sending three German U-boats to Strumble Head, and certain destruction.

Everyone in the room was stunned by the reporter's remarkable disclosures. As he related his narrative, the eyes of all of them had been fixed on the quivering, cringing creature, who stood with his eyes gazing on the floor. There was no evidence of regret on his face, but a contemptuous sneer. His apparent indifference was only one of the elements he disclosed which convinced his observers he was an alumnus of the Prussian school of barbarism.

"You miserable wretch!" exclaimed Frost, his face reddened with hatred for this despicable creature. Then he turned to Smith. "Take the bloodthirsty thing downstairs, Sergeant," he said.

The Sergeant started towards the door, jerking Thein after him. As they reached the threshold, the German hesitated an instant, and glaring wretchedly at the group in the room, he hissed: "Englandische Schwein!"

Then, after they had passed out, the Superintendent arose and going over to Letherdale, he grasped his hand

(*Continued on page* 119)



Ann Little

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Screen stars have taken to breeding chickens, dogs and ducks. Now comes **Harry Carey** with the desire to breed a cross between a motor car and a horse.

Our friend of old, **Herbert Prior,** has been engaged for a prominent part in "A Little Brother of the Rich," a forthcoming Universal picture.

New York's largest theater, the Capitol, located at Broadway and Fifty-first Street, will open in the fall. **Douglas Fairbanks** has the honor of being the first star whose picture will be shown from the new screen. This will be Doug's first release on the United Artists Corporation's program.

Lionel Atwill, who was seen as Frances Starr's leading man this season in "Tiger, Tiger," has been engaged to support Florence Reed in her next United Picture Theaters production, "The Eternal Mother."

The head of the library at Sacramento has asked Madame Alla Nazimova, Viola Dana, May Allison, Bert Lytell, Hale Hamilton and Emmy Wehlen for biographical data and photographs to be filed in the new department of motion picture history, to be available to all students and writers on and off the screen.

The stage hands at Metro cant sing "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here," unless **May Allison** is among those present now. May has just been made a life member of the International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employees and Motion Picture Machine Operators, and any time she becomes tired of starring in photoplays, she can rustle props, juggle flats, or even sit in a little tin-lined box and project her own comedies on the screen for admiring audiences.

Olive Thomas' second Selznick picture is titled "The Spite Bride" and was written especially for Miss Thomas by Louise Winter, who turned out so many clever Constance Talmadge stories during the past season.

Olive Thomas claims the honors of the month for having a song written about her. A new fox-trot has come out called "Upstairs and Down." Any time you go to a Broadway café and hear a particularly lively number, you'll know it's Olive's.



Photo Witzel, L. A.

RHEA MITCHELL

Emmy Wehlen has discovered that the sunlight hurts her eyes dreadfully. After an hour's work in the sun, she pressed her hands to her eyes, declaring that she had become so accustomed to strong tungstens and arc lights on the musical comedy stage that the glare of the sun completely dazzled her. And all the other stars find it just the other way round.

Edward Connelly, veteran character actor, has been loaned by Metro to Anita Stewart to play the rôle of Colonel Doolittle in the production of "Old Kentucky." Mr. Connelly recently appeared with Geraldine Farrar in a production at the Goldwyn studio, but he calls regularly at the Metro lot for his mail, so it is easy to tell where he makes his home.

Viola Dana has a little album rightly called "Great Men I Have Known," and the dainty little star has in it autographs, photographs, and brief biographies of many prominent men thruout the world.

May Allison has sold her ranch at Saugus, Calif., together with its complete stock of horses, cows, pigs, chickens and the several hundred young turkeys which she has been raising for market. May said it was either a case of giving up acting or the ranch—so she decided on the ranch.

Mildred Moore, leading woman for Eddie Lyons and Lee Moran at Universal City, is an accomplished musician. Tho she plays piano, zither, oboe, jew's-harp, banjo and accordeon, she is applying herself to master the piccolo. She is going to be the chief piccoloist in a women's orchestra in the next Lyons-Moran joyfest and play a big dill piccolo. (Universal vouches for this note.)

A part is being written especially for **Hedda Nova's** famous $10,000 Siberian wolf-hound in "The Spitfire of Seville." The dog is one of the handsomest of the species in America, and Lloyd's of London insured him for $5,000 on receipt of a handsome premium from the star.

Fritzi Brunette, who hasn't twinkled often of late, will soon be seen in "Devils Have Their Friends" with Monroe Salisbury. We would like to see more of this sterling little player.

Marjorie Daw, in company with King Vidor's secretary, Sarah Mason, went up in an aeroplane during the large Aviation Meet held at the De Mille Field recently. They claim the proud distinction of being the first girls in California to do this. Figuratively speaking, they have hardly touched earth since!

Alice Brady's husband, James L. Crane, will be seen with her in "His Bridal Night." Brady fans ought to take a double interest in this picture.

Frank Keenan very rarely makes personal appearances before motion picture audiences, for, as he explained to a recent inquisitor, the custom "kills the goose." Only Keenan isn't that sort of bird!

Dolores Cassinelli, star of "The Unknown Love," has a large collection of model amatory missives submitted to her by admirers, who regard her as a high authority after having read some of the epigrams from her "Inspiration and Ironies of Love," soon to be collected in book form.

Fans of long standing will recognize the Stuart children of Griffith-Biograph days in "April Folly," **Marion Davies'** new picture. These youngsters worked from 7:30 P. M. until 7:30 A. M. with Miss Davies one night.

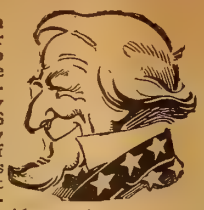
Here's another old favorite who has again come within the camera range. **Frank Lanning,** of Alice Joyce's Kalem days, will be seen in "The Prodigal Liar," which stars William Desmond.

Charles Ray has just completed a photoplay under the title of "Whistling Jim," in which he had to appear as a prize-fighter. After many strenuous rounds in the arena, the scenes were secured and Charlie is still safe and sound. He had the distinction of boxing with such famous fighters as Al Kauffman, Cliff Jordan, Ray Kirkwood and Jimmie Fortney.

Dainty little **Marguerite Courtot** is coming back to the screen after abandoning it during the past few months. Miss Courtot will appear with Guy Empey in "The Undercurrent" and in the Ralph Ince-Selznick production, "The Perfect Lover."

(*Continued on page* 104)

Copy this Sketch



and let me see what you can do with it. Many newspaper artists earning $30.00 to $125.00or more per week were trained by my course of personal individual lessons by mail. PICTURE CHARTS make original drawing easy to learn. Send sketch of Uncle Sam with 6c in stamps for sample Picture Chart, list of successful students, examples of their work and evidence of what YOU can accomplish. *Please state your age.*

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Juliette Fara

So often I have seen possibilities in some woman, some young girl, that needed only a hint to bring out all the best qualities in her. Dozens of times I have felt like going up to some woman and saying: "I know a secret which will completely change your whole life! Will you let me tell it to you?" But I couldn't very well so accost a stranger, could I?

But, oh! I do so want to share my knowledge with the hosts of eager-eyed girls and women in this America that I love. I want to let you profit by my experience. I know it will benefit you and make you happier and more alive, as well as markedly successful.



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Please send me, postpaid, free of cost and without any obligation on my part, Madame Juliette Fara's little book entitled "How."

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SECRETS OF FASCINATION

It is not necessary to be a great beauty or to possess a brilliant mind or to wear stunning clothes to have this power of fascination. How many times in your own experience have you watched a really homely woman, surrounded by men, the very center of attention? How many times have you seen a self-made girl, one who has perhaps only just managed to finish grammar school, the most fêted and courted girl of your acquaintance? Can't you recall the first time you saw Emily Deane, who, apparently without effort, became engaged to the most eligible young man in town? You looked at her and remarked cuttingly: "Why, she hasn't even clothes. She's only a plain little thing! How did she get him?"

Oh, yes, Emily was a plain little thing; she wore a skirt that was shiny, but she had that something which is greater than beauty, or brains, or clothes. She had the charm of an attractive personality.

FREE TO YOU

I have put some of my secrets into a little book called "How" that I want you to read. The Gentlewoman Institute will send it to you entirely free, postpaid, in a plain wrapper, just for the asking.

My advice to you is to send without delay for this free book "How." I know that you want to possess happiness and contentment and gain all those good things of life which come to you as the result of having a winning personality. "How" will show you the way.

Juliette Fara



Irene Bordoni

Famous actresses, who have won their success through the arts of fascinating personality, have given their praise to Madame Juliette Fara's confidential lessons for women.

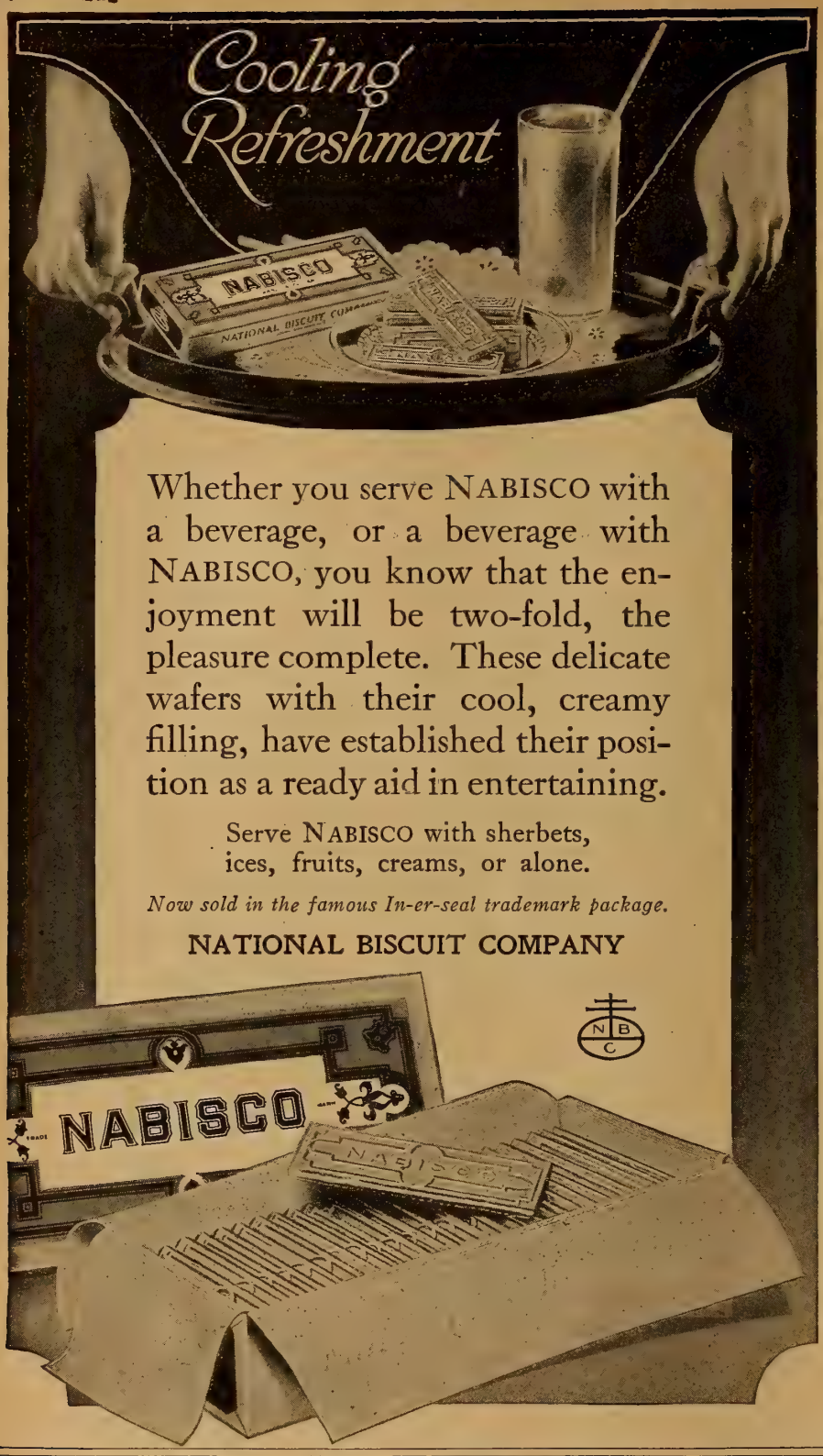
Among those who recommend these personality lessons to you are Alice Joyce, Constance Talmadge, Virginia Pearson, Marguerita Sylva, Penelope Du Bary and Irene Bordoni.

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To win success in business, or on the stage, or in social life. To overcome your imperfections. To become beautiful. To be cheerful and happy. To win true love. To be a successful wife. A galaxy of secrets. Do not fail to answer this advertisement. It is one of the greatest chances in a lifetime.

IMPORTANT To obtain Madame Fara's little book "How," free, you may fill out the coupon and send in; or you may write by letter or postcard requesting it. Address as below:

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A Helpful Hint to Amateur Writers

The amateur photoplaywright is coming into his own again. The scenario editor of Universal says he wants new stories by new authors; Cecil B. DeMille says the scenario field is ever waiting for a fresh plot, consistently handled; and the Triangle Film Corporation is noted for its ability to pick budding talent and foster it.

Have you written plays and wondered why they haven't sold? Are you sure your ideas were original? Why not send us 25c. and let us send you "Here Lies," a little book that will tell you about plots long abused and worn threadbare?

Or, if you wish to learn the fundamental facts of scenario writing, send us 50c. and let us send you "The Photoplaywright's Primer," a booklet that tells you in the very simplest English how to construct your photoplay.

There are some who will doubtless desire both books, and because we are anxious to aid aspiring writers, we have arranged to sell both copies for 65c. If you feel that you can and must write, mail us 65c. today—let us help you.

THE M. P. PUBLISHING CO., 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

The September Classic

Have you noted the number of magazine "beats" scored this year by THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, which published the first personality stories of such newcomers as Katherine MacDonald, Gloria Swanson, Wanda Hawley, King Vidor and Richard Barthelmess? If you want to see it first, read THE CLASSIC. And THE CLASSIC is going right on leading the pace.

The September CLASSIC will present—

The first intimate story of young **Douglas MacLean,** the new Ince star.

A human study of the real **Lillian Gish** by Frederick James Smith.

Do you know **Marguerite Clark's** startling plans? Read the sensational interview in the September CLASSIC.

Wallace MacDonald tells many interesting things about himself in a typical chat.

An unusual story with Syd Chaplin, millionaire and comedian, presents a remarkable view of a remarkably diversified chap.

and

The Celluloid Critic will present his review of the whole screen year. You will find this absorbing reading and an invaluable record to preserve.

besides

Hundreds of stunning pictures, three fascinating fictionized photoplays, several corking articles and many last-minute interviews.

The Motion Picture Classic
175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Meet "Battling" Burrows

(*Continued from page* 50)

not refuse. You see, I had worked with him since the old Majestic Reliance days, had directed under his supervision over eight years ago, and felt that I owed him a great deal.

"So I studied the character thoroly. I tried out a number of make-ups until I got just what suited me. After that, it was really a trying matter to put on that make-up, for I had to gum down my ears to show the 'cauliflower' ear of the pugilist, make one cut in the left nostril—for, you see, sooner or later all prize-fighters receive a cut nose—put several deep scars on my face and otherwise thoroly disfigure myself. For hours after taking off the gum my ears would ache severely. It was a hard rôle to play merely from the standpoint of physical inconvenience.

"But that was not the worst of it. I was compelled to begin directing our own company again, and the change from being with sweet, gentle girls, like Lois Wilson, and refined young gentlemen, including Mr. Washburn, all day, to assuming a brutish nature and working nearly all night—since Mr. Griffith had to undertake night scenes on my account—was extremely hard on one.

"I would rather act than direct, of course. The reason? Oh, I always forget myself utterly when acting and simply drown myself in the part. I cant live, think or feel anything but that one part. When one directs, it's a case of assembling, deciding on dramatic values, comparing, acting a dozen different parts—for perhaps you've noticed that I act every part in every scene before I allow one of my company to try it. This robs one of the individuality which a singleness of purpose and concentration upon a certain rôle provides. Yes, I'd much rather act!"

"Have you played anything but villains, heavies or juveniles years ago?"

"Oh, yes," smiled Mr. Crisp, with a delightful twinkle in his eye. Then, seriously, "Would you believe it, I have played dear, indulgent, tender-hearted papas?"

"It does seem a pity that Mr. Crisp had to do such a horrible part as in "Broken Blossoms,'" chimed in Mrs. Crisp, who is taking a part in "Love Insurance," now featuring Bryant Washburn. Mrs. Crisp was Marie Stark before her marriage, and is a pretty brunette whose eyes follow her husband with intense admiration. "I was at the Griffith studio while they were shooting that drama and one day Lillian Gish said to me, 'Mrs. Crisp, I do wish people in the East who know you've married Donald could have seen him as he is—for I'm afraid all your relatives will think you've married a horrible brute. They wont believe that any one could act like this unless he really had something in his make-up to enable him to look and feel as he does. And then—they know he's a wrestler; they'll begin to pity you, dear!'"

"The peculiar part of it was that I did act it all so realistically that Lillian Gish was truly afraid of me. She used to cry and cry—her nerves got all unstrung, especially when we were shooting that awful scene in which I beat her head in with a whip-handle.

"All thru the play I am beating her just for pleasure. She's not done anything wrong—it's merely a vent for my joy to beat her. Even my voice was gruff—for I not only assumed the change of voice, but it was made easier for me because of a whole day spent megaphoning before I went to the Griffith lot," continued Mr. Crisp. "Miss Gish was afraid some day my fist would slip too hard, or the whip would come down too near her, and so she really did feel that she might suffer an injury inadvertently.

"Nothing could excuse the gorilla nature of 'Battling.' There was nothing to remember but horror. That is why I say it is a screen sacrifice, one which not many men would dare to make—certainly not one who had a career to carve out which depended on the fan-following he inspired. As I'm evidently destined to remain a director, it was possible for me to undertake the rôle—but I'm afraid no one will believe that I'm half-way decent and a pretty easy chap to live with. No ordinary mortal could understand a character like 'Bull.' But I contend that there are such natures, because, you see, I lived so long in London, sang in St. Paul's Cathedral and visited Limehouse Row continually, especially when I grew up.

"I hobnobbed with costermongers, donned old clothes to throw off suspicion, studied their methods, their songs, enjoyments, villainies. Why, do you know that if one had more buttons on his coat than another they would indulge in a Sunday fistic encounter which almost knocked one of them over into Kingdom Come? They were primal natures—children of the world, with passions uncontrolled, with little spirituality anywhere.

"To show the light, one must have the shadow. Some contend that happiness is sufficient; one needs no opposite to teach just what happiness is, to teach gratitude for it. I believe that the contrasts are as necessary in this life as the shady side of the street is alluring to a pedestrian on a hot day. I was the black background for the loveliness of the 'Broken Blossom.' You've noticed the 'still life' even in the modern fruiterer's window? The gold frame, the black velvet background, then the daintily arranged fruit? Isn't it far more apt to be remembered than the tray of apples which the old woman carries on the corner? Life is filled with tragedies—why deny their expression on the screen? I can see these plays in which all ends happily—for all of us know that happiness is an elusive wight, not easily handcuffed, save by screen lovers!

"But there are compensations—for if I cant be a leading man I at least have the satisfaction of showing him—or a star like George Beban, whom I used to direct—just how he should 'wrestle' with the faire ladye. So while we poor directors dont get the lovely hymns of praise from adoring fans which gladden the waste-baskets of all popular players, we've the satisfaction of knowing that, without our efforts to give them all possible advantage in a production, they would be very little better known than the man behind the camera."

THE EASIEST WAY

She's going into the movies,
  Tho she owns no pretty eyes,
Or handsome face, or winning smile,
  Or vampirish ways and wiles.

No aids like these are required,
  By this fortunate lass:
She's going into the movies,
  'Cause someone gave her a pass.



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Dental science has found a way to combat it. The fact has been proved beyond question. Pepsodent embodies this new method. And we urge you to learn by a ten-day test how much it means to you.

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There is a new teeth cleaning method which everyone should know. It is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent.

Able authorities have proved it by many clinical tests. Leading dentists everywhere endorse and advise it. Millions of teeth are now protected by it. And we are sending free to all who ask a 10-Day Tube to try.

There's a film on your teeth—a slimy film—which causes most tooth troubles. The ordinary dentrifice cannot combat it. It clings to the teeth, gets into crevices, hardens and stays. That is why teeth discolor and decay despite the daily brushing.

That film is what discolors—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

See Its Effects

You know, we think, that your present methods do not save your teeth. Try this one and see what it does.

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Pepsin long seemed impossible. It must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But Pepsodent employs a harmless activating method. It is a new discovery which opens up an entirely new dental era.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Use like any tooth paste. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how the teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears.

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Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

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The Poet-Philosopher of the Photoplay

(*Continued from page* 30)

the manufacturer. He has to live. Take, for instance, my experience. 'The Birth of a Nation' made a fortune, but I sunk it trying out new ideas with 'Intolerance.' Then I had to turn to making program pictures for a living. These had to be made according to a set rule of what the public wanted. I tried to inject a little of what *I* wanted to do, as, for instance, the realism of the small-town stuff in the first reels of 'The Romance of Happy Valley,' just to see how it would go—but in order to have my pictures accepted by the releasing company, I had to complete the picture with the elements of action they considered necessary to satisfy public tastes. I no sooner received the money for my program productions than I sunk it in 'Broken Blossoms.' I reckon *I* am the Broken Blossom," he added whimsically.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because," he said, "'Broken Blossoms' will break me, unless it is a financial success, and I fear it will never be a financial success, because the majority of the people wont understand or enjoy it."

"I have more belief in the masses than that," I interrupted. "I am sure they will appreciate 'Broken Blossoms,' the most beautiful picture ever produced."

"And yet," said Griffith, with an expression which must have been similar to that of the disciples when the way seemed hard, "for every person who marvels at the beauty of a sunset, there are thousands who will stop to admire an electric sign on the hot city streets."

And it is because D. W. Griffith can see beyond the hum of our hurried business marts, because he can hear the pulse of the universe, can sympathize with the joys and sorrows, the cares and tribulations of humanity, because even in the most sordid life he can find something beautiful, something to be admired, that he and he alone is a pioneer in the advance of the photoplay.

It is because he has the courage to ride ahead and trample down prejudice, take chances with the very wherewithal of his existence, that he has made the advance he has.

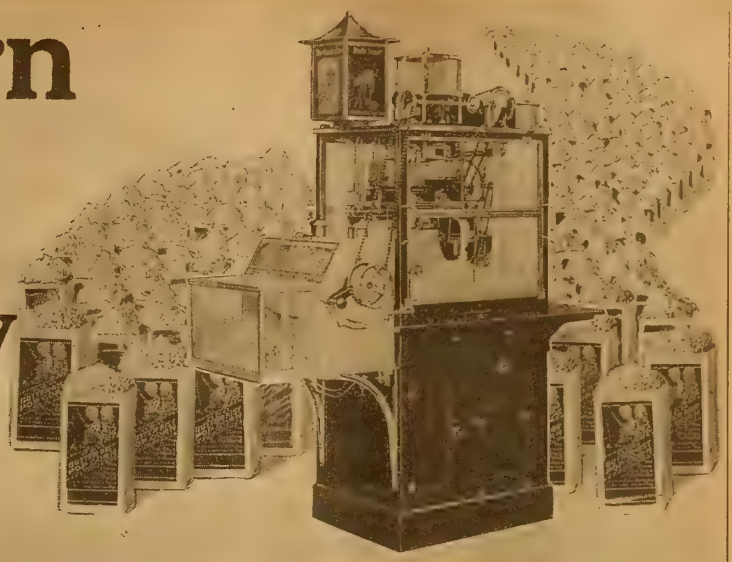
He works for the joy of it, and his twin tools are enthusiasm and an ability to hear the call of temple bells among even the most humble.

LILLIAN GISH'S RECIPE FOR SALAD

(With apologies to Sidney Smith)

To make this condiment, your poet begs
The pounded yellow of two hard-boiled eggs;
Two boiled potatoes, passed thru kitchen sieve,
Smoothness and softness to the salad give.
Let onion atoms lurk within the bowl
And, half-suspected, animate the whole.
Of mordant mustard add a single spoon—
Distrust the condiment that bites so soon;
But deem it not, thou man of herbs, a fault
To add a double quantity of salt.
And, lastly, o'er the flavored compound toss
A magic soup-spoon of anchovy sauce.
Oh, green and glorious! Oh, herbaceous treat!
'Twould tempt the dying anchorite to eat;
Back to the world he'd turn his fleeting soul
And plunge his fingers in the salad bowl!
Serenely full, the epicure would say,
"Fate cannot harm me—I have dined today!"

Stores Earn $600 to $3120 Yearly From a Little Waste Space



Took in $10,000
"Have had our machine over 3 years and have taken in more than $10,000 on pop corn and peanuts."—Bloomington, Ill., population 26,850.

Bought Him a Car
"Profits derived from Butter-Kist machine first 12 months paid for machine and bought me a $1,200 automobile besides."—Electra, Tex., population 640.

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"Paid for machine out of profits in less than year."—Mt. Pleasant, Ia., population 3,874.

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"Made 49,015 sales of Butter-Kist pop corn and peanuts first year and it increased my sale of magazines 97 per cent."—Evansville, Ind., population 76,078.

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Do you realize that America is on the threshold of her greatest business era? Every day we are getting letters from Druggists, Confectioners, Grocers, Bakers, Department and Variety Stores and Film Exhibitors who want the Butter-Kist Pop Corn Machine to attract and expand the enormous retail trade set loose by the ending of war.

What are you doing to seize this life-time opportunity? Will you start right now by sending for our much discussed Butter-Kist book and see the sales records and photographic proof of the hundreds of stores and theaters earning from $60 to $250 clear profit per month, AND MORE, from a little waste floor space 26 by 32 inches?

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Look!

BUTTER-KIST Pop Corn and Peanut Machine

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Our Easy Payment Plan gives every buyer a chance to pay right out of his Butter-Kist sales as thousands have done.

Don't think you have to be located in a busy center to make this machine pay. The beauty of the Butter-Kist is the way it draws trade to you. Many a business that never succeeded without this machine has been put on its feet.

An average of only 85 nickel bags a day means $1,000 a year profit.

Everybody loves pop corn and Butter-Kist ranks in highest favor because of Butter-Kist's exclusive toasty flavor, made under our patent process.

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This coupon has started many a business man on the road to new profits.

Each read an advertisement like this and had the good horse-sense to know that it doesn't cost anything but a postage stamp to investigate.

If this machine pays big profits in towns of 300 and 400 population as well as in the largest cities, then no man in business can afford to ignore it. Mail the coupon now for full facts and amazing success records.

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Without obligation, send me your free Butter-Kist book—"America's New Industry"—with photos, sales records, and estimate of how much I can make with your machine.

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LITTLE WHISPERINGS FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERDOM

Rubye De Remer has been advanced to stardom by the World Film Corporation and is now working on her first starring vehicle, "Dust of Desire."

Nazimova has been eulogized in song by Fred Fisher, of McCarthy & Fisher, who has written the words and music of a tuneful melody called "The Red Lantern," which has already been published. Likewise comes one for Mary Pickford called "Daddy Long Legs." Yet they wondered what the stars would do for publicity when there were no more soldiers to adopt.

Bessie Barriscale says that if aerial navigation has been made sufficiently safe by the time she starts on her world tour in 1921, she will certainly take the air route to Europe.

Mrs. Sidney Drew will continue to make comedies for the Paramount people and Donald MacBride will play the part of her bachelor brother. This couple ought to make a good team, for Mr. MacBride has a long vaudeville record, and Mrs. Drew's work speaks for itself.

Mabel Normand belongs three paragraphs ahead, having furnished the inspiration for "Kentucky Dream." We might add that Miss Normand also furnished a striking photograph for the cover.

Little **Clara Horton,** who played with Jack Pickford in "Tom Sawyer," has been engaged by Goldwyn to appear in a new Rex Beach story.

Ormi Hawley has likewise been taken into the Goldwyn fold to play with Louis Bennison in "The Road Called Straight."

Helen Eddy, the dainty little player who won such renown in "The Turn in the Road," has been engaged to play in Maurice Tourneur's "The County Fair."

According to Dustin Farnum, many a film is more to be pitied than censored!

Mary Miles Minter has signed a contract with Realart Pictures to make six pictures a year from successful books and plays. That is to say, Mary's mother, Mrs. Shelby, did the actual signing of the contract, as the little blonde star is still several years under age.

Stepping from the stage to the silent drama is such a fad nowadays that it is difficult to find sufficient space to record all the entries. However, it is interesting to note that **Lucy Cotton,** who made such an excellent impression in "Up in Mabel's Room," has been engaged by the International Film Co. to appear in "The Miracle of Love."

J. Stuart Blackton has formed a new producing company to be called the J. Stuart Blackton Feature Pictures, Inc. Commodore Blackton will be president and director-general of the new corporation. Sylvia Breamer and Robert Gordon are to be the featured players of these productions. "Moonshine and Shadows" is the first picture.

And while we are speaking of new companies, the latest to form their own are the **Lee** children. Jane and Katherine, the one six years old and the other nine, plan to present themselves in one two-reel comedy-drama a month.

Anita Loos, the tiniest of authors in stature but the greatest in her line of work, was married to **John Emerson.** The time was June and the place Norma Talmadge's summer home at Bayside, L. I.



HARRY MOREY

Two new arrivals of interest in the film field are Richard Bushman, the infant son of Beverly Bayne and Francis X. Bushman, and little Miss Mae Marsh Arms, the month-old daughter of Mae Marsh and Louis Lee Arms.

Lionel Barrymore is to star in the Famous Players-Lasky picture version of his stage success, "The Copperhead."

Blanche Sweet has signed a contract to play the title rôle of "A Woman of Pleasure," by Jessie Hampton. Wallace Worsley is named as her director, and the cast includes Wheeler Oakman, Wilfred Lucas, Spottiswood Aitken, Wesley Barry, Charles Clary, Walter Perry and Carmen Phillips.

Friday, June 21st, at the Los Angeles High School, there sat among those on the platform who received their diplomas, **Bessie Love.** By the aid of a private tutor, Bessie made up the lessons she lost when she became a motion picture actress and was able to rejoin her class and receive her roll of sheepskin with the rest.

Violet Blackton has reached the august age of nine years. Needless to add that she had a huge birthday party at the Blacktons' Brooklyn home.

Harry Morey has Helen Ferguson as his new leading lady.

Richard Barthelmess is back on the coast at work on a new Griffith production. Young Dick has camouflaged himself with mustache, sideburns and a goatee, to properly present his new part.

Barbara Castleton has returned to New York City, after having completed her rôle in "Peg o' My Heart," in which Wanda Hawley is starred.

Mildred Davis is to take the place left vacant by Bebe Daniels' flitting to De Mille direction, and will play opposite Harold Lloyd.

J. A. Berst is the guest of **Dustin Farnum** on board his newly equipped sea-going yacht, *The Ding.* They plan to take a trip to Honolulu.

It has fallen to the good luck of **Margery Wilson** to play opposite Charles Ray in his new picture, now in the making.

Here's some big news. **Pearl White** has forsaken serials and Pathé, and will produce eight feature films a year for Fox.

Elsie Janis, who has been doing perhaps the most consistent war camp work over there of any of our actresses, will return to pictures in the near future as a Selznick star.

Mae Murray is to do one picture, "On with the Dance," for Famous Players-Lasky, after which she will star in a stage play put on by Sam Shannon.

Lois Wilson, after finishing a strenuous picture with Dustin Farnum, in which she rides unbroken colts and other strenuous stunts, has hied herself to the mountains for a rest.

It will not be long before the name **Mildred Harris** will be forgotten, for the little wife of Charlie Chaplin is becoming known in headlines and billboards as Mildred Chaplin. She has just affixed that signature to a contract to star in Louis B. Mayer productions.

A company of wealthy Chinese are building a $100,000 motion picture studio in Chicago. It takes a wise Chinese noodle to operate a picture theater in Chicago.



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Where the Players Play

(*Continued from page 39*)

Los Angeles on the trolley cars to be spared the pangs of a thirsty void.

Aladdin arrived some 10,000 years too early with his wonderful lamp. He should be on hand now, as the demand for miracle-producers seems to be on the increase. At the Alexandria, however, there is a magic rug. And the Alexandria is, may I explain, the leading hostelry of angelic Los Angeles, and the rug is located in the center of the big lobby. And upon it stood the film magnates who concocted new companies on sight of each other, who drew money from the thin air and signed stars at salaries greater than the entire cost of the Great Wall of China, and who generally announced themselves as tremendous financiers and were received as such—whole-heartedly at first, but with several large pinches of salt after the novelty had worn off. It was on this rug that the plans for the Big Four were discussed. D. W. Griffith reads his mail every night while standing on its thick smoothness, and hordes of other luminaries daily cross its magic surface. But most of the magic happens when such gentlemen as Mack Sennett, Hiram Abrams, Henry Lehrmann and John Jasper—both of the latter of whom are, by the way, building studios to "rent out" as their recreation—get together and commence to outbid each other, until they are broken into by other personages of the shadow world and transported to Vernon.

In this same Alexandria is a place which is known as being very genteel, very select and very expensive, where the waiters make only one appearance each evening, and where the dancing is said to be good. Los Angeles society turns out in practically full force every evening, and inasmuch as Los Angeles society enjoys the company of its motion picture favorites, it is quite possible to see Anita Stewart and her husband, the Smalleys, Mr. Griffith, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Spencer Chaplin, the Gish sisters, Robert Harron, Constance Talmadge, Richard Barthelmess, Clara Kimball Young, Blanche Sweet and Marshall Nielan, Thomas Meighan, Marie Prevost, Louise Fazenda, Lottie Pickford, Carmel Myers, Priscilla Dean, Mr. and Mrs. Bryant Washburn, Tom Moore, Clara Horton, Mr. and Mrs. Cullen Landis, Peggy Hyland, Marguerite Clark and her husband, and a number of others who like society and whom society likes.

The Los Angeles Athletic Club, once devoted to such activities as boxing and swimming, has in recent years become a sort of Western branch of the Lambs and Friars organizations. It is a huge concrete structure, sumptuously decorated on the interior, which has proved itself a drawing card for at least one-third of Filmland's male population. The Chaplin, who is quite the most accessible man in town to his friends, but who is quite vice-versa to others, used to live there permanently. Charles spends considerable time at the club in his recreative hours with the boxers and wrestlers; is a spectator at every match, and always puts up first money on any contest. And Charlie Murray is generally the first to take him up. Wallace MacDonald is something of a writer, I'm told. It seems that he divides his time between four points: his escritoire, the domino board, the studio and the ballroom. And they say he plays quite a snappy game of bridge.

Thomas Meighan likes society stuff and appears at the club every night in evening attire. He has never missed the regular Tuesday night dinner dance, and it is rumored that he is quite adept at taking Chaplin's pennies away from him via the dice route. Ralph Graves, the rising young Griffith player, always prefers to spend his recreation time in the club's billiard parlor, where he joins Eddie Sutherland and Jack Conway after dinner in just a li'l game. Mack Sennett has an apartment in the famous club which the steward tells me is decorated with pictures of all his famous bathing beauties.

"And, gosh!" he once remarked within earshot of a certain active pencil, "it's the sorrow of my life that I cant have my bathing beauties show people what real diving is like in the club swimming pool."

Speaking, of course, of the tank where Bobby Harron, Eddie Sutherland, Ford Sterling, Antonio Moreno, Wilfred Lucas, Thomas Meighan, Douglas Fairbanks and the venerable Mr. Chaplin take ablutions every so often after a day's work before the camera.

There isn't anything particularly spectacular to the Los Angeles cafés—Levy's, Jahnke's, McKee's, Marcelle's, the Victor Hugo, the Hoffman—but the majority of them have a cabaret, and consequently prove to be the haunts of the photo-famous. Soft drinks and dancing after 9 P. M. Liquor under 14 per cent. and no jazz before that hour.

The theaters in Los Angeles furnish what is perhaps the cinamese's greatest recreation. Grauman's is a pretty place, lighted with red, green and blue bulbs, the inside appointed in futuristic terra-cotta. The California is a large, almost circular place in grey. You can see Bill Hart or Mary Pickford at either, for both show Artcraft releases. Los Angeles has its regular first-night crowd that line up for blocks before the box-office in anticipation of the screen plays. The Kinema is popular, particularly because of its spacious lounge.

The Orpheum, where "the best in vaudeville" is on continual display for the sum of a dollar and a half down, has an aggregation of first-night movie celebrities perhaps unequalled by any other show-house in the country. On the regular seat-list are such names as Theodore Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. Sessue Hayakawa, Charlie Chaplin, the Pickford family, George Beban, Douglas Fairbanks, Charles Murray, Al Christie, Hal Roach, Clara Kimball Young, "Fatty" Arbuckle, Mr. and Mrs. James Neill, the De Milles, Mr. and Mrs. Allen Holubar, Madge Kennedy, Kathleen Clifford, Ruth Roland, Ethel Clayton and Elliott Dexter.

But what I've learnt from watching the cinamese on parade at the Orpheum was that the only time they have shown any interest was when Polly Moran—who, by the way, was billed as "the famous Sheriff Nell of the Movies"—blew onto the boards and commenced to crack jokes anent the town going dry.

"Oh, gee!" said she, "if the town goes any dryer I'm going to Yurrup. This is an awful mess."

Which sentiment received hearty applause, and it looks as if after the first of July, Los Angeles, plus some other cities which are really perfectly mentionable, may find itself getting impressions of its fillum favorites from "over there," to use some trite war phrase, which bids fair to be the only moist spot on the globe.

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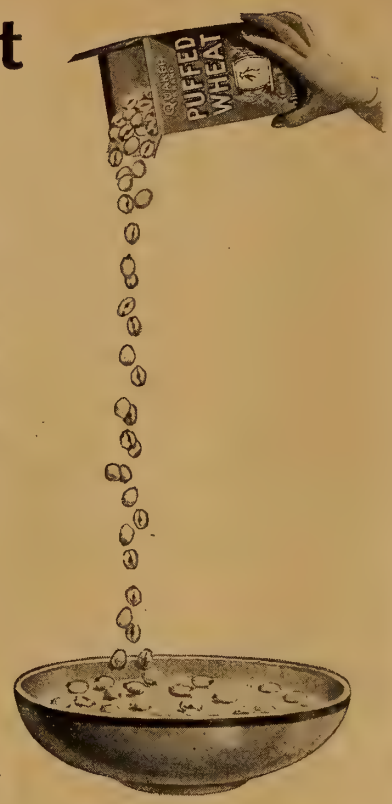
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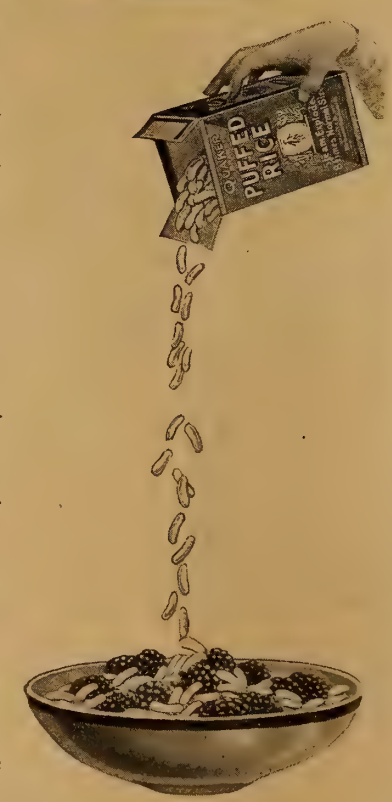
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It is rice grains puffed to airy morsels, thin as tissue. It is a food confection.

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The texture is so fragile that it fairly melts away, but it leaves a wish for more.



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The Intimate Doings of Anna Q.

(*Continued from page* 46)

to make it the location they had hoped for. Taking the little steam road to the mountain top, they found too much of the frozen rain. There were hardships in consequence of this, and Anna's recital was drolly tragic.

Miss Nilsson loves to go on location. She's always ready for a lark and is called the most popular person on the Metro lot. She makes friends of everybody, she's never ill-humored and can joke the grouch out of any one, 'tis said.

"It should really be easy for a Scandinavian to run about in snow-shoes," I ventured.

"I guess it would have been for me, if I had not left Sweden so very long ago. I was a little child, and, while I'd learnt to skate almost as soon as I could walk, I had not tried skiing or snow-shoeing. One day, at Truckee, I had the clumsy things on and fell—one foot east and one foot west—and half buried in snow. I was utterly helpless, and it was so funny to lie there like a jumping-jack until some of them came and put me together again, like Humpty-Dumpty," returned Anna Q.

Another beautiful thing about this lovely, blonde Norse maiden is her helpfulness. All over the lot you hear stories of the good things she is doing for her associates. She never seems to tire, is always ready to do a favor, and a little incident that happened in Arizona well illustrates the point.

The company had gone to Tucson, but Mr. Carewe didn't find a suitable location for his story there. He needed an isolated village and set out to find it. About seventy miles from Tucson, they struck a tiny burg of twenty Mexican citizens housed in adobe and run by a white man who was sheriff, mayor, store-keeper, postmaster, blacksmith and everything else a town needs.

"That was *some* place to stop," said Miss Nilsson. "The so-called hotel was of adobe, and the boys had to bunk together there. It was no place for me. Fortunately, the town factotum had a small home, adobe tinned over, and as his wife, daughter and sister were in Tucson on a visit, he offered to put Mr. Carewe, Mr. Northrup, the camera-man and myself up there. We had no conveniences, no running water. We were working early and late to hustle thru and get away from the place. The first night we got back very tired, I found the bed unmade and the room very untidy. The second night it was the same, and the boys' rooms were worse. I said to our camera-man, 'We ought to complain about this disorder; I'm tired of finding an unmade bed.' He answered, 'We cant complain; he's keeping us here for a favor and isn't supposed to wait on us.' I had not known the arrangement before, but, of course, I could see thru that all right, so I went out and hunted up the broom, dust-rags and clean towels, and for the rest of our stay I played chambermaid and we were as comfortable as one can be in cold weather without a bathroom."

Perhaps it's Anna's adaptability which is the *cue* to her success. Certainly, she's a lovable "mixer" and doesn't have to depend on her beauty for attraction. They call her the "Lovely Anna Q." at the studio, but it's because she is *lovely within.* Yet she's sturdy and resistant like the Pine Knot. Her hours are equally filled with work and play, for she believes in a life ordered by Jack's philosophy, "All work and no play—" and vice versa.

Buoyant Bobby

(*Continued from page* 61)

visit at the studio to Mary Pickford; Henry Walthall and his "temperament," unheard of in the early days of the screen; Donald Crisp's reluctance to play "villain" parts; Mary Alden's various complaints about not having a dressing-room of her own; Miriam Cooper, when she was wooed and won by Raoul Walsh, then an actor with the Griffith forces, and at length of Griffith himself and the way he worked into the small hours of the night perfecting new screen effects, are to Bobby a series of unforgotten memories.

And when he speaks of Mr. Griffith he tells of how he conceived the idea for his greatest Western play, "The Battle of Elderbush Gulch," thought by many to be the leading Western ever presented. Two kittens were wandering about the studio, deserted temporarily by their mother. They climbed into a basket and seemed unable to climb out. At length, after tipping it over, they emerged and went underneath one of the stages, from which point of disadvantage they could only be gotten by the greatest difficulty. Mr. Griffith was passing and watched the proceedings.

"A great idea," he said. "I'll write a story around it." Result—"The Battle of Elderbush Gulch."

Harron was introduced to a motion picture studio as an office-boy, whither he was sent from school by the teacher at the request of an assistant director, who needed such a helper. From there he progressed to the dignity of an "extra."

When at length he was taken on a "guarantee" at the munificent sum of $25 a week, he acted at certain intervals, in addition to painting scenery, helping with the properties and assisting with the costuming.

"In those days we rushed from the paint pail to the make-up box," he remarked.

Wallace MacDonald, Sr., was his first director at the Biograph studios—the man who needed an office-boy—and was the first to present him in a prominent part, that of the youngster in "Bobbie's Kodak." And in the one-reeler, by the way, the part of Bobbie's father was taken by Eddie Dillon, who is only a year or so Harron's senior and now a successful director of George Walsh productions.

Other old-time plays with Harron in the cast of principals were "Bobbie the Coward," made when he was fourteen years old; "Kentucky Feud," "Enoch Arden" and "Sands o' Dee," the picture in which Mae Marsh played her first important rôle.

"Those days eleven years ago were funnier than you would ever suppose," said Harron. "We had the worst time getting the weather to suit our requirements. In one play, 'The Last Drop of Water,' Joseph Graybill, who is now dead, was required by the scenario to die of thirst, which he succeeded in doing before the camera while it was raining like mad outside the studio and the whole lot was flooded. They call those the happy days, but I failed to see the joy."

Outside the studio a generous-looking limousine was waiting. A studio office-boy—perhaps a second Robert Harron in the bud—had come in and announced that Bobby's mother wanted him to go downtown with her while she did some shopping.

"Gee! but I like to go shopping," he farewelled, "because then I have an excuse to go swimming."



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to secure a satin skin:
"Apply Satin skin cream, then Satin skin powder."
(Ask your druggist for free samples.)



Piquancy and Practicality

(*Continued from page* 53)

atmosphere he has had so much of.

"He, by the way, is illustrative of paths which end other than they began. He studied medicine, never having an idea of the stage. Isn't that a departure?"

"Are you interested in the making of the famous Follies?" I asked.

"Interested, yes. But I never have anything to say about them, never even offer a suggestion. Mr. Ziegfeld has always been so wonderful at his work, with such brilliant results, that I feel any interference, no matter how well intentioned, would be an impertinence.

"Keeping a sense of proportion is, I believe, everything in being able to live, with some normality, a professional *and* a domestic life. Of course, I do think that children, or one child, one little girl, detract from the *zest* for the other side of life, but that means only some added effort which will probably be more productive of results in the long run than the spontaneity and enthusiasm which was there without responsibility.

"Of course, it is very hard for us to have much of a domestic life, especially at present, when Mr. Ziegfeld is working on the new Follies and I am working here at the studio, but we do the best we can. I leave every evening at 4:30, and Baby meets me in the car at the Fort Lee Ferry. We drive home, and I play with her until her bed-time, which is at six. She prefers to play with a flower, a few stones, or anything she may find about the place rather than the most intricate plaything. After she goes to bed I take a hot bath, dine, and generally go to bed at 9:30, unless guests come in. We live very simply, indeed. Flowers and books and work and rest—there is so much in maintaining one's sense of proportion no matter how disproportionate one's life may really be."

Billie Burke has a pleasant manner of speaking, easy, quiet, matter-of-fact. She is, in every way, without flourish and without hyperbole. In every phrase she demonstrates her essential practicality—and when she plays, she plays—like a kitten, mischievously.

She adores simple frocks, ginghams preferably, and smocks, and garden hats, and tennis shoes. She adores sunshine rather than moonshine—and the joy of sitting in it.

She dislikes the use of perfumes exceedingly.

She likes to read the newspapers.

She believes that a high art consists in minding one's own business and granting to the other fellow the same blessed privilege.

She abhors make-up on the street . . . and when she sallies forth she is utterly guiltless of it.

I know, because I saw her in the most ingenuous blue serge and tiny hat and brown pumps and she looked fourteen, not a day over.

She looks fourteen — but she has thought like forty! She is saucy and debonair and care-free in her attitude, but she has known tears as well as laughter in her heart. She has taken the two elements of hard practicality and effervescent piquancy and of the delicious compound she has concocted—*Billie Burke!*

AUTHOR!

Betty Blythe has become an author just like all good screen stars do sooner or later. But Miss Blythe isn't writing cooking recipes or stories on how to break into the movies. She lately got busy and wrote an article on "How to Be Successful," which may be published in a magazine.

An Untroubled Eddy in the Silverscreen Stream

(*Continued from page* 59)

"Grandmother used to read to me by the hour, poetry, chiefly, or famous plays she had studied with Clara Morris in New York" — so Helen Eddy chose her profession. She used to recite all the old stand-bys — "Lasca" and whole acts from "Romeo and Juliet" and "The Merchant of Venice" — before she was ten years old.

In Los Angeles she lived in the southwest section of the city. (At present she is living in Hollywood with her parents and her grandfather. Her grandmother is dead. She is, by the way, an only child and works because she loves to work, not because she has to.) She attended the Grand Avenue School and went to dramatic school Saturday afternoons and during vacation. At high school she produced many plays. The mechanical side of production fascinated her. She attended to the lighting and stage settings.

She has never given up her interest in the stage. Like a number of other well-known moving picture players, she frequently takes part in the productions of the Hollywood Community Theater. Her work in the name rôle of Masefield's one short play, "The Tragedy of Nan," and as Mistress Chiyo with Henry B. Walthall in "Matsuo" will be remembered for a long time by the comparative few who were fortunate enough to get seats. She was also a member of The Little Theater stock company in Los Angeles with Constance Crawley and Arthur Maude. Perhaps her most interesting experience was when she left pictures entirely for awhile and volunteered her services to the government as leading lady of a stock company at Camp Kearney. Her salary was a dollar a year.

Her going on the screen in the first place was something that "just happened." She had written a scenario which she thought should sell for a fabulous sum, so she took it to Captain Melville, the head of the Lubin company. He refused to buy her scenario, but instead put her in stock with his company. An unhappy moment was when she attempted to play a vampire, "And," she said, "did it very badly." Captain Melville was in New York, and the director wired, "Send me an actress and take this child out of here."

"Captain Melville wired back that I was to be kept in the part no matter how bad I was. After that I never stopped trying to make myself an actress; I think of it still whenever I have the least inclination for carelessness. It is one way in which I make myself worry over my scenes; and no scene is really good unless it has been worried over."

As a rule, where a girl is of some pronounced type—as Helen Eddy is—she is condemned to play the same part with different names to it forever. But with Lubin, she played widely different rôles. From Lubin she went to the Morosco —she was in stock at both the Morosco and Lasky studios. She was George Beban's leading lady for seven pictures and on more than one occasion carried off equal honors with the star.

Summing up her philosophy of life, the original "Philosophess" said:

"I think that we get out of life not what we are capable of getting, but what we are capable of holding; that by making your own character, you can make your fate whatever you wish it to be."

For herself, she wishes to leave pictures and go on the stage.



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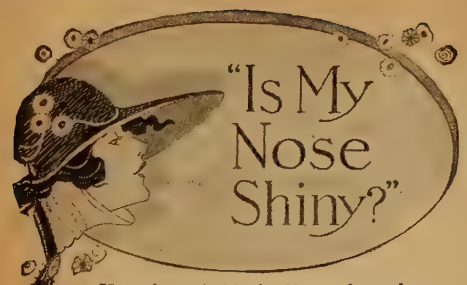
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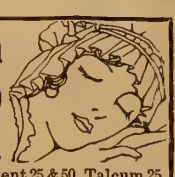
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The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 90)

SWEET 14.—Henry Walthall is in "The Confession." Sylvia Breamer has brown hair and brown eyes, weighs 135, and stands 5 ft. 7 in. She was born in Sydney, Australia.

LADY.—So you think I am getting too old to work. My child, the grandest things in the universe are old—for instance, the mountains, the rivers, the seas, the stars, the Sphinx, eternity. William Stowell was John in "The Heart of Humanity." Elliott Dexter was Jim in "The Squaw Man."

A SCHOOL GIRL.—No, I really cant tell you which star receives the most letters. Probably Mary Pickford. Her original name was Gladys Smith. Well, I should say that the two most common failings were eating too much and talking too much.

ROSELLE W.—You refer to Ashton Dearholt in "The Two-Souled Woman." Yes, superficial writers, like the mole, often fancy themselves deep, when they are exceedingly near the surface. Try Famous Players.

ELSIE W.—*Je vous remercie.* See April 1917 CLASSIC.

ELSA M.—So you are in love with William Farnum. Bill is attached, you know. The player you mention isn't playing now. Perhaps. The excesses of our youth are drafts upon our latter age, payable with interest, about thirty years after date. You see I have been moderate.

PEARL WHITE ADMIRER.—Where are your questions?

TEDDY.—Yes, Kenneth Harlan. Above all, dont be a grouch. Groucho belongs to the monkey age. Crusty customers, dyspeptic dictators and peevish peacocks are everywhere; but because the dog barks at me, why should I bark at the dog? Dogs bay at the moon, but the moon only smiles.

FESTE.—When did I happen with the Magazine? Why I happened to be one of the very first, some ten years ago. Who runs my department when I'm sick? I sure dont know, because I have never been sick. I cant afford to be sick and have no time to be.

DELVA.—Winifred Allen was the vamp. So your sweetheart has a car. Good. In the old days a gentleman used to call upon a lady with much ceremony, but now he merely drives up and honks for her to come out. Bessie Barriscale is playing in "The Woman Michael Married." Michael knows how to pick them.

E. D. HIGHLAND.—Priscilla Dean is with Universal.

DOT DOOHICKEY.—So you dont hear much of Bryant Washburn. He just finished "Love Insurance" and is working on "Why Smith Left Home." Yes, he was very popular years ago, but reputations, like mushrooms, grow and crumble in a day. Bryant has the real goods, however, and he will probably be one of the leading stars some day. William Stowell was John, and William Davidson was the husband in "Persuasive Peggy."

GERALDINE G.—Howdy, Gerry! Harold Entwistle and Henry Clive in "Her Silent Sacrifice." Surely I've been to Washington. The cast-iron dome and the bronze statue of Freedom on the top of the dome of the capitol is 19 feet 6 inches and weighs 14,985 pounds.

THELMA.—Very fine letter you sent me. My thanks.

FRANCIS B.—Well, when I went to school, quite some years ago, Aachen was a city in Prussia, with a population of 135,235, but all this was before Wil-hellum had a nightmare of World Dominion, and I, therefore, do not vouch for this information now. Virginia Pearson is playing for her own company, at Riverdale, N. Y.

DOROTHY C.—A number of readers have contributed to a Harold Lockwood memorial, but nothing has been decided definitely about it.

TIT WILLOW.—Cheer up, dont be sad. Sadness is the eighth deadly sin. Read the MAGAZINE, CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND and partake of the optimism of the big things of life—the best Christian is the joyous man or woman. You can reach A. J. Herbert care of Greenroom Club, New York City. Very happy, thank you.

DOROTHY.—So you think I am a handsome young man. Got you all guessing, all right—I mean, all wrong. Vivian Martin in "An Innocent Adventuress." Bob Vignola directed her.

LONELY YANKEE LADY.—You want to correspond with Dakota Bill. William, come hither with the address.

MIRIAM K. S.—Yes, Marjorie Daw. Of course Tom Ince directs personally. Well, the players are not alone in being slow to recognize their debts—nobody ever seems to be in undue haste to pay an overdue note.

MABEL D.—Well I should say I do remember when the barber shops had strings of teeth in the windows to let you know that tooth yanking could be obtained within. I can remember when I was three years old. You refer to Jack MacLean. Houdini is American, born on a farm.

BLUE-EYED VIOLET.—But you cannot do better than to take Nazimova as a model of perfect naturalness and abandon in acting, in which lies not only her art, but much of her charm. Dorothy Phillips is about 27 years. Carmel Myers was born in San Francisco in 1901.

J. W. B.—Of course Toto is a real person. He isn't a dummy. Miriam Cooper you mean. To love is to doubt, to marry is to make sure. Easy with the whip, there.

BABY BLUE EYES.—Just a minute, just a minute. You must have gotten up on the wrong side of the bed this morning. Some little criticizer. Let me hear from you again, but count ten before you write.

THE WYOMING.—Address all the players in care of the company.

MAURICE M.—Have patience, Mr. Maurice, and other dear readers, all of you; if you try hard and watch closely and make many sacrifices, in the course of a great many years you can get to be just as good as I am. Is Marion Davies married? That's a question. Bessie Barriscale is in Los Angeles.

ROWENA.—Antrim Short was Peter. Ann Little isn't married to Alan Forrest now.

FRANCIS.—Haven't heard of Francis Bushman's future plans.

PLATTSBURG 16.—When your brain emits bright blue sparks and you cant cash them in, you are simply racing the engine. Throw in the clutch, Antonio. Your letter sounds all to the mustard—whatever that is. Kathleen Connors was the leading woman in "Fame and Fortune." Never heard of Pearl White having sisters.

JUST ME.—Constance Talmadge and Harrison Ford sweethearts—I doubt it. Tom Forman isn't married.

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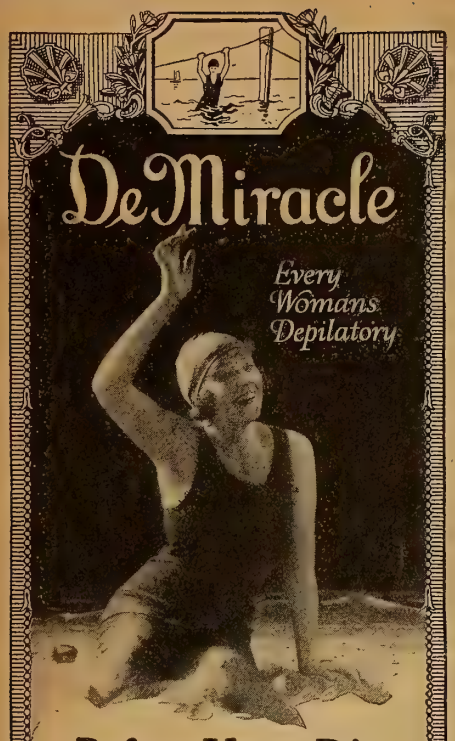
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PISO'S

for Coughs & Colds

HOOSIER.—Joyce Fair has joined the cast of "Midnight Whirl" at the Century Roof, in New York. Why, the American flag flies on seven seas.

LIM.—Ruth Roland has not decided what to call her bungalow. Antonio Moreno bald-headed—I should say not, not with that mop of black, shiny hair.

HIRAM AND HICKS.—I dont know Norma Talmadge's religion and wouldn't tell if I did. Alice Joyce is playing in "The Divine Spark." Gladys Brockwell in "Chasing Rainbows." Taken in Arizona. You say you heard that New York was crooked. Hiram, Hiram! what slanderous tongue have you been listening to? No, indeed, New York is the most holy and virtuous city on Manhattan Island.

EVERYBODY.—When you read this, dont forget to get a copy of the first issue of SHADOWLAND, the magazine of magazines, and tell me if you like The Sage as well as the Answer Man.

EVERYBODY'S FAVORITE.—You are nineteen and ask if you are too young to write stories. What's age got to do with it? Didn't Bryant write "Thanatopsis" at eighteen? Well, it's just ten minutes in front of ten, and I'm going to hit the feathers. S'long.

JENNY CANUCK.—Ready for another day's work. Shoot! Harry Carey, he is with Universal.

KAISERCURE.—Guess the concern you mention is O. K. Send a stamped, addressed envelope to me and I'll send you a list of manufacturers.

MRS. K. V. H.—You want me to settle a dispute between you and your husband. Wow! Your husband is right—Charles Ogle was the spy in "Firefly of France," and C. H. Geldert was the father in "The Gypsy Trail."

SON-OF-A-GUN.—Dont you believe it—there's no ready market for photoplays. Get a copy of our "Primer" as a starter—50c, or of "Here Lies" and "Primer" for 65c. It's good stuff for an ambitious photoplaywright.

HENRIETTA D.—No, Anita Stewart never married a prince. She married Rudolph Cameron and is living with him in Los Angeles. No, Alexander Pope was called "The Wasp of Twickenham."

DURING OFFICE HOURS.—You call me "Dear Young Neuter Gender." Quick, Yank, the bayonet! I'll have you to understand that I'm getting my dander up on this subject, so Bee Where! That's clever letter writing, but you get paid to do it, apparently. More of Constance Talmadge, is your cry.

MISS BELLE S.—Your letter was great. I read it to the rest of the staff at the lunch table.

E. Z., NEW ZEALAND.—How's the weather down there, pretty cold? If you have pictures only once a week, I dont see how you can live there—how can you put up with it?

L. H. R.—George Fawcett and Bessie Eyton in "The Crisis." Douglas MacLean in "Fuss and Feathers." You surely will get to Heaven. Most men will wrangle for religion; write for it, fight for it, die for it, anything but live for it.

WANDERING GLOOGOOS.—Dont you call me a poor prune. Some compliment! Ella Hall didn't play in "Tess of the Storm Country"—Mary Pickford had the lead. Walter McGrail in "The Highest Bidder." English, of course.

OLIVE OIL.—My dear friend, clear your mind of cant. Gladden James in "Heart of Wetona." Send along the cake. But the screen thrives on illusions, emotions and surprises.

METTA D. H.—You say, "If you hold your job by answering the foolish questions of a mad world, why, as a seer and oracle, do you endanger your position by asking to have sensible questions sent to you? Between the pathetic and the ridiculous is but a step. So beware! Sensible is not for you." What fools these mortals be! I mix wisdom with my wit and thus produce a mongrel breed of word combinations that tickle the intellect of both philosophers and fools. Edward Coxen opposite Dorothy Dalton in "Quicksand." Philo McCulloch you mean.

TERRY.—Yes, Ruth Clifford.

MARION D.—I can forgive you every sin except selfishness, which is a virtue everybody possesses and everybody condemns. Thanks for the gum. Violet Radcliffe is not playing just now.

JACKETTE.—Yes, indeed, some women make some men. Take George Washington, for instance. Is it any wonder George became so great when you consider the marvelously gentle and loving disposition of his wife, who so adored him that she subdued her own personality in every way into that of the man she adored? He was her will, her law, her rock of strength, even as he was the rock upon which was built the firm foundation of our nation. Robert Thornby is directing Lila Lee now. I dont think that Lila has proved to be the world-beater that she promised.

MUTT & JEFF.—Yes, indeed, reams and reams of questions come to me every month. Yes, "Daddy Long Legs" was at the Strand Theater in New York. The stage play from which it was taken was also fine.

MARY & RICHARD.—Yes, I am sure every German and Prussian feels like saying, "I should like my country well enough if it were not for my countrymen." Marie Osborne is not Theda Bara's daughter.

VIRGINIA.—See above for yours, and be content with that for the present.

LOIS.—Glad to read about your fiancé. But you know nothing wounds a man's *amour propre* so much as a woman's willingness to forgive him too quickly for flirting with another woman. I presume stocking feet.

AUDREY G.—Clever letter yours was. O. K. means "all correct."

DICKEY.—The trouble with the average father is that he does not make companions of his boys. I used to go fishing with my dad—that's why I turned out so good; he made a good job of it, eh, what?

HAM & EGGS.—Delaware was named for "Lord de la Ware," who was credited with its discovery, or settlement or something. Sometimes it is called the "Blue-Hen State" and sometimes "The Diamond State." I dont call it at all—too small for me to bother with. Bryant Washburn will be seen in "It Pays to Advertise," a famous stage play of a few years ago. Wheeler Oakman in "Mickey" and Nigel Barrie in "The Marionettes."

M. C. R.—Some cupids kill with arrows and some with traps. Watch out or the little chap will get you. Constance Talmadge in "A Lady's Name."

GLOOGOOS.—What are you trying to do, monopolize this department? Away with you—begone and give the others a chance!

PEARL MCA.—Yours was a gem, some pearl.

ELIZABETH.—How am I going to tell you what kind of perfume the players use? Must I go around sniffing them just to please your fancy? That's different, my favorite is Houbigant's Ideal. Dont care for the Quelque Fleurs. Our charming treasurer favors La Feria.

MIRIAM S.—You refer to Ben Turpin, the ludicrous cross-eyed character.

BUBBLES.—Yes, I have heard that old joke that Eve was created for Adam's express company, and that she has been expressing herself ever since. Leah Baird in "Sue Simpkins." Harry Northrup, he with the expressive eyebrows, in "Country Love." George Nichols in "Battling Jane."

RUTH S.—That's right, when in Rome do as the Romans do. But the old ancient Roman considered it effeminate to wear a beard. I cant picture myself without my beard, any more than I can picture myself without a nose. Yes, George Gebhardt, the former celebrated player of Indian characters with the old Biograph, died in Los Angeles, April 29th.

HAPPY.—The symptoms of love vary, but the streak of foolishness is apparent in all. Last I heard of Henry Walthall he was playing in "The Long Arm of Mannister."

SHIMMIE MINNIE.—Had to get out my old field glasses to see your joke. Lewis Cody in Universal plays. Surely I like red-headed girls? I love them all, yes, one and all.

EVERYBODY'S FAN.—Oh, I always eat watermelon in my bathing suit. Address Billie Burke at Paramount. You refer to the river Nile, which is over 3,000 miles long, and flows thru Egypt like a mighty thought threading a dream. Florence Reed in "Her Code of Honor."

PAUL J. B.—Well, if there's anything you want to know, consult "Who's Who Among Answer Men." But think before you speak. It was Eugene Field who said "We walk up and talk up, we stalk up and chalk up, and everywhere up's to be heard; we wet up and set up, but hanged if we let up on up, the much overworked word." Run in again some time.

YUM, YUM, YUM.—Dont be afraid, child, walk right in. Not while I'm at this end. Mary Pickford has no children. If not chewing gum, most people are chewing the rag. The former is more healthful. Lou-Tellegen will support his wife Geraldine Farrar in a series of Goldwyn pictures. (Doesn't it sound funny to speak of a man supporting his wife?)

W. A.—When did I lose my hair? Well, I just dont remember the year, it was so long ago. I'll be glad to look it up for you, but I think it was somewhere along in the eighties. Some fellows convince us that the branches on the family tree were not properly sprayed. Laura Sawyer isn't playing just now.

MARIAM.—Mary McAlister is at home in Chicago. Douglas MacLean is not married.

NEWUM.—Sorry, but I didn't see "Little Women." Yes, I read where the new dry law threatens to drive a lot of abstemious bartenders to drink. You say water is used to wash in and for filling wells and running down canals, and should not be taken internally. Tut, tut! You should drink at least eight glasses every day.

TESTE.—The horn of the rhinoceros is not joined to the bone of the head, but grows on the skin very much like our fingernails. Dont come to New York. It is a musical city full of sharps and flats, and the finest place in the world to lose money in. Charles Ogle in "The Source." Elliott Dexter in "The Squaw Man." Pat Moore.

M. S. CAL.—Yes, indeed, many a child goes astray simply because home lacks sunshine. A child needs smiles as much as the flowers need sunbeams. Franklyn Hanna as "O'Dowd 'Doing Their Bit.'"



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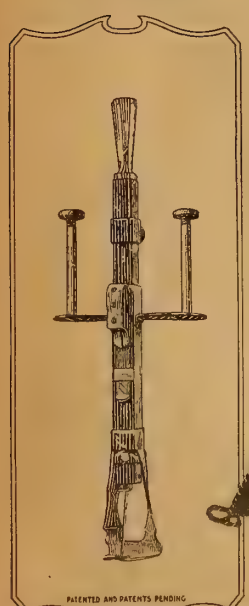
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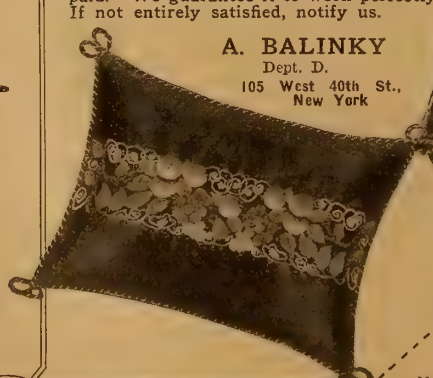
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DOROTHY W.—Percy Marmont was Brandon Booth in "Hollow of the Hand."

BLUEBIRD.—Thanks for the long-promised photos. Some plump!

ETHEL F.—So you have been converted to Christian Science simply because you were traveling, were taken sick and on the train met a Christian Science doctor who talked you out of it. You must have metaphysician of the right sort. Patience, there, please. Try one of the Correspondence Clubs.

NORMA C.—From your last writing I am not able to judge whether you could become a photoplayer or not. Some acting is required, you know.

GYPSY WOODS.—Glenn Curtiss practically originated the hydroplane. Yours was mighty funny; give me some more.

SNEEZE, SNIFF SNUFF.—Only a player. The first piano was made in 1709. Constance Talmadge is not engaged. Unless—Constance, are you hiding somewhere from me?

M. D. B.—Perhaps, who knows?

RUTH E. F.—Of course walking will reduce you, if you walk enough. You refer to M. Edmond Rostand, author of "Cyrano de Bergerac" and other plays. It is said he was born rich and had riches thrust upon him. "Cyrano" netted him about one million dollars and he received as much more from each of his plays, "L'Aiglon" and "Chantecler."

HOW ARE YOU?—Great, how are *you?* To decide that soda, Charles Ray was 28 years. Never lose your head, your heart is different.

HELEN C.—In "Playthings of Passion," Kitty Gordon displays $200,000 worth of jewels and dresses. Some letter à la Eugene O'Brien. Naomi Childers is playing opposite Tom Moore in Goldwyn pictures.

DOROTHY N.—Heartiest wishes.

MARGARET B.—Write direct to the players. Received a card from Corporal Billy J. Gates, President of the Scroll Club, now in France, and he wishes you all the best of luck. You know the blessings of peace cannot be too highly prized, nor the horrors of war too earnestly deprecated.

D. C. H., PEEKSKILL.—Hoorah! Glad to hear from you, old pal. Ethel Clayton is in Los Angeles, with Paramount.

KELLY.—You bet I have gotten over translating Cæsar, working out propositions for geometry and balancing equations for chemistry. You are laying your foundations now. As light has no color, water no taste, and air no odor, so knowledge should be equally pure, and without admixture. Clara Young and Earle Williams played in "Love's Sunset," an old Vitagraph little masterpiece.

GLADYS G. B.—Why, Robert Warwick, lately made a Major.

VI H.—You say your father is 75 and he couldn't do what I do. Has he ever tried to be an Answer Man? It's awful easy.

MRS. HARRY Z. P.—Alas! alack! and likewise gadzooks! Constance Talmadge did not wear the same dress in "A Lady's Name" as Mary Pickford wore in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." And that was an entire change of scenery.

LILLIAN L.—Of course I appreciate the fact that you sat up half the night to write to me. I have heard that overdressed chorus girls are apt to spoil any burlesque show. Is that a fact?

DOTTIE 13.—Yes, we all should be taught how to earn, save and enjoy money. I have been taught all three. I started in this business nine years ago without a cent in my pocket, and I have got it yet.

(*Continued on page* 118)

The Perfect Lover

(*Continued from page 86*)

eaten into my veins, had crept beneath my skin. I was deadly sick with it. It had waked a craving in my blood . . .

"When our world knew that Hilda and I were friends no longer Mavis Morgan came to me. 'I dont care what a thousand fathers say,' she told me, 'I shall stay with you. I shall love you.' She was young . . . and if there could be hot-house lilacs she might have been one of them . . . she showered me with her gifts, with her love, with her adulation, with her young perfervor. She made me reel with the heady intoxication of her caresses . . . she implored me . . . and I gave her the counterfeit to dry her young eyes of premature tears. But she knew it was the counterfeit. She never thought it was not. She knew that all along. There was a place she never touched. A door . . . locked."

"There always was," said the woman who was listening; "always a door . . . locked tight."

"Then you came," sighed the man they had come to arrest; "and you, too, were sweet to me . . . it was all too sweet, Claire, for one who did not want sweetness. You wanted the truth of me which I could not give. I wanted the truth of you which meant my art. Because, dont you know, all the time I was dreaming . . .

"And then came the smash with Mavis' father . . . and I ran away. Back to Professor Hawthorne, back to where I had dreamed first and most sweetly . . . back to yesterday.

"I found the little girl who had listened to my fairy tales—a little girl no longer. A woman, fearfully sweet and womanly wise. I had wounds, and somehow her grey eyes seemed to heal them. I was tired and her little hands, dabbling in the brook, refreshed me. My head hung heavy and of all the pleasant spots on earth I found her young heart the pleasantest. I knew that this was love. I knew that I was dreaming the dream, after a day of brass and turmoil. I knew that this was the gold ringing more sweetly than the sweetest song . . . so high . . . so true . . . The lilac blew its breath into our faces and fairyland was a real thing to us . . . cobwebs were laces and God was in every dawn. I told her this."

"I love you," was all she answered me—but there was nothing more—ever—that she could say. She had said all of it.

"The old professor was glad, too, and so, one May morning we were married. It was very early in the morning. And the morning was pink and gold. It was a bridal morning. And I didn't feel tired any more because there was my own dream staring at me out of her reverential eyes. I knew that love was the dream—all the dream there is. And I knew that love came from God—and that all things else are false.

"We lived there with the old professor for three months. They were the gladdest months . . . sheerly. I painted, very simply. And in the evening I held her yarn and smoked while she rolled it for knitting, and then we would walk under the stars and sometimes we'd never speak . . . Dont, Claire, please dont cry . . . it . . . it didn't last.

"The old professor died and we came down to the city. 'Just for a little time,' we said. We had to. Money was scarce. Down here . . . things were bad. I suppose I was more tired than I had known. I suppose a part of me was

One Man in America can Teach You Motion Picture Writing *Correctly*

By FORD I. BEEBE

(Special writer "MOTION PICTURE NEWS," Scenario Editor two years Helen Holmes Serial Co., three years with Universal, etc.)

THERE is a constant and tremendous demand for good motion picture stories. *Right now,* the studios cannot get enough good stories to fit their stars with suitable rôles. And not alone this, but *stories are getting scarcer all the time.* Books and magazine stories have failed to make good on the screen—staff writers are written out. But the film companies *must* have stories. And they want and must have these from "outside" writers—*from the thousands of people outside the studios who have ideas and the genuine ability to write them if only they knew how to put them into proper shape.* Foreseeing this demand there has been a flood of so-called "schools," "systems" and "plans" attempting to teach them motion picture writing.

I have spent years in the different motion picture studios. These years convinced me that not one writer in a thousand could teach others this new art of writing for the movies. I doubted that the heads of these various institutions could themselves do what they are trying to teach others to do. I did not believe that they were themselves *successful writers of feature stories.* I did not believe, in fact, that they themselves could actually write and sell *their own stories.* So I investigated.

And out of the amazingly long list I found *one man.* A man who is known to hundreds of thousands of film fans as the author of innumerable successful photoplays. I found that this man—F. McGREW WILLIS—has actually written over two hundred produced film stories. That he has written *feature* stories for more than TWENTY OF THE BIGGEST STARS IN FILMDOM. That he has worked for Ince, Fox, Pathé, Universal, etc. That he wrote Nat Goodwin's big starring rôle in pictures. That he prepared the original synopsis for filming Les Miserables. That he is the author of the first pictures made in this country and sent to France to be hand colored. That the motion picture trade papers speak of him as a man who has an absolutely thorough knowledge of photoplay writing. That he has repeatedly been chosen to write the first stories to inaugurate new brands of films. That June, 1919, has seen still another new brand, bringing back to the screen H. B. Warner in two of this man's original stories.



Allen J. Holubar, the foremost director in America, the man who conceived and directed what is conceded to be the greatest motion picture yet produced "The Heart of Humanity," says:

Outside writers must write their stories the direct, detailed way if they want to get them to the personal attention of the director. It is only through a training such as McGrew Willis uses that we can look for an improvement with art of scenario writing.

Allen J. Holubar.

So I interviewed him personally. And I found this: He has the fairest proposition of its kind ever conceived. He is helping unknown writers achieve recognition. He is showing writers outside the studios, for the first time in the history of the motion picture industry, *the inside way of writing*—THE DIRECT, DETAILED METHOD THAT STAFF WRITERS USE IN SELLING THEIR OWN STORIES TO THE PRODUCERS. He has the personal endorsement of the directors themselves, who want their stories written only in this way *and in no other.* He has made this method so plain and simple that it can be learned in *one evening's study.* And in addition to all this he is giving his pupils

A Free Sales Bureau

to aid them in finding a market for their stories. He is acting as a personal representative of these writers at the studios and with the directors. For he knows that unless writers have this personal agent they cannot hope to succeed. And he *positively will not accept any fee or commission on any sale whatever.*

The cost of his course has purposely been placed so low that everyone who wants to write can take advantage of it. The entire course, including his free sales bureau, is but TWELVE DOLLARS. And he protects everyone by an absolute *money-back* guarantee.

In the interest of better motion pictures I feel it my duty to give him every aid I can. So if you are in earnest about writing photoplays I want you to get in touch with him. *Do not remit any money.* Just ask him to send you his FREE BOOK, "The Inside Story of Motion Picture Writing." See for yourself his wonderful offer. But do this at once. *Immediately.* Address

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charred. I had lost the trick. I had lost the vision.

"Hunger . . . you've never known that, Claire, not the hunger that wracks the flesh. You've never seen a woman, a tiny, slender little thing, grow slenderer and tinier because you, *you,* could not give her food . . . you've never faced great eyes that widened when they looked at you . . . a mouth that never stopped its pitiable smiling . . . or you . . . you might have stolen, Claire . . .

"And so . . . this morning . . . when she fainted . . . when I knew . . . when the art dealer had come and had shaken his head . . . when a month had passed and my Madonna and Child was still unheard from . . . I started out . . .

"You know almost all of the rest . . . I fainted and you picked me up. You took me home—to your home. You told me never to leave you again. You were ready to fetter me again, kindly, I know, Claire, with the chains of your censers, the silken ropes . . . and you put this ring, this ring here, on me . . . as a pledge . . . you wouldn't let me talk . . .

"Then, because I had to, I escaped . . . and you followed me . . . and you found that I had pawned the ring . . . and you—and the law . . . tracked me . . . and I am here. They have bought my Madonna and Child, Claire. The trick has come back. The trail is open again. There is a chance . . . a dream . . . what do you say?"

"Your wife," the woman's voice was hard; "you deceived me. Lied to me. Counterfeit again. And my heart—my dream—what of them?"

"If there was a dream with you, Claire, if there were love set free from lust, you would give me my dream . . . and be so glad . . . so glad that you could do it . . . that is love."

The woman in sables rose in the thick dusk, heavily, like a tired shadow. "Take me to her," she said, "that I may see you are not lying. Then . . ."

Brian Lazar tiptoed over to the standing woman. His face was whiter than a dead-white moon seen under the bat-like wing of an ebony night. "You will see then," he whispered, "you will see. I have told you the truth . . . but there is a truth even deeper than what I have given you . . . there is a miracle . . . there is a holiness . . ."

Somehow the intensity of his quiet hushed the footsteps of the woman and the detective, who, at a sign from the woman followed, but laid a staying hand on Lazar's sleeve, lest this be trickery and he escape again.

In the next room, barer than the first one, which had been Lazar's first studio, the moonlight fell athwart a bed, in broad, benevolent bands.

A child lay on the bed with quiet hands folded . . . or was it a woman? Lazar stole over to the bed and bent over it. He put forth his hand, and it trembled, and he pulled aside an insufficient covering.

The child was a woman, and by her lay a baby, born that day.

Brian Lazar dropped on his knees and laid his head against the child who was become a woman that day.

The detective withdrew his hand, and in the shadow of the room, made the sign of the cross.

The woman who was looking on the truth revealed, bent over and gathered them all against her heart.

(*Continued from page* 116)

JOSH.—You say the natives in your town are eyesore gazing at Fatty Arbuckle strutting around in his nightie. Hasn't he the most adorable figure, tho? Perhaps you will enjoy seeing him in his new bathing suit. Montagu Love is back with World at Ft. Lee.

D. L. D.—The story you mention is taken from "The Fables of India." By the mountains of India are meant the greatest of her wise men. The Tree of Life is the wisdom that grows from their minds, and their writings are the medicine which brings the dead to life! What hope for a mere writer? Ben Wilson and Mignon Anderson in "Even as You and I."

VIRGINIA T.—Some fan! Mary Fuller and Milton Sills had the lead in "Under Southern Skies." Conway Tearle in "Virtuous Wives." Evelyn Greely in "Phil for Short." Irving Cummings has been signed by Famous Players.

MINA L. O.—Eva Tanguay sang and is still singing, "I Dont Care" on the stage. Perhaps that is why. If a woman is as old as she looks, and a man as old as he feels, I'm sixteen. Helen Holmes is playing with Eddie Polo in a Universal serial.

A. H., LOS ANGELES.—June Caprice is with Pathé, and May Murray at the Brenon Studio, Hudson Heights, N. J.

DESSIE N.—Let me see, I'd say a coquette is a young lady, with more beauty than sense, more accomplishments than learning, more charms of person than grace of mind, more admirers than friends, and more fools than wise men for her attendants. Now get thee gone. Minta Durfee is Fatty Arbuckle's wife.

MRS. F. B.—No, he isn't Jewish. Spruce up, the life of the true Christian is not one of melancholy and gloominess; for he only resigns the pleasures of sin, to enjoy the pleasures of holiness. Elliott Dexter is with Famous Players.

PEG FROM JOPLIN.—Does Mary Pickford snore? Well, I never heard her. See here, January 1st, 1918, and December 25th, 1918, last year, were on different days. I said this year—1919. Get me? Paul Willis. The Claridge is at 44th and Broadway.

GRACE S.—Whow! Send a stamped addressed envelope for that. Address all players in care of the company. It is more blessed to give than to receive, but also more expensive. Send it along, thank you.

EDNA H., MELBOURNE.—Had to pay 4 cents due on yours. Sure I would be glad to see you, but please come prepaid. Even letter yours was. But a fertile brain needs no irrigation. Edwin Carewe is back with Metro. Lester Cuneo is back from France.

FLORENCE Y.—Never discuss religion. It's bad form. And amusements are to religion like breezes of air to the flame; gentle ones will fan it, but strong ones will put it out. So you would like to see some of Edison's reissued. You can count me in on the flowers.

KATHLEEN A.—A gallant bow is due you. Get it? Photo of me? never! My friend Al Semnacher of Hartsook has often tried to pose me, but it cant be done.

MISS FORTUNE.—Wish I could say more to you, but I dont like misfortune.

MARCEL.—Earle Metcalf is still in service. Nigel Barrie went out West. He played in "Josselyn's Wife." Always try to keep agoing. When I do only two things at a time I realize that I am the laziest man in the world. For instance, I can chew, think, feel, see, smell, whistle and write all at the same time.

Our Animated Monthly of Movie News and Views

(*Continued from page 88*)

Gerry's personal hair-dresser, maid, manicure, (and that's three, not *one*), chauffeur and Lou-Tellegen's valet. The salary list alone is formidable. It's no wonder Miss Farrar looks perfectly groomed.

The Earle Williamses are taking a dessert honeymoon—dont leave out an s, please, Mr. Printer—a sort of peaches and cream follow-up. They have gone to Frisco where they will stop at the gorgeous and expensive St. Francis, thence moving to Lake Tahoe for a vacation. Mrs. Williams gave a farewell luncheon to six girl-friends at the Athletic Club, Los Angeles.

There is always a new occupation open to women. Mildred Richter is the name of a clever girl who "cuts" all Dorothy Gish pictures. Miss Richter gave a party at the Dug-Out, another famous little spot of Los Angeles, and Mrs. Elmer Clifton, Dorothy's director's wife, assisted in receiving.

A funny story is told on Pat Dowling, publicity now for Al Christie Studio. Clarke Irvine and Bennie Zeidman are two close pals of genial Pat. Daily the latter has been giving "waffle feeds" at the studio caféteria, and has turned a nice penny or two by allowing his guest-victim to eat a waffle and then bet he cant tell how many holes there were in the waffle he ate. Usually Bennie has been stakeholder and the merriment around those diggin's was worth seeing. Like old Nap of Waterloo, Pat Dowling came a cropper. He tried the usual stunt on a newcomer, but when it came to taking the stakes, the quick-witted friend said "No, you dont. Those stakes come to *me,* for waffles dont have *holes* —they only show dents." They do say as how Pat has stopped waffling. Still, it was pleasant while it lasted—and quite profitable for it brought in the *dough.*

Tom Mix is death on o'coats. Everybody who knows Tom even by sight is aware of his weakness. There wasn't anything loud enough in Los Angeles, so Mr. Mix ordered the very latest cut and pattern from Lunnun. When he first hove into view at the Ship Café, Venice, they say nine people threw the first thing handy at him. This overcoat has a plaid ten inches square in tan, brown and green, is lined with apple-green satin, and the sleeves with royal purple satin, while the velvet collar is of maroon. Tom Mix simply *dotes* on colors, and his wife, formerly Victoria Forde, isn't any little Quaker for colors either.

William Farnum is far more proud of his fishing prizes and record than of any picture he ever turned out. Funny, that a star who is noted for putting out the highest type stories with superlative settings and great acting shouldn't make production his hobby. True it is, tho, that Mr. Farnum is first, last and all the time a fisherman. He got the record catch at Catalina Island, the first day of tuna-fishing. Five of those fearless Pacific Ocean finnies bit for the star. The next day he got but one, for it was one of the largest ever landed and took Mr. Farnum ten hours to play out. They go after tuna in swift power launches, for if one cant let the fish have all the play he is after, it's a case of either losing the tuna or upsetting the boat.

The Crimson Iris

(*Continued from page 96*)

warmly. "Wonderful work, my boy," he said calmly. "You have supplied us with enough evidence to send this gang to The Tower. And I'm going to see that you are rewarded for this: you're entitled to it."

"Go ahead," said Frost.

"I want to be present when these fellows are hung," remarked Letherdale.

"We'll both be there," the Superintendent informed him. The head of Scotland Yard was silent for a moment. And when he spoke again, his face was serious. "Now comes the hardest part," he said, as he laid his hand affectionately on the reporter's shoulder.

"What's that?"

"As far as the public is concerned, this case is closed," said Frost, as he studied the countenance of the newspaper man.

"You mean that I cant use this story?" said Letherdale.

"Not now," replied the Superintendent. "But you can save your notes," he added, by way of encouragement. "It'll make a corking good story—after the war!"

"Well, I'll be damned!" he exclaimed. Then, as he saw the flush which spread over Rita's face, he added: "I beg your pardon, Miss di Garma."

"These kind of stories must not be printed," said Frost. "They react on the public and make very nice reading for our enemies within."

Then, as Letherdale recalled the words of his news editor, his countenance clouded. "Why, Fisher is holding two columns open for me on the front page!" he told the Superintendent. "I'll be fired if I dont bring home the 'copy'!"

"I'll call up Mr. Fisher and explain," Frost reassured him. Turning to the others in the room, he added: "Remember, the cause of Arthur Gebhardt's death was heart failure!"

"Looks to me as tho I've done a pretty good day's work—for Scotland Yard," said the reporter, with a smile.

"You've showed up your English colleagues," said Frost, encouragingly. "They need a lot more of live Yankees like you in Fleet Street."

"Yes, I'm a winner," said Letherdale, a little disgruntled. "Fisher is always telling me the stories I usually get are so good he cant print 'em!"

"Well, any time he gets dissatisfied with your work, there's a job here for you," said Frost.

"I'd make a bum detective; I'm a reporter by trade," Letherdale informed him.

Then the Superintendent turned to Rita, and said, courteously: "You are free to go, Miss di Garma." He smiled graciously as he took her hand, after which she started for the door.

"I dont suppose you need me any more?" remarked Letherdale.

"Not today," laughed Frost.

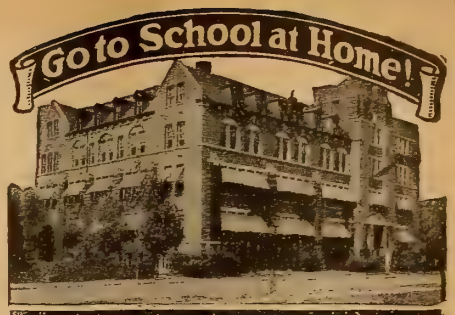
"Well, then I'll go and have some tea," said the reporter, as he put on his hat. Then he stepped over to Rita, who was busy with her bag, and added: "Will you join me?"

"Thank you," she said as she smiled. Then they both passed out.

[THE END]

GOLDEN SILENCE

Earle Williams was having his hair cut one day, and was asked by the garrulous operator "how he would have it done?" "If possible," replied he, "in silence."



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CHESTER MUSIC CO. 920 S. Mich. Ave. Dept. 329 Chicago, Ill.

Across the Silversheet

(*Continued from page 74*)

THE BUSHER—PARAMOUNT

This is a successful and entertaining picture, for it combines the artistry of Charles Ray and a baseball story. Briefly told, the plot consists of a bumpkin baseball player who is discovered down on the farm and taken to the big league. In the city, his head outgrows his hat-band and the folks back home. He grows careless of his work and loses so many games that he is put out. Back on the farm, he realizes his mistakes, becomes human and natural again and rebuilds his career with the help of the girl. Colleen Moore is the girl and a very attractive one. But it is Ray's real ability to characterize a part that makes the whole better than the ordinary run of movies.

LEAVE IT TO SUSAN—GOLDWYN

A comedy that crackles with laughter as snappy as any fourth of July firecracker. Somewhat of a burlesque on the train hold-up drama, the picture is enlivened by the rare humor of Madge Kennedy and the delightful team-work of Wallace MacDonald. In fact, this young man does such excellent work as a railroad detective masquerading as one of the train-robbers and kidnappers of the girl, that his portrayal should receive marked attention. In my opinion this is the best Goldwyn picture viewed in some time.

A GIRL AT BAY—VITAGRAPH

Corinne Griffith in a real thriller. This young star is shining more brilliantly every day and when Vitagraph gives her such an excellent opportunity as she has in this story of a girl who thinks she has committed a murder, the result is a happy one for the beholder. Miss Griffith is ably assisted by Walter Miller and Harry Davenport.

ONE WEEK OF LIFE—GOLDWYN

"One Week of Life" is an orgy in impossibilities. Its one redeeming feature is the fact that Pauline Frederick, more beautiful than ever, portrays a dual rôle. But the turgid plot of an unfaithful wife and a drunkard husband is unpleasant and far from inspiring. Mrs. Kingsley Sherwood desires one week of life away from her husband and with her lover. A girl is discovered who is her absolute double and takes her place upon having her sympathy aroused by false stories. The husband senses the difference and, at her first plea of "Please dont," stops drinking. The wife and her lover are conveniently drowned and the girl marries the reformed husband. And authors are paid fortunes for such as this! Pauline Frederick dresses the ugly whole with the charm of her personality, while Thomas Holding is melodramatically awful as the husband, and Sydney Ainsworth, of the old Essanay days, sufficient as the lover.

THE CRIMSON GARDENIA—GOLDWYN

One of the famous Rex Beach pictures, this disappoints because of its cast. The story of a band of counterfeiters operating during the New Orleans Mardi Gras is filled with fine screen action. But one cannot approve of the fat way Owen Moore walks thru a romantic part, nor the horrible gesticulations of Tully Marshall as the old counterfeiter. Otherwise the picture is O. K.

A Masculine Sphinx

(*Continued from page 79*)

"I've just been reading about the plan to abolish animal actors, especially on vaudeville circuits, because of the cruelty practiced. It is claimed that while audiences see friendliness and kindness on the stage, life behind scenes is very different, and the wild beasts have been trained by punishment. What do you think of that, Mr. Santschi?"

"Oh, it is quite true. You may have a beast ten years and be ever so kind to it, but you cannot allow it to escape punishment. Wild animals take instantaneous advantage of an easy trainer. They are like spoiled children. No man's life is safe if he attempts to govern by kindness only. I dont like the idea of animals traveling in boxes, it's cruel; I'm glad they are endeavoring to abolish such things," said that gentleman very soberly.

"Then you would not want to go back to the old way—the one in which you first won recognition on the screen?"

"The fact is, I've not the courage to do that. I have not been with animals for four years. One must work with them day after day, never give up a single day, be alert, quick-muscled, composed, and if I would return now, they'd probably make short work of me."

"Were you always protected by having some one around with a gun?"

"No, I carried a gun myself—sometimes two, the one with blanks, necessary to the action of the play, the other for safety with real cartridges. Of all the animals, the jaguar is most treacherous, the tiger next—but you can tell when he's going to turn ugly, he betrays himself in some move which the alert trainer understands, but which might mean nothing at all to the onlooker. Miss Williams and I had two very narrow escapes from death, and, as I said before, I am not courageous enough now to return to such work."

That man is surely an anomaly. He is independent, very individualistic, big, brave—and yet has the heart and manner of a bashful school-boy.

His wife says no one ever had more regular habits. That he gets in from the studio daily at twelve noon, enjoys the luncheon she has ready on the blow of the whistle, and leaves just as promptly at the sound of the hall-gong thirty minutes later.

He reads at home, he studies his parts intensively, he practices athletic stunts, and keeps always in fine physical trim. He has no love of excesses in any direction, and so he's younger than most of the idols of the screen today, physically and mentally clean, fit and respected, and, perhaps most of all, because of that secrecy which keeps him from divulging either his own affairs or those of his associates. At any rate, he is in great demand, and the diversity of rôles given him is a sure proof of the fact that directors recognize his versatility and adaptability.

The Fame and Fortune Contest

(*Continued from page 81*)

Portraits to which no stamps were attached will not be returned. It is also impossible for the contest staff to handle requests to return these now, even when postage is forwarded. It is utterly impossible to go thru the tremendous mass of unstamped portraits to seek out any special pictures. The judges regret that this rule must be adhered to, in order to facilitate the closing of the contest and the awarding of the final prize.



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And how many things there are for which you could use more money.

You would be glad to do anything that is congenial, anything that you will be proud to tell your friends about—just so it is something that will give you a bigger income.

Try selling. It is one of the most honored professions in the world, and certainly the most necessary. Selling is real service, and service pays.

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Use Your Spare Time, Increase Your Income

Only an hour or two a day will enable you to do it, and the more time you devote to the work, the greater your profits will be.

Your Success is Assured

No previous experience is necessary. Our most successful representatives began with no experience whatever. We tell you plainly just how to interest customers and get their orders.

Write Today! Be Our Exclusive Representative in Your Locality

We are selecting representatives every day. Someone in your locality will sell our goods. You can have an exclusive territory if you write to us at once.

Our Beautifully Illustrated Catalog tells the whole story. Write for it today

WORLD'S STAR KNITTING CO.

Dept. 397 Bay City, Mich.

Over Twenty-four Years in Business

A Kinema Kewpie

(*Continued from page* 65)

Did you see him? Well, he began to grow and grow until he was like a Spitz, then he kept on stretching out until I thought he was trying to be a dachshund. He hates us all—including the last maid whom he bit, so she gave notice. But the funny part is that he makes intimate friendships among utter strangers and fairly welcomes peddlers and tramps.

"I'm afraid of burglars. When Shirley's husband is away on location, leaving three timid women in the house, mother thinks I am the courageous one. She sleeps with a burglar alarm under her pillow, Shirley trusts to her *lungs*—and I have a little revolver.

"One night we heard somebody trying the French windows, working away at the knobs. Mother rushed for her rattler, I jumped out and sat on a chair and held on very tightly. I was simply petrified with fright, and the revolver was left under the pillow."

When Viola assumes a look of horror she is adorable. Her long, black, uncurling lashes sweep expressively the edges of her very white forehead. Her petite figure, with its exquisite contour exactly like a Kewpie—which is why they have nicknamed her the "Kinema Kewpie"—curls comfortably on anything which is handy. People have a way of taking Viola into their arms and cuddling her as if she were a baby. Every one at the studio loves the "Microbe," and she has received so much attention that one wonders why she remains utterly unspoiled. Wonders? Yes, until one finds that she is a keen thinker . . . that the sense of humor which throws a rosy mantle over her saddest moments is but a sheltering wall to prevent casual onlookers from seeing the sensitive soul of this girl, who at twenty-one is a widow, who has enjoyed five years of happy married life, and whose creed is to live and make others happy, regardless of any personal sacrifice.

"Miss Dana, did you *realize* what you were doing when you married before you were sixteen?"

"Oh, yes, of course I did. You see, I had been asked to marry a very wealthy man much my senior. It meant a carefree life, no necessity for earning a living or shouldering responsibilities. But there was John Collins . . . John who loved me very devotedly. I thought it over a great deal, and finally I said to Shirley, 'I believe it will be best for me to marry John, then we can just grow up together. We will be learning at the same time—and I'm not afraid of the money end of it. John is clever and I am willing to work hard, so I am sure we will make good.'"

It's common knowledge that both did make good. They lived like a pair of happy youngsters until the terrible epidemic caught each, and the little girl-wife very nearly passed on a few days after she lost her husband.

"Mother has been so afraid of exposure for me ever since I had pneumonia last winter. I caught a terrible cold at Tommy Meighan's party and then had to be thrown overboard at Catalina. I was tossed off the yacht for two hours one afternoon, and whether it was the rubbing I got afterwards, or the exercise I had, I dont know—but, really, it cured my cough," said Miss Dana. She never resorts to heroics—everything is taken as a matter of course, good-humoredly, with always that whimsical smile flitting across her exceptionally expressive face.



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..Blackheads	..Haemorrhoids	..Pyorrhea
..Brain Fag	..Hay Fever	..Rheumatism
..Bronchitis	..Infantile Paralysis	..Scars
..Bunions	..Insomnia	..Sciatica
..Bruises	..Lameness	..Skin Diseases
..Catarrh	..Locomotor Ataxia	..Sore Throat and Throat Diseases
..Colds	..Lumbago	..Sprains
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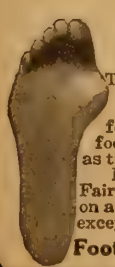
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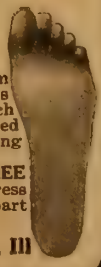
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Foot Remedy Co., 3661 Ogden Ave., Dept. 84 **Chicago, Ill**

Wagon Tracks

(*Continued from page 71*)

"Mebbe the confession 'll come in hell," said Buckskin, "but somewhere one of you is goin' ter talk—and it'll be the innocent one."

On and on the three men marched, staggering under the blinding heat, billowing up from the gasping desert in suffocating waves, dancing in wavering lines across the sand. Ever and ever the two suffering captives heard the inexorable question:

"Which one of you killed him?"

Washburn watched Merton wolfishly, savagely forbidding the coward to speak what was constantly behind his lips. And each time Buckskin smiled sardonically as he assured them:

"Afore long whichever one of you is innocent is goin' ter hate the guilty one. When your faces is raw and your tongues swellin' you're goin' ter hate each other. It'll be then I'll learn the truth."

Into the sunset the men fought on, one man and the two who had grown to hate each other. Into another dawn, a burnished dawn, harbinger of a heat-crazed day, they came. Buckskin taunted them with their terrible agonies as they pleaded ever more wildly for mercy. He told them that as soon as one of them talked he would lead them back to water. Thru the day the judge suffered equally with the accused. Finally, when the two men had thrown themselves bodily into the river of a mirage, scooping up the hot, dry sand to their lips, only to realize the horror of their delusion, the coward Merton broke down.

"I—I didn't kill him," he whimpered, and cringed there in his torment.

In murderous rage Washburn cursed and reviled his tool, his broken tool, but the tool was crazed with suffering and with fear. Maddened, he denounced Washburn as the murderer. Buckskin watched the two wretches fight, with a grim smile, until his stomach could hold no more. Then he spoke:

"Your killin' days are over," he said, "we'll be goin' back."

Meantime, the wagon train reached the water-hole and safety. It looked as tho their troubles were over, but only temporarily. A large party of Kiowa Indians rode over a distant ridge, and then came insolently to the pioneers' camp. They seemed inclined toward friendliness. And then an unfortunate occurrence marred the chance of peace. A young chieftain, attracted by a woman's gay shawl, attempted to take it from her and was shot dead by the over-tired, infuriated husband. Nothing could appease the wrath of the Indians then, but the disposed-to-be-friendly chief delivered an ultimatum to Muldoon—a life for a life. The alternative—an attack at break of day.

Out on the desert Buckskin was forcing his two captives on and on with but one thought—to reach the wagon train with them both alive. They ran into the Kiowa camp and the Indians directed them to the train. Even the Indians were not without humor—two more victims for the morning attack.

"You got here just in time for the finish," Muldoon told Buckskin bitterly, as he entered the camp, and he told of the Indian ultimatum.

As Buckskin saw Jane an idea came to him. He ordered her to be taken away, and then he jerked Washburn to his feet before the men of the train.

"This man killed my brother," he announced.

"He did it, and he fooled his sister."

In a frenzy of fear Washburn screamed that it was a lie, but the circle of grim-faced men decided the guilt when Merton made his confession.

"This man's life belongs to me, and God knows that I want it," Buckskin told them in sorrowful sternness, "but you've all got a bigger claim. I'm givin' him to you."

The pioneers realized what Buckskin meant, and their spokesman, Muldoon, told Washburn sternly:

"One of us has got ter die, and your claim ter live aint honest no more."

Washburn protested, but Muldoon silenced him. "Your sentence has been passed. You'll go out to the Indians in the morning."

Jane heard the terrifying news and rushed to Buckskin for aid. She pleaded pathetically for her brother's life, and the doomed man yelled frantically to her for aid.

In spite of himself, Buckskin felt ashamed for the cowardly Washburn. His hate softened as the desperate girl pleaded with him to end her brother's life in camp, not to send him to the torture of the Indians. When Buckskin realized that it was she who had finally given him the truth about Billy, he couldn't find it in his heart to refuse her.

"I'll give him a chance," he told her. "It'll be he who'll do the decidin'."

Jane knew that she should be grateful as Buckskin gave her brother a gun to end his own life before the new day dawned.

Buckskin had decided that the man to go out to the Kiowas in the morning would be himself.

Washburn never killed himself in the night. His brain was too cunning. Early in the morning he fired a single shot and then made his escape from the train wagon—in the direction opposite to the Kiowa encampment. Buckskin heard the shot and was convinced that Jane's brother had kept his yellow word. And, having a word to keep himself, he set forth for the Kiowa camp to give himself up to the torture stake—a life for a life.

Washburn had almost reached safety when he turned to smile insolently back at the unsuspecting pioneer camp. Just as he went over the ridge to his ill-got freedom he dropt in his tracks—for the wily Indians had changed their plans overnight for a surprise attack. Like a frightened rabbit, Washburn screamed wildly and would have fled, but the Indians, thinking he was the sacrifice, soon ran him down. Buckskin walked into an empty Kiowa camp. He turned surprisedly, just in time to see the fate that overtook Washburn.

He retraced his tracks. "I reckon we'll be startin'," he ordered quietly, and the wagon train left its tragedy behind.

Santa Fé—the threshold of the land of promise, the pot of gold at the end of the burning rainbow—had been reached.

Buckskin came to bid Jane good-by. Wistfully, the girl asked him not to return alone, unable, in this last moment, to hide her great love for the man. There was an even greater wistfulness in his face as he realized that this was one dream that could never come true—between them lay the blood of two men.

"You'll come back—some day?" she asked him.

And he answered, lifelessly, because hope was not, "Mebbe, miss—some day."

Buckskin Hamilton, empire-builder, once again rode thru the frontiers of the morning to meet the future and to bid it welcome. He was a pioneer and a soldier.



Study His Daily Food Need

The average man needs about 3000 calories of food per day. Most of that need is for energy food. But he also needs some 3½ ounces of protein, to build up and repair.

Figuring these elements only, here is what they cost at this writing in some necessary foods:

Cost of Protein *Per Pound*		Cost of Energy *Per 1000 Calories*	
In Quaker Oats	63c	In Quaker Oats	5c
In White Bread	$1.30	In Round Steak	41c
In Potatoes	1.48	In Veal Cutlets	57c
In Beef about	2.00	In Fish about	60c
In Ham	3.63	In Canned Peas	54c

Ten Times the Cost

Meat and fish foods, per 1000 calories, average ten times Quaker Oats' cost.

So do some vegetables. Squash, for instance, at this writing costs 15 times as much.

As energy food the oat has an age-old fame.

In protein—the costliest food element—it is richer than any other grain. It stands about equal with beefsteak.

In needed minerals—iron, lime, calcium, etc.—the oat is uniquely rich.

As an all-'round food, well-balanced, the oat is the greatest that grows. As a food for growing children it holds the zenith place.

Other foods are needed. Children must have milk and eggs. Vegetables are necessary.

But start the day with Quaker Oats. Make it your breakfast. It costs but one-half cent per dish.

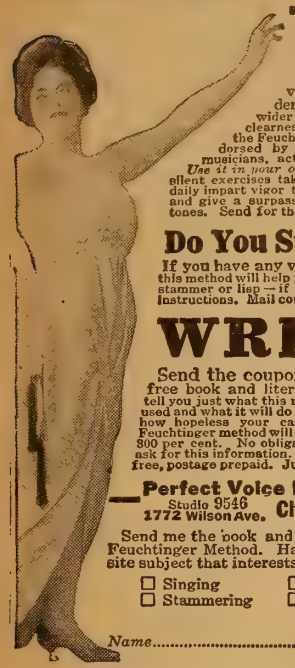
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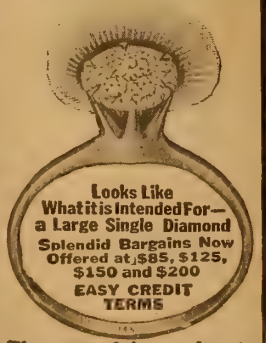
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STORES IN LEADING CITIES

The Mother of Mary

(Continued from page 35)

But being of Irish parentage, with the same fighting blood in her veins that had been in the veins of Michael Hennessy, her father, Mrs. Smith hurled her ninety-eight pounds of weight and five feet of height into the Battle for Existence with a determination to win in spite of the fact that the odds were against her from the start.

Her opponent, merciless and hard, was Adverse Circumstances, and Poverty was the referee. It was to be a fight to the finish, and full well she realized that Poverty would quickly count her out if she went down in the struggle.

The little widow took the offensive right at the start. By essaying to take in roomers she made her first thrust at the enemy. She led off with twelve rooms for rent, three babies, an invalid mother—and no help. Old Adverse Circumstances chased her all over the ring in the beginning, owing to the fact that she charged only a dollar and a half a month for her rooms. She countered, however, with a little sewing on the side, and by working from six o'clock in the morning, when the first roomer left, until twelve o'clock at night and sometimes later, she managed to hold her own.

"From the beginning," said Mrs. Smith, "I was working, working all the time, with never an idle moment."

Among the spectators who had ringside seats at this strange battle was the stage electrician from a Toronto theater. He was one of Mrs. Smith's roomers and with great interest watched the unequal contest.

Seeing that the fight was apt to end with a knockout at any moment, the electrician stepped up close to the ropes to give a little advice.

"Wouldn't it be nice, Mrs. Smith," he said, "if you could get the children on the stage? They could be such a big help to you."

The Mother of Mary looked at the man, horrified. "Good gracious!" said she, "do you think I would let my children go on the stage where actresses smoke and curse?"

"Oh, but actresses dont smoke and curse," the surprised electrician informed her. "Where did you get that idea?"

Finally, after much persuasion, he prevailed upon Mrs. Smith to go to the theater, sit in the wings, and judge conditions for herself. What a momentous visit that was! The little widow found nothing whatever at which she could take offense, and the result was that the eldest of her little flock, Gladys Mary, then five years of age, accepted a small part in "The Silver King," then being rehearsed.

So well did she do it, and so greatly encouraged was the mother, that she consented to the child's appearing often in the stock company. In fact, as time went on, her younger sister, too, took part.

Of course, in the beginning, this only added weight to the already heavy burden of the little mother because it meant that she must make new clothes from cast-off garments; that the new clothes must be washed and ironed often in order that that they might thus be kept spotlessly clean; also that time must be taken from other work to dress and accompany the children to the theater.

After three years of intermittent playing in stock, little Gladys, then eight years of age, was offered an opportunity to go on the road with "The Little Red School House."

Mrs. Smith now began to see possibili-

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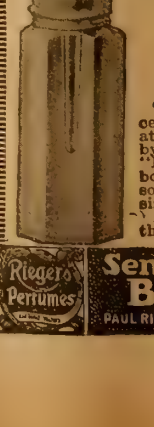
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ties of a future for her children; she began, even, to dream that they might all some day be stars. And with this ultimate object in mind, she decided to accept the engagement for her daughter.

That first experience on the road was a regular nightmare of deprivations. The small family rode on one ticket, Mrs. Smith carrying her baby boy in her arms and hiding her other two children away like little mice so as to avoid the sharp eye of the conductor when he passed thru collecting fares. They all slept on the seats of their car, the luxury of a Pullman being something undreamed of, at that time.

Finally something better came. Gladys and her sister Lottie were given the stellar rôle of Bessie, the little mother, in "The Fatal Wedding." Lottie played it at matinées, and Gladys took the part at evening performances. Their names were printed on the billboards in type larger than the children themselves.

But only the grit of Mother made possible the achievement of this triumph. In order that the children might take this part, she accepted a place in the cast herself, assuming the most difficult rôle in the play with the exception of the lead. And, mind you, never before in her life had she appeared on the stage!

Thus began the theatrical career of the Mother of Mary. From then on she appeared behind the footlights, doing character portrayals, adding to the income of the family and making possible the proper education of the children.

"As our income grew," said Mrs. Smith, "I was able to shift the burden of teaching the children from my own shoulders to the shoulders of tutors whom we took with us on the road."

After several seasons in road shows, a new opportunity came in the form of a chance from David Belasco. A child was needed to play Betty Warren in "The Warrens of Virginia," and little Gladys, with a wealth of golden curls and possessing a delicate, wondrous beauty, appeared one day at the theater where the famous producer was rehearsing the play. Her precociousness, her natural charm and, above all, her determination to get a part so impressed Belasco that he engaged the child.

Then came the great transformation. Gladys Mary Smith, daughter of the widow of John Charles Smith, suddenly became—Mary Pickford! After an interview with Mrs. Smith, Belasco succeeded in winning the mother's permission to change her daughter's name. So it was the Master of the Drama who named Mary Pickford! And the name came from the mother of Mrs. Smith's father, Elizabeth Denny Pickford.

And now this plucky mother, who had made such a valiant fight, began to see her dreams come true. At the age of thirteen one of her daughters was a Broadway star.

From Belasco's management, Mary Pickford went into motion pictures under the direction of David Wark Griffith at the old Biograph studio in New York City.

Altho the hardest part of the battle had been won, yet Mrs. Charlotte Pickford, Mother of Mary, was not able to leave the stage until about six years ago. Since then she has devoted her time solely to managing the picture careers of her children. Under her direction they have all become stars, even her baby, Jack.

Mrs. Pickford now lives in a palatial home with her children in Los Angeles, and there is no more interesting person in the world than this woman who, thru tenacity of purpose, made it possible for her children to obtain fortune and fame.



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A Marsh Flower

(*Continued from page 75*)

We made our escape to Miss Marsh's dressing-room.

Now we have seen many dressing-rooms of many stars, but never one more complete. The prevailing colors are blue and yellow. "Yellow," says Miss Marsh, "is the sun color, and means fame and honor. Blue, is art." Over the divan is thrown a magnificent Japanese silk coverlet—blue threaded with gold.

At the head of the divan is a table holding the reading lamp and stacks and stacks of books. Not popular fiction, not even poetry, essays or biography, but volume after volume on astrology. For that is Marguerite Marsh's hobby, her principal occupation when she is not busy in the studio. She attends classes weekly, and seeks to learn the secrets of the stars and their influence on human beings. If you want to know about your past, present or future, you have only to tell this astonishing young person the day of the week, the date and month of your birth and she tells you at once what star you were born under and just what the influence of that particular star has done and will do to you. It's most interesting and gives one a comfortable feeling to think that, after all, one's unaccountable impulses and erratic doings are not, perhaps, one's fault at all, but the fault of the star under which one was born!

"It is such a fascinating study," said Miss Marsh seriously, "and it pays to have an interest of this kind in one's life. Friends and family are everything—no one realizes that more fully than I," and she spoke tenderly of the mother, of her pride in sister Mae and her accomplishments, of the studious Frances engrossed in law and journalism, of Mildred still in school but who achieved success in pictures last vacation time, of the only brother, Oliver, expert camera-man.

"Of course," she admitted, "one's family have their own individual interests—and sometimes they are taken from one—and what are we going to do when everything else fails if we have no resources within ourselves? So I study. And the more I study, the more I realize the need of it—and, from my books I am getting something that nothing can take away."

Marguerite Marsh began her career on the stage in musical comedy with Raymond Hitchcock. Since her screen beginnings with Majestic films and with Triangle under Griffith management, she has starred in "The Eternal Magdalene," "Conquered Hearts" and other Goldwyn productions, and in the absorbing Houdini serial she has added to her laurels.

"I wouldn't go back to the stage for worlds," she said—and right here came a rap at the door, and it opened to admit a small boy, a typical East Side youngster, who grinned sheepishly at me and adoringly at Miss Marsh. One hand clutched a paper bag and the other a handful of half-faded flowers. "Here!" he ejaculated, thrusting his offerings on Miss Marsh and hastily precipitating himself thru the door.

"That's Johnny, my little sweetheart," said Miss Marsh. "He's the janitor's little boy, and he has asked me very seriously if I will not wait for him until he is old enough to marry me."

And we dont blame Johnny for loving "Lovey" Marsh—as she is known to her friends. She's sympathetic and human and understanding, and when she confided that she is going to star "alone" in her next picture, "The Million Dollar Mystery," we rejoiced audibly. Lovey Marsh deserves it!

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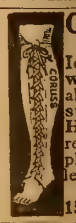
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The Brat

(*Continued from page 44*)

lady at the stage door till I wore thru my shoe leather and winked my eyes out—and after I lost her every job on Broadway I gave up the ghost."

McMillan came over and laid a reluctant hand on his brother's shoulder.

"Steve," he said, "dont talk like this. Dont you ever go back to the decent little chap you used to be—dreaming decent dreams, planning straight, clean plans, dont you, kiddie?"

Stephen Forrester shook his head. "The dreams went wrong too long ago," he said. "Oh, they went damnably wrong, I tell you. And now—I've got a kink in my brain, old chap; drink put it there, and what drink fell short of, women made up for—it's all of a piece—and it's all in a lifetime. Now a girl like that——" he stared over at the Brat, then he broke into a laugh. "God almighty! you do make a Mollie out of a chap, Mac," he said. "Give me some money if you want to keep the fine old Forrester name out of the guarded resort on the Hudson."

MacMillan shook his head. "Not even for the fine old Forrester name," he said. "A *man* comes first, Steve. Now get out."

MacMillan Forrester told his publisher and his friend, the judge of the night court, the true ending of "The Brat," both fictional and realistic, far better than I could hope to do. The judge told me that before Forrester had done, the publisher, who had not wept since he was weaned, was dropping tears all over a first edition, and the publisher told me that the judge, "a block of granite, no less," was actually blubbering!

MacMillan Forrester could tell a story, and in this case he "took his heart and showed it to every other heart."

"Steve came back several times after that," he told them, "for the single, diabolic purpose, of course, of continuing his unholy persecution. He has persecution of women down to a science. It is perfect in its way. He taunted her, too, with her presence in my home; with my ultimate motive, with my impending marriage and what would be her lot when Angela stepped in. He has told me since that she was like a little rabbit caught in a trap and bleeding to death, with all of its soul in its mortally wounded eyes.

"Then came the charity ball. Some one backed out at the last instant, and the Brat was the only one who had seen the rabbit dance. Angela suggested that the Brat substitute. I wasn't crazy about the idea . . . I didn't know why—then. All I could see was her white face, her green eyes, her mouth like a lovely wound—and I had a sense that the wound was bleeding—that I ought to staunch the blood.

"And somehow I didn't want anybody else to see her—for the fear that they might see her as I saw her—and yet, all the time, there was a doubt of her. I like to think the doubt was born of an actual, deep, amazing disbelief that, anywhere, anybody could keep so stainless, so aloof, and live in so turgid a gutter. It seemed, almost, an impossible resurrection of the Good over Evil . . . but I did doubt . . . I did . . .

"The night before she went to the masquerade dance in her bunny costume I was determined to be done with her. She looked like a tiny devil rather than a rabbit, and I felt it to be symbolical—besides, she had been my ward, I had said to Stephen, but she was become something more—a madness in my blood, and it was growing . . . the antidote would be her absence.

"I didn't want her to face—the streets, and so I threw a handful of bills on her bed. They were big ones.

"You know that Angela spoiled her dance by giving her, deliberately, the wrong cue. You all saw that . . . it isn't up to me to discuss Angela. Only—there was never love between us, that I know, and let that lack be her absolving. I could never have cared . . ." MacMillan Forrester shrugged his shoulders; "most of this you have read in the book," he said, "only the conclusion has been altered.

"When we returned from the disastrous dance—or, rather, when *I* did, for the Brat left immediately after the failure she couldn't help, I found her in front of my safe, the safe apparently rifled, Stephen standing over her in an attitude of threat.

"It seemed to me in that moment that I hated the Brat, for what she had been, for what she was, for all the things I wished she were. I felt the blood pounding in my temples. I accused her.

"It gave me a delicious pleasure to see the stricken pallor of her face; I could have laughed at the semblance of her mouth to a wound, agape. It was all pleasure to me. None of it was pain.

"Angela had come in with me, and we all stood there, triumvirate, against this little waif from the illimitable night.

"All at once, thru a roaring in my ears, somebody began to speak. I had the curious feeling that I had gone back twenty years and was listening to my little brother, Stephen, tell a story. He was saying:

"'I've done a lot of rotter's tricks, good God, so many! But kids . . . I've always stood by the kids, whenever I've had the chance. The Brat's only a kid, MacMillan. She was *on* the streets, but never *of* them. That I swear. I know—because I know the streets so damnably well, and all the secrets of the streets. They vomit 'em forth. And she didn't ever steer anything but a straight course, not ever. As for this money—I was just in the act of putting it back, because she had gone upstairs to get me the money you were cad enough to give to her."

"Just then the Brat made a curious little forward motion—it was as tho she wished to put her hand across Stephen's mouth and close it.

"'Let him, dear,' I remember saying to her—'not for us—for him——'

"'I dont know why I'm doing this,' Stephen finished up, 'only that—I hate to see a kid, just a kid, you know, get a rotten deal.'

"Some miraculous way or other they all seeped off after that, one by one. Angela left her ring, the one I had given her, feeling as cold as the stone, on the table. Then I was alone with the Brat.

"Alone! I knew in that moment that I had always been alone with her—ever since I had met her green eyes in the dim light of the night court, all these weeks in my home, all the time. There had just been her for me—and me for her. The rest of the world had fallen off as fruit, over-ripe to decay, and long since tasteless, falls from a bough still potent with the sap of eternal spring.

"In my arms I told her so. I healed the wound which was her mouth. The child became a woman."

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The Science of Living

(*Continued from page 47*)

the opportunity to study life down to the bone as, probably, nothing else could have done. Misfortune strips things down to essentials. I believe that life is the greatest science on earth, or, rather, the living of life.

"I believe, too, that patience is the keynote to all real happiness, because what *is* happiness if it is not peace of mind? And if we have evolved into a state where we are capable of patience in any exigency, we must necessarily be in the frame of mind which denotes peace.

"I believe in working toward that state where you can treat everything merely as an *experience,* which may benefit whatever its nature. Of course, just at first, in the event of some great sorrow, we might not be able to get outside ourselves, but if we persist in the belief that all human occurrences, even our own, are mere experiences and not able really to mar or twist our surely 'unconquerable souls,' then, eventually, the experiences, whatever they may be, will be transmuted into philosophy and so, enrichment."

I wondered what so serene a mortal could think of the compromise of marriage.

"I didn't believe in marriage for myself," he told me, "until quite recently—for a great many reasons. Of course, I believe in marriage as an institution and a sacrament. But for myself—in the first place, I would never marry a woman outside of my own profession. My work is everything to me, and it would be unbearable to be married to a person who would not, because she could not, comprehend it. The demands of the theatrical life are bound to be quite inexplicable to the layman. And I think too much of the harmony of the human relationships ever willingly to invite discord.

"On the other hand, I did not believe that I would ever meet anybody within my own profession whom I could—well, love. I doubted that anybody in the professional world could think as I do, feel as I do, believe as I do. And therein is the only true marriage and the reason, it seems to me, that so many marriages come to shipwreck—they disregard the *mental* and the mutual interests. To paraphrase, 'Two minds that think as one' is a far more important matter than 'Two hearts that beat as one.' There must be a comradeship of mind, of religious belief and of pursuit. Then there is marriage, indeed—and nothing life has to offer could be so wonderful.

"I believe that each one of us is here for a definite purpose, for the development of a personal self-expression, a definite one. If each and every one of us would find our medium of expression there would be an immense constructive uplift possible.

"The most and the best that I feel I can do, is to help the other fellow get beyond himself. Just to help—that is all. Just at present I feel that I can do that best thru the medium of the screen. I think I can give a message there, a real one. Some day, later on, I hope to direct, but not until I am ready for it."

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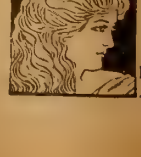
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Motion Picture Magazine

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Almost a decade ago, when the art of the screen was first pronounced worthy of depicting life's dramas, this Magazine was founded. From the first, it aimed to be the voice of the Silent Drama—the friend of those in front, and of the shadowed players. It has always been ready to encourage all that is good, and eager to wield its power against all that is unworthy. Every word, every picture in this Magazine is printed for you, the reader; hence it is your magazine, and the official organ of the Motion Picture public.

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Watch Your Nerves

by

PAUL von BOECKMANN

The greatest of all strains upon the human body is that caused by nerve tension. Instant death may result from great grief or a sudden fright. The strongest man may in a few months shrink to a skeleton through intense worry. Anger and excitement may cause an upheaval of the digestive and other organs. It is simple to understand, therefore, that lesser strains upon the nerves must slowly but surely undermine the vital forces, decrease our mental keenness and generally wreck the body and health.

In this simple truth lies the secret of health, strength and vitality. The noted British authority on the nerves, Alfred T. Schofield, M. D., the author of numerous works on the subject, says: "It is my belief that the greatest single factor in the maintenance of health is that the nerves should be in order."

Few people realize the powerful influence the nerves have upon our well-being, and how they may torture the mind and body when they become deranged, supersensitive and unmanageable. Few people realize they have nerves, and therefore heedlessly waste their precious Nerve Force, not knowing that they are actually wasting their "Life Force," and then they wonder why they lack "Pep," have aches, pains, cannot digest their food, and are not fit, mentally and physically.

Just think a moment what a powerful rôle your nerves play in your life. It is your nerves that govern the action of the heart, so that your blood will circulate. It is your nerves that govern your breathing, so that your blood will be purified. It is your nerves that promote the process of digestion, assimilation and elimination. Every organ and muscle, before it can act, must receive from the nerves a current of Nerve Force to give it life and power.

Your body and all its organs and parts may be compared to a complex mass of individual electric motors and lights, which are connected with wires from a central electric station, where the electric power is generated. When the electric force from the central station becomes weak, every motor will slow down and every light will become dim. Tinkering and pampering the motors and light will do no good in this case. It is in the central station, the nervous system, where the weakness lies.

I have devoted over thirty years to the study of physical and mental efficiency in man and woman. I have studied carefully the physical, mental and organic characteristics of over 100,000 persons in this time. As my experience grows, I am more than ever convinced that nearly every case of organic and physical weakness is primarily due to nerve exhaustion. Powerful and healthy looking men and women who did not show the least outward signs of weak nerves, were found upon close mental and physical diagnosis to have exhausted nerves. Usually every organ was perfect and the muscles well developed, but there was not sufficient flow of Nerve Force to give these organs and muscles tone and power. How often do we hear of people running from doctor to doctor seeking relief for a mysterious "something the matter" with them, though repeated examinations fail to show that any particular organ or function is weak. It is "Nerves," in every case.

We are living in the age of nerve strain, the "mile a minute life." Every man, woman and child is over-taxing the nerves, thus wrecking that delicate system. Nerve strain cannot be entirely avoided, but it can be modified. Much can be done to temper the nerves against strain. Education along this line is imperatively necessary if we are not to become a race of neurasthenics (nerve exhaustion). I have written a 64 page book which is pronounced by students of the subject to be the most valuable and practical work ever written on nerve culture. The title of the book is "Nerve Force." It teaches how to soothe, calm and care for the nerves. The cost is only 25 cents (coin or stamps). Address, Paul von Boeckmann, Studio No. 115, 110 West 40th St., New York.

The only way to judge the value of this book is to read it, which you may do at my risk. In other words, if after reading the book it does not meet your fullest expectations, I shall return your money, *plus* the outlay of postage you may have incurred. I have advertised my various books on health, breathing and other subjects in this and other magazines for more than 20 years, which is ample evidence of my responsibility and integrity. Over a million copies have been sold.

You should send for this book today. It is for you whether you have had trouble with your nerves or not. Your nerves are the most precious possession you have. Through them you experience all that makes life worth living; for to be dull nerved, means to be dull brained, insensible to the higher phases of life—love, moral courage, ambition and temperament. The finer your brain is, the finer and more delicate is your nervous system, and the more imperative it is that you care for your nerves. The book is especially important to those who have "high strung" nerves, and those who must tax their nerves to the limit. The following are extracts from people who have read the book and were greatly benefited by the teachings set forth therein:

"I have gained 12 pounds since reading your book, and I feel so energetic. I had about given up hope of ever finding the cause of my low weight."

"Your book did more for me for indigestion than two courses in dieting."

"My heart is now regular again and my nerves are fine. I thought I had heart trouble, but it was simply a case of abused nerves. I have re-read your book at least ten times."

A woman writes: "Your book has helped my nerves wonderfully. I am sleeping so well and in the morning I feel so rested."

"The advice given in your book on relaxation and calming of nerves has cleared my brain. Before I was half dizzy all the time."

A physician says: "Your book shows you have a scientific and profound knowledge of the nerves and nervous people. I am recommending your book to my patients."

A prominent lawyer in Ansonia, Conn., says: "Your book saved me from a nervous collapse, such as I had three years ago. I now sleep soundly and am gaining weight. I can again do a real day's work."

STAGE PLAYS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these speaking plays appear in their vicinity.)

By "JUNIUS"

Astor.—Fay Bainter in "East Is West." The story of a quaint little Chinese maid who falls in love with a young American. Racial barriers seem insurmountable, but there is a happy and surprising ending. Has all the ingredients of popular drama. Miss Bainter is picturesquely pleasing.

Booth.—"The Better 'Ole." The Coburn production of the musical comedy based upon Bruce Bairnsfather's new immortal cartoon creation, Old Bill. Has been running all season, and even the end of the war does not terminate its popularity. De Wolf Hopper now playing Old Bill.

Casino.—"A Lonely Romeo," with Lew Fields. A light summer show running in the usual groove. Frances Cameron, who is developing remarkably, is the bright figure of "A Lonely Romeo," while Mr. Fields is his humorous self. There's a decidedly funny scene in a men's hat shop.

Cohan and Harris.—"The Royal Vagabond." A Cohanized opera comique in every sense of the words. A tuneful operetta plus Cohan speed, pep and brash American humor. Also tinkling music. And a corking cast, with Grace Fisher, Tessa Kosta, John Goldsworthy and Frederick Santley, besides the delectable dancers, Dorothy Dickson and Carl Hysom.

Forty-Fourth Street.—The Shubert Gaieties of 1919. A lively summer revue with scores of statuesque girls and stunning frocks. Ed Wynn's informal type of comedy is a prominent feature, and the cast includes Stewart Baird, William Kent, George Hassell, the Glorias, who dance admirably, Marjorie Gateson and Ted Lorraine. A decidedly attractive entertainment.

Fulton.—"John Ferguson." A straight drama that compares favorably with anything of the kind that New York has seen for years. Beautifully staged and acted. Masterpieces of this kind should be liberally patronized to encourage others.

Henry Miller Theater.—"La La Lucille." Musical comedy built around the efforts of a loving couple to arrange a divorce in order to live up to the terms of a millionaire aunt's will. A corespondent is engaged and troubles begin. John E. Hazzard and Janet Velie play the would-be divorcées, while Marjorie Bentley and Helen Clark give able assistance. Light summer entertainment.

Knickerbocker.—"Listen, Lester." A lively, dancy show with considerable humor. Cast includes Gertrude Vanderbilt, Clifton Webb, Ada Lewis, Ada Mae Weeks and Eddie Garvie.

Liberty.—George White's "Scandals of 1919." All sorts and variations of dancing make up for a lack of story or humor. The real star is piquant little Ann Pennington—as seductive a little jazzer as ever shimmied on Broadway. Then there's the lively dancing of Mr. White himself.

Maxine Elliott's Theater.—"39 East." A charming comedy founded on a boarding school romance in which many interesting characters make love-making difficult for a pair of young lovers.

Playhouse.—"At 9:45." The season's first dramatic production and an absorbing melodrama by Owen Davis. One of those thrillers in which every one in the

cast is suspected of murder until the final curtain. Marie Goff proves to be a genuine discovery as the heroine, and an excellent emotional performance is given by Edith Shayne.

ON THE ROAD

"A Little Journey." The comical experiences of a dozen or more interesting travelers on a Pullman which is finally wrecked. Excellent cast.

"The Unknown Purple." Interesting and well sustained thriller. The story of a convict who discovers a way to make himself invisible, transforming himself into a purple ray, and who starts out to get revenge. The invisible man steals necklaces, opens safes and passes thru doors. Richard Bennett gives a vigorous performance of the human ray.

"Daddies." Appealing little drama of three bachelors who adopt Belgian war babies. Amusing complications occur when the children develop along unexpected lines. Jeanne Eagels is quaintly pleasing in the leading rôle.

"Love Laughs." One of the brightest and most pleasing comedies of recent years, and you dont know till the end just how it is going to come out.

"Take It From Me." A comedy with music, in which a sporty young man falls heir to a department store and runs it according to the latest musical comedy methods.

"Toby's Bow." A delightful comedy in which Norman Trevor proves that he is a very fascinating actor.

"Friendly Enemies." This serio-drama of German-Americans, true to the United States and otherwise, has established a season's record. Louis Mann still in his original rôle.

"Three Wise Fools." Austin Strong's human little drama of three crusty old bachelors who are bequeathed a young woman and who are subsequently rejuvenated. Melodrama with a heart throb. Helen Menken gives a striking performance of the nerve-racked heroine, while Claude Gillingwater is a delightfully testy old Teddy Findley.

"Up in Mabel's Room." Piquant, daring but decidedly amusing farce built about the pursuit of a dainty pink undergarment which bears the same name as a recent jazz dance. Admirable cast, including the radiant Hazel Dawn, Enid Markey, Lucy Cotton and Evelyn Gosnell, all known to the screen, and Walter Jones and John Cumberland. "Up in Mabel's Room" is an admirable example of well-knit farce.

"Mis' Nelly of N' Orleans." Mrs. Fiske in a new comedy of moonshine, madness and make-believe, in which she again proves herself to be one of the greatest of comédiennes.

"A Sleepless Night." Another farce written with the idea that nothing funny ever happens outside a bedroom. The usual in and out of bed piquancy, being the tale of a guileless young woman who decides to be unconventional and pink-pajamaed at any cost.

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Letters to the Editor

Somebody stepped on this little Texan girl's toes, and she has come back with a sturdy wallop:

TO THE EDITOR:—It is seldom that a subject annoys me sufficiently to cause me to explode my theories on paper, but for some time I've had the desire to write "somebody" on this subject which not only annoys me, but which drives me *raving, tearing mad!* This subject is "Texas." We down here are Texans, real, live, honest-to-goodness white *people,* civilized and educated *humans,* and time after time we sit up and take insult after insult about our prehistoric habits. Texas has the reputation among people, not very well read, of being absolutely wild and woolly, and unfit to be classed with some of the other States that would loom highly inferior if the truths of Texas were known. It is true that some parts of Texas still cling to their old habits, but is it possible that in this enlightened age, there are still some people who suffer from such *cramped intellects* that they judge a climate by one rainy day or judge New York City by its tough element, if that is the only element they have been *able* to come in contact with? Could we judge Mexico by one of its border towns, or Europe by one of the *trenches?* Just so great is this comparison, and no wonder.

The beauties of Texas, its acres and acres of corn, wheat, cotton, etc., its railroads and hundreds of other marks of independence, make it the grandest State in the Union. Which other State is self-supporting enough to build a fence around it and *live* independent of any other? And so far as culture, breeding, education and refinement are concerned, we have it right here, *predominating* in all of our southern cities; including chivalry among our men that is not always seen in the North, East or West. We have everything in Texas that the other States boast of, but we are broad-minded enough to sit back and quietly smile when the other fellow displays such unheard-of ignorance as to think the inhabitants of Texas just "beef-heads." Does this not mean cattle?

In your MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE of August, on page 100, in the "Answer Man's Department," an answer to "Soldier" states that Texas was admitted into the Union in 1845, the State's name means "Friends," *and* its inhabitants are known as "beef-heads." It would do well for some people to read more and not judge any one place by the cheap moving pictures filmed there. When we go into a theater showing a picture filmed in our city we are shocked to see women dressed like men, smoking cigarets, carrying firearms and being chased by the Western type of wild man over the rocks, over the sage brush, gullies, streams and prairies, only to fight, snarl, steal and murder. What do they think we are to depict such stuff on the screen of Texas life? Doesn't it show lack of intelligence *somewhere?* A cowboy walking down the street in any Texas city causes as much consternation as he would in New York, so why cant they turn over a new leaf and film something pleasant in Texas for a change? Why cant they show stretches of our beautiful country, our exquisite parks, our classy hotels, beautiful homes and gardens, buildings and schools, and the cultured side of poor, down-trodden Texas?

We are all tired to death of the wild

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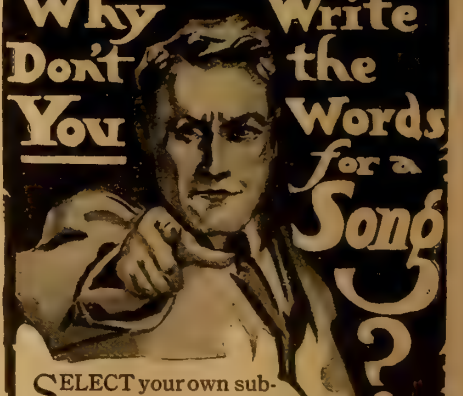
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In praise of Alice Brady:

DEAR MR. EDITOR—Just a line or two in praise of Alice Brady. In the October issue of your very excellent Magazine a lady (evidently some one who is very hard to please) writes to you and says that Alice is not popular in New Zealand, and, moreover, that she is not even nice-looking and has no ability to act. That lady is wrong—Alice Brady is a very good actress and is very beautiful. She holds all records, along with a few of the other Select Picture stars, for bringing the crowds. Any night an Alice Brady picture is shown, one has a very hard job in getting admittance. Last evening I had much pleasure in seeing her appear in "The Death Dance." Editor, you just should have seen the crowds that had to be turned away and the disappointed looks and exclamations I heard. Fortunately for the disappointed ones, there was a revival of an old World picture starring Alice in a theater opposite, and the disappointed ones made a bee-line for the ticket box. This, I think, is a sure sign of Alice's popularity here. Our friend further states that Miss Brady has no expression whatever. She is wrong again, and if she reviews some of Alice's previous pictures she will see that she made a very big mistake. Alice's facial expressions are absolutely faultless. I cant help but state again that Alice is *the* actress that pleases Australian audiences more than any other. Again I say that lady is very hard to please; I'm sure she doesn't know an actress from a popcorn. I am also sure that Miss Brady has worked hard to attain the position she is now in. I, along with my friends, wish her every success and that her career will be brighter and better than ever in future.

Believe me, I remain a constant reader,
IRIS DELANEY.

Dawes Point, Sydney, N. S. W., Australia.

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Opportunity Market—Cont. on page 12

The November Magazine

BEBE DANIELS

Every one has watched Harold Lloyd's beautiful foil with more than passing interest. Bebe Daniels' delightful little mannerisms have made many a tired business man sit up and watch a Rolin comedy. Bebe has reached the place where she thinks art must be taken seriously, and upon reaching this decision she promptly packed her trunks and unpacked them in the Lasky studios—for Bebe has been engaged to play in Cecil B. De Mille productions. Miss Daniels' Oriental beauty is very striking on the screen and she ought to be able to make some wicked man repent during the last few feet.

DORIS MAY

For a long time Doris May played with Charles Ray under the name of Doris Lee. Mr. Ince discovered this dainty bit of femininity and she proved such an asset that he decided to co-star her with Douglas MacLean—and changed her name to May. Doris is the daughter of a Los Angeles sporting editor, and some of the stunts she can do should make Annette Kellermann look to her laurels.

HARRISON FORD

It is with a great deal of satisfaction that we present this romantic lover of the screen. Born in St. Louis, Mr. Ford has made himself a figure of interest in screenland. He is the sort of lover girls persist in dreaming about and is constantly sought by Vivian Martin and Constance Talmadge—for films.

Hazel Simpson Naylor has gone to the Coast to obtain a series of interviews from the center of celluloid things. Miss Naylor has her own following among the film fans, and we know that our readers will be glad to hear she has many good things in store for them. The November issue will carry her first story from the Coast. Watch for it!

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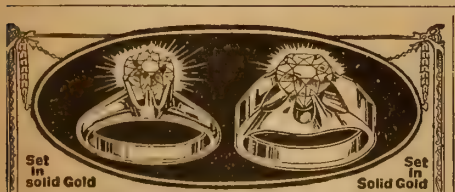
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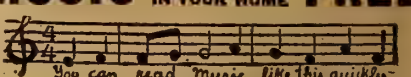
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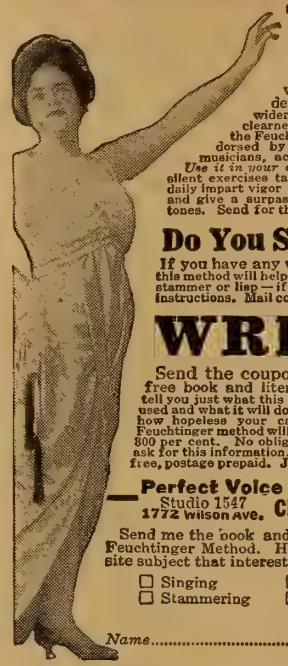
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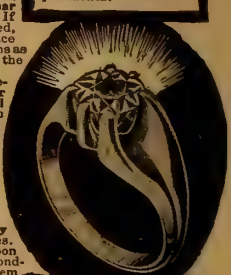
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AUG 30 1919

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Cover portrait in oils by Karl Termohlen, after a photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Tho a newcomer to the world of shadows, Miss Davies has already made a name for herself. Because of her charm, youth and beauty, she first created a sensation in the "Follies" and later added to her reputation in "Stop, Look and Listen," finally scoring a personal triumph in "Oh, Boy!" "Runaway Romany" gave her a host of fan friends in the film world, and Marion Davies intends to keep them. Miss Davies offers "April Folly" for their approval.

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The interesting story of Henry B. Warner in next month's MAGAZINE

WATCH FOR
Conway Tearle's Confessions in the October MAGAZINE



Just as pretty as the day you bought it

Today laundering need not ruin the finest fabrics

YOU used to think you might as well throw your dainty things away as trust them to the laundress! So you bowed to fate and ran up truly frightful cleaners' bills.

But these are horrid, bad dreams of the past. Today there is hardly a fabric that Lux has not made it possible to launder quickly, perfectly.

There's no harsh rubbing of soap on the fabric, and then more rubbing to get the dirt out. You just dip the garment up and down, gently squeezing the rich Lux lather through the most soiled places.

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You will wonder when you see how quickly and easily Lux takes care of all your precious belongings!

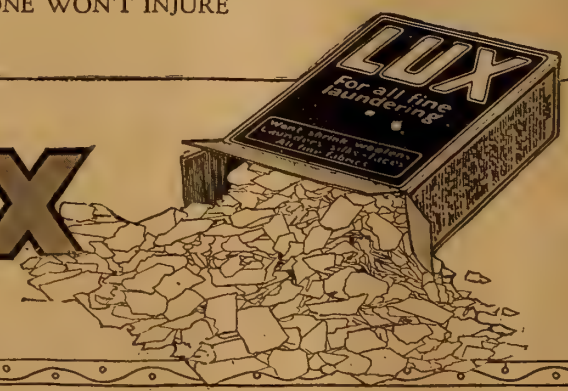
Your grocer, druggist or department store has Lux. — Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

LUX WON'T INJURE ANYTHING
PURE WATER ALONE WON'T INJURE

TO WASH SILK BLOUSES

Whisk a tablespoonful of Lux into a thick lather in half a bowlful of very hot water. Add cold water until lukewarm. Dip your blouse through the foamy lather many times. Work it about in the suds—do not rub. Rinse three times in clear, lukewarm water. Roll in a towel. When nearly dry press with a warm iron—never a hot one.

LUX



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LUCILLE STEWART Photograph © by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Lucille Stewart does not depend upon the fame of sister Anita, for her laurels. You remember she too starred for Vitagraph, played recently with Metro, opposite Hale Hamilton, and is now leading woman in the new Selznick production "The Perfect Lover."



MILDRED REARDON Photograph by Evans, L. A.

Monsieur Ziegfield introduced Mildred Reardon to the footlights in his "Follies," as is the case with most American beauties. She has appeared in Diando films and is now luckily ensconced under the De Mille banner.



MARGUERITE DE LA MOTTE Photograph by Witzel, L. A.

One of the youngest beauties of the cinema, Marguerite de la Motte is rapidly becoming a great favorite. She has played with Jack Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks in "Arizona" and with Bessie Barriscale, H. B. Warner and Bill Desmond. With a long way to come out of her teens, stardom looks an easy goal for Miss de la Motte.



CAPTAIN ROBERT WARWICK

Fresh from his triumphs in Flanders, Robert Warwick has scored a tremendous success in his recent Artcraft picture "Secret Service." A fine type of romantic hero, his next production will be "Told in the Hills."



ARLINE PRETTY Photograph © by Ira L. Hill Studios, N. Y.

The old saying of pretty is as pretty does, would make Arline very, very pretty indeed. Born in Washington, D. C., Miss Pretty made her stage début with the Columbia Players of her home town. Then the screen called and she answered.



DOROTHY PHILLIPS Photograph © by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Miss Phillips is one of the screen's finest emotional actresses. She holds her audiences in the hollow of her hand and sways them to laughter or tears at will. Universal holds her contract, while her husband, Allan Holubar, directs her.



LOU-TELLEGEN Photograph © by Strauss-Peyton, N. Y.

Lou-Tellegen has so many claims to fame, it is hard to choose one to list first. Of Dutch and Greek ancestry, he is really a typical product of the French school. His stage success of last year was "Blind Youth," this season finds him co-starring with his wife, Geraldine Farrar, in Goldwyn pictures.



GRACE DARLING Photograph © Ira L. Hill Studios, N. Y.

The splendid performance of Miss Darling in "False Gods," S. L. Rothapfel's first production, proves that being a beauty is no preventative to having brains and talent as well. Miss Darling is well known for her trip of inspection to the Panama Canal for a chain of daily newspapers.



EVELYN GOSNELL Photograph by Campbell Studios, N. Y.

Just graduated from Sargent's Dramatic School, Miss Gosnell has scored one of the triumphs of Broadway in "Up in Mabel's Room." She has also appeared on the screen in Paramount-Flagg comedies.



DOROTHY GISH Photograph by Hartsook, L. A.

The younger Gish, Dorothy, has made her mark in comedy. To be a good screen comédienne is harder, they say, than to be a tragédienne. If so, Miss Dorothy has bridged the difficulty with ease.

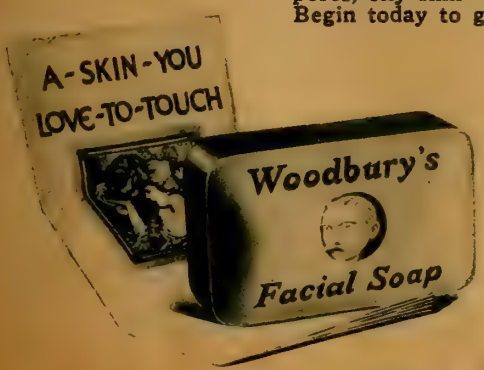


You, too, can have the charm of
"A skin you love to touch"

A skin soft, clear, colorful! Every girl and woman longs for it! No matter how much you may have neglected your skin, you can begin at once to take care of the new skin that is forming every day.

Blackheads, blemishes, conspicuous nose pores, oily skin — these you can correct. Begin today to give your skin the right Woodbury treatment for its particular needs. These famous treatments are in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

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And Along Came Katherine



Katherine MacDonald is a tall regal girl of an unusually serene type of beauty

Photographs by Stagg, L. A.

The full, deep-throated voice that came over the 'phone was very sweet, so when I found Katherine MacDonald at home the next morning in a pretty Colonial bungalow on a quiet avenue almost on the dividing line between Los Angeles and Hollywood, I was prepared for a pleasant little chat.

In the bright sunshine, the cheerful living-room, with its soft greys and Burgundy tones, seemed a fitting background for this lovely new luminary in the motion picture heavens.

Katherine is a tall, regal girl, whose beauty is strong and serene, possessing the simplicity and calm dignity of a magnificent sculptured goddess wrought by the master hand of the Grecian Phidias, while the wide blue eyes, glimpsing the unseen things beyond, suggested Raphael and his immortal canvases!

"How does it seem to be a real star, with your own studio and your own company and—everything?" I asked.

"Great," she replied, in her deep voice. "I love pictures and have never been as happy in all my life as I have been since working in them. The glorious sense of freedom that comes as you feel your



By MAUDE S. CHEATHAM

wings and meet with even a degree of success is beyond everything, and I wouldn't return to those old, idle, restless days for worlds.

"While in New York recently, I drifted back into that old life, and for a few days it was fun to be going the rounds again with my friends, lunching, teaing, dining, but I soon grew weary of it. Days slipped by with nothing to mark them, and it swept over me that this had been going on all the time I had been away—same cafés, same crowds, same bored expressions on their faces—only the gowns and hats were new, and I just wanted to fly back to work and the hundred and one interests it brings.

"Funny how things happen," Katherine went on, reflectively. "Not one of all our family connections had ever been identified with the theater; in fact, they were too strict in their ideas to even approve of it. There were lawyers on both sides, many of them, and after all, lawyers are the greatest actors in the world, so it may be that we girls inherited our love for dramatic art thru them.

"The most momentous event in my life was when I arrived in Los Angeles. I realized it at the time, for I had the queerest feeling of familiarity with everything, as if I had been here before, and I knew I had reached a turning point!

"Mary MacLaren, my youngest sister, was in contract tangles which had reached the court and, being the business head of the family, I came West to take charge of them. We won her suits and in the meantime I played a bit in one of her pictures. Usually it is the younger sister who follows the elder into a career, but we reversed the order and I came along after Mary into motion pictures.

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Katherine MacDonald says that whenever she makes up her mind to anything, she never gives up, is absolutely confident that it will be, and so far this mental process has never failed her

Photograph by Stagg, L. A.



Photographs © by Hartsook, L. A.



Photographers and scenario writers seem to insist upon presenting a sad-eyed, unsmiling Pauline Frederick to us. In reality Miss Frederick is a very jolly person with a democratic sense of humor

THIS story started out with the mild intention of calling itself "Lunching with Pauline," or something trite and proper, but the best brought up of stories may sometimes run amuck, and when, out on the Goldwyn lot, the man in charge of the cutting-room came breezing up to Miss Frederick with a hearty "Hello, Eddie Foy!"—and I was startled and dazed to find that she *owned up* to the sobriquet—well, I ask you, what well-behaved story would help sidestepping from the narrow path of rectitude?

As you will imagine, it was somewhat of a shock to hear the lovely Pauline Frederick—who is, with perfect justice, described as beautiful, stately and queenly—hailed by a name which suggests a ludicrous facial contortion, and to learn further, from documentary evidence furnished by a film, that she earned it fairly and takes quite a pride in living up to it. It seems that when photographic "tests" are made of Miss Frederick to determine if the light is good or if her make-up is correct, she is accustomed to give an Eddie Foy imitation, to the huge amusement of cameramen and directors. Hence the nickname, which is used by a few favored characters around the studio.

I said before that I was astonished, but I wouldn't have been if I had not had a premature impression of Miss Frederick that was entirely wrong. Her work on the screen somehow suggests a personality very reserved and aloof from trivialities. You get the impression that if you met her you would surely say "Yes, ma'am," and be very respectful, and that she would treat you with the most correct courtesy, but keep you at arm's length.

And that isn't Pauline Frederick at all. Her eyes, which are large and of a deep gray, look *at* you, not *thru* you; she

A Believer in Brains

"You Cant Keep a Good Idea Down" Is the Motto of the Head of the House of Selznick

By RANDOLPH BARTLETT



Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

LEWIS J. SELZNICK

IN the city of Tours, France, there is a statue to the memory of a great philosopher, Descartes, upon which is inscribed this great thinker's first principle, "I think, therefore I am." For nearly three centuries this great idea of Descartes has been the center about which all philosophy has revolved. It means simply this—that all life is thought; that a man lives only in proportion to his thought. The man who sees himself as a puny, helpless, weak, insignificant worm is that very thing; the man who sees himself as a masterful, strong, dominant force, on the other hand, likewise achieves the end his mind perceives as his rightful place.

Lewis J. Selznick may not have been guided consciously in his business operations by this Descartes principle. Probably not. He is not interested in theories. He wants action, not debate. And yet if ever there was a man who lives day by day the maxim, "I think, therefore I am," that man is Lewis J. Selznick, president of the Select Pictures Corporation, and, you might say, grandfather of the Selznick Pictures Corporation. Mr. Selznick has not attained his present position by reason of the force of capital, or the force of influence, or the force of friendship, but simply and solely by the force of thought. He thought, therefore he is.

It is five or six years since Mr. Selznick began thinking about moving pictures. He had been merchant, then promoter. He saw in pictures a bigger field than he had previously enjoyed. For a couple of years he continued his thinking in association with concerns already in operation. He tried a few experiments. He saw that the keystone of the success of moving pictures was the success of the exhibitor. "I consider myself a failure unless the exhibitor is a success," is one of his most widely quoted observations.

The Selznick family: Mrs. Selznick and three sons



Photograph © Lumière

After about two years of thinking for others, Mr. Selznick decided that the time had come to do his thinking for himself. It was in the spring or early summer of 1916 that he startled the business section of the picture industry by declaring that the program system was all wrong. Now this sounds very dry and technical, but the principal reason why you are seeing fewer poor pictures today than you were in 1916 is because the program is dead and buried. The owner of the theater you patronize no longer has to sign a contract to take all the pictures a certain company makes, in order to get any of them. Formerly that was just what he had to do. Now the exhibitor can take those he wants and reject the others. Therefore it has been necessary for producers to make better pictures. That was what Lewis J. Selznick did for the movie fans of the United States.

"If he hadn't started it, some one else would," it may be said. Certainly—and if Pershing had not led the American armies in Europe, some one else would; and if Americans had not been the first to fly across the Atlantic, some other nation would; and so on. But the fact remains that so stubborn was the fight made by some producers to hold to the program system that it is only in the last few months—three years after the battle began—that they have openly abandoned it.



Clara Kimball Young in "The Common Law," the first of Lewis J. Selznick's productions

Having decided upon his business method, Mr. Selznick's next problem was to get pictures to place upon the market by this new method. There are two ways open to the producer. The most popular one is to bid $5,000 a week for the services of a star who is already under contract at $4,000 a week and persuade her to try to break her contract. The Selznick way has been to discover a player with talent, who has hardly emerged from the ranks, and make a new star.

In an article in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE a few months ago, I pointed out that stars are absolutely necessary to picture success, that they cannot be forced upon the public, and that great sums of money had been flung away in attempting to create stars by means of advertising. Not one of all the stars that Mr. Selznick has lifted from obscurity and placed in the electrics but is still shining with ever-increasing brilliance. Examine this record of discoveries, which, however, is only a small part of the Selznick operations:

Clara Kimball Young, formerly seen in ordinary program pictures, developed into one of the greatest of favorites.

Norma Talmadge, just becoming known, now running Mary Pickford a close race for supremacy.

Constance Talmadge, unknown save for one rôle in "Intolerance," now a first degree star.

Alice Brady, obscure because of mediocre stories, now a big favorite.

Olive Thomas, a year ago hidden in the disintegrating Triangle, now numbered among the topnotchers.

Eugene O'Brien, a popular leading man, overlooked by every other producer, his productions now drawing top prices from exhibitors.

Elaine Hammerstein, member of the famous theatrical family of that name and scarcely more than a débutante in pictures when engaged as a Selznick star, now in great demand everywhere.

Owen Moore is his latest acquisition. This actor, long a favorite in romantic rôles, promises to achieve stardom as quickly as the other Selznick luminaries.

Elsie Janis is the one exception—the one star who has been engaged by the Selznick organization with a reputation already made. But, it is important to observe, she was not lured by Mr. Selznick from any competitor.

Now, to repeat, this is something that cannot be done merely with money. The Standard Oil Company could

(*Continued on page* 104)





Norma Talmadge and Earle Foxe in "Panthea," Miss Talmadge's first picture as an independent star, Selznick management, and at the right Norma Talmadge in "Panthea"



Photographs by Puffer, N. Y.

In the small picture below is shown the Talmadge family as they appeared at the wedding. From left to right appear Mrs. Talmadge, her daughters Constance, Norma and Natalie



Loos—Emerson

On June fifteenth Anita Loos, the clever and witty scenario writer, became the bride of John Emerson, the director and her partner in producing pictures. The ceremony was performed at the home of Norma Talmadge at Bayside, L. I

Male and Female Created He Them

A Tale of Toys of the Social System

By GLADYS HALL



LADY MARY LESENBY stepped from the hyacinth waters of her tiled, pearl-watered bath like some super-Aphrodite rising from the shadow of wave.

It was high noon and her ablutions had consumed two hours and twenty-five minutes, and there was still the breakfast tray to be dawdled over, the morning mail, which consisted of invitations, to be perused and, it appeared, Lady Dun Craigie to talk with.

Lady Dun Craigie, Mary reflected, with slightly arched brows, had been quite uncommon of late—quite, quite extraordinary. She was becoming what the French might term declassée in her viewpoint and in her attitude toward life, which was, after all, fundamentally, a system.

Upon the admittance of Lady Eileen, Mary seated herself at the breakfast-tray and raised the eyebrows, which were finely silken, and which, so smart London said, had brought Lord Brocklehurst to his blue-blooded, infinitely bored and ever-tailored knees. Fancy Brocklehurst without superlative tailoring! Over the breakfast tray Lady Mary looked quizzical. "Why the abortive hour, Eileen?" she begged.

For answer Lady Eileen gave a short, unfamiliar laugh. "Do you know, my dear," she began, "tho it probably hasn't occurred to you, and indeed why should it? Do you know, tho, that more than nine-tenths of the peoples of the earth have done a good day's work—w-o-r-k, you know—while you and I have been swashing about in bath salts and flimsy negligées, perhaps tinkering with our irreproachable finger-nails if we are exceptionally emancipated? Do you ever ask yourself what we would do, you and I and the rest like us, if all at once there were no bath salts, no negligées, no Susans to stand behind us lest we drop a pin and haven't sufficient vitality to recover it, no admirable Crichtons, no Tweenys—have you, Mary?"

"We'd be paper dolls, without a doubt," agreed Lady Mary, spooning a grape-fruit with a golden spoon upon which was graved the ancestral crest of the Loans; "but the system is perfect, dear love, absolutely perfect. There will always be negligées, Crichtons and bath salts, always. You and I and the rest of us will never know a dearth of those, dear. We are a sacrament, you see, an institution, an accepted fact. We will never be rejected, never cast forth on our own. We, as a class, dont you know?"

Lady Dun Craigie rose and lit a cigaret with perfect fingers imperfectly quavering. "That's just it!" she said. "We are a class—just that. We are *not* individuals, not one of us. We live according to the rule of three, love by it, die by it . . . die and there's an end to it . . . die and we have never lived, not really, not one of us . . . Why, my chauffeur gets more from life than I do . . . Crichton, downstairs, gets more from life than you do . . . service . . . self-expression . . . oh, Mary, this is death . . . veritable death . . . in the midst of life!"

There was a silence. Mary Lesenby found herself thinking of Lord Brocklehurst, whose ring she was wearing on her slim third finger, of his irreproachableness from every standard she had been taught to consider, found herself thinking, illogically, how absurd he looked when he almost waxed hysterical because his special

Lady Mary Lesenby stepped from the hyacinth waters of her tiled, pearl-watered bath like some super-Aphrodite rising from the shadow of wave



brand of cigarets were not so perfect as he had been wont to expect . . . fundamentals . . . essentials . . . well, he was perfection in his way, in his own way . . .

She found herself thinking of the extraordinary Crichton. If there should be a fire, for instance, Crichton would save her, save all of them. If there should be a war . . . he would go . . . physically perfect, of course. Once she had heard him discussing the fourth dimension with a rather inebriated but very erudite guest of her father's. He read Tweeny, the little kitchen maid, Bernard Shaw and the Theosophy—and made them clear to her, with the help of her rapt adoration of him. A purpose . . . Crichton had a purpose . . . dreams, too, perhaps . . . dreams, no doubt . . . And he buttled superlatively. He was perfection in his way . . . in his own way . . . and underneath, the essentials . . . the fundadamentals . . . nothing little . . .

"What would you think of a woman," Eileen was asking, restlessly, "who would elope with her own chauffeur? I know one who did . . . she . . . of course she loved him . . . loved him horribly . . ."

"I'd feel only pity for her," said Mary, with sudden decision. The thought came to her of the cigars Crichton was known to smoke, of his admitted fondness for ale. "I'd feel tremendously sorry for her. I'd have little or no faith in her good judgment. I'd feel that she was a traitor to the blood that had been guarded for her in veins before the existence of her own. I'd feel how futile she was to bang herself against tradition, which is sacred and beautiful before it is ugly and restricting. Eileen, first and last, I'd say she was a fool."

"But love, Mary, what of love?"

"A fever . . . inferiors permit it to consume them; superiors do the consuming themselves. There *is* no love where there is no similitude."

Two weeks later the upper crust was startled to learn that Lady Eileen Dun Craigie had eloped with MacGuire, her Irish, irrepressible chauffeur. Then the Dun Craigies blotted her name from the fair family list and the upper crust obliterated whatever impression she may have made.

At the same time Lord Loan announced his intention of giving a yachting party to his two daughters, Lady Mary and Lady Agatha, the Hon. Ernest Wolley, Treherne, a young curate and Crichton and Tweeny as maid and valet, respectively.

"We will do a great deal for ourselves," said Lord Loan. "I am a great believer in democracy. We will, for instance, Mary, let us say, we will do our own shoes . . . it will be in the nature of an adventure, an innovation. It will be red blood, something of a fad, perhaps. What do you say?"

Mary said yes. She was glad to get anywhere where Eileen Dun Craigie's name would not be mentioned. She would be glad to get out on the open sea, where she and Brocklehurst would not have to dance so much in great halls heavy with the vapors of conservatories, tea so much, with so much empty prattle, take in so many oft-repeated operas, so many banal theaters. Abruptly, it seemed, with the elopement of Eileen, life had gone flat in her mouth, given her the unwonted sensation of munching upon Dead Sea Fruit . . .

She found herself wondering about Eileen, about her impossible MacGuire . . . She found herself wondering what the admirable Crichton would think of such a situation. One day she asked him. "Do you believe," she began, "that classes can ever merge?"

Crichton considered. What a dream he had in his eyes! What a vision, so much more far-reaching, so much deeper . . . than . . . say, Brocklehurst's, for instance. One felt in his presence the teem and surge of the living world . . .

"I think it is largely a question of the individual, really, Lady Mary," he said, in his quiet, resonant voice. "I think it takes pretty tremendous people to do so tremendous a thing as defy tradition and custom. I doubt if there are very many tremendous enough. All of us are chained to our mode of living."

"Could you, Crichton, love beyond your own class?"

The admirable Crichton's immobile face took on, it seemed, a deeper tone. "Love," he said, "is the supreme

MALE AND FEMALE

Narrated by permission from the famous Drama of Sir James M. Barrie. Directed by Cecil B. De Mille and released by Artcraft with this cast:

Crichton, a Butler	Thomas Meighan
Lord Loan	Theodore Roberts
Hon. Ernest Wolley	Raymond Hatton
Lord Brocklehurst	Robert Cain
Lady Mary Lesenby	Gloria Swanson
Tweeny	Lila Lee
The King's Favorite	Bebe Daniels
Susan	Julia Faye
Lady Eileen Dun Craigie	Rhy Darby
Agatha Lesenby	Mildred Reordon
Lady Brocklehurst	Maym Kelso
Treherne	Edward Bunns

derider of all accepted facts. It admits of no bars and no barriers. Quite often it beats itself to a mangled death against insuperable fortifications . . . but it goes where it will."

"Have you ever loved, Crichton?"

"Yes, my Lady."

Something in the quiet respectfulness of that unfrilled reply, the quiet dignity, stilled on Mary's lips the further questioning she felt. She turned and walked toward the door. "We leave on the trip tomorrow, Crichton," she said.

Left alone, Tweeny, the little kitchen maid, raised her dark, idolatrous eyes to the eyes of Crichton, which still were fixed on the doorway thru which Lady Mary's slender, wandlike figure had gone.

"Crichton," she said, softly, "we're all a-crying for the moon, aren't we, Crichton?" Then, as he did not answer, still standing there with his eyes on the door and his mouth taut and hurt, she rose and slipped her little hand into his. "But I wish, Crichton," she said, softly, "I *do* wish you needn't be a crier."

Lord Loan's party had been ten days at sea when it was caught in the very teeth of a gigantic gale and wrecked unmercifully on an island uncharted on any of the vestiges of maps they found among the vestiges of clothing left to them.

All at once, in shorter time than this record takes to inscribe, the superculture of unnumbered centuries had been stripped from them, and they stood on the uninhabited island as their first forebears had stood in the since forbidden garden.

Lady Mary and Lady Agatha sat down and had hysterics and fainted and then had hysterics and fainted, and kept the process up until they were obliged to cease for lack of further initiative and because nobody was paying the slightest heed to them.

The Hon. Ernest Wolley was declaring that his throat, his bally throat, his bally, bally throat, and beyond that he did not seem to get, either in idea or in verbiage.

Lord Loan had sprained an ankle and was groaning with as much aristocracy as the occasion permitted of.

Lord Brocklehurst was telling the sea and the heavens and the more unmentionable hemispheres that here *was* a plight.

Tweeny and Crichton were building fires to keep chills from the supine party.

Eventually, the fires thawed them all into a more normal state, and they were able to cease from their more manifest expressions of loud, bewailing self-pity. With the silence came Crichton, holding up a still more silencing hand. It occurred, apathetically, to Lady Mary, that here was the real Crichton, the potential Crichton of whom the social system of an autocratic England had made the carrier of a tray. It came to her, too, that Crichton was the only logical definition of the word man, m-a-n, Man. Illogically, perhaps, it occurred to her that she was a true definition of the word woman.

Crichton was speaking to them. "This is a question of the survival of the fittest," he was saying; "back home it is different, or else, probably you *are* the fittest there. But here . . ." He glanced about the uncompromising island, kicked and cuffed by the belligerent sea, frowned over by unanswerable skies, scantily blessed with rocks and stubbly growths, enigmatical, leering . . . or laughing . . . accordingly . . . . he glanced about and his eyes came back to rest on their faces again . . . Lord Loan's, blinking up at him in a sort of briny stupefaction, as tho to say, "What blighted dream is this, you know?" Brocklehurst's wanly aggressive; the little curate's, persistently faithful in the remembrance that there was One who had walked upon the bosom of the waters; Mary's, frankly scornful. Hers he liked best of all. There was blood in her blue veins yet, he thought, the still triumphing blood of the Conqueror . . .

It was to Mary he spoke.

"It takes a man," he said, "who has known the—well, the subpantries of life to lead here. There has got to be a leader. Always there has to be a leader. You all know that—from back there. It



There will always be negligées, Crichtons and bath-salts, always

is no less so here. It is even more so, because, while back there you would only run to a rabble, leaderless, here we would run to our certain destruction. A survival of the fittest . . ." The admirable Crichton inflated his surely admirable chest. There was no vainglory in his unwavering eyes; there was none of the ostentation in the simple manner of his address; there was merely the faith in himself a leader of men must have. "I am the fittest," he added. There was a pause, during which Mary's mouth curved unpleasantly. Crichton looked down on her again. "You will do as I say," he added, "henceforth."



He stepped from the small stone on which he had been standing and beckoned Tweeny to him. "I'll begin a temporary shelter for us all," he said, in passing. "Tweeny will help me for the time being. Later on I shall give to each one of you his or her appointed task."

"Of course," said Mary, before he was out of hearing, "this is a farce. The man has become hysterical. He has snatched, he thinks, out of that watery grave, a little cheap power and he means to make the cheap most of it. It's true to type . . . I, for one, shall maintain my own standards. This is quite too humorous."

Lord Loan coughed gently. "Do you know, my dear," he said, "I think you are quite wrong about Crichton, quite wrong. I do, my dear. I, for one, never hoped to be comfortable again, and then he, admirable man indeed, lit those fires. How he did it . . . with no matches . . . a few dried twigs, it seemed to me . . . but the fact remains, he did it . . . he did indeed . . . democracy, it has always been a fetich with me . . . I am ahead of my times, they tell me . . . ahead of my times . . . yes . . ."

"It never would have occurred to *me*," said Brocklehurst, "but then, things dont, as a general rule . . . things *dont*, you know . . ."

"He's building positive houses now," said the little curate. "Perhaps, who knows, a house of worship may be erected . . . a most remarkable man . . . each in his appointed place . . . the Good Book tells . . ."

The Hon. Ernest Wolley glanced over to where Tweeny was gathering odd-looking berries and putting them into a gourd Crichton had hollowed out with a few strokes of his knife.

"There's not a girl at the Gaiety," he sighed, "with a figure like that . . . women should cook and spin . . . it's sweet, 'pon me word . . . very sweet . . ."

Crichton contrived shelters for each one of them during the night. When Lady Mary saw that she and Agatha were to share the same pseudo-domicile as the kitchen-Tweeny, she rebelled. Crichton laid his hand on her arm and looked her squarely between the eyes. "Tweeny is straight," he told her, "and clean and honest and courageous—and obedient to a stronger will than her own. These are the qualifications by which we will be judged—here. You sleep in there."

Crichton considered. What a dream he had in his eyes! What a vision, so much more far-reaching, so much deeper . . .

The next morning he approached Mary with a rough needle and some fibrous-looking thread. "There is no need and a great deal of harm," he told her, "in our going about in these, our only civilized garments. There will come a day, some day, when we shall want to return, when we shall be able to return, I should say. While we are here we must wear this gunny-sacking, and I thought you and Lady Agatha could contrive them and shape them. Leaves and grasses can be added at will."

Mary looked up at him. Her eyes met his. He was, all at once, not a butler. He was a man. He was her master, who had never known a master before. He was commanding. She was obeying. Not because she had to . . . the thought thrilled thru her like a delicate knife . . . but better yet, because she had to . . . and *wanted* to. System, class distinction . . . what did it matter here? Here the elements mattered . . . and the man who could hold them in check . . . the man Crichton . . . Here, the blue seas pounded until one's blood pounded, too, in one's delirious veins. Here the salt winds stung



An hour later Brocklehurst stood beneath Lady Mary and caught careless hold of her careless hands. "Let's do it after all, old girl," he urged, "we—er—we belong, dont y' know."

one to a revelry of unforbidden dreams . . . here one found one's self lost in an Eden with a man whose arms were hairy and triumphant, whose face was sun-tanned and all-conquering, whose eyes were blue, whose mouth was wistful of unbidden things . . . here one found one's self a woman . . . with the husk of things cast aside . . .

On a purple, tumultuous night Crichton sought her out, sitting apart on the silver half-moon of the sand, daring the daring waves . . . hybrid scents smote their quivering nostrils . . . the throb of the tides symphonied with the throb of their hearts . . . this was the Garden of Eden . . . there had never been the Angel with the Flaming Sword . . .

"I do not need to say anything to you, Mary," Crichton said, in his low voice; "after this month on this island there is no need of speech between you . . . and me . . . There are two facts. Two facts only. I am a man. You are a woman. I am *the* man. You are *the* woman. Because we are back to the beginning of things we both know it—and nothing else matters. You must see now, Mary, that nothing else has ever mattered, anywhere, not since the world began. Only you had lost your way . . . you had lost your way, Mary, you and your kind, and I, I and my kind were following the stars. We were both wrong. We have never got past this island, Mary, not any one of us, really, in our hearts, in the part of us that counts. We have never got past the changeless tides, the changeless stars. We have never got past the mystery of the night, nor the miracle of the morning . . . our wonderful mornings, Mary, together here. We have never got beyond . . . tonight."

There was silence . . . and some wild thing called . . . and a wilder thing answered . . .

"You have been my woman," the man went on, wearing the night as a mantle of immemorial enchantment, "you have sewed for me, hunted for me at my bidding, fished for me in deep and shallow waters . . . You have cooked for me and your beautiful hands are beautiful no longer . . . save in my eyes, and in my eyes they are holy. I have been your man, because I have held you in my arms from dangers that beset you. I have kept hunger from you, and cold and heat, the sea and the powerful winds. A man and a woman . . . together . . . how I love you, Mary!"

Mary Lesenby gave a harsh sob. It was not musical, but it was torn from the heart of her reality. She yearned toward him and gave him her mouth. She cradled his head on her heart and a peace descended upon her which passed her understanding . . .

On the night which was to celebrate Mary's nuptials to Crichton, who had become their king, a vessel was sighted signalled, reached.

(*Continued on page* 106)

Here I Am



After spending many months in Europe entertaining the soldiers, Elsie Janis has returned to America where she was immediately seized upon by picture magnates. She has signed a contract with Selznick. Her first picture is appropriately called "Everybody's Sweetheart"



Elsie Janis and Maurice Chevalier who, Miss Janis says, is the coming picture star of Europe...He has something of a Douglas Fairbanks personality





Syd Chaplin, private owner of the largest selection of flying craft in the world, and one of his J. N. speed planes

DO actors of the shadow stage save their money?

Are they financiers? Do they "lay by" for the inevitable rainy day?

Such are questions generally thought of every time an enterprising press agent announces thru the columns of the daily press that Mr. So-and-so, the screen's premier actor, has been signed by the Such-and-such Company for upwards of a million a year.

Thespians as a whole are erroneously regarded as spendthrifts who make big money by a blink of the eye and spend it with corresponding ease; who squander right and left during the years when their salary checks are fat and healthy, but who, in later life, when contracts no longer come to them, are objects more or less of charity.

Not so. Successful actors, investigation will reveal, are and have been successful business men. Richard Mansfield amassed a small fortune John Drew can draw a check for an unthought-of amount. Anna Held—may she rest in peace—left a comfortable estate, and Sarah Bernhardt will leave one still more comfortable, if current reports can be depended upon.

And the stars of the screen—persons who have made salaries larger probably than those received in any other profession—are laying them away. Investing in stocks and bonds, in paying enterprises, in real estate where the real estate is bona fide, and in various ventures, ranging from the ownership of a professional baseball team, "Fatty" Arbuckle's prime outside-the-studio interests, to directing the producing activities of a California orange grove, as indulged in by Madelaine Traverse, the Fox star.

Keeping abreast of the times is a requisite of profit-accruing financiers, stock-and-bond experts will tell you. At the present time, it seems, commercial aviation is of paramount thought, and two cinema celebrities, Cecil B. De Mille and Sydney Chaplin, have invested a small fortune in aerial transportation companies.



Bert Lytell, Metro star, who says that national prohibition makes him anxious to sell his wine grape ranch in Northern California which, by the way has oil and oxen and everything on it

In addition to being director-general of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, Mr. De Mille is president and chief stockholder of both the Black Mountain Cattle Company and the Mercury Aviation Company. The cattle concern owns some 12,000 acres of land in the vicinity of Escondido, California, which is stocked with upwards of 15,000 head of beeves. The Mercury Aviation Company, on the other hand, holds considerable acreage in the La Brea oil fields, not far from the Lasky studio in Hollywood, which is utilized as the aerodrome. Four Curtiss biplanes, a flying boat, machine shops and three landing fields completely equipped with hangars comprise the equipment. The company, it is said, is negotiating for six passenger-carrying planes in addition to those already owned.

A regular passenger-carrying service has been estab-

The Money Market

Filmland's Reserve Bank

By CAMPBELL JAMES

lished between Los Angeles, San Francisco, San Diego and other California points which offer good fields for depots. The company at present employs five pilots, ex-flyers in the government's service, and will add more as the business develops.

And can you think of all the would-be Houdinis who will blossom forth now that the famous Houdini has commenced to manufacture his various stunt accoutrements? In addition to working on a feature picture at Lasky's, the magician and handcuff king is president of two outside concerns, the Film Developing Company, of New York City, which owns what is said to be the largest and most scientifically equipped laboratory extant, using Houdini's patented processes and improvements and handling film work for every producer in the country, and the Martinka Company, makers of magical apparatus and mechanical toys. The latter concern is over fifty years old and is recognized as the greatest factory of its kind on earth.

Houdini is also the inventor of a diving-suit from which the wearer may escape under water in case of accident, which is now being tested by the Navy and may be adopted. And, in addition, the fanciful magician derives steady royalties from several books which he has written, including books of magic and a number of children's stories.

When "Fatty" Arbuckle acquired the Vernon baseball team, the organization was on the verge of disruption, due to dissatisfaction among the stockholders. "Fatty" to the rescue. He says that he's always wanted to play baseball, but as a youngster he was too broad and was always ruled out by the umpire as being "irrelevant, irresponsive and irrepressible." With the acquisition of the Vernonites, however, who, by the way, have for years been an institution in and around Los Angeles and are one of the leaders in the Coast League, "Fatty" seemed to infuse new blood into an erstwhile dilettantic body, first, by appearing himself at most of the games clad in ball togs, and second, by dressing Molly Malone in the uniform of a pitcher and making her the mascot.

The Arbuckle investment represents some thousands of dollars, it is stated, and altho he purchased the team only three months ago, the gate receipts have commenced to swell. Which may be attributed to public interest in a film luminary, altho which, some say, is merely a post-bellum indication that the great American sport is to be greater than ever.

When I walked onto the Christie lot to demand the investing propensities of its proprietor, I was confronted by four very old, very quaint, very dilapidated rigs that Mr. Pat Dowling informed me were "the dividends." Al Christie, it seems, can do things other than produce



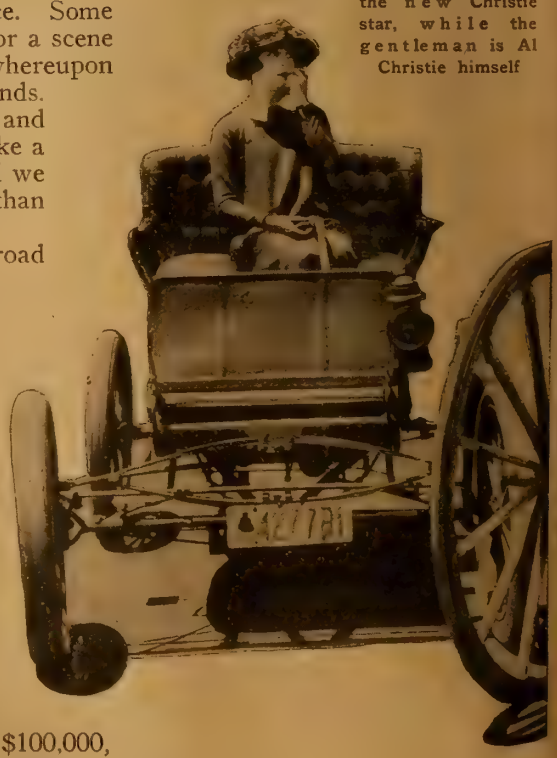
Houdini, the magic marvel of the screen and stage, who is president of the Film Developing Company of New York and the Martinka Co., makers of mechanical toys and magical apparatus



Fatty Arbuckle, when he bought the Vernon baseball team, seemed to infuse new blood into that body. In the foreground is Molly Malone, the mascot, and at her right, Mr. Arbuckle

It was entirely thru Syd's skilful manipulations that Charlie Chaplin's famous million-dollar-a-year contract with First National was engineered. And in the meantime, the comedian's business manager has been a continual investor in stocks and bonds, including railroad, wheat and

Two of the dividends of Al Christie and William Beaudine, who started buying up old automobiles as a joke and are now carrying on a regular business in their rental. The pretty girl is Alice Lake, the new Christie star, while the gentleman is Al Christie himself



comedies. Both he and William Beaudine, one of his directorial force. Some time ago, I was informed, the company needed an antique automobile for a scene in a picture. An advertisement appeared in the next morning's paper, whereupon it seemed as if the villagers had any number of ancients on their hands.

Among the buggies on tap at the studio are a Maxwell, style 1902, and the second car ever to be evolved from the Haynes factory. It looks like a baby buggy and actually runs. Al Christie took me for a ride in it and we managed perfectly to get around the block without any mishap other than having to get out and crank it twice.

The Christie-Beaudine investment in the four old denizens of the road was made with the view to renting them to other companies. They paid $100 for one, rented it three days and took in $110. And now Mr. Christie is negotiating for the purchase of a 12-year-old Cadillac with one cylinder, that looks like the original one-hoss shay.

"We started this business as a joke," Al Christie said, "and now, b'golly, we'll have to enlarge the studio."

Speaking of unusual investments, however, and believe you me, Syd Chaplin's tops the list. When a lady starts in to make some newfangled kind of women's attire and goes broke in the venture and appeals to a perfect gentleman for aid, what can the P. G. do but get in and dig? Exactly what happened to Charlie's brother, when Miss June Rand, who invented a house-dress called "Sassy Janes," asked him to become a stockholder in her company.

At the time the organization was located in a small office in Los Angeles. Capacity, one sewing machine, one energetic Miss Rand. Market, immense. After a few moments' deliberation Mr. Chaplin backed her with $10,000. The company started to make a "Sassy Jane" frock for $5. That was some two years ago. Now the plant is worth $100,000, has 172 machines, and manufactures garments that sell for upwards of $30.

Union Pacific. As the time grew ripe, he, like C. B. De Mille, became interested in aviation, and has secured the Curtiss agency for southern California and Arizona. He has just completed the purchase of six airplanes, three of the new three-passenger Oriole and three flying boats of the "Sea Gull" make, and has in his control the disposition of 300 machines used by the government and 175 used motors.

He will begin, on August 1st, the operation of an aerial service line from San Pedro to Santa Catalina Island, a famous summer resort some twenty miles off shore, and has closed a contract with W. J. Wrigley, the spearmint king, owner of the island. He is also to run a line from Los Angeles to San Diego, and one from Los Angeles to San Francisco. At present the passenger boat makes the trip to Catalina in nearly three hours, while under Chaplin's half-million-dollar scheme the journey can be made in some twenty minutes.





Funny Louise Fazenda invests alternately in preferred sugar stocks and Airedale dogs

Only proving that comedians are the most serious mortals on earth off the stage, let it be known that Charles Murray, Mack Sennett's grand old man, is the owner of a Dayton, Ohio, newspaper.

"It's a growing child," he said. "Merely a country sheet that started on a shoestring and is getting along nicely. Positively no potatoes are accepted for subscriptions, and I'm here to state the dramatic critic, while I've never seen him, writes that I'm his favorite actor."

And Louise Fazenda finds herself growing gradually more and more wealthy from the sale of blooded beasts from her Airedale kennels. She has some 200 full-blooded hounds—pardon, dawgs—that sometimes play in pictures with her, and associates on the Sennett lot will say that the investment is a paying one as long as Louise's salary keeps on going, tho, of course, during such unheard-of droughts as an influenza epidemic or a terrific flood when the company "lays off," it costs the sprightly comique something of a small fortune to keep life and food in her "purps," as Ford Sterling insists upon calling them. And, going from the sublime to the ridiculous, Miss Fazenda, like most of the other movieites, plays the market and buys preferred sugar stocks.

(*Continued on page* 124)

The Case of Cooley

From Hell to Hallam with Hal in Between

By **TRUMAN B. HANDY**



"THERE was once a time when I was glad to wash dishes for a living. You have nothing on me, old boy."

Hal Cooley believes that the comedy school is the greatest college of the cinema... You can learn more from Mack Sennett than in years of the drama

It was purely by accident that we found Hallam Cooley in a heated argument with a genuine Bolshevik—one of the ardent disciples of Lenine with a beard like Bernard Shaw, his feet bare and himself dirty. And it was likewise purely by accident that the foregoing little admission of the debonair Hal was overheard.

The conversation took place somewhere near Santa Monica, California, on a stretch of beach bounded on the north by the little group of huts that characterize a Russian fishing hamlet—in this case used as locale by a company of Goldwyn players and Reginald Barker, their director—on the south by more beach, on the west by the blue Pacific, on the east by a long line of palisades not unlike those once viewed by our friend, Hendrik Hudson, and at all angles by the scenario, originally written by Rex Beach.

There were the fifty-seven varieties of motion picture types, including the usual Alaskan dance-hall queens you've read of in Rex Beach's literary utterances; the bearded miners generally attributed to the Yukon regions, the gamblers, indigenous to the soil of the frozen North, most of whom wore make-ups that made them look like Mack Swain in his palmy Keystone days; the "tourists" from the States in varied sartorial conceptions, the troupe of American college-boy-engineers and the coterie of cooks, Chinese and otherwise. Reginald Barker was shouting himself hoarse, a group of the simple real-life inhabitants of the fishing village stood flaccidly by, and Cullen Landis could be observed unusually occupied with the work of teaching Clara Horton how to open a can of oily sardines.

With which introduction our story shall proceed.

Cooley, who was one of the aforesaid college-boy-engineers, wore a big miner's sombrero, a pair of hiking boots at least one size too large for him and a brown suit that he afterwards told me was "out of date." But then, the story was being filmed around Nome in the year 1900, and we weren't in the least surprised.



Cooley ran away from home to El Paso, Texas, with exactly two silver dollars in his pocket, now he has won success on the screen and owns a ranch of his own

The argument with the Bolshevik nearly upset the day's proceedings. The fellow, after glancing quizzically at the characteristic Cooley modishness, turned up his nose disgustedly, with the remark that he couldn't understand why actors and such things got to the point of financial affluence where they could own homes and a motor-car while he—the bearded son-of-a-gun!—received the munificent sum of $1.75 per diem for his efforts as a dishwasher. He had argued with Cooley for nearly half an hour, while the latter suffered in semi-silence.

"If you'd get out and *work*, you'd make a decent living," Hal fired, as a parting shot. "I repeat that there was once a time that I was glad to wash dishes for some coffee-and."

Memories, the poets insist, are fond. But they are not to Hallam Cooley. Life in the past to him was a carnival of tears, when he was at an age that most boys are enjoying the happy innocuousness of a high school education. He speaks with reticence concerning the past—a diffidence that only the memory of wasted years will inspire.

Some years ago he left his home in a huff. He had never known his father, his mother having married a second time while Hal was at the age where such affairs of the world are but a passing fancy. When the parental door closed for the last time behind him he proceeded to El Paso, Texas, arriving there with something like the sum of two silver dollars in his pocket.

In the border city he alternately did odd jobs and lounged, always finding that each bit of work was more difficult to get than the one preceding, until, thru desperation, he resolved to leave town.

The city officials were a kindly set, and to them he appealed for aid. He said that he, on a bet, was walking from El Paso to Los Angeles, and he earned his expenses by making speeches thruout his itinerary, living off the charity of gullible section bosses and selling his photographs en route. He aroused interest and was started on his journey.

And when he had walked until he could go practically no farther and was about to succumb to exhaustion and disappointment, he saw ahead of him, blinking in the faint darkness, the few straggling lights of Yuma, Arizona. By sheer strength of will he reached the town, a cluster of adobe huts, a few stores and hordes of dirty Mexicans and Indians.

Yuma was not a particularly hospitable town, but Cooley learnt that the Mexican insurrectos, revolting against the Madero régime, were paying five dollars a day in gold to those who would join with them in their fight against the government. The next freight train out of Yuma saw Cooley riding the brake-beams. By degrees he reached the border and crossed into Mexicali, where, he says, "There were hundreds of hoboes getting the wrinkles out of their stomachs. They were quartered in an old cattle stockade, had commandeered every shipment of food, drink or smokables, and enjoyed a revel that made the old days of Nero look anemic."

Captain Stanley Williams, the notorious American renegade, was in command of a band of the insurrectos, and on espying Cooley, offered him a berth for the customary ducats, which was accepted, but which was not to be a permanent fixture. Cooley couldn't stand the existing condition of unbathed sublimity, and, telling the commanding officer that he could get a machine-gun in Calexico, was given permission to re-cross the border into the United States. He never returned to Mexico.

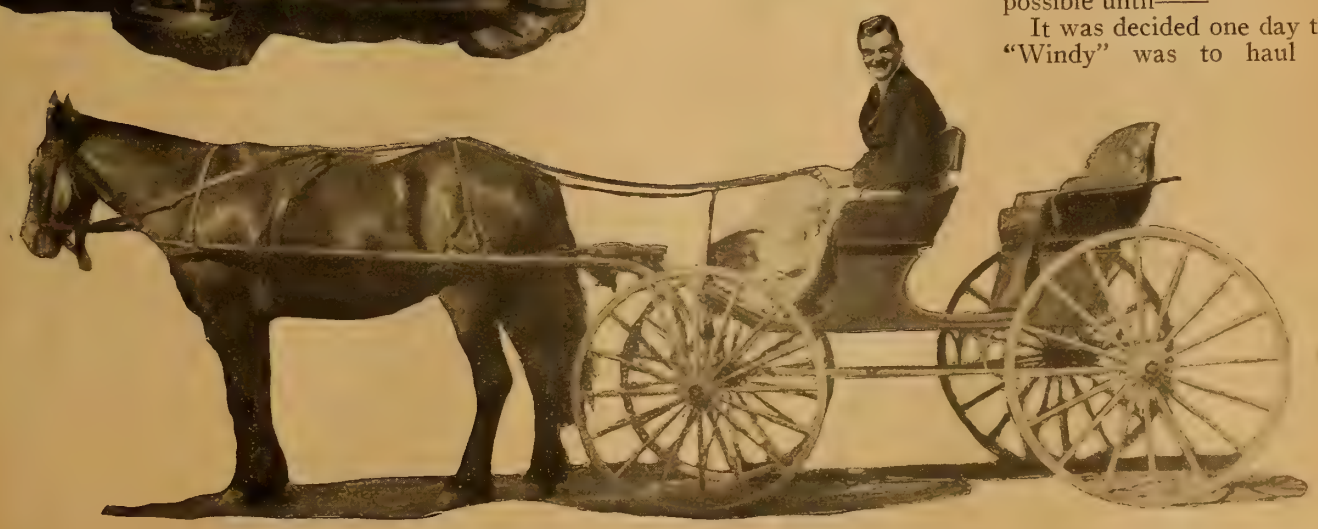
Just across the Mexican border in Lower California is an enormous ranch—Cooley's goal via the brake-beams. The foreman there told him they needed a man to drive a chuck-wagon, or portable eating-house in vogue in the West, and Cooley, the city-bred prodigal, unused to mules, unaccustomed to the ways of the Western plains, was hired for a dollar a day and "found."

"We all got along beautifully," he reminisced, as we sat in one of the company cars, "until I tried to unhitch the team. I undid every strap and buckle in sight, scared the mules to death, and at length was helpless when they started to kick the wagon to pieces. From then on the cowpunchers called me 'Windy,' which was only accentuated later on."

After such an experience the "Windy Kid" was gracefully transferred to the "butcher camp," his duties consisting of hauling a load of beef from the depot to the Colorado River—twenty miles—each morning, loading it onto a raft, fording it across the swift rapids and reloading it onto a second wagon, all the while followed by a flock of hungry buzzards and hawks. This task in itself, says Hal, was fairly possible until——

It was decided one day that "Windy" was to haul the





refuse of the "butcher camp" out onto the plains, unload it and leave it to be eaten by the buzzards.

The end of the first week again saw him on the brake-beams, bound for Los Angeles, where he arrived unheralded, unwanted, without funds, his only refuge the industrial home of the Salvation Army.

Time and years passed. Cooley grew from a "bo," as he says, into a presentable human being, doing any sort of work offered him, and at length becoming a salesman, when he purveyed everything from magazine subscriptions to shoe buttons. He tried bookkeeping and failed, but at length became the Pacific Coast representative of an Eastern wholesale house. It was while in this position that he met James McGee, a casting director at the Selig studio.

Thirty dollars a week and a juvenile lead in an animal picture was his introduction to the photoplay industry.

"We used to wrestle with the lions and playfully flirt with the tigers," he remarked. "Once I was to go into a cage with 'Buster,' the lion who once attacked Kathlyn Williams and nearly wounded her severely, a great big, beautiful brute. I asked the trainer if he had any guns, in case an accident should happen.

"'Naw,' he remarked. 'That there lion is worth twice as much as any actor who ever lived.'"

Cooley, first known as Hell, gradually grew into Hal, the insouciant, care-free young fellow whose jazz shirts and screaming attire amazed Los Angeles; whose antics became a town riddle and whose very naïveté won him repute thruout the city. If he went to a vaudeville, the actors always passed a remark about him from the stage, or if to a café, the cabaret birds invariably were wont to perch at his table, singing the sort of songs that are meant to make you cry.

After his engagement with Selig was terminated, Cooley was signed by Universal as a juvenile lead. His first picture, "The White Feather Volunteer," was also Rupert Julian's first evidence of direction, and was followed shortly afterward by "The Gilded Youth," the play upon whose merits Julian was ultimately contracted by the company. After a checkered career, Cooley signed to co-star with Rhea Mitchell in the old Mutual Masterpieces, only to return to the "U" lot in a series of two- and three-reelers.

The Triangle comedies next claimed him, altho he only stayed six months out of his two-year contract, as Mack Sennett consented to release him. And in those comedies were many of the persons, who, like Cooley himself, practically unknown at the time, are today stellar luminaries in the film firmament, including Lew Cody, Wheeler Oakman, Mabel Normand, Juanita Hansen, Gloria Swanson, Mary Thurman, "Fatty" Arbuckle, Sam Bernard and Owen Moore. And Eddie Foy, whose sad adventure with the company is a matter of record.

"When Foy decided to move out, he lined all of his seven famous kids up in front of the studio in Edendale and made 'snoots' at



Photograph by Witzel, L. A.



Hallam Cooley as he appears today playing in Goldwyn pictures and as he used to look when taking the part of a coy young juvenile

our aggregation.

"But the comedy school is the greatest of the cinema. You learn more about the camera working a few months for Sennett than in years of drama study, because you play right up to it, know its whims, and learn to respect them. That is why Mabel Normand, Chaplin and Arbuckle are what they are today. They learnt artistry thru numerous custard-pies and many, many hard knocks."

After appearing again on the Universal lot with Zoe Rae in

(*Continued on page* 106)





"Forever After"

Alice Brady has promised to love, honor and obey James L. Crane, the actor, son of Dr. Frank Crane, the well-known writer. Mr. Crane's appealing Romeo in "His Bridal Night" in Miss Brady's recent Select picture may have had something to do with the fair Alice's deciding to sign a contract "forever after." At any rate, on Tuesday, May 27, 1919, Miss Brady's marriage took place to James L. Crane. At the left, Mr. and Mrs. Crane as they appear in real life; above in reel life.





Pauline Curley loves music and dancing, laughter and happiness. At the left, a picture of Pauline as the little butterfly wife whom she portrayed so ably in "The Turn in the Road"

Photograph by Evans

THIS old world looks rosy to Pauline Curley!

Anyway, she never sees the shadows, for her young eyes are ever following visions of future triumphs. So many wonderful things have already happened and so many more are beckoning, that her happy little heart beats only to merry tunes.

Pauline, in a cunning pink Sassy Jane frock, was curled up in the swing on the veranda of the vine-covered bungalow in Hollywood where she lives quietly with her father and mother. With "Peggy," her Blenheim spaniel, cuddled close to her side, she was playing on her ukelele and singing a gay little song, "Oh, Tell Me Why," with a sweetness and an abandon that would have sent an audience wild with enthusiasm.

"I love this," she laughed, patting the ukelele, "and I play it all the time." And away she went again with a rollicking, lilting air.

"You see, I just couldn't help being crazy about dancing and singing," began Pauline, as she laid aside her beloved instrument, "for there were thirteen brothers and two sisters in the household when I arrived, and they were always playing the piano, singing and dancing. Mother

Rose-Colored Glasses

Pauline Curley Wears Them to See Life

By
MAUDE S. CHEATHAM

says that I actually tried to dance when I was eight months old!" And we laughed at the family joke.

"When I was three I started to dancing school, and when I was five I made my first appearance on the stage in an amateur minstrel show, where I sang a little song, 'Stop Making Faces at Me.'"



Pauline Curley is a quaint combination of girlish winsomeness and womanly poise

Photograph by Evans

"The real thing that made a hit that night," and Mrs. Curley took up the story, "was when Pauline, having received a huge bouquet, stood calmly on the stage during the applause following her song and, selecting the prettiest rose, tossed it to the drummer in the orchestra. This spontaneous act so pleased the audience that they made her sing the song again."

When the little girl was eight, her mother decided they would go to New York and try their fortunes. Many disheartening days dragged by, and lean ones, too, for the family at home in Holyoke, Mass., did not approve of the step and they thought if there were no weekly remittances the wanderers would return, but they failed to reckon

(*Continued on page* 127)

Fashion's

Especially
EVELYN



The stage and the cinema have largely contributed to the popularizing of the fanciful pajama for feminine wear. Every college girl will want to copy this dainty model of pale pink crêpe de chine and shadow lace, worn by Evelyn Gosnell



Summer saw the revival of the crisp organdie sash, winter will see the sash of rich ribbon finishing both frocks and coats. This afternoon gown features the new short sleeve, and the slightly wider skirt

All Photographs by Apeda, N. Y.

Fancies

Posed by
GOSNELL





All Photos by
Apeda, N. Y.

Above, a slightly different negligée, which matches the pajamas of rose-pink chiffon. Below. Miss Gosnell wearing a shopping suit of tan with vest of blue satin embroidered in silver



Evelyn Gosnell, who appears in Paramount pictures, is noted for her way of wearing clothes. The feature of this dove-colored frock are the bands of black satin



All Photographs by Apeda, N. Y.

The Lily-Maid of the Cinema





To us all lilies symbolize purity, and while their white fragility is reminiscent of Lillian Gish, their true-in-heart meaning is even more so. For quaint Miss Gish has come to stand for everything that is sincere, true and faithful in girlhood and womanhood. Her portrayals are all ultra-feminine and the rare fragrance of viewing once more the clinging-vine girl-type is as enjoyable as memories of our first day-dreams. Miss Gish's creation of the girl in "Broken Blossoms" is one of the achievements of the cinema year

True Blue

Monte and His Adventures

By DORIS DELVIGNE

"I WAS a bad boy—I ran away from school and joined the navy," began Monte Blue, as we mussed up the luxurious cushions of a huge divan on one of Mr. De Mille's most extravagantly handsome sets. "But now that I look back upon it, I would not have missed the experience for anything, since it gave me an opportunity to visit many ports, study strange people and know human nature the world over.

"Besides, the navy teaches one to have respect for one's superiors, and I'm a strong believer in reverence and respect—I haven't any time for flippancy and impoliteness. If ever I have a kid, he's going to have all the freedom possible, but he'll respect older folks and have good manners, or I'll know why.

"I was born in the Hoosier State, and often have I visited James Whitcomb Riley's folks, had many a meal at Aunt Mary's—you remember the poems he wrote about her? I love this new country—but I'll never forget my old home. There's something about the 'swimmin' hole' in which I often bathed that will make me as sentimental as a girl about a novel. California's beautiful—but Indiana is *home*.

"I dont think men yield half enough to sentiment, do you? Yes, and women are deficient, too. Oh, how homesick I was in the navy many a time, especially when the letter-bag came around and we all waited for our letters. We'd sit and watch and hope so long as an envelope was left in the bag, and what a terrible, all-gone feeling, what intense disappointment and homesickness would come over one when the last letter had been taken from the mail-pouch, and the lucky boys were smiling or having tears in their eyes over home greetings, and the neglected ones sat by looking far out to sea and trying to hide their feelings. Honestly, I believe if folks only knew how boys away from home could be saved from all sorts of temptations, not to mention mental suffering, by just one little note, they'd try harder than they do to make time to write some young chap. Why, I've seen boys without a real relative or friend in the world, who would give dollars to get a good letter. Talk about your sunshine for shut-ins in the big cities, nobody needs that sort of sunshine more than the traveling man. Tell you what, it makes a man appreciate his old mother when he's knocking about like that, and it's funny how one mother can care for six husky children till they're grown up, but six children cant seem to be able to care for one old mother—she's apt to be in the way."



Monte Blue was raised in Indiana and he is one of those sincere natures which is not ashamed of sentiment and romance

You would *know* Monte Blue had lots of sentiment and romance in him, not only because he can act those straight, sincere, loving natures like Pettigrew, but because he has a way of averting his face for a moment when past memories dim his bright brown eyes. He's intensely appreciative of kindness and affection, probably because he's spent an adventurous life since the early days of common school.

After leaving the navy, Monte Blue knocked about Montana and Wyoming, hugely enjoying cowboy life. He struck lumber camps in the northern Pacific country, bumped up against all sorts of bad men, and returned to the humble sincerity of the cowboys once more.

"You see, it's this way. Not

that a cowboy is perfect, but he's square. He's going to tell you right out what he thinks, and if you are not playing the game, you may be sitting in the fireside circle every night and trying to mix in, but not a boy in the outfit will address a remark to you. And then, you've got to stick to your horse, no matter how often you fall; that teaches you fearlessness and how to do stunts. The real cowboy is a great lover of animals—he wouldn't eat his own meal until his horse had been fed and bedded for anything.

"When I was doing Kalitan in 'Told in the Hills,' the drama Captain Warwick put on in Idaho, we were forced to do very rough riding. I'm part Cherokee—some generations back on father's side—can speak the language and also sign language, so as we were working with Nez Perce Indians who understood no Cherokee, I got along all right. Those Indians simply idolized me when they discovered I was a movie actor with Indian blood in him.

"We had the camera trained down on us from a hill which gave a fine view of the country for many miles—you'll notice its grandeur when you see the play. I believe folks will say, when they go to that picture, 'Oh, I didn't know God's world could be so beautiful.' Idaho is scenically magnificent. The cloud effects we got in were the handsomest I've ever seen screened. Forgive me if I get off the track. I love nature, big things, mountains, huge trees, strong characters—and am apt to forget what I was supposed to be talking about.







Monte Blue used to sit on the extras' bench and watch the casting directors come out and pick little measley-looking chaps and put mustaches on them and take them in. Today his six-foot-two inches of manhood portrays such lovable characters as Pettigrew

"In doing a wild ride down the hillside, with me leading the Indians and coming along lickety-split, suddenly I saw a wide ditch below, no time to avoid it, take it easily or plan anything. We were right on it, so the poor horse just *had* to go. I had him fixed Indian fashion with a piece of rope tied around his

(*Continued on page* 102)

'Way Down South

Anita Stewart Plays in "Old Kentucky"



Almost every dramatic actress of note has some time or other played the part of Madge in "Old Kentucky," but Anita Stewart is the first to immortalize this famous character in a picture version of Charles Dazey's well-known melodrama. The company traveled to Kentucky for the real atmosphere of the sunny South. Here are some off-stage poses. Mahlon Hamilton has the masculine lead, while Marshall Neilan is the director

Anita Stewart riding a new hobby-horse: driving her director, Marshall Neilan



Betty Blythe contends, perhaps not originally, that costumes and clothes are an actress' prime stock-in-trade



Betty Blythe designs her own costumes to convey the impression she wishes to make. Clinging robes of velvet, heavy shimmering satin and dazzling peacock feathers may all be a means to an end for an actress. Even a string of beads has its usages



All photographs © by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Clothes May Not Make the Man, But——

By LILLIAN MONTANYE

BETTY BLYTHE was resting a bit after a scene in "Undercurrents," picturized from Arthur Guy Empey's story on Bolshevism. She was wearing a close-fitting gown of royal purple velvet. Her heavily plumed hat sat at a most modish angle, disclosing on one side a sweep of dark hair groomed to satin smoothness. On the other side the brim drooped down to the thin line of an eyebrow equally groomed and sophisticated. The beautiful star of stage and screen admitted frankly that clothes are her ruling passion—her weapons—her stock-in-trade.

"All women have liked 'fine raiment' since time began," said Miss Blythe. "St. Paul and Isaiah agreed on that subject. You know, 'bracelets, mufflers, bonnets, mantles, wimples and wisping pins'—whatever they are. They accused us of ''broidered hair'—suppose they meant permanent wave—and 'gold, pearls, costly array.' One would surmise that it was easier in those days for a camel to pass thru a needle's eye than for anything really chic to be received in polite society.

"However," she continued, a mischievous glint in her dark eyes, "I am a believer in human nature. I dont believe that either of these gentlemen objected to beauty. It was fashion rather than beauty that they discriminated against. And does the nun or the Quakeress discriminate against beauty? Certainly not! Their chosen garb is the most becoming they could possibly wear, the quality and texture often beautiful enough for a queen regent.

"Women were meant to be beautiful," she said, seriously. "But every woman should keep the language of fashion and the language of beauty rigidly apart. Fashionable and beautiful should not be used interchangeably. Theoretically, we all acknowledge the difference—but clothes that are really unfashionable do not look beautiful to most of us. None of us want to be out of fashion, and none of us need be if we will study our own individuality and learn that so-called fashionable clothes are really distinctive clothes and that we may all possess them.

"Since I can remember, almost, I have studied lines, colors, and, without getting away from the prevailing modes, have designed my clothing to suit me—Betty Blythe. When a very young girl I lived in Paris with my parents. I was studying music and aimed to be an opera singer until I found it would take all the money in the world and nearly all my life to achieve success. Even then I was making a study of clothes and haunted the Paris shops, letting the shop-girls bring out beautiful gowns and lingerie so I could have the pleasure of looking at them. Inaudibly, I made my selections; audibly, I said, 'I dont see just what I'm looking for,' and sailed grandly

(*Continued on page* 122)



Betty Blythe gowned luxuriously in velvet, as befits a screen vampire

Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

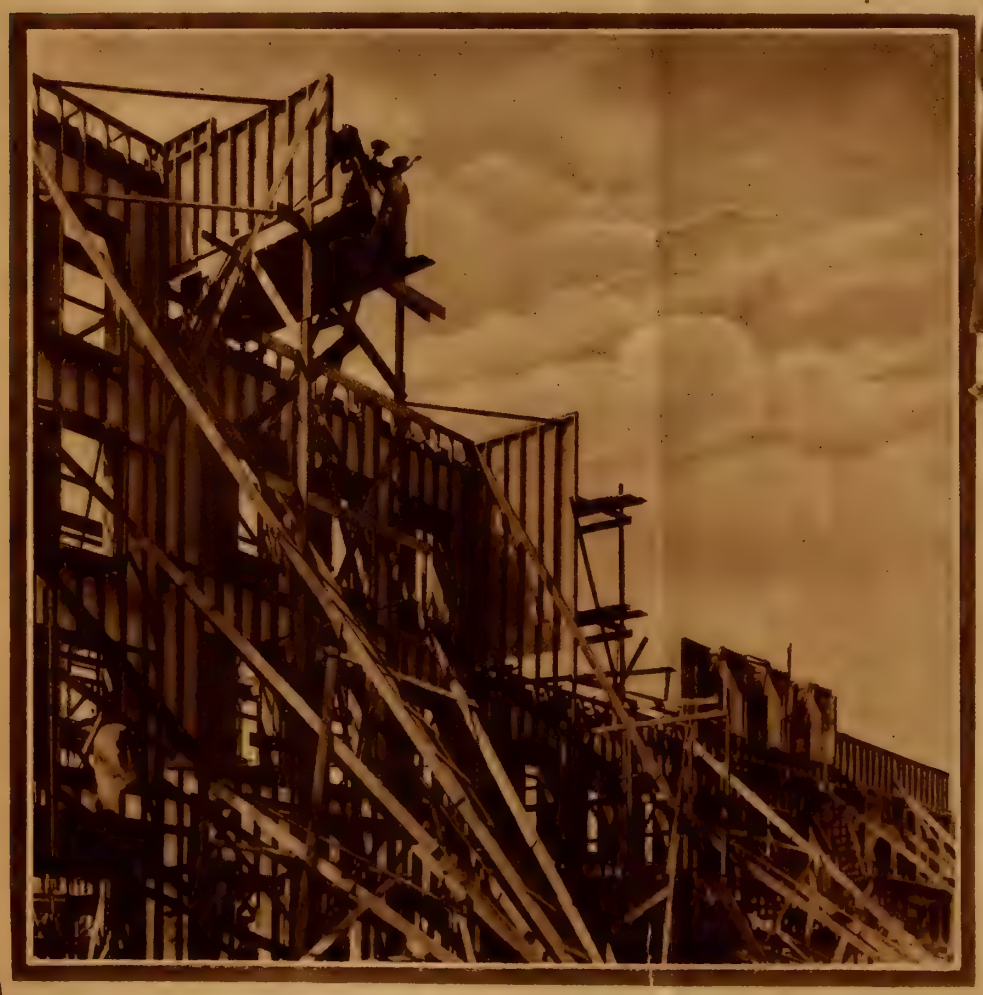


This is one of the so-called "dark stages" where the elaborate sets are erected. The companies can "shoot" interior scenes in these "dark stages" day or night unworried by weather conditions without

All Photographs by Woodbury, L. A.



Robert Brunton and Brig.-General Rand of Camp Kearney. Mr. Brunton supervises all sets erected at his studio



This is the way the back of a motion picture street set looks

The Making of Movie Sets

TO make realistic movie sets and streets and gardens and things one must be a jack of all trades and master of 'em all, too! There is nothing that can so completely detract from a dramatic production as mediocre stage settings or settings of wrong period.

As the movies advance onward and upward the stage settings are becoming more artistic and expensive. In the halcyon days a painted back drop, four chairs and a "what-not" covered with sea-shells, then the picture went merrily along. Today as much care and thought and work are paid to the scenic properties of a motion picture production of worth as is paid to the story.

Robert Brunton, who supervises the United Picture Theaters, Inc., productions at Brunton studios, Los Angeles, is one of the leaders in movieland when it comes to devising artistic movie stage settings. He can furnish you with a "Three Guardsmen" set or with a modern ballroom set on very short notice.

At the right is a reproduction of a medieval archway, but it's of painted wood. Below is a typical modern movie set.





Photo by Woodbury L. A.

"AS a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

Gradually folk are coming more and more to believe in this saying. Life is only impressions that come to us from the outside, that have to mill thru the thinking part of our minds and be classified there as good or bad, pleasant or unpleasant. According to some philosophers, there is nothing at all outside of that mind of ours; all life is there. According to the popular screen star, J. Warren Kerrigan, there are outside things, but one's mind stands like a sentinel—or a censor—between the outside world and one's spirit and happiness.

"A person can train his mind to translate everything as good, to a greater or less degree," says J. W. K. "Moreover, that applies to a host of things. Dont mistake me. I am not preaching Christian Science or New Thought. Just a comfortable philosophy which has stood by me well, thanks to an imaginative mind and a mind that I have trained carefully.

"For instance. By my heritage I am doomed to live a life of wandering, fighting and adventure. Any Irish-



Photograph by Woodbury, L. A.



All the wild love of adventure, wandering and fighting which is an Irishman's heritage, J. Warren Kerrigan puts into his screen characters

Leading a Double Life

J. Warren Kerrigan and His Method

By JAY BRIEN CHAPMAN

man is. But, as a matter of fact, my real life is quiet home life. I supply enough of the other artificially to keep the call of the wanderlust and adventure in me satisfied, and the way I do it is by 'kidding' myself into thinking that the life of the screen characters I portray is real.



J. Warren Kerrigan's home life is quiet. An hour in his garden, a motor ride with his mother and bed—this is the Dr. Jekyll side of him



"In other words, I am living a double life, but doing it in such a manner as to keep my health perfect and keep decent. That part is looked after by the quiet home life, with mother and a little circle of friends. But the riotous Irishman of me is satisfied in his longings by a wilder, more varied and colorful life than even wandering Irishmen are accustomed to lead.

All I have to do is to apply a little of that philosophy I speak of, and a little imagination, to the adventurous rôles given me in my screen productions.

"This serves another purpose. It means that I actually, to all intents and purposes, live the rôles; that in working hours I *am* the character

(*Continued on page* 121)



A New Little Bee



A year ago, the Bayne-Bushman stellar combination became a domestic partnership when Beverly married Francis X. And now little Richard Bushman has arrived to delight his parents' hearts. This is the first picture ever taken of Beverly and her little son



Mr. Bushman snapped this picture of Beverly and Baby Richard when he was just eleven days old. Beverly says the likeness fails to do Richard justice —Isn't that what all mothers say?

That's Out

By TAMAR LANE



Our Own Mary Pickford

HEARD AT THE FIRST STUDIO RUN-OFF

STAR—The acting is wonderful, but the camera-man hasn't lit me up properly. The story is rotten, and if it weren't for me the thing would never get over.

CAMERA-MAN—I certainly made the old hen look beautiful. The production is awful, but the lighting effects and artistic photography will put it across.

DIRECTOR—After seeing this they'll forget all about "Broken Blossoms." I had to rewrite the whole thing myself, too.

AUTHOR—In spite of the way the director slaughtered my masterpiece, the big punch is still there. Guess I'll start a company of my own.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR—That big stiff gets all the credit for direction and I did all the real work.

LEADING MAN—That star is the biggest lens cootie I ever worked with, but I stole everything away from her, nevertheless.

FILM EDITOR—That production certainly was an awful mess until I whipped it into shape.

LITTLE EXTRA GIRL—I know Mr. Selznick will see me and make a star out of me.

PRODUCER—And to think I pay these would-bes good money for stuff like this. They dont care how they spend my money.

Something is always taking the joy out of life. Even a parson can spoil a good thing. Anita Loos and John Emerson have turned out some of the finest film productions because they have always agreed on everything. But now they're married.

WHY IS IT—

That the very producers who yell most loudly about the play being the thing are the very ones who fight to pay a director $1,000 a week, and still think a scenario writer is overpaid if he gets $100?

A news note says that J. Stuart Blackton, Jr., who handles the Blackton publicity, has water on the knee and has had to quit writing. I can understand how a publicity man can get water on the brain, but how did it reach his knee?

At last a movie star has been discovered that neither asks for his name in electric lights nor an extensive billboard campaign. He doesn't care if he never gets a close-up and, as far as publicity is concerned, he doesn't know there is such a thing. The main thing he is concerned with is something to eat. His name is Joe Martin. He's a monkey and is being starred by Universal.

JUST TRY AND GET IT

Thomas Ince has offered a prize of $50,000 to any one who flies across the Pacific Ocean. It's only about 5,000 miles across.

The exhibitors, thinking themselves clever, banded together and formed independent producing companies to make their own pictures, thus cutting out the producers. Now the producers are putting it over on the exhibitors by building their own theaters in every big city. It's going to be a cold winter for some one.

It is announced that Famous Players has joined interests with B. S. Moss, the well-known theater owner. If there is any truth in the old saying about a rolling stone, then evidently Famous Players is standing still.

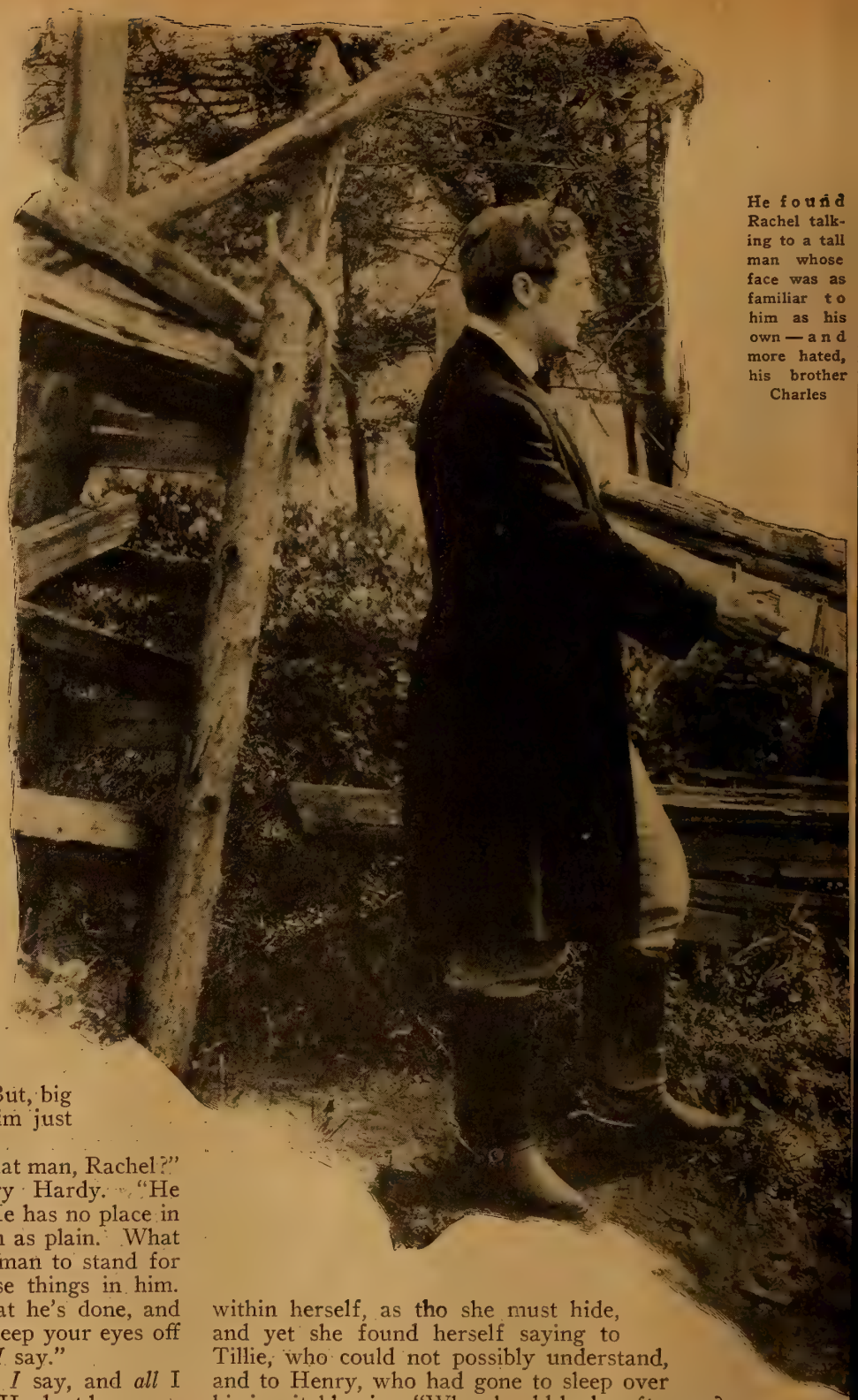
It has come out during a lawsuit that Jewell Carmen was paid the tremendous sum of something like $100 per week to star in Fox films. Another proof that the star system is the big evil of the industry and that the poor producer is being terribly mistreated.

J. A. Quinn, president of some society or other, declares that the motion picture industry is the biggest joke in the world. Mebbe so, but here's one who wouldn't object to being laughed at to the tune of a hundred thousand or so of stupid movie lucre.

Wilfred North is enthusiastic over the new Empey production, "The Undercurrent," and predicts for it an unusually long life, says a headline. Is it necessary to add that Mr. North directed the production?

Told in the Hills

By GRACE LAMB



He found Rachel talking to a tall man whose face was as familiar to him as his own — and more hated, his brother Charles

HE was known as "Genesee" Jack Stuart—and that was just about the sum total of the knowledge there was of him. If he had ever had friends or family, connections social or financial, the average hopes and avarices of the average man, he had dropped them from him as a peddler drops his pack before he trekked his huge, immutable way into the Kootenai Mountains.

The Kootenai Indians loved him. Perhaps in his stoicism they found a mate to their own, and old Davy MacDougall, a Scotch trapper, loved him, why, he himself could probably not have told you, save that somewhere in the stony crevices of his own heart there was deep-hidden a wound that only the long, long Spartan years had been able to heal, and in "Genesee" Jack Stuart he had a sense of the same, slow-healing wound.

One other loved him simply because he was "Genesee' Jack Stuart and for no other reason under heaven. It made no difference to Rachel Hardy what he had done that he must hide among these mountains, keeping his own counsel as the mountains guard their secret fastnesses. It made no difference to her from whence he had come. Whatever he had done of good or evil, she knew that it had been big—as big as the man himself, and whatever his reasons, she felt that they were just. But, big or little, or just or unjust, she loved him just the same. She was made that way.

"Why dont you take your eyes off'n that man, Rachel?" admonished her brother-in-law, Henry Hardy. "He means no good in a young girl's life. He has no place in his life for any woman. That's as plain as plain. What you want is a home and babies and a man to stand for you. 'Genesee' Jack has none of those things in him. He's done a shameful thing, that's what he's done, and he's hiding from it and hiding *of* it. Keep your eyes off him, girl, and your heart hid, is what *I* say."

"He dont love you, Rachel, is what *I* say, and *all* I say," said her tired-eyed sister, Tillie. "He dont love you, and that's the long and the short of it . . . if he did . . . why . . ." and she drew a deep breath into her shallow lungs, "if he *did*, Rachie, I'd say to go to him . . ."

Rachel was silent, with her eyes shining unduly. After a while, "Why doesn't he love me, Tillie?" she asked. "Why do you say so?"

"Wouldn't he tell you?" demanded Tillie, with the fine superiority of the woman to whom, some time in a dully remembered past a man has "told her." "Wouldn't he tell you—wouldn't he be *after* you?"

Rachel shuddered. She felt as tho, abruptly, the mountains were no longer kindly sentinels guarding for her some happiness which no experience of her past had been able to measure, but grim barriers, effigies reared above some monstrous tomb. She felt as tho she must draw within herself, as tho she must hide, and yet she found herself saying to Tillie, who could not possibly understand, and to Henry, who had gone to sleep over his inevitable pipe, "Why should he be *after* me? If I love him, and I know that I love him, what does it matter, after all, what he is, or has done, or will do about it all? If he has put into my little, little heart something bigger than myself, his part in it all is done. If a pigmy had reared these mountains to the skies, it would not make them any the less tremendous . . ." She added softly, "But it wasn't a pigmy . . . it was . . . God . . ."

"Well, I must say," observed Tillie, yawning, "that you *are* queer. You never were rightly Ma's child anyhow, Rachel; always an odd one, with your unexpected sayin's and strange goin's on. And at home, back in the little old town, never noticin' the boys that hung around, missin' chances—land sakes, what chances you *did* miss!"

"I was waiting," said Rachel, still in that hushed voice, "I was always waiting, Tillie . . ."

"For what, I'd like to know?"

Rachel gave an odd little laugh. "For the mountains to get up," she chuckled, "for the huge, grim mountains to get up and walk to me, Tillie, the mountain to come to a little Mohammed."

Tillie rose to go within doors. "Too much schoolin' is *your* trouble, Rachel," she remarked, succinctly. "I always did tell ma it would give you the jiggers, and it *has*."

Henry Hardy and Tillie, his wife, might well have spared their habitual penurious words in so far as Rachel and "Genesee" Jack were concerned, for a week after their arrival into the Kootenais "Genesee"



Jack and his traps disappeared. If Chief Grey Eagle of the Kootenai Indians was possessed of any information, he kept his counsel over his traditional pipe. And if Davy MacDougall knew the secret trail he blazed, he gave the knowledge to no inquirer.

"They tell he's a squaw man," said Henry Hardy, the night after it had become known that Jack Stuart had left the small settlement; "no doubt but what he's gone off with the squaw. Oh, he's hidin' a shame, right enough . . ."

Rachel sat alone that night under a riding moon. She knew less than any of the rest of them why "Genesee" Jack had gone out of the settlement, leaving no single trace behind him. There had been few words exchanged between them. Somehow, there had been no need of words. Between him and her and the giant fortress a subtle communication had been established. There was something tremendous in the silent triumvirate. But if he had gone he had gone because it was right. If he had left no word there had been no word which he could rightly leave. If he never came back it would be because he could not. Of his desire Rachel felt no slightest doubt. She was too sheerly woman. He was too sheerly man. There had been no petty evasions, no shiftings, no make-believes. "I want you," his eyes had said, and her own had answered back, "Not less than I." And that had been all, because it was everything.

Eight months later the Kootenai Mountains were caught in the stiff white embrace of a tremendous snow. Rachel, out alone in the mountains, was caught in the tomb-like solitude. This, she thought, was going to death. A white death. Lonely. Somehow or other the whole fabric of her life dropped from her as she battled on, thru the sheer instinct of the self-preserving law and there was only one thing left—"Genesee" Jack Stuart. There had never been anything else, she knew that now. The little things which had gone before had been a small series of preparations. Love . . . that was all. The pivot and the axle on which the whole of life balanced and swung. Creation . . . and love which is the law thereof. Why had she let him go? Why hadn't she demanded and declared? Why was she dying here in this barren cold, unfulfilled, still hungry, forever to be denied? Dying, entombed, and she had not lived. If she had seized that dream, that red, raw dream; if she had dared, she would be facing death today with a ringing shout of laughter because she would have chatted it, would be coming to meet it, glutted. But barren . . . hark! That was Death coming to meet her and the ringing laughter was on the lips of Death . . . or was it the wind . . . singing . . . crazily . . .

She reeled and fell . . . there was numbness . . . it was the first embrace of Death . . . it was the arm of Death . . . and she wanted the arms of Life . . . of blood and flesh . . . of . . . but the arms of Death were warm, after all, and hard as steel sinews and tragic and

TOLD IN THE HILLS

Narrated by permission from the story of Marah Ellis Ryan. Picturized by Famous Players-Lasky, under the direction of George H. Melford with the following cast:

Jack Stuart	Robert Warwick
Rachel Hardy	Ann Little
Chas. Stuart	Tom Forman
Ann Balleau	Wanda Hawley
Davy MacDougall	Chas. Ogle
Kalitan	Monte Blue
Talapa	Margaret Loomis
Tillie Hardy	Eileen Percy

tense . . . and Death had a voice, more tender than a mother's, more passionate than a lover's . . . why, after all, Death was kind . . . how warm it was . . . how warm . . .

She woke up after a long, long while. Perhaps eternity, she thought drowsily. There was a fire burning, with a strong incense of pines. There was a hand gripped over hers. It was never going to let go. She hoped it never would. How safe she felt . . . and hungry . . . hungry no longer. Death was a royal lover, satisfactory . . .

"You are coming around, Rachel," said a voice, *the* voice, "Genesee" Jack Stuart's; "you are coming around, my girl. You're righter than a fox."

Rachel's big eyes filled with tears. They brimmed over and sprayed over the big hand holding her own. She felt, all at once, little and inadequate and absurdly disappointed.

"I dreamed," she sobbed, unevenly, "that it was Death and that Death was a lover . . . a lover . . . you know . . ."

"You came to me," said Jack, quietly, "instead. You fell into my arms, into my cabin door. You're much too young to die."

"I'm not young," protested Rachel, weakly, and more weakly because she felt so strongly the need of poise, of quietude, of strength. "I'm not young. I'm withered and old and very tired. *You* dont know."

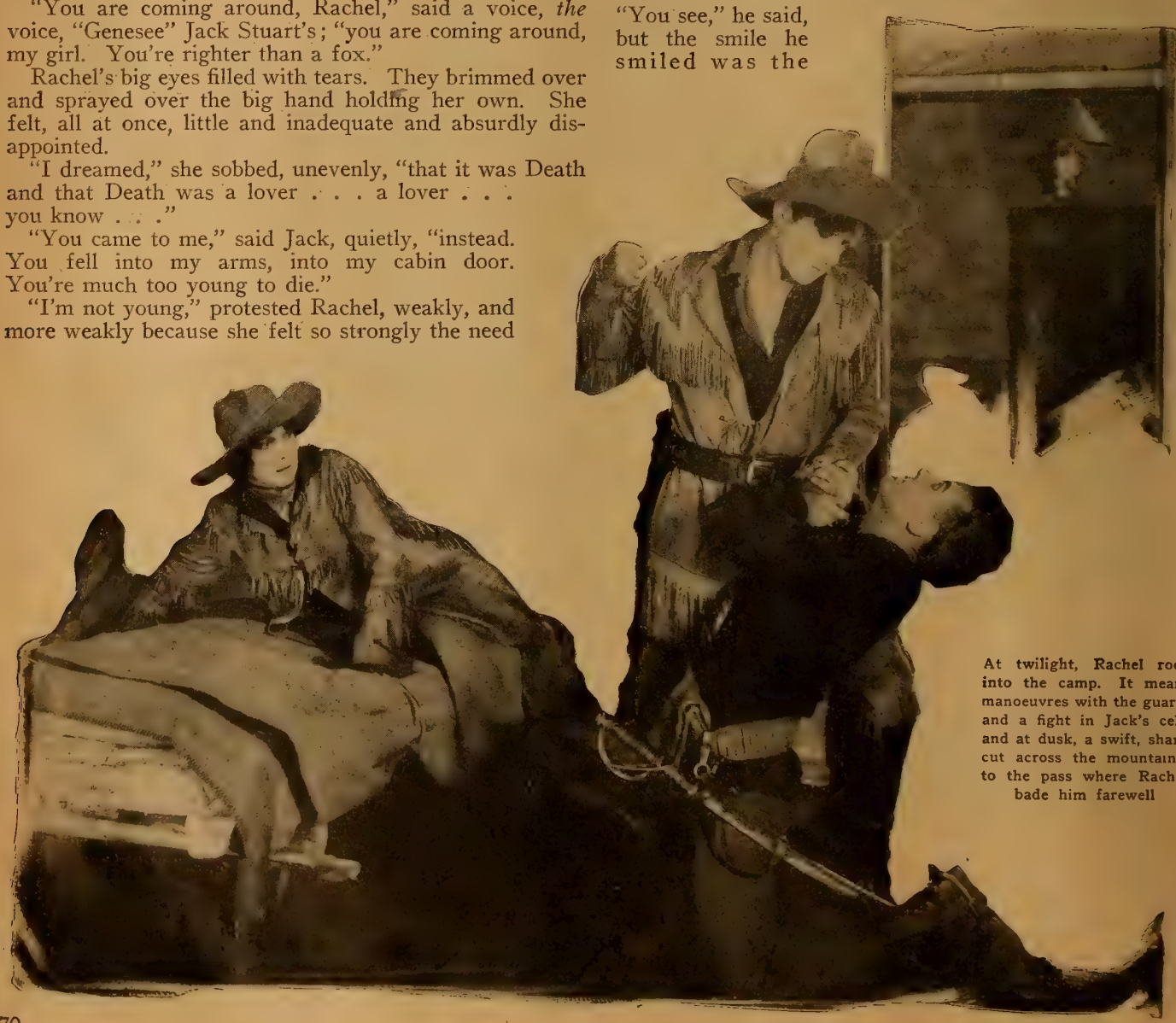
"You must get back," said the big man; "I must take you back at once."

All at once Rachel remembered how easily Death might have cheated her, remembered her bitter sense of unfulfillment, of the coward she had known herself to be, there in the imminence of the frozen jaws. She looked up at him, suddenly, put her other stiff little hand over his.

"If you have done something, 'Genesee' Jack," she pleaded, "something dark, you know, you cant win it out hiding yourself in the dark. You've got to fight it, Jack; you've got to have the plains and the clean sunlight to fight it in. You can fight anything . . . I believe . . . I believe . . . Jack . . ."

The man withdrew his hands. He shook his head. The bitter sense of unfulfillment which had been hers in the face of death masked him now in the imminence of proffered life. He set himself apart.

"I am a man apart," he said, sternly. "You must take my word for that for whatever it is worth. Besides . . ." The door of the small cabin was thrust wide, and a slim young Indian girl came in with a flurry of snow. "Genesee" Jack rose and stood looking down at Rachel from his full height. She might have been some victim whom he was about to torture. He nodded at Talapa, the stripling Redskin of the Kootenais. "You see," he said, but the smile he smiled was the



At twilight, Rachel rode into the camp. It meant manoeuvres with the guard, and a fight in Jack's cell, and at dusk, a swift, sharp cut across the mountains, to the pass where Rachel bade him farewell

same smile Rachel had smiled in the face of her stark unfulfillment.

An hour later he took her back to the settlement, which, by a circuitous method of rounding upon himself, was not far in actual point of miles.

When he left her at her door she raised her eyes to his, dark wells of a courage her love had achieved. "I saw her," she said, distinctly, "but I did not believe. Thank you, Jack."



An hour later little Jack came in and stood beside them and after Jack had kist the untroubled little face he patted him on his small head. "Run along," he told him, "and find your Dad"

Two weeks after the storm, "Genesee" Jack stole into the little settlement again, by twilight. All the storms of his life had battered against his huge frame, his strong frame, his invincible spirit in vain. Now there was come a call as strong as it was gentle, as gentle as it was strong, and his huge heart and his strong frame and his invincible spirit were shattering to atoms beneath it.

He found Rachel talking to a tall man whose face was as familiar to him as his own—and more hated. His brother Charles. Somehow the sight of him standing there with Rachel, talking with her, seemed to him the symbol that he stood not by her but between them, between himself and happiness, happiness which was become exclusively, fiercely, just Rachel.

After he had gone, ignoring Rachel's proffered introduction, Charles Stuart told her that they were brothers, and as his word kindled in the girl's still face a growing hunger, he sat down beside her and spoke freely.

"You've always had faith in him, I guess," he began, with something of "Genesee" Jack's own lack of preamble, "and it was right. He was always the strong one. I was always the weak one. He always buffeted the storms for me—and after a while there came the cataclysm—and he buffeted that, too. I was married, you see, foolishly . . . and I loved another girl, a girl with still gray eyes like yours, and a faith in me . . . in the strength I never had . . . that not even she could give me. I . . . I loved her too greatly . . . to her destruction. Then . . . you understand . . . Jack stepped in and married her . . . for me . . . and for her. He . . . little Jack is not his son at all; he's mine . . . Jack only did it because of me, because he had always done so, and because he knew that Annie loved me. If you know love . . . it is not always wise. The stipulation was that I was never to go near Annie again . . . never to see the boy. I must take my medicine gamely . . . for once. Now I have come to ask him for a release from that promise. I want to see my boy . . . and his mother. I have got my divorce. I cant starve any longer. I . . ."

Rachel had ceased to hear him. She was staring up at the mountains with eyes that were veiled in tears. "Greatheart," she was murmuring to herself, "Greatheart . . ."

It was Davy MacDougal who really made, as the Westerners might put it, a round-up of the slow tale the hills were unfolding.

It was the day following Charles' arrival in the Kootenai, and Rachel was sewing in the door of the cabin she with her sister and brother-in-law had made home.

Manifestly, there was something very much amiss with the habitual equipoise of old MacDougall. He had the appearance of one whose long congealed emotions had been summarily stirred up. "Have you heard, miss?" he asked, without introduction.

Rachel looked up sharply. "It's about Jack," she said.

The old Scotsman nodded. "Of course," he said. "The lad's been arrested for horse-thievin'. Durndest spiffle the hills has ear to . . . but that shilly-shallying Captain Holt has had a grudge against him since he went as scout to Fort Owens and made himself the best man o' the lot. Now he's in barracks for thievin'. 'Genesee' Jack . . . a horse-thief! If 'twere not for its seriousness, 'twould make the mountains shiver with mirth. But 'tis serious. What's more, the Blackfoot tribe is on the rampage, and no doubt it's they as has the cavalry horses.

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Priscilla Convalesces —and Reforms



"COME right in," said Priscilla Dean, hospitably, as she appeared at the door of the flat in an adorable pinky musical comedy negligée. "I know you wont mind my fashionable convalescing robe," she breezed on. "I always did wish for a fire or something to break out at night so I could rush out in this, and since I've had the flu, I am now entitled to wear it when I entertain callers. You know the old gag about 'an ill wind,' or whatever it is——"

She curled up in a deep arm-chair and as quickly uncurled herself. It is impossible for Priscilla to stay very long in the same position. The doctor who attended her during her illness told her she was the kind of a person who would insist on being taken to the cemetery in a Stutz and riding with the driver.

"You have come at what Shakespeare—or somebody—called the psychological moment," she told me, cocking her head on one side in typical Deanish fashion. "I am convalescing—and reforming!"

"You couldn't reform," I commenced gallantly, but it had quite a different sound from what I meant. Priscilla forestalled my explanations.

"Oh, I know what you mean," she said, magnanimously. "You mean that I dont need to reform—but I really do. I'm thru with crook pictures.

"You know I had the flu and double pneumonia and heaven knows what all, and two or three times I was sure that I was going to wear a lily and a peaceful smile—and the horrible thought came to me that if I kicked off I'd go down to posterity as 'The Girl Burglar of the Movies'—you know criminals are supposed to reform on their death-beds—well, I *did!*"

She shifted position again, this time to perch on the arm of the chair. The phone rang. Her mother answered.

"If it's the doctor, ask him when I can drive my car and go to the studio and have a party down at the beach and go back to work," Priscilla called.

"It *is* the doctor," her mother reported, after a short interval, "and he says that you can—*not!* Complete rest is what you must have."

"Doggone!" remarked Priscilla, dolefully.

"You were mentioning your change of heart," I reminded her, to take her mind off obdurate doctors.

"Oh, yes," she said with a sigh. "Well, I figure that no one wants to see a girl with a gun in hand—I think the example is bad. Why, just a short time ago a girl in Oakland imperson-



Priscilla Dean had flu and double pneumonia and nearly—well—anyway she convalesced sufficiently to receive the interviewer in a pink musical-comedy negligée

By EMMA SQUIER



ated me and forged checks for enormous amounts—and when they put her in jail she cried and said she had seen me on the screen and wanted to copy me. I cant have that, you know!" Priscilla's sparkling eyes were very serious for a moment, then they glinted again, and quirked up at the corners. "Furthermore, if I'm not careful, I'll have every crook in the country hailing me as one of the gang.

"Recently there was a story about me in some paper to the effect that I had visited the city jail and tried to learn from some old yeggmen there certain secrets about mixing 'soup' and picking locks. A week after it was published I got a letter from a man, saying that he was a reformed burglar, and understood that I wanted to know some secrets of the trade. He said he was going to be in Los Angeles shortly, and would take pleasure in calling on me and telling me anything I wanted to know—so I'm expecting him any day now!

"And dont you think it's about time for me to turn over a new leaf?" she demanded, sliding down into the chair and kicking her heels against the upholstery. "I've been a 'Silk-Lined Burglar,' an 'Exquisite Thief,' a 'Wicked Darling' and a 'Wildcat of Paris,' to say nothing of being a 'Gutter Rose,' a 'Brazen Beauty' and a 'Two-Souled Woman.' The last picture I did before I became a fashionable leader of the flu was one Bayard Veiller wrote for me called 'Pretty Smooth.' It's my last crook picture for good—I hope!"



Priscilla Dean looking demure for a moment and trying to live up to her name. Also using an improvised dressing table on location

"Just how did you enter on your career of crime?" I asked, as Priscilla kicked off a satin slipper, retrieved it and wiggled her foot into it.

"Well, I guess it was because I was so noisy," she said, reminiscently. "I commenced working on the Universal lot in a serial called 'The Gray Ghost.' Mary MacLaren was always as quiet as a mouse, and you never heard Dorothy Phillips, even Marie Walcamp was a perfect lady, but I was always butting in on other people's sets, teasing the electricians and raising Cain generally, so I suppose the powers that be just said to themselves, 'That girl is no lady—let's make a wild woman or a criminal of her'—and they

(*Continued on page* 108)

Across the Silversheet



In "The Avalanche," Elsie Ferguson presents the flapper age of girlhood for the first time on the screen. Hers is a vivid performance

THE AVALANCHE—ARTCRAFT

ONE of the most pleasing features of the recent releases by Artcraft is the great improvement noticeable in the recent Elsie Ferguson productions. At last Miss Ferguson is procuring material worthy of her art. In "The Avalanche," her latest, she portrays a dual rôle, that of Chichita, a Spaniard, with the gambling fever burning in her veins, and Helene, her daughter. The remarkable part of Miss Ferguson's performance is her portrayal of the young Helene. For the first time, I dare say, we see girlhood of the flapper age on the screen as it is in real life. The plot is concerned with the influence of Helene's inherited gambling instinct upon her hitherto guarded life. She is saved by her mother's sacrifice of her life, a lesson which teaches Helene the folly of gambling. Lumsden Hale has the part of Helene's author-husband and Warner Oland is typically villainous as the gambling-house proprietor. The splendid shadings, the subtle and yet compelling manner in which Miss Ferguson differentiates the two characters of mother and daughter provide one of the most artistic performances the screen has ever seen.

SECRET SERVICE—ARTCRAFT

Robert Warwick—beg pardon, Captain Robert Warwick, I should say—has returned from France and to the screen in "Secret Service." "Secret Service" will serve to prove for once and all the fallacy which most producers believe idiomatic, that the people do not want romantic drama. The story is of the North and South during the civil war days. Robert Warwick





Robert Warwick is excellent in "Secret Service" and Wanda Hawley is a charming heroine

A Review of Recent Pictures

By HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR

is the heroic Northerner, who very nearly loses his life as a spy, and he is a hero such as every young fanette will idolize. Not only does Captain Warwick give an excellent characterization, but Robert Caine and Irving Cummings do also. Wanda Hawley is the charming heroine.

THE FIRING LINE—ARTCRAFT

This picture marks Irene Castle's return to the screen and proves conclusively her ability to feel deeply and transmit her emotion to gelatine drama as well as to photograph charmingly. The original book, being from the pen of the well-known Robert W. Chambers, deals with the heart-throbs of the socially omnipotent set. The scenes, which are set in Palm Beach, are romantically attractive. The performance of David Powell as Louis Malcourt, a fascinating fellow of the devil-may-care order, is so finely attuned to screenic medium that one senses every quivering shade of emotion. Such performances as this prove the potency of the screen as an artistic medium far better than any analytical essay. Vernon Steele is mere movie stuff as the hero.

THE UPLIFTERS—METRO

Provided with an excellent basic idea, namely, the farcical qualities of those Greenwich Village and other I. W. W. sects, this photoplay just falls short because of its grocery-boy type of direction and the horrible prosaicness of its title. However, the whole is embellished and enriched by the vibrant personality of May Allison, who takes the part of a susceptible stenographer who leaves a perfectly good job to be independent and radical, along with other Bolshevists. She finds herself their maid-of-all-work and, after surviving the





"The Firing Line" proves conclusively Irene Castle's ability to feel and transmit emotions to the gelatine drama



"The Uplifters" is embellished and enriched by the vibrant personality of May Allison

"A Sporting Chance," with Ethel Clayton, is of the stuff of which movies alone can be made



Dorothy Dalton plays another passion flower in "Other Men's Wives"

bitter but comical lesson of being made love to by a male Bolshevist, who borrows her money to buy himself a wedding-suit and returns sans greenbacks to say his wife wont let him, returns to conventional life as the wife to the son of her former employer. Miss Kerrigan, a sister of Jack's, has the rôle of the female radical rebel and does excellently with it. Miss Allison makes the most of every opportunity.

OTHER MEN'S WIVES—PARAMOUNT

Dorothy Dalton is rapidly becoming the superheated emotional queen of the screen. To me she seems like a full-blown passion-flower ornamenting hectic drama. In this, "Other Men's Wives," she plays the part of a girl who belongs to a certain social set, but because of poverty, caused by her father's death, she remains a member solely thru the charity of her erstwhile friends. In return, she entertains their husbands and makes herself generally useful. She never seems to consider getting out and making herself of some real use in the world, but attempts to become independent for life by getting a perfectly good man divorced from his wife that her employer may wed the wife. As is the way with movies, all ends well. Miss Dalton seems to have buried a great deal of her former fire in several apparent pounds of flesh. She is, however, as usual, beautifully gowned. H. E. Herbert does rather well with the part of Feburick Flint.

A SPORTING CHANCE—PARAMOUNT

"A Sporting Chance" is just about the opportunity this picture has of getting by. It is of the sort of stuff of which movies alone can be made. However, it possesses Ethel Clayton and Jack Holt, and that helps some.

THE FEAR WOMAN—GOLDWYN

Pauline Frederick's latest Goldwyn. A turgid whirl of emotions, stimulated by the optically and artistically satisfying Pauline.

SAHARA—W. W. HODKINSON

This picture marks the reappearance of Louise Glaum in a de luxe production. In my opinion, Miss Glaum was one of the most vivid screen persons. I use the past tense simply because "Sahara" burdens her with a wealth of sand and tents and inappropriate furniture and endless bits of supposed-to-be impressive atmosphere. Miss Glaum takes the typical part of a butterfly wife who abandons her husband and son when hardships enter their lives. Her conscience is revived in the end and she becomes a tamed butterfly. The cast includes Matt Moore and Edwin Stevens.



"The Fear Woman" is another turgid whirl of emotions stimulated by the satisfying Pauline Frederick

Movie Shows in Rural Schools

One of the Unusual Phases of the Visual Instruction Movement Now Sweeping Over the Civilized World

By JONAS HOWARD

VERY few people outside of the moving picture industry and educational circles know that there are 12,000 moving picture machines being used in churches, schools, colleges, universities, social centers, Y. M. C. A. branches and lodges thruout the United States today and that projection machines of the smaller variety are selling at the rate of five hundred a day in this field.



B. A. Aughinbaugh, principal of the Mingo, Ohio, school district and, below, a juvenile motion picture audience in the Grace Church, New York. These children were recently the subject of an analysis by scientific men concerning the effect of films on the juvenile mind



Visual teaching or "eye teaching" has attracted the serious attention of the entire pedagogical world. The most conservative elements in the United States have taken up the question of teaching visually, which means with movies and slides, and are applying this powerful new force to religion, arithmetic, geography, botany, entomology, history, physics and anthropology. In churches of all denominations Bible films are illustrating sermons and Sunday-school lessons, instead of being printed on the cheap Sunday-school card, are illustrated with pictures that move on the Sunday-school auditorium wall. Ministers in all parts of the country are fighting the local theater owner with his own fire by installing projectors and giving first-class movie entertainments as part of the Sunday service and in connection with lectures. Rural high schools are wiring their auditoriums for movies as rapidly as they are built.

The community center idea has sprung up in a thousand villages in the Northwest as a result of moving pictures in the school-house and the educational world is rapidly "pulling the strings" for the film producers. So important is this movement in the cause of progressive educational methods that certain educators predict that the film will be second only to the printing press as a means of conveying knowledge to all classes and ages of people. They declare that the picture enables the pupil to learn more rapidly than the written word, that knowledge gained visually is more easily absorbed and retained and that the ignorant elements in our population will believe anything they see, when they will believe very little of what they read or what is told them verbally.

For several years it has been believed that the moving picture could serve education effectively in time to come, when the supply of educational films became more plentiful. Nevertheless, school heads refused to wait for a comprehensive library of textbook films. They began buying machines. They began showing topical reels, scenic subjects, travelogs, clean comedies, selected photodramas and religious subjects. They found that crowds flocked to the school-house and the church where before they had remained away. They found that the people were as willing to pay a small fee at the door of the church as they were at the box-office of the local theater, if given an opportunity.

Once and twice a week shows became the order of the day in a thousand rural high schools and small-town churches. Teachers and ministers found themselves becoming practical moving picture censors for their people, by reason of this condition. In many cases the minister is found cranking his own projector and the high school principal acting as his own operator.

Ice-cream and cake, lectures, dancing and local welfare gatherings have become a part of the movie show in the local community center. Districts where people had never gotten together find themselves awakened to the community spirit and its benefits thru the medium of the moving picture screen. The theaters in the small towns are going out of business, chiefly because they have in many cases wilfully violated the tastes of the average moviegoer.

The better elements in small towns have banded together and placed the question of shows in the hands of the local minister or school principal. Machines are purchased, films are rented, entertainments are held on an even break basis. Tickets are sold in advance and funds raised in this way are applied to books for the school library, more seating capacity, or the rental of a better class of films.

One of the most interesting and practical motion picture programs is given each week in the rural district high school at Mingo, Ohio. B. A. Aughinbaugh is principal of this school. It is a new building located in a farming community. Aughinbaugh is both an advocate of the screen as a teacher and as a powerful force in developing the community spirit. He approached the matter from a practical standpoint three years ago. He influenced the directors to wire the new school building for movies, much against their will. A short time later the local theater closed up. Aughinbaugh bought the projecting equipment at a low price and began to use the machine for his classroom work. He ran reels on geography in connection with the textbooks used for that study. But he found that the cost of rental pictures was more than the school could stand as a regular thing. So he began holding community meetings and made moving pictures the chief attraction. He notified the parents thru the pupils and the crowds flocked to the Mingo schoolhouse. He charged a low price for tickets and from the first made sufficient profit to rent Mary Pickford reels occasionally and to pay all the costs of classroom films during the week. He has since made enough to buy a new projector, a big screen and a player piano for the school. Besides, Aughinbaugh has piled up a small surplus which is available for school development when wanted.



First Christian Church, Hammond, Ind. Sunday movies have been a regular thing here for nearly two years

In regard to the church, it is pretty well known what has been done with motion pictures by the Rev. Christian F. Reisner, of Grace M. E. Church, New York. Dr. Reisner was one of the early advocates of church advertising and for several years has made practical use of moving pictures in his pulpit. But as a contrast to this large and wealthy institution, we may study with interest the achievements of Rev. Thomas W. H. Marshall, of Webberville, Mich. Rev. Marshall, upon his arrival in Webberville not long ago, found one moving picture show in operation. It represented all that was objectionable in such an institution. There was a flagrant violation of the tastes and morals of the community. Webberville is a small town and not wealthy. The Methodist-Episcopal Church which Rev. Marshall came to direct was especially needy. Dr. Marshall decided that he could build up the membership of the meager congregation, put the movie show out of business and make a profit for the church by showing the right kind of films as a business proposition. He investigated and decided to go ahead. He rode rough-shod over local religious tradition, for church people first looked upon his plans askance.

Rev. Marshall called his Sunday-school officers together and asked them point-blank to install a standard moving picture projector in the church. After considerable persuasion, he succeeded in getting full coöperation and a short time later the machine was installed. It has been doing business every Sunday since. Every Wednesday evening and very often on other nights, a regular program of movies are shown in the Webberville church. Every Saturday evening, with the aid of the business men of the town, open air movies are given under Dr. Marshall's direction and supervision. The local movie show is no longer a menace to the morals of the young people. The show is found in the church and that is where people go. The results have been that the congregation has increased from a mere handful to over 500. The church is a success. The reason? The right kind of movies.

Now, about the State university and its part in the visual educational movement. Eighteen State universities at the present time have fully organized visual educational departments. The purpose of such a department is to circuit moving picture reels over the State to schools and churches which are equipped with projection machines. The University of Wisconsin, where Prof. Wm. H. Dudley is in charge of this work, has gone further into the moving picture work than any institution in the United States, with the possible exception of the State of California. Wisconsin owns 700 reels of instructional moving pictures which are the property of the State. These subjects include reels on industry, botany, medicine, physics, chemistry, anthropology, entomology, geography, literature and even astronomy. Stereopticon slides are also included in the programs. Any school in the State, by purchasing an approved projecting machine, may get the use of these programs after certain rules and regulations are complied with. There is no charge made. The school or church simply pays all shipping charges and agrees to reship the reels promptly after use. Application is made to the Visual Education Department of the University on a special form provided for that purpose.

Strictly as an educational asset, films are rapidly becoming important. The College of Physicians and

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Evelyn of Ireland

By REGINA B. KRUH

DID you ever read Tom Moore's poetry? If you are old and world-hardened, you can surely look back to the romantic days when you used to read those beautiful lines of Moore, in every one of which his love for Erin is mirrored. If it is your good fortune to now be enjoying the "romantic" period, then the chances are you will love Moore—perhaps he is one of your favorite poets and that you never weary of reading his verse, which almost sings itself and which tells you in such a fascinating way of the charms of Ireland—the Shannon, the shamrocks, the pretty colleens.

And it is almost inevitable for one who falls beneath Tom Moore's spell to feel that Erin must be the most beautiful place in the world, and his wonderful word pictures simply convince you that for natural beauty and charm Ireland must be the garden spot of the whole universe—"A little bit o' heaven," as they say in one of the popular Irish songs of the day. And, incidentally, Moore impresses you very vividly with an idea of the fascination of the femininity of which Ireland can boast. He paints these Irish colleens with an idealism that one can hardly fancy, and Irish girls reading his lines cannot help growing just a little prouder because they are Irish born.

This is rather an awkward preamble, but such were the thoughts that crowded themselves upon me the instant I found myself standing face to face with Evelyn Martin. She was one of Tom Moore's verbal pictures visualized. I seemed to see her in one of Moore's poetic settings, with the soft sunlight of Erin falling upon her. Surely I had not guessed wrong, and so certain was I that no sooner had the formality of our meeting passed when I ventured to put the matter to a test.





Evelyn Martin, the fascinating lead opposite Arthur Guy Empey in his new picture

"Aren't you 'one of Erin's fair daughters'?" I said, showing that a line of another song was running thru my mind.

"How much would you wager?" was her retort, which was accompanied by a very pretty laugh.

"Before, I was sure, but now, with that laugh, I am certain," I assured her.

"Well, you are right," she admitted. "I was born in Ireland—Dublin, to be precise—and I am very proud to be able to say it. But I am not quite certain that I have a full-fledged right to call myself an Irish girl."

"Oh, yes, you have. One would recognize the type anywhere," I insisted.

"Yes, but you see, I didn't grow up with Ireland. I was very small when my people came to America

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A Star of a New Ray



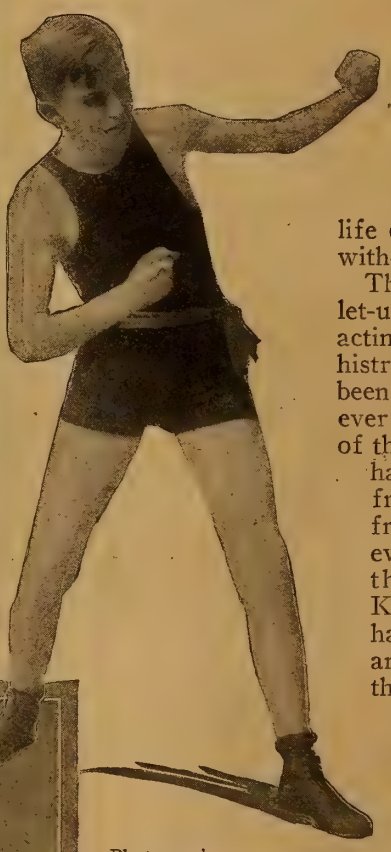
Photograph by Evans, L. A.

WHEN he tells you that he's up in the twenties, it's hard to believe Albert Ray.

When you size up his slim-waisted figure, delicately built wrists and ankles, it's still harder to believe that he weighs one hundred and sixty pounds.

But the climax of one's Doubting Thomas state arrives when the new Fox star announces very modestly that he's been a director for years back.

Charles Ray's cousin was an actor long before the Ince star ever thought of a stage career. Born in 1893, Albert Ray had just looked back on his seventh birthday and, without emulating Mrs. Lot, decided to *earn* his own salt. He began as a Buster Brown, had his hair trimmed in box-hedge fashion, put on uncomfortably stiff collars and displeasingly gay ties, and sacrificed his modesty to socks which necessitated such frequent knee-baths that little Al began to realize that the life of an actor was not without its hardships.



Photograph by Hall, N. Y.

There never was any let-up to Albert Ray's acting. He got into the histrionic pond and has been swimming about ever since, tho, like most of the profession, he has had to grasp at some frail straws to keep from sinking. However, that was before the days of the Kliegs. A big change has come to Mr. Ray, and it was just one of those ill winds which occasionally do blow *somebody*—good!

Albert Ray had been engaged to play Jimmie in "Daddy Long Legs" by Marshall Neilan. It was a big chance, a pleasant surprise, after having done comedies of the two-reel variety, so, feeling a little elated and excited, Al opened the window for air and—*influenza!*

The unwelcome guest thus admitted put the young actor under the snug blankets of the Athletic Club and caused Mickey Neilan to substitute himself at the very last minute for the part prom-



Albert Ray at the age of seven was doing Buster Brown with a box-hedge hair cut; at the age of 16, when he was amateur champ of Virginia and as he is today, a movie star

By DORIS DELVIGNE

ised Mr. Ray. That gentleman was too ill to care about his mail, so it happened that under physician's orders nothing was handed out for Mr. Ray's inspection.

It's hard to believe that influenza is the happy medium for stellar honors, but if Albert Ray had not been an invalid he could never have accepted the contract offered by the Fox Company, since he would have been in the thick of a new production with Mary Pickford and the hope of becoming a co-star with Elinor Fair would have fallen to the ground.

Anyway, the unanswered message from the Fox studio caused a ting-a-ling in the tenth-floor bed-chamber of Mr. Ray, and when the nurse answered the 'phone, she delivered a message to the effect that "Mr. Sheehan wished to see Mr. Ray immediately on a matter of much importance." The return message stated that "Mr. Ray would be delighted, if Mr. Sheehan were not afraid of contagion." It so happened that Mr. Sheehan was ill of the same malady in a room on the eleventh floor, directly above the Ray quarantine, so the interview was indefinitely postponed.

The telegram was hunted up by the trained nurse, and the *Ray* of hope thus instilled caused a very much speedier recovery than the doctor had imagined possible. Then, too, there was a courtship on hand, and separation from Miss MacGowan, of the Sennett studios, was a big incentive for getting well in a hurry. As soon as the contract was really signed, the young folks were married and are home-making in a bungalow.

Albert Ray makes the impression of a very diffident young man. He speaks modestly — a thing which seems to run in the Ray family, for you remember the bashful look on Charlie Ray's face. This member of the Ray family, who was born in New Rochelle, looks about eighteen, is lithe as a panther, and, in fact, was a lightweight amateur boxing champion at

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Photograph by Evans, L. A.

ALBERT RAY



Albert Ray and Elinor Fair as they appear co-starring for William Fox

The Wolf

Fictionized from the Vitagraph-Earle Williams Photoplay

By GLADYS HALL

A GIRL with hair as innocent and flamboyant as pulled taffy sat on the rusted bench of a park in Montreal. The first lights of the sky winked out, slowly, and the red sun had not yet greyed. The girl was sobbing, and under her insufficient clothing her shoulder-blades were painfully defined. She was provocatively pretty, none the less.

On the other end of the bench sat a middle-aged man with a fierce fanaticism, probably religious, in his bearing, and he was watching her from under brows that beetled with sanctimonious inquiry. "What ails ye?" he asked at last.

The girl told him that she was from Sweden, that she was alone, that she was poor and jobless and very much afraid. That she was, in short, unable, it seemed, to fend for herself. The man, still sanctimonious, offered to find her a safe home. There could not possibly have been other than God in his heart when he looked upon her.

He did not find her a home elsewhere, because there was no home to be found—and so he married her—for "God an' the kirk."

"Not for love, mind," he told her, harshly; "there be nae sich thing as love."

A year later a daughter was born to them.

In the Nipissing country, home of the Ojibway Indians, there came every spring a young French-Canadian trapper, called Jacques Beaubien. Jacques Beaubien was a widower, recently bereaved, with but one son, but his heart, which was tender and mellow with sentiment, cried out, manifold times, for a woman to cling to his heart.

He found this woman in an Indian maid, slender as a sapling and wine-red as a berry, a maiden of the Ojibways.

He made vehement love to her, and won her, and wed her. They were happier than the rushing of the waters or the soughing of the southern winds, or the quickening sap in the trees.

A year later a daughter was born to them.

Many, many years after the two events just chronicled, Jacques Beaubien lay dying and with him was his son Jules, now grown to man's estate. "My son," the older man was saying, "it has not seemed wise nor fit that I tell you before that you have sister among the Ojibways down Nipissing country way. It so. Long ago, after your dear mother die, and I was very lonely, I wed with sweet young Indian maid, and she die when little girl child was born. All these years I go to see her every spring, and I ask my son to do same. Swear it, Jules."

"I swear it, father," said young Jules.

Jacques Beaubien died with the crucifix on his lips.

Three months later, as the ice in the north country was giving way to gentler things, two men approached the country of the Ojibways. One was Jules Beaubien, in quest of his sister, Annette, and the other was Baptiste, a French-Canadian trapper also, in quest of his sweetheart—Annette.

On the long trail they had become fast friends, telling to one another the secret places of their



Jules Beaubien in quest of his sister, Annette

hearts, the secret hopes and superstitions of their souls. Baptiste, the lesser of the two in many ways, conceived a worship for Jules Beaubien which was the greater when he learnt that he was the older brother of Annette.

As they neared the settlement of the Ojibways, Baptiste became uneasy. "The wolves—ze holler so," he said, plaintively. "Last time I come zis way I hear wolf holler so, and when I get there I find death in the midst. Big chief's squaw, she die . . . she have leetle bêbe—and she die. Wolves . . . death animals . . . ze know . . . ze know . . ."

Jules tried to laugh it off. "Mon Dieu!" he said, "wolves holler when they have empty bellies . . . it is not only for death."

Baptiste shook his head. "In ze pit of my stomach," he said, grewsomely, "I feel sinkings in ze bottommost pit."

At twilight of that day they had reached the outer edge of the settlement. Farther and farther off now sounded the long-drawn cry of the wolf-pack. Jules had all but forgotten his fears when Baptiste gave a grunt, drew back, gave a sharp, short cry and fell on his knees beside the rigid form of a girl, whose stiff, unyielding arms were gripping the tiny body of a just-born infant. "It is Annette!" he sobbed, holding her up to him as if his own warmth might give her back some animate spark again. "It is Annette . . . zose wolves . . . they know . . . ze know . . . mon Dieu, mon Dieu!"

They carried Annette into the settlement and the impassive Indians told them that a white man, a surveyor, they thought, had been there in the winter. He had made much, much love to Annette, but she had not seemed, they said, to love him back. Then, all at once, this shame . . . and the baby had been born . . . and baptized with her constant falling tears . . . and she had gone away . . . they had supposed for this. It was better so. Annette would never have been Laughing Waters to them any more.

"Some day," swore Baptiste, the day they laid her to her final weary rest, "some day I trace zat man . . . zat wolf-man . . . and I kill him stiff and dead like he kill my leetle bon aimée. I, wiz my broken heart, but my hand so strong . . . and my aim so sure . . . In ze meantime, Monsieur Jules, I stay wiz you, all time."

"Of course," said Jules, "but I, too, have an oath to keep, Baptiste. I must kill this wolf-man. I promised my father the hour in which he died."

Baptiste made the sign of the cross and shook his head three times—and that night they went into the woods to a cabin they had heard of owned by a man called MacTavish. "He wants to trade," explained Jules, "and he has a party of surveyors with him. There will be business. Besides, such white men as are apt to frequent Nipissing country will go and come from there—we had better stay—and keep watch . . ."

Old man MacTavish was a patriarch, with the air about him of a rabid fanaticism. He had one daughter, with hair as innocent and flamboyant as spun taffy and eyes as softly grey as the veiled moon and as translucent as the moon's jewels, moonstones. She had gentle, sloping shoulders and a mouth which would have been straight and splendid if it had not been constantly drooped in deprecation.

Her eyes were vague with an old pain and a new dream . . . Was there a world beyond?

THE WOLF

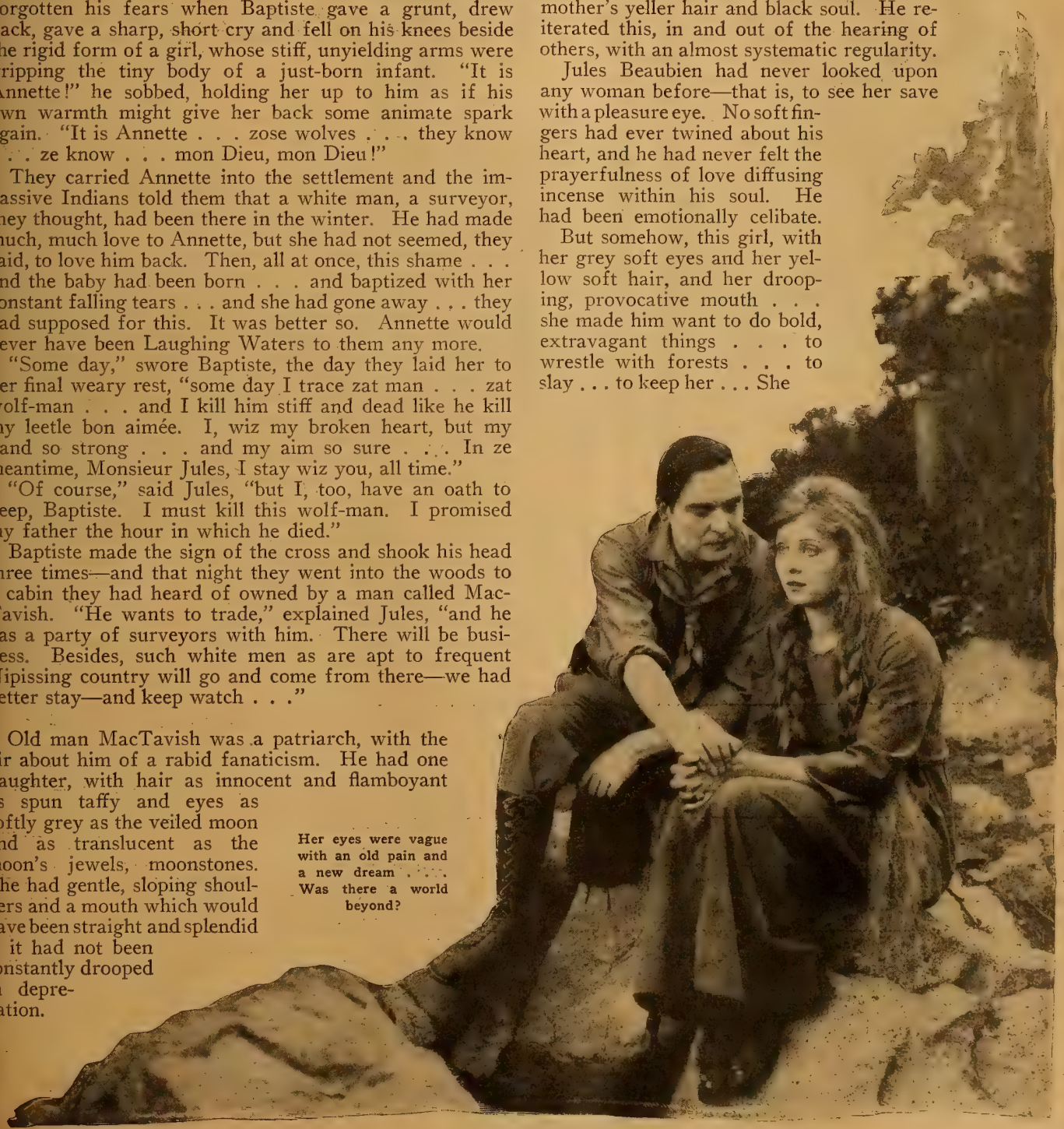
Fictionized by permission from the scenario of Paul H. Sloane, based upon Eugene Walters' drama. Produced by Vitagraph, starring Earle Williams. The cast:

Jules Beaubien	Earle Williams
Baptiste	Brinsley Shaw
Andrew MacTavish	George Nichols
Hilda MacTavish	Jane Novak
William McDonald	Robert McKim
George Huntley	Billy Mason (Billie)

Old man MacTavish seemed to have but two usages to which to put his day. One was to draw ferociously and unremittingly upon a huge black pipe and the other was to shout at the girl, Hilda, that she had her mother's yeller hair and black soul. He reiterated this, in and out of the hearing of others, with an almost systematic regularity.

Jules Beaubien had never looked upon any woman before—that is, to see her save with a pleasure eye. No soft fingers had ever twined about his heart, and he had never felt the prayerfulness of love diffusing incense within his soul. He had been emotionally celibate.

But somehow, this girl, with her grey soft eyes and her yellow soft hair, and her drooping, provocative mouth . . . she made him want to do bold, extravagant things . . . to wrestle with forests . . . to slay . . . to keep her . . . She



made him long to strangle the burly MacTavish when he told the girl her white soul was as black as "yer mither's before ye!"

One day he took her for a walk and talked with her. "I am so tired all the time," she told him, "I seem to have such a longing . . . such a great desire . . ."

Jules broke in softly. "There is only one great desire, I have found," he said, "and that is—love."

Hilda raised her startled eyes. "Oh, but," she said, with a hinting of reproof, "my father tells me that love is bad, all bad. My father tells me love is the way to . . . to . . . hell."

Jules took her nervous, overworked little hand in his own. Her innocence shone forth from her grey eyes like an altar light, holy and high. "There is good love and bad love," he told her, "but the most of love is good . . . holy and good, Hilda. The real love of a man for a woman is the next thing to the love of the bon Dieu for His children . . . it is sacred, cherie."



At sundown Jules and Baptiste with the girl between them

Hilda sat, staring down into the ravine, which, like a gigantic bowl of scarlet wine, was spilling over with the sun. Her eyes were vague with an old pain and a new dream. Her hands fell apart and were nerveless. Was there a world beyond? A world where she would not be told her hair was as yellow as her mither's and her soul as black . . . her mither, who, it seemed, had gone away to be loved . . . away from old MacTavish . . .

"Mr. MacDonald tells me things, too," she said, dreamily, and did not see the sudden darkening of Jules Beaubien's face; "he tells me of beautiful cities full of beautiful women, who wear the most beautiful clothes, and who always, *always* laugh. Not like me, with nothing but sighs—in here . . ."

That night, under the stars, Baptiste said, sullenly, "Monsieur Jules, Baptiste not like that surveyor . . . or what you name him? . . . MacDonald. He keep too close watch of Hilda. Much, much too close for good of mademoiselle. His eyes . . . they hunt about like ferret eyes . . . and that nice, smiling, always jokeful Monsieur Huntley, he say to me one night, when we go fish, that M'sieur MacDonald have wife at home in hees New York. You watch, M'sieur Jules."

Jules turned over on his back. The vast heavens seemed to him not vaster than this power making his very heart to go. "I will, Jules," he said. "I will never leave Hilda again. I love her. God, hear me, I love her."

Baptiste made the sign of the cross and, in the kind dark, two huge tears brimmed his heart-broken eyes. "Me," he said, "I wish I never go that time to leave Annette."

Jules reached for his hand, and the two men gripped.

The next day Jules talked with MacDonald. He found him suave, slightly contemptuous, indifferent. "I have talked with Hilda's father," he vouchsafed. "I may take the girl back with me and give her into the—the care of my old mother. Old MacTavish is fearful to the point of fanaticism of harm coming to her, and if my railroad scheme goes thru here he will make a pile of money, which will enable him to return to Scotland. That is his ambition—so long as he knows the girl to be safe. Neat arrangement—all the way around."

"Most neat," agreed Jules Beaubien, but his eyes never left the eyes of MacDonald.

"I take it," the man said, at last, shifting in his chair, "that you and I, Beaubien, are rivals for—Hilda."

"If you wish to put it so, m'sieur." Jules was imperturbable.

"You will grant that I have, as it were, the running start?"

"I grant all you may say—but, m'sieur, it not the start that count, all the time; most always it is ze finish."

With Hilda the finish came that night, when MacDonald came to her and told her that her father had said she might go away with him. "Just think," he finished; "with me, Hilda. To the cities I have told you of; to dancing and singing, and you . . . with me . . ."

The man's eyes gave a sudden flame. Her retreating youth, her innocence standing before him was too much for him. Once he had said to Huntley, "When a woman ceases to be innocent she ceases to be interesting . . ."

He went over to her and caught her in his arms. "Mine," he said, holding her roughly, "mine . . . I have been after you long enough . . ."

Hilda screamed. Shrilly, with terror. Screamed until old MacTavish and Jules came into the room, bounding.

MacDonald released her and faced them with a sneer.

"She is refusing to go with me, MacTavish," he said. "She has got herself tangled up with Beaubien here."

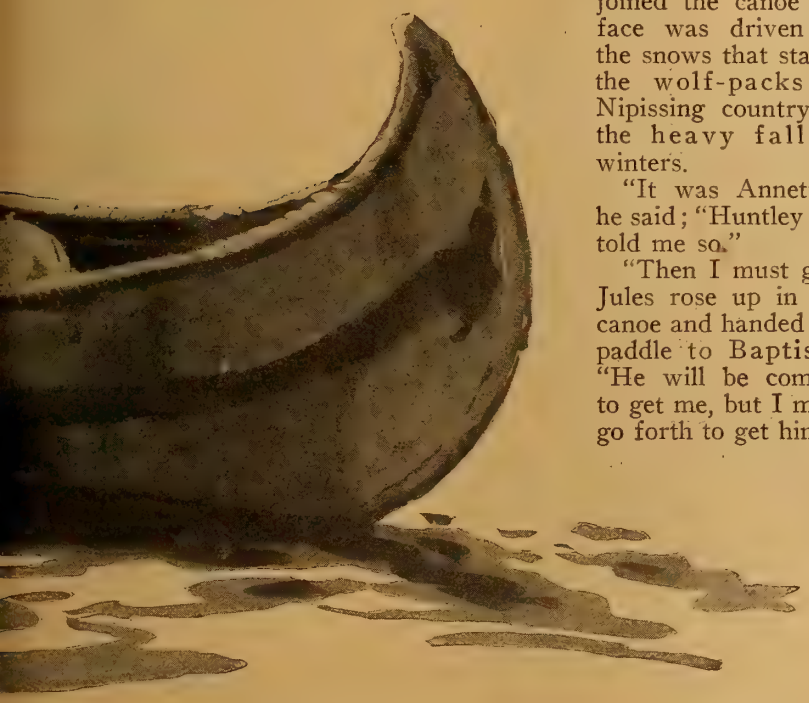
"You lie!" Beaubien stepped forward.

"I've got him covered, m'sieur," said a soft voice behind them all, and Baptiste was at the window. "He has said that he has fought a Frenchman before, m'sieur," Baptiste went on, softly.

Jules nodded swiftly. "He told me this morning," he said, "of a half-breed girl he had once . . . well, known. Her name . . ."

"Her name?" hissed Baptiste, taking better aim.

"He didn't give it," said Jules. "Cover them, Baptiste, while I get Hilda to the canoe." He added, as he passed, "We will meet at the bend of the river."



When Baptiste joined the canoe his face was driven as the snows that starve the wolf-packs in Nipissing country in the heavy fall of winters.

"It was Annette," he said; "Huntley has told me so."

"Then I must go." Jules rose up in the canoe and handed the paddle to Baptiste. "He will be coming to get me, but I must go forth to get him—first. It was my oath in the hour of my father's death."

He turned to Hilda and drew from his shirt a bank-book and some papers. "The bank at Montreal will give you all I have, bien aimée," he said, "and it will keep you warm and safe at least and, if I should not return, Baptiste will guard you with his life, I know."

"Oui, oui, m'sieur," said Baptiste.

Hilda turned and held up her face to Jules Beaubien.

"A wonderful thing has happened to me just now," she said, softly. "The good love, Jules, the good love is overflowing my heart. I love you."

Jules bent over her and kist her drooping lips until they flowered there in that possible last moment. "I love you," he whispered, "sacredly, with my life's blood, beloved."

At sundown Jules and Baptiste, with the girl between them, were skimming over the rapids toward the city.

Back in the woods, MacDonald, the wolf, lay with his body exposed to the famished fangs of his brothers.

Old MacTavish was on his knees praying

(*Continued on page* 112)



"Love is a sacrament," she said, "and you . . . and you . . ."

That Bust o' Blackton





Frank Lascelles, English artist and sculptor, at work on the bronze bust of J. Stuart Blackton, the film producer, which is to be included in an exhibition of masterpieces to be given in London by Mr. Lascelles early next year



A pleasant-looking snap taken in the Cumberland Mountains during the filming of "Moonshine and Shadow," first release of the J. Stuart Blackton Features, Inc.

The Answer Man



This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to The Answer Man, using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopaedia in existence. If the answer is to appear in the Classic, write "Classic" at top of letter.



OP of the morning! Here we are once more, after a red-hot summer, ready to buckle down to asking about our favorites and keeping in the swing with all kinds of news about movieland and things general. The curtain goes up and we are about to begin. A little soft music here, professor.

THU JAYS.—Nothing doing. I haven't even an em in SHADOWLAND. But you are going to have a much more interesting department. Remember the old Photoplay Philosopher—well, that's his department in SHADOWLAND, and he's called "The Sage." We old fellows hobnob together once in a while.

BESSIE M.—Yes, thank you. The money was received and the flowers were sent to Mrs. Beverly Bushman, which, no doubt, she will acknowledge. Drop in again some time.

C. K. Y. ADMIRER.—So you dont think Clara Young gets enough publicity. Yes, I agree with you that some of the players you mention are in love with themselves. So much so that when they get married they will run a chance of being arrested for bigamy.

2 0 2.—Why, there were about 90 ships seized from the Germans. The *Kaiser Wilhelm II* was named the *Agamemnon*. Yes, the *George Washington* was a German ship by that name. David Butte was the French soldier. Juanita Hansen opposite William Hart in "The Poppy Girl." Ada Gleason in "That Devil." You mean Winifred Kingston in "Light of the Western Stars." Anna Little and Wallace Reid in "The Firefly of France." Keep the change.

ALMA D. F.—Yes, indeed, I am something of a farmer and often do a little hoeing in the back yard. I raise blisters mostly. Try Western Vitagraph. Yes, I'm old, but not quite "old as the hills."

YES-NO.—Interview with Harrison Ford in December 1918 CLASSIC.

NANCY.—Beg your pardon, Nancy. I'll try not to snap your head off this time. But, my dear, I have always been poor and have never ridden in a carriage—except the one my mother pushed. John Bowers with World, Eugene O'Brien with Selznick. No, indeed.

EDWARD DA M.—Francois du Barry is not playing just now. So you think I am a *rara avis*. By "rare" do you mean not well done?

THE OPERA GHOST.—Cant tell you what the "S" stands for in William S. Hart's name. So it stands for Secret. It's one of the seven wonders of the world. Alice Brady played "Forever After" in New York just 344 times. She is now on tour with the show.

FRANCIS R.—No, I dont know whether Mary Pickford is Catholic and whether she is true to her religion and observes feasts and fasts. What difference does it make? Why bring religion in? Yes, James M. Lackaye died on June 8th. He was with Vitagraph for some time a few short years ago. I used to see him frequently at Horton's, corner Duffield and Fulton, eating ice-cream by the quart. He was very corpulent.

JERSEY MOSQUITO.—Get thee behind me, Satan. You ask where is Pauline Bush, Vivian Rich, Jessalyn Van Trump and Barbara Tennant. I dont know. Them was the good old times, all right. Wallace Reid in "You're Fired." Wanda Hawley opposite him. Yes, that was Guy Oliver of the old Selig.

SHEILA.—So you think I am about 30 and just raised my wisdom teeth. No, I dont look like the chap in Herbert Tareyton cigaret ads, and am glad I dont. Montagu Love in "Thru the Toils."

SHULEY.—Dont know what I can do for you. Sorry.

SILVER SPURS.—Greetings! Where have you been? Some suggestion, I'll say. Certainly, I speak French quite fluently. When I was in Paris I had no trouble at all with my French—it was the natives' French that bothered me.

EDITH J.—Why, Helen Holmes is about 26 years. Norma Talmadge in "The Natural Desire." Little Ben Alexander was in "Tangled Threads."

YOUR O.—Dont believe all thee see, and only half thee read. As I understand it, the Y. M. C. A. was founded in London, England, in 1845, and seven years later branches were established in the U. S.; the Y. W. C. A. founded in London in 1855, the Salvation Army in London in 1865 and the Boy Scouts in England in 1908. The Red Cross had their origin in Switzerland. You can reach Marie Prevost, Sennett Comedies, Los Angeles, Cal.

JEAN.—It's this way, Jean: it's what a man doesn't know about a girl that causes him to fall in love with her. He sees, and imagination and curiosity do the rest. Write to Richard Barthelmess. I saw "Three Faces East." Pretty good.

PERFECT 36.—Yes, it is too sad to contemplate. All this fall and winter we will be blowing foam off our soda-water just out of mere habit. So you think I should have gone with the peace delegates to Paris. Yes, I have thought of that a lot since the Fourth. I'm not much of a prophet, but I did predict, away back in the middle of June, this: Monday, June 30, very wet, day and night, followed by a long dry spell.

WANDA D. C.—Elaine Hammerstein is with Selznick.

JUST VIRGINIA.—"Squared" was the last Sidney Drew comedy. Have all I can do to keep track of the live ones, girlie. Peggy Wood is with Goldwyn now.

ILLINOIS MOVIE FAN.—Yes, indeed, I am a Son of the Revolution (not a daughter, remember), because my grandfather fell at Bunker Hill. (Now dont ask me whether it was ice or a banana peel.) Last I heard of Edwin August he was going in vaudeville.

W. A. S.—Whow! Good-night! You want to know of a player who has a finger off—you have written a scenario that calls for a finger off. Nobody home. But dont let that bother you—any player would do that much for you, for what's one finger more or less?

M. M. M.—No present whereabouts of David Herblin. David, step forward—you're paged. Tag! You're it!

The Answer Man

JUST PLAIN GIRL.—You mean the kind you read about. Well, it's something to have lived for the things of the mind, even tho we have missed what the world calls wealth or success—those at least shall not be taken from us. I'm happy, aren't you? You say I have helped you on the road to success. Nothing like helping others, even tho you cant help yourself.

HELEN M. J.—Mary Jane Irving was the child in "Branded." So you want a picture of Russell Simpson in the MAGAZINE.

B. R. C., SWEETWATER.—Not only that, but some players are known by the company they cant get into. Norma is older. Commodore J. Stuart Blackton has organized the "J. Stuart Blackton Feature Pictures, Inc.," with Sylvia Breamer and Robert Gordon as leads. The first picture will be "Moonshine and Shadow," taken in the Brooklyn studios. Try Jacksonville.

CYCLONE.—I agree with you. In fact, I believe that before very long there wont be so many grafters as there are now, because there wont be enough graft to go around. William Stowell in "When a Girl Loves." Warner Richmond was Joe in "Sporting Life."

PUCK.—Maine is a fine country. Why, it's called the "Pine State" and Illinois the "Prairie State, while California is the "El Dorado State." "Border Wireless" was released in October, 1918. "Branding Broadway" in December, 1918. You can reach Mme. Petrova at Great Neck, L. I.

CHRISTINE W.—You wonder why so many people say, "I take off my hat to you." Why, the custom of raising the hat as a form of greeting was established in the days of chivalry in the fifteenth century. The knights upon entering an assembly of friends lifted their helmets to signify they felt safe. So you want to be my stenographer. Oh, it would be easy for you to hold my short hand—take my shorthand.

TOOTHPICK.—I hope you're not the shape of one. Man often appears more cold and selfish than he really is. But come, let's not talk of gloomy things; then cheer up. Lewis Cody was Reggie Drake in "Mickey." Eileen Percy in "Down to Earth."

HELEN U.—Some letter, Helen, some letter!

KYRIE.—You think I am about 27 or 28 and unmarried. You ought to go in the ice business, you're so good at guessing. Dont remember B.-4. So you cant bear women. Dont like them at all. And you dont like Thu Jays' name, and you want to know Rejected Gloogoos. You apparently know what you want, all right. Drop in again, and we'll have a friendly chat. I think I understand you, but I cannot here suggest what books to read on the subject mentioned.

BETTY D.—Horrors! Your wants are numerous.

SILVER SPURS.—Second edition for you. As far as I know, Niles Welch didn't wear a girdle in "Jane Goes a-Wooing." Well, if a man is naturally bad, education wont make him any better, but it will help keep him out of jail.

ALICE G.—Kathleen Clifford was born in Virginia. She studied in England and Germany. Yes, I read about the Kaiser's furniture being sold to the poor. Who wants his furniture, anyway? Carter De Haven is playing in comedies just the same.

SISTER C.—Melbourne McDowell was not in "Breed of Men." William Hart, Seena Owen, Bert Sprotte and Buster Irving. You ask too many ages.

ARCHY.—Hello, Arch! That was Betty Compton and William Desmond in "The Prodigal Liar." Peggy Hyland is with Fox. She played in "Cowardice Court."

CYNTHIE.—You want me to give you the latest slang. Fade away, Cynthie. That's as bad as the actress asking the hotel clerk to give her a room and bath. He said he didn't know about the bath. Hale Hamilton and Marguerite Snow in "In His Brother's Place."

HELEN H.—If you know what company the players are with, send a stamped, addressed envelope for a list of the manufacturers' addresses.

CHARLOTTE D.—Why, it is reported that there are over 20,000 exhibitors in the U. S. and the public spend $500,000,000 yearly to see the movies. The motion picture's power of entertainment is unlimited and therefore perpetual. Be patient and your exhibitor will get the Chaplin comedies. You wont like his last, I fear. I should say not. I wouldn't part with my whiskers for anything. They are too near to me.

MARY HOPE.—Send it to our sales department. Nope, never married. They say a man never feels so "raw" as when his wife gives him a thoro roasting. He doesn't notice it when he is stewed.

SPEED.—You say our magazines are very jazzy and got a kick in them. Not allowed since July 1st, you know. Mary Fuller was the first to play in serials.

PEGGY, 20.—Dorothy Dalton is playing in "Other Men's Wives." Alice Mann is with McClure Productions.

JANE NOVAK ADMIRER.—You say you dont know whether to make up your mind or make up your complexion to get him. You haven't much headway without either. David Warfield was born in San Francisco, November 28, 1866. "The Auctioneer" and "The Music Master" were his two big successes.

ROBERT B.—Nothing doing, Bob!

THU JAYS.—Keen wit, yours.

MRS. REJECTED GLOOGOOS.—You call me a "bag of bones." You wouldn't if you saw me. Umph! Well, I'm not in the clothes line—out of my line—but if you soak your colored handkerchiefs in cold water before washing them, they wont fade. You're welcome.

DOROTHY E. S.; THEODORE N.; CLAUDIA B.; THELMA H.; MISPRINT and WILLIAM G.—See elsewhere. Yours have been answered before.

A PAIR OF MOVIE NUTS.—Doris May is now Doris Lee. Not matrimonially. She will play opposite Charles Ray. Billie Burke old? No—33 years.

JONEY.—Glad to hear from you, but hope you are all well now. I am not so sure that the good die young. Am I not a living example of the contrary? Perhaps the reason that so many good die young is because they wouldn't be good if they didn't die young.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND.—Lila is pronounced with long "i," as in lie. Oh, you want to be sure and see the Brooklyn Bridge when you come to New York. It is 36 years old now, took 13 years to build it and was the first bridge to span the East River. Cost approximately $10,000,000.

POOR BUTTERFLY.—He is the same one. Yes, I understand that "Fatty" Arbuckle is quite a gentleman, good-natured and good-mannered. In fact, he has several times been observed to give up his seat in a street car to four or five ladies.

JUST ME.—Pearl White has discontinued playing in serials and has joined Fox Company to make eight pictures. Are you happy now? Usually about twenty or thirty duplicates of films are made, but in "Happiness à la Mode," Selznick shipped 56 prints to the various exchanges.

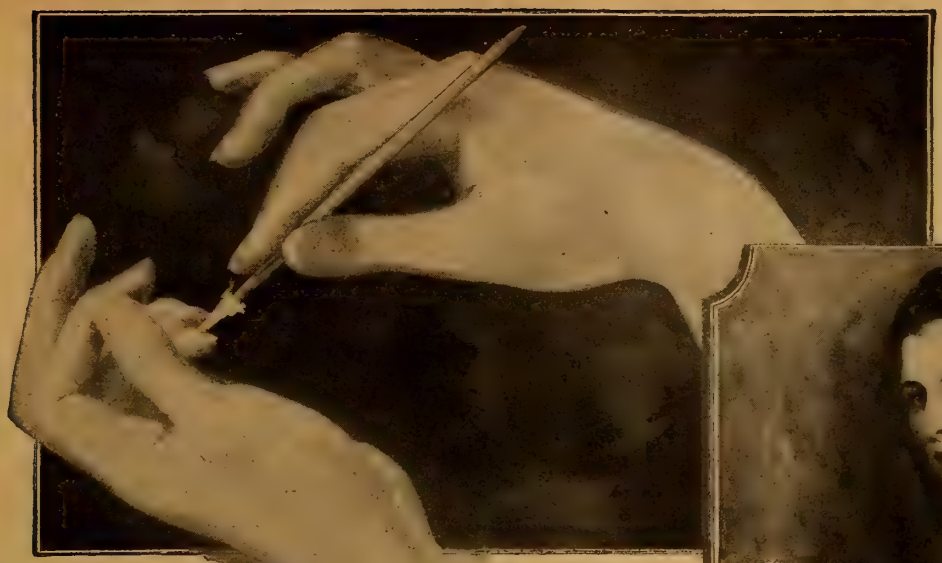
MISS CHU CHIN CHOW.—Come, cheer up. You say life is but an empty dream. There's lots in life if you look for it. It's not empty and it's not a dream, unless we make it so. Thanks for the beetles. Write some more.

ADA S.—Am sending you list of film producers.

ISABEL.—You say that your brother is such a fine artist that he painted some fruit so naturally that the birds came and pecked at it. That's nothing. Our Mr. Sielke painted a sketch of a hen so true to life that after he put it on the mantelpiece it laid there. So you want more of Ethel Clayton.

THE MYSTIC ROSE.—So you are now admiring Lou-Tellegen, after hearing him on the stage. You say you liked Nazimova in "Out of the Fog," that it was art with a capital A. Many of my readers agree with you and many dont. Enjoyed your letter very much.

LYTELL FAN.—Mary Miles Minter has signed up for three years with the Realart Pictures. She is the first star for that company at this writing. But the soul has no age. A face radiant with soul quality never grows old. (*Continued on page* 90)



With a little cotton wrapped around the flat end of an orange-wood stick and dipped in Cutex, gently push back the cuticle at the base of each nail. Then wash the hands with warm water, pressing back the cuticle with the towel when drying the hands.



"So beautifully smooth and even does Cutex leave the skin at the base of the nails that I never think of allowing my cuticle to be cut"
GERALDINE FARRAR

Have you tried manicuring this way?

THE cuticle edge is only one-twelfth of an inch above the living, sensitive nail root! When you clip it you cannot help cutting into the live flesh which protects this sensitive nail root.

How much better to remove overgrown cuticle by applying Cutex, the *safe* cuticle remover! Don't put it off another day.

You will find the necessary orange-wood stick and absorbent cotton in the Cutex package. Wrap a little cotton around the end of the stick; dip it into the Cutex bottle and gently work the stick around the base of your nails. Wash your hands with warm water, pressing back the cuticle again while drying them. Then, if you like snowy-white nail tips, apply a little Cutex Nail White underneath them.



This set contains the Cuticle Remover, Nail White, Paste Polish, Cake Polish and Cuticle Comfort, as well as orange-stick, emery board and absorbent cotton. Send two dimes for yours today.

Finish your manicure with Cutex Nail Polish. It gives you a brilliant finish.

Manicure your nails *regularly* once or twice a week (according to the rapidity with which your cuticle grows). This is all you need to do to keep your cuticle smooth and firm—your nails shapely and beautiful.

You can get all the Cutex products at any drug or department store.

Send for a trial manicure set

Send us twenty cents for this complete trial Cutex manicure set. Enough for at least six perfect manicures! Send for it today. Address Northam Warren, Dept. 810, 114 West 17th St., New York City.

If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. 810, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH TWO DIMES TODAY

Northam Warren
Dept. 810, 114 West 17th Street, New York City

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

The Answer Man

ETHEL L.—Alice Joyce your favorite. Fine girl, Alice is. No, Victor Sutherland has never played with Alice Joyce. Ah, now, but Margarita Fisher is unmarried now.

MARY N.—Yes, it's sad but true that some of the lovely chickens become, in the course of time, cackling old hens. But you dont give the name of the play with Fannie Ward. Send it along.

ALLEN B.—John Bowers, he is with World. Yes, I am sure Earle Williams will answer. He played in "Arsene Lupin." William Farnum in "Les Miserables." President Lincoln was assassinated in 1865; Garfield in 1881 and McKinley in 1901.

JUDE, ADELAIDE.—You people from Australia are often very practical—I might say economical—you so often send your letters with only part of the postage prepaid. Send international coupons—they cost 5 cents in Australia, and they are worth 5 cents in the United States.

SYD B.—Lottie Pickford with Tyrad Pictures. Yes, a new one. You certainly know how to deliver the kicks. Why, Edison has taken out more than one thousand patents. He is still inventing. I had a chat with him a few years ago.

ALPHA ANS.—Ethel Grandin is not playing now. You're right, the American ladies are patterning after the English—they do a great deal of smoking. It's nothing to dine at a woman's club and find them pretty nearly all smoking.

ALICE BRADY.—Mae Murray has joined the Famous Players Co. Her first picture will be "On With the Dance." J. P. MacGowan is directing Eddie Polo. Well, you'll probably see more of Pearl White since she is with Fox.

LEAH P.—Absurd! You think Mabel Normand ought to wear longer dresses. Say, where do you preach? I like her best in Annette Kellermann's. You think Dorothy Dalton and Norma Talmadge are the best dressed girls in pictures.

AUCKLAND.—Cant make me mad. You say you have finished with Douglas Fairbanks. Dont blame it on Providence. The hand of Providence is what we see in the misfortunes of others. Bert Lytell in "Lombardi Ltd." Liked the play very much.

MOVIE V. PHAN.—My sincere thanks. That's right; none of us is so poor that we cant pay a compliment when it is due. Ann Luther and Charles Hutchison in "The Great Gamble."

BUNTY.—No, I dont pretend to, but I dont think that Cæsar, Napoleon, Kaiser Wilhelm or even Alexander, came very near owning the earth. There was only one man who could lay claim to such an empire and that was Adam. He must have had a great deal on his mind. And that is probably all he did have on. Said he modestly. Pauline Frederick the best dressed woman on the screen? Your minds seem to run on best dressed women today.

TASMANIA.—Surely, I have quite a few readers in Australia. You say you used to send 100 tons of lead a month for fifteen years to Germany. Guess the Americans sent more than that to them in about a month, but they got it thru barrels. Owen Moore has joined Selznick. You can reach him at the Biograph Studios, 175th St., New York.

IMA FILM FAN.—Tom Mix in "The Wilderness Trail." I am sure, madam, I cannot advise you what to do when your baby swallows pennies. Surely you would not want to send for a doctor, because it would be bad economy to spend $2.00 to save a cent, but it seems to me that you ought to have enough ingenuity to find some way to keep your superfluous wealth beyond baby's reach. On with the next.

PATRICIA.—Please dont call me an old man. The idea! Seventy-eight years does not necessarily make a person old. I am really younger than I was a quarter of a century ago. That reminds me of a remark that I was supposed to have made some seventy-odd years ago. Our preacher asked me how old I was and I replied, "I'm not old at all, I'm nearly new." Enjoyed yours very much. No, Allan Forrest is playing opposite Bessie Love with Vitagraph now.

INFLUENZA BUG.—Dont you land on me. Anita Stewart is now in Los Angeles. William Farnum in "The Lone Star Rangers."

HART FAN.—No I have no *garde du corps.* Do you think I need one with all my wealth? Haven't heard Bill Hart was going to Australia. That's just it. Sometimes a man is despised for twenty or thirty years because he is so stingy, and envied all the rest of his life because he is so rich. Yes, Pearl White has joined Fox Company to make eight pictures, and she will forsake serials entirely.

BACKWOODS.—Why, Anzac means Australian and New Zealand Army Corps. They have just taken the first letters. Grace Cunard is not playing now.

STEPHEN W.—Fear not, I declare none of my readers a nuisance. Say not so. Some people think they are looking at both sides of a question when they look at one side twice. Fay Tincher in "Mary Moves In." That was a reissue of Tom Moore and Anna Nilsson.

DINTY.—Conway Tearle in "Virtuous Wives." Is he married? Very much so. A bachelor is sure that every woman who smiles at him is trying to inveigle him into matrimony. A married man is sure that every woman who smiles at him is trying to inveigle him out of it. If that's not ego—what is it? I expect and hope always to be a bachelor.

GRAY FOX.—You have written a play for Mary Miles Minter—just send it to her then.

ROSEBUD.—You cant always judge by appearances. The man who wears a diamond stick pin may be really wealthy. Address Carol Holloway, Western Vitagraph, Hollywood, Cal. As I find it, Darby and Joan were a married couple said to have lived about two centuries ago in a village of Yorkshire, England They are celebrated for their long life and conjugal felicity and are the hero and heroine of a ballad called "The Happy Old Couple."

C. RAY.—No, I am not a college man. An ounce of intuition is worth a pound of tuition. Wallace Reid in "The Valley of the Giants." Yes, Marguerite Clark in the well-known stage play "Girls."

A MOVIE FAN.—Yes. D. W. Griffith is married. Alice Joyce is about 28; Ann Little about 25 (now you know how old is Ann) and Viola Dana about 21.

FRANK S. D.—How's things in Australia? Glad to hear all about the war, flu and the country. You fellows write some newsy letters from down there, and I like them.

P. T. V.—You ask why married men live longer than single ones. Well, now, they dont, it only seems longer. Irving Cummings and Ormi Hawley in James K. Hackett's "The Greater Sinner." Write our Circulation Department.

GORDON L. P.—Oh yes, dear old mother Maurice died about a year ago.

BACKWOODS.—Dont know of a magazine giving the addresses of all the players. No, I never married, but I have always had a sneaking regard for a woman who loves her country and her husband with no desire to rule either. Guess we're in the same boat.

DODO.—Yes, Dr. Karl Muck is to go back to Germany. He was interned at Fort Oglethorpe, Ga. Yes, I agree with your philosophy. We follow the world in approving others, but we go before it in approving ourselves. Oh yes, Nell Craig of the old Essanay is with Universal. You cant keep a good player down.

GUM BLOSSOM.—Richard Barthelmess in "Three Men and a Girl." So you like Billie Burke best?

MILES LOCKHART.—What do you think—of course I dont go in bathing. If I did I'd have to wear a bathing cap on my whiskers, when I might be taken for a buoy because I cant swim. So you want a picture of Bill Hart in evening dress. Zounds!

QUITIT.—I suggest that you join one of the correspondence clubs.

DOROTHY B.—Be patient. Marguerite Courtot is playing opposite Eugene O'Brien in "The Perfect Lover." Guess Eugene will need no teaching for that part.

(*Continued on page* 114)



Remember how pretty your hair used to be—how soft and glossy—full of lights and shadows. It started turning gray before you realized what was happening—then you thought it was too late to do anything and submitted regretfully—Why?

It is every woman's duty to be young looking and pretty. Make your hair young again—soft—fresh looking—lustrous.

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Our Animated Monthly of Movie News and Views

By SALLY ROBERTS



Mary Miles Minter, as she appeared at a masquerade ball in Santa Barbara before leaving for the East, and Tom Mix, famous cowboy star, with three big tuna he caught at Catalina Island, California



SUMMER has seen a dearth of production which cast "gobsa-gloom" over many of the players. Out of fourteen companies supposed to be working on the Brunton lot, only one was producing the last week of the month. At Universal City similar conditions prevailed. Famous Players-Lasky had two companies toiling over the dusty lot. Men and women who never went a-begging for an "affiliation" found themselves jobless for weeks at a time. They do say it's because at this time of year there is the annual election of officers, great changes in personnel, long conferences regarding directors and production, and a general air of fear as to whether one will be preserved or canned. Everybody is playing safe, so that it will be after the Fourth before things settle down and casting directors again rumple their locks as they anxiously scan types.

There were cases before the courts, too. The most noteworthy was that of Roma Raymond vs. Earle Rafael Williams, which resulted in a verdict for plaintiff of fifty thousand dollars. Sympathy ran high for Roma. Mrs. Williams accompanied her distinguished hubby to the courtroom daily. Mr. Williams will appeal the case. Eight women jurors sat for the trial, and the very first ballot brought only one dissenting voice, that of a man, for damages in favor of Miss Raymond. It seemed to be only a case of the amount of damages to be awarded, some of the women holding out for over a hundred thousand.

Billie Rhodes, Mrs. "Smiling" Parsons, you know, was awarded a judgment for nearly a thousand dollars said to be due her by Al Christie for unpaid salaries. The Parsons are having a fine time, gave a big dinner for the crowd whom they expect to take to Honolulu on their yacht for a brief summer vacation. They call their home "Laughter Hall." Isn'tthatcute?

Oliver Morosco's première of "Civilian Clothes" brought out a huge crowd of the movie colony to the Morosco Los Angeles Theater. The play, with its sparkling dialog, after-war hits at political weaknesses and splendid presentation by the stock company, with Thurston Hall especially engaged for the part of Captain McGinnis, who wins the snob Kentucky girl while wearing khaki, and whom she wishes to shake after she has a view of him in civilian clothes, went over *big*. The box containing Geraldine Farrar, Lou-Tellegen and their friends

(*Cont'd on page* 94)



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For This

Smart Velour Plush Coat

Here is a splendid bargain that can be offered only for a limited time. Don't delay for clothing prices are going away up. Send today for this beautiful, warm, fashionable coat.

This attractive winter coat is made of a fine grade of mercerized velour plush, which is one of the season's newest and most attractive fall coatings. The collar, cuffs and pockets are of rich beavertex crushed plush in striking contrast. Collar may be worn as illustrated or in open lapel effect as shown below. Coat has all-around belt of self material trimmed with buckles. The back of the coat is cut in newest style, with fullness above the waistline and loose tailored folds below the belt. Furthermore on either side are loose tabs of self material, ornamented with buttons. The entire coat is lined throughout with a fine grade of fancy pattern mercerized lining. Coat is furnished in Burgundy, Navy Blue, Green or Victory Blue. Length 48 inches. Sizes 34 to 44. Mention size and color wanted. **Order by No. E-25. Price $23.95. $1.00 with order, $3.85 monthly.**

For large women, bust size 45 to 51, allow $3.00 more. Order by No. E-26, Price $26.95.

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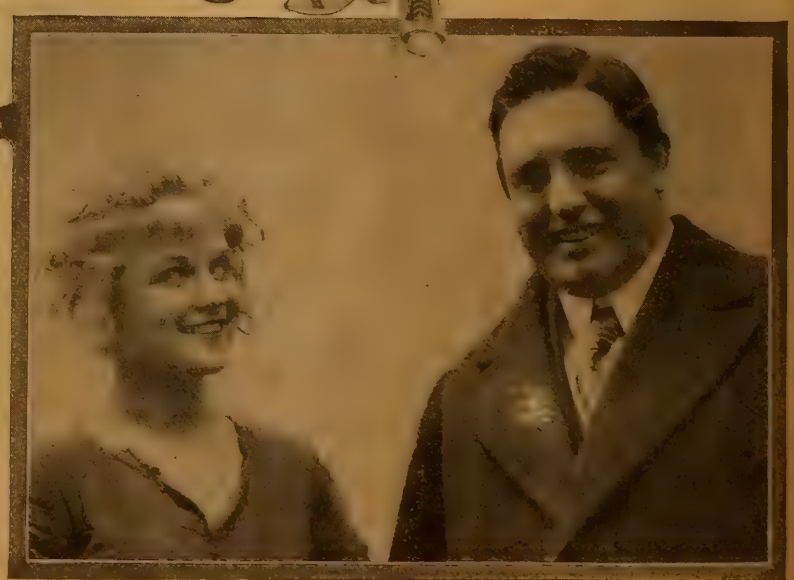




At the top, a snapshot of Casson Ferguson and his pet collie, "Prince," and below, Peggy Hyland and Madelaine Traverse at a house party of their own



John McCormack posed with Wanda Hawley while she was portraying the stellar rôle in "Peg o' My Heart"



was the center of almost as much ogling as the stage itself. We dont dress up for theatrical productions in Los Angeles, and Miss Farrar was the only woman in evening dress.

A special hit at the movies seemed to give the entire party unbounded merriment. Captain McGinnis, (Thurston Hall), is endeavoring to teach his snob-wife a lesson and tells her of his old father. He says, "Father will be glad to hear I'm married, but he will want to know all about my wife. He will probably say, 'Son, can she cook?' 'No, dad.' 'Can she make her own clothes?' 'No, dad, nothing like that.' 'Well, can she paint or sing or knit?' 'Cant paint anything more'n her face, dad!' Then dad will look at me anxiously and say, slowly, 'But what on earth are you going to do with her, son, put her in the movies?'"

Thurston Hall was simply splendid. We all raved over him. The papers next day said it was a crime to keep him in the movies and to deprive audiences of his lovely speaking voice. While it was not supposed to be a star play, numerous curtain calls came for Mr. Hall's benefit, which he gracefully shared with Miss Woodruff, this spring's new leading woman.

Ralph and Vera Lewis had a party of twenty occupying a row of seats. Bobby Vernon and his wife were there, and one almost looked for "Teddy," the big movie dog.

The thirtieth of the month was celebrated by everybody. All tables at the Dome, Venice, the Ship Café and the Vernon Country Club had been reserved weeks in advance. The first charge was five dollars a ticket, but speculators bought up tables and resold them as high as $300. At the Dome, Venice, there was quite a merry time. I saw Ethel Ritchie, formerly of Balboa, looking mighty sweet. C. Gardner Sullivan danced much and long. At twelve o'clock the jazz band played the "Dead March in Saul" via jazz, one of the merry-makers picked up a small keg and carried it about emptily, another bore a huge wreath of im-

(*Continued on page 96*)

depend



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Send only $1.00 and we will ship you this handsome 6-piece library set. Only $1.00 down, then $2.70 a month, or only $28.90 in all. A positively staggering value and one of the biggest bargains we have ever offered. Look at the massive set, clip the coupon below and have it shipped on approval. Then see for yourself what a beautiful set it is. If you do not like it, return it in 30 days and we will return your money. All you have to do is send the coupon with $1.00. This magnificent library set is not shown in our regular catalog. The value is so wonderful and the demand so great that there aren't enough to go around, so send today—sure. Either have set sent for you to see, or tell us to mail catalog.

6 Pieces This superb six-piece library set is made of selected solid oak throughout, finished in rich, dull waxed, brown fumed oak. Large arm rocker and arm chair are 36 inches high, seats 19 x 19 inches. Sewing rocker and reception chair are 36 inches high, seats 17x17 inches. All four pieces are luxuriously padded, seats upholstered in brown imitation Spanish leather. Library table has 24x34-inch top, with roomy magazine shelf below, and beautifully designed ends. Jardiniere stand measures 17 inches high, with 12 inch top. **Clip the coupon below,** and send it to us with $1.00, and we will ship the entire six pieces, subject to your approval. **No C. O. D.** Shipped K. D. We ship K. D. so as to save you as much as one-half of the freight charges. Easy to set up. Shipping weight about 175 pounds. **Order by No. B5634A. Send $1.00 cash with order; $2.70 monthly. Price $28.90. No discount for cash.**

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Enclosed find $1.00. Ship special advertised 6-Piece Fumed Oak Library Suite. I am to have 30 days' free trial. If I keep the suite, I will pay you $2.70 monthly. If not satisfied, I am to return the suite within 30 days and you are to refund my money and any freight charges I paid.

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Geraldine Farrar and Lou-Tellegen as they appear in their first Goldwyn production, "The World and Its Woman'"

mortelles, and the pretty girls took glasses of water off the tables or filled empties from the electrically lighted fountain in the center of the dance floor. All the dancers took part in the funeral march. Finally, one bibulous biped plunged head-first into the fountain—and that broke up the party. People returned to their seats and consumed the liquids thoughtfully ordered *before* midnight.

Washington Boulevard, leading from Venice to Los Angeles, was so jammed with motor vehicles that hours were spent sitting in one spot, and most of the returning guests arrived home for an early breakfast. Those who were wise took the Pico or Wilshire boulevards and found no inconvenience.

The question which is agitating every one now is, "Shall we write dramas without drinks to steady the villain or lead the innocent country lass to ruin?" Some one suggested writing all the locales in South America, where drinks still may be imbibed. And what are the players going to spend their money on nowadays? The Ship has seen some of our best-knowns every night—dear knows how they stand it! They do say that Kenneth Harlan never missed a night there, and Tony Moreno and Viola Dana have danced thru endless pairs of footgear at the same glory-hole. Lottie Pickford has won lots of prizes on that floor, and many contracts have been

(*Continued on page* 112)



Miss Beatrice Lovejoy learnt the meaning of the word "dig" from David Wark Griffith, under whose tutelage she became a film star. Miss Lovejoy is now with the Bull's-Eye Film Corporation, making comedies exclusively

Little secrets on which Good Looks depend

SO many, many women could be twice as attractive if they only knew how! Just a bit more understanding of the things that should be done makes all the difference between looking dull and looking exquisite.



HOW TO PROTECT THE SKIN FROM COLD, WIND AND DUST

Every "hike," every motor trip you take, your skin pays for. The cold dries it. The wind robs it of all natural oil. The dust flies into the pores and coarsens them. Then, the next day your complexion is florid, harsh, rough—altogether unlovely!

You can protect your poor skin from this punishment Before going out, rub a little Pond's Vanishing Cream into your face, neck and hands. At once it disappears. It protects the skin, and it can never come out again in a wretched shine, for it is absolutely greaseless. This will keep your skin soft, smooth, lovely all winter.



HOW TO FRESHEN THE COMPLEXION AND MAKE THE POWDER STAY ON

There are times when you would give all you own to look your very best. Whenever you like, it *can be done!* Before you powder, take a little bit of Pond's Vanishing Cream on your finger tips. Smooth it lightly over your face. At once the cool, fragrant cream disappears. You can feel the tenseness around eyes and mouth relax. Your skin is smoother, fresher. Now powder your face as usual. *The powder will stay on two or three times as long.* Do this always before powdering. It makes the powder look more natural. It gives your skin a new transparent loveliness, an exquisite softness that make you look your very best. And it will never embarrass you by coming out in a wretched shine!



HOW TO CLEANSE THE PORES AND KEEP THE SKIN CLEAR

For *cleansing,* your skin needs an entirely different cream—a cream with an oil base. Before going to bed, or whenever your face has been especially exposed to dust, rub some Pond's *Cold* Cream into the pores of your skin and wipe it off with a soft cloth. It is amazing how much dirt comes out. You will get a new idea of how important this cold cream cleansing is. The formula for Pond's Cold Cream was especially worked out to supply just the amount of oil required to give it the highest possible cleansing power.

WHY YOUR SKIN NEEDS TWO CREAMS

One without any oil, for daytime and evening needs—Pond's *Vanishing* Cream. It will not reappear in a shine.

One with an oil base, for cleansing and massage—Pond's *Cold* Cream. It has just the amount of oil that the skin needs.

Neither of these creams will encourage the growth of hair on the face.

Get a jar or tube of each cream today at any drug or department store. You will realize for the first time how lovely your skin can be.

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Free sample tubes
Pond's Extract Co., 137-A Hudson St., New York.
Please send me, free, the items checked:
A free sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream
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Instead of the free samples, I desire the larger samples checked below, for which I enclose the required amount.
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POND'S
Cold Cream & Vanishing Cream

One with an oil base and one without any oil

GREEN ROOM JOTTINGS

Alice Brady will make her first screen appearance in Realart productions in "Sinners," which made a record run in New York City three seasons ago. It was produced by William A. Brady with Miss Brady in the leading rôle. The play was written by Owen Davis, who also wrote Miss Brady's present stage success, "Forever After."

The Paramount people announce that one of the pictures to be sold under the merit plan is "'Speed' Carr," by J. Stewart Woodhouse, in which **Wallace Reid** is the featured player.

While **Frank Keenan** was attending a convention of Motion Picture Exhibitors in St. Louis recently he was invited to speak before the Chamber of Commerce, not as a theatrical attraction, but as an American business man. "Clean house, get together, share profits and thus abolish strikes" is the solution of the age-old issue of rights of labor.

Emmy Wehlen, prima donna and star of musical comedy, will appear on the screen in the rôle of a queen of the footlights in the production "A Favor to a Friend." Jack Mulhall will play opposite her.

Pearl White says that every human being can write one good book—the story of his or her life. Her autobiography "Just Me," lately published, is an unvarnished, absorbing piece of work teeming with the individuality of the writer.

A new **William Farnum** production will be "If I Were King," the play made famous by E. H. Sothern. It is predicted that this will be one of the biggest creations of the motion picture career of the famous star.

Lieutenant Earle Metcalfe, who was cited for bravery by General Pershing was selected for the leading male rôle of "The Battler," when Montagu Love was compelled to retire from the cast owing to a severe attack of rheumatism.

Alice Lake's appearance in the "Screen Classic Ltd." will mark the third time that the young actress has played leading business in support of Bert Lytell. It is not likely to be a case of "Three times and out," either.

Dorothy Dalton has an opportunity to wear some beautiful clothes in "L'Apache," made in New York City. The famous star raided all the big modiste shops in the metropolis to get the latest and most beautiful gowns that could be secured.

Not satisfied with having **Robert C. Bruce** away on his annual trip in search of the unusual and beautiful, Educational Films announce that a new camera party has left New York for the purpose of making new films from material that has never been used before, to be produced with the cooperation of the Educational organization.

Mary Miles Minter played hostess to a distinguished party of guests at her home on Fifth Avenue, New York, recently, when she entertained the heads of the Belgian Military Mission to the United States at dinner, followed by a party at the "Midnight Whirl," at the Century Roof.

Richard Barthelmess, who came to the screen as a Russian in "War Brides," a Frenchman in "Camille," a Canadian in "For Valor," and a Chinaman in "Broken Blossoms," will come forth as a Spaniard in a new Griffith production.



Photograph by Witzell

CLARINE SEYMOUR

Gertrude McCoy is now in London, where she and her husband, Duncan McRae, have, together with others, organized the British Actors' Film Company. They have just completed their third picture, "The Castle of Dreams," directed by Duncan McRae, with Miss McCoy playing the lead. An earlier one was James M. Barrie's screen burlesque of "Macbeth."

Marshall Neilan taxiplaned from one location to another on the coast recently. He says it cost $500, but it also saved several thousand which would have been lost had the company remained idle waiting for him.

Following "The Brat," screen followers of **Nazimova** will see her in a picturization of "The Hermit Doctor of Gaya," a story of India and the far East.

Vitagraph, always a firm believer in the chapter play, hopes to smash serial prejudices with "Smashing Barriers." **William Duncan** will star.

The Pacific coast people are a fast lot. **Tom Mix** won a 25-mile auto race for the Actors' Benefit Fund, and **Cecil B. DeMille,** in his airplane, beat Donald Crisp in an automobile, in a race around the Ascot track.

James Corbett, ex-pugilist, and known in sporting circles as Gentleman Jim, has signed a contract with Universal, to make six more serials.

Billie Burke returns to the screen after an absence of several months. "The Misleading Widow," an adaptation of the play "Billeted," will mark her return.

Jewell Carmen was awarded damages of $43,000 in her suit against the Fox Film Corporation and the Fox Vaudeville. It was decided that she was entitled to the full amount she would have earned under her contract with the Frank Keeney Picture Company which the Fox companies prevented her from fulfilling.

May Allison is happily cast as the young wife who rises up in righteous wrath, and plays at being wicked in "Fair and Warmer."

Barbara Castleton has flown back to the coast and will star in Thomas Ince productions.

Clarine Seymour has another name out on the coast where she is doing pictures for the great David himself. She is known to her friends as "Cutie Beautiful."

Owen Moore has settled up his business affairs on the coast and returned to New York to work in Selznick productions.

Alexander Gaden has returned to the screen after a year in vaudeville, and will appear in "The Bandbox," the initial Dietrich-Beck production starring Doris Kenyon.

Hale Hamilton has demonstrated that he knows all sides of the story in "In His Brother's Place." He not only wrote the piece but plays a dual rôle.

May Allison has learned what a Bolshevist is, she played one in "The Uplifter." She says that he is an impossible Socialist whose lungs have gone back on him and who has taken to throwing things.

Captain Bud Fisher, in company with Mutt and Jeff, is making a trip that will circle the earth. He will depict the mirth-provoking characters in each country he visits. Mutt and Jeff in London, Mutt and Jeff in Paris and Mutt and Jeff in Ireland, will be the first three of these animated cartoon series.



"$1,000 Saved!"

"Last night I came home with great news! Our savings account had passed the $1,000 mark!

"I remember reading one time that your first thousand saved is the most important money you will ever have, for in saving it you have laid a true foundation for success in life. And I remember how remote and impossible it seemed then to save such a sum of money.

"I was making $15 a week and every penny of it was needed just to keep us going. It went on that way for several years—two or three small increases, but not enough to keep up with the rising cost of living. Then one day I woke up! I found I was not getting ahead simply because I had never learned to do anything in particular. As a result whenever an important promotion was to be made, I was passed by.

"I made up my mind right then to invest an hour after supper each night in my own future, so I wrote to Scranton and arranged for a course that would give me special training for our business. I can't understand why I never realized before that this was the thing to do. Why, in a few months I had a whole new vision of my work! The general manager was about the first to note the change. An opening came and he gave me my first real chance—with an increase. A little later another promotion came with enough money so that we could save $25 a month. Then another increase—I could put aside $50 each pay day. And so it went.

"Today I am manager of my department—with two increases this year. We have a thousand dollars saved! And this is only the beginning. We are planning now for a home of our own. There will be new comforts for Rose, little enjoyments we have had to deny ourselves up to now. And there is a real future ahead with more money than I used to dare dream that I could ever make. What wonderful hours they are—those hours after supper!"

For 28 years the International Correspondence Schools have been helping men and women everywhere to win promotion, to earn more money, to have happy, prosperous homes, to know the joy of getting ahead in business and in life.

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LITTLE WHISPERINGS FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERDOM

Ernest Truex' first two-reel comedy is "The Night of the Dub," adapted from a story by Albert Payson Terhune, by Mrs. Sidney Drew.

J. Warren Kerrigan is to be a fiction hero. Marie Bjelke Peterson, author of "The Captive Singer," and other books published in England, wrote to the film star from her literary retreat asking his permission to use him as the prototype of a novel, and that she be allowed to use his portrait as the picture of the hero on the front of the book.

Eileen Percy is one of the players who will lend charm to Pathé serials. Warner Oland, the noted screen "heavy," will be featured with her.

At the **Centenary Celebration** in Columbus recently, dramatic pictures were exhibited three times a day to audiences varying from 1,000 to 1,800, in the motion picture auditorium. As a result, many ministers and laymen, who saw pictures for the first time, became enthusiastic movie fans, and spoke publicly in favor of the pictures.

Syd Chaplin has sailed for France where a studio has been engaged in which he will produce his first picture for Famous Players-Lasky.

Lieutenant Eugene Pallette, who left Metro to enlist in the air service, comes back to play the leading male rôle in "Fair and Warmer," with May Allison.

Max Linder, the European Charlie Chaplin, will return again to the screen in a picturization of "The Little Café," a French musical comedy.

Octavus Roy Cohen, the young writer who depicts the humorous side of home life in Southern society, has been added to the force of Eminent Authors who will write motion picture stories for Goldwyn.

Manuel Noriega, popular star and pioneer film man in his own country, Spain, has organized the Latin-American Film Company, and is making serial pictures. Mr. Noriega has also a leading rôle in the Spanish Opera Company.

Matt Moore is playing the leading male rôle with Elsie Janis in her first production, "Everybody's Sweetheart."

Percy Marmont has refused several flattering offers to return to the stage, and will confine his activities to the screen as leading man for Alice Joyce.



EILEEN PERCY

Dustin Farnum went too close to a lion's cage that had been placed at one side of his studio in Los Angeles. As a result, he received a painful wound on the arm, inflicted by the animal.

Jack Norworth, world-famous star of vaudeville and musical comedy, writer and singer of popular song successes, is to become a serial star for the Pathé program.

Houdini, master of mystery, is human after all. He broke one of the small bones in his left wrist while doing a comparatively simple stunt.

Mary Miles Minter will portray the famous "Anne of Green Gables" in her first Realart production. L. M. Montgomery's series of four books will be used to portray this lovable girl character.

Gareth Hughes has been loaned by the Tyrad Pictures Inc. to Clara Kimball Young, to be her leading man in "Eyes of Youth."

Constance Binney alternates between the theater, where she appears nightly in "39 East," and the studio where she is interpreting for the screen the leading rôle in "Erstwhile Susan," the stage play which served Mrs. Fiske a few seasons ago.

Frank Mayo, who is making a series of pictures for Universal, has purchased a home in Hollywood.

Betty Blythe posed with Harry Morey for an illustration to appear on the cover of "The Man Who Won," Cyrus Townsend Brady's book, developed from the Vitagraph play in which Miss Blythe had the leading feminine rôle.

Richard Barthelmess has settled the many discussions that are being waged as to the correct pronunciation of his name. He prefers Bar-tel-mess, accent on the first syllable, soft pedal on the "h." We're glad to know about it.

The titles of **Sylvia Breamer's** recent pictures read like a meteorological list of weather conditions. Following "Moonshine and Shadows" there will be "Dawn," after which "Sunshine" will brighten the hearts of the movie fans.

Tsuru Aoki, wife of Hayakawa, has signed a long-term contract to appear in Universal productions. A number of them will have a Japanese atmosphere.

Melbourne, Australia, is soon to have a motion picture theater that will seat 4,000. An intimation is made that American pictures will figure largely in the program.

Lieutenant Nigel Barrie, widely known as a stage favorite, here and abroad, will appear as leading man for Marion Davies, in her Cosmopolitan starring vehicle, "The Cinema Murder."

Charles Ray is back to the farm again. After "Hayfoot, Strawfoot" comes "The Egg Crate Wallop."

Charlie Chaplin and **Douglas Fairbanks** will make pictures in the Southern hemisphere, probably headquartering in Santiago. Their expedition will cover from four to six months.

Again the rumor goes forth that **Maude Adams** may shortly become a film star, thru arrangement with the Charles Frohman estate, which has been purchased by Famous Players-Lasky.

Alice Brady, indefatigable star of stage and screen, is continuing her picture-producing activity while touring with "Forever After." Her entourage includes not only the players and staff connected with the stage play, but also all the principal people associated with her motion picture productions.

Bert Lytell has returned to prison cell and convict garb in another Blackwood comedy, "Easy to Make Money."

Notwithstanding rumors to the contrary, **William S. Hart** will retain his present organization, and will produce at his own studios. His pictures will deal with outdoor subjects —of the type which Mr. Hart has made distinctive.

Stuart Holmes, erstwhile villain of the screen, is co-starring with Frankie Mann, baby vamp of the stage success, "Upstairs and Down," in Arthur Beck serial productions.

Major Robert Warwick has been proclaimed winner of a monster popularity contest in Santiago, Chile.

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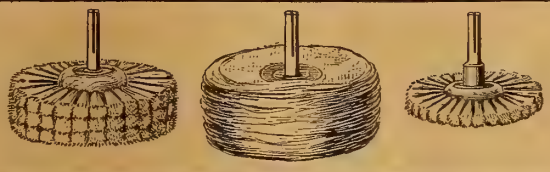
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Motor, two brushes and buffer, $7.70. Accessories without motor, $1.20. Jewelers Rouge, 25 cents.

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with any combination of accessories desired. If, after ten days trial, you are not satisfied, return the goods and your money will be promptly refunded. Every Motor is carefully examined before leaving the factory and is *guaranteed for one year.* Motor, including 40" flexible shaft, can be purchased without any of the accessories for $6.50. Descriptive catalog of motor and all accessories sent on request.

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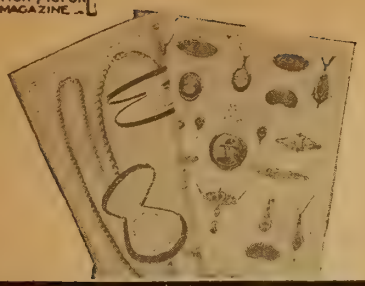


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LUDEN'S

MENTHOL COUGH DROPS

GIVE QUICK RELIEF

True Blue

(*Continued from page* 58)

lower jaw, no saddle. I dug my fingers into his mane and put him to the jump, hanging on as best I could, but he wasn't able to make the clearing, so I was thrown about forty feet. The horse scrambled up the opposite bank, scratched and torn, terribly bruised and frightened. When I could get up, I was bleeding from mouth and ears, but got right back into the scene, for it would never do to let the Indians see me fall down on a thing like that. Up I scrambled—and that little old nag of mine just trembled and kept a-looking back at me, but he was *game,* bless him. We came down once more, and that time I was primed for the jump and knew just how the land lay, so we made it safely.

"I was numb. That's why I did not know I was hurt. We worked all day, and at night, Kid McCoy, who was with us and who's an expert in physical culture, you know, said, 'Monte, you'd better let me look you over.' I had stooped to unlace my shoes and then's when it caught me. I could not straighten up. He found three broken ribs, taped me up. I stayed in the tepee a day and a half resting up, and then went back to work just as good as new. I think breathing just sort of naturally sets a rib—it must just slide into place somehow, because you cant get at the pesky thing very well."

"Then you've done many stunts in pictures, Mr. Blue?"

"Oh, yes, I double a lot—I mean I used to. I doubled for De Wolf Hopper in Don Quixote and for Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree in Macbeth. Generally, a double just puts on clothes and is used for the long shots, but I wasn't cast for that kind of work. I understudied Sir Herbert for six weeks and could walk across the stage just like him. You may know I got him when I tell you that I was doing all his work only ten feet from the camera. You see, he was shaky, and I had to do the duels for him. Of course, Mr. Hopper was not accustomed to riding, and so I did the stunts for him. Well, I've spent about eight months of my otherwise perfectly healthy existence in different hospitals getting over accidents."

"Where did you start in pictures?"

"After I left the ranches I came to Los Angeles, because some folks here thought I could do well. I tried out a lot of things, and nothing was financially good. I had to earn a living because, after I came back from the navy I entered Purdue University, then went on the ranch, and when I thought everything was going my way, losses came to my family and I had to work in real earnest.

"So one day a chap I knew asked why I didn't try pictures. I hadn't anything particular in view and went with him to the old Griffith lot. I had no luck getting past the door-man; just sat around outside with the others and waited for a chance. Day after day I hung about that door, and they'd come out and get little, measley-looking chaps and put mustaches on them and take them in—and I'd be left sitting there without even a *glance* in my direction. I was six foot two and heavy, but you would have thought me invisible if you'd watched the casting director.

"Then—oh, lucky time for me!—the property man needed somebody to help dig graves. They were just to be deep holes and mounds above them to simulate newly made graves. His assistant was ill, and he came looking around outside for a laborer. He spied my hulk and asked if I wanted to do the job. I thought anything would do so I could get past that door-man, watch them act, and hear the director show them what to do next.

"I worked all day, and at night my hands were simply raw, for while I was used to work, it wasn't that kind of labor and my palms were skinned. Mr. Cabanne, who was directing, happened to pass and see my hands that night, and he shivered in sympathy and said, 'Oh, you mustn't do that kind of work; let me see your hands!' I was so afraid he'd put me off the lot that I said, 'That's nothing. I enjoyed doing it. I'll be all right by tomorrow.' But he shook his head and said he would keep me around with him doing odd jobs. So I got nearer to the director's chair, and while I was only a common laborer and shifter, I could keep my eyes and ears open and learn a lot.

"The fourth day they put on a mob scene. It was to be a strike and they had engaged hundreds of extras. The man who was to incite them to lawlessness simply could not put it over. The men all stood and looked as if they were going to a baseball game. I was thinking, 'Gee, but it's a cinch to play a part like that. How can anybody be such a boob as not to get away with it?' After a number of rehearsals, Mr. Cabanne gave up in despair and said, 'Where's that big country-looking chap that has been helping around here? He might do.' Before anybody could *find* me, I rushed out from behind the properties, and said, breathlessly, 'Here I am—I can do it!'

"We didn't even have a rehearsal. What I didn't tell those chaps about sociological problems, full dinner-pails, better wages, better living conditions and laborers' rights wasn't much, let me tell you. I had a dinner-pail, and when the scene was over it was battered flat. The men got so excited they argued in real earnest, then started to fight, while the camera was grinding away, Mr. Cabanne looking on without interfering. We all forgot it was a picture and went thru the motions in dead earnest.

"And then Mr. Cabanne came over and congratulated me—said he would make a little part for me in the rest of the picture. They offered me a two-day-a-week guarantee—$10. I made up my mind right there that I would stick to pictures and live within that salary or know the reason why. Of course, it turned out that in a few weeks I was working every day at five dollars, and then I said to myself, 'Whew! I'm stepping *high* now, all right.' That was in 1914, and I've stuck ever since. But I tell you, that first kind word from the director just made me fill right up. I'll always bless Mr. Cabanne for that. I think one little kind word has often saved a man from suicide, and my hobby in life is to make everybody my brother or sister, happy, pat them on the back and say, 'Oh, cheer up! It's not half as bad as you think—I'll help you all I can. Brace yourself, old top.' You know Happy Jack in 'The Squaw Man'? I sure did love to do that part.

"I made a mistake at first doing heavies, got off the right track. I played deep-dyed bad men who beat up innocent women, had deep furrows on my face and squinted and carried pistols and

drank quarts of stage *likker*. I did 'Wild and Woolly' and 'The Man from Painted Post' with Mr. Fairbanks. In 'M'liss' I was Indian Joe, and right after that, when Mary Pickford was doing 'Joanna Enlists,' they were looking about for somebody to do Pie-Face Hibbard. Mr. De Mille wanted me, but Mary said, 'I cant see Monte as anything but Indian Joe—he'd never do for this part.' However, Mr. De Mille insisted on my making up for a tryout, and I pictured a chap I'd known back in Wyoming on my uncle's ranch. When I came back, Mary Pickford cried out with delight, 'Why, it's Pie-Face in the flesh! Monte, you just *must* do that part.' Later we did 'One Hundred Per Cent. American,' and then I was with Bryant Washburn in 'Till I Come Back to You.'"

Monte Blue hasn't any time for society stunts, complex characters or insincerity. He sees "red" when he acts—if a character is jealous, evil, coarse, he hates him cordially and forgets that 'tis but "reelism." On the other hand, when he sees lovable characters about him, he utterly loses himself in the part and falls in love as madly as if he were to be mated for life, instead of doing a six weeks' screen courtship.

He is passionately fond of music, loves to dance, is a great reader, and enjoys writing letters—which is one of the reasons, doubtlessly, that he receives so many. He admits that many lonely hours are whiled away on week-day evenings answering his fan letters.

He read "Pettigrew's Girl" in the *Saturday Evening Post* one rainy, dreary evening, while the terrier snuggled cosily in his lap and the eucalyptus logs sputtered in the air-tight stove. When the last word had been eagerly conned, Monte Blue stretched his long legs so suddenly that the dog slid to the floor with a reproachful whine, and looked up to find his master talking to nobody in particular.

"What wouldn't I give to see that story in pictures and me doing the lead!" quoth Mr. Blue, fervently.

Some time later he received a call to do that very thing. "When they told me I was to do Pettigrew, I could have jumped right over the entire stage and never have touched a rope or cable. As it was, my heart just hopped right up into my throat and I couldn't talk for a while. And Miss Clayton is so wonderful to act with—and is always giving every one a chance to show what he can do."

Lately this half-Indian leading man played opposite Lila Lee in "Rustling a Bride." He modeled his character after a cowboy, small-town friend of his, named Bert, a simple, kindhearted lad. "I think it went over, because so many fans write to me about my last part. I got one letter which I prize very highly from an elderly woman in Washington, D. C., who just mothered me in every word she put down. I'll never rest until I'm a director—that's what I am after."

Monte Blue says that you love a mountain not because it's pretty or flower-covered, but because it's honest and big and has come to stay, because it may yield rich ore or inspire a man to write a better poem or live a nobler life than if he'd never seen it, and he aims to make people see him as an honest, rugged character, the sort they raise in "God's own country," where a man's heart counts for more than his pocketbook. He's lived with that kind of men and he knows them, and after he's done acting and directing, please God, he's going back to them.



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Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to constantly combat it.

Until lately this method was impossible. Pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But science has discovered a harmless activating method. It has been submitted to four years of laboratory tests. Now pepsin, combined with other Pepsodent ingredients, gives us for the first time an efficient film destroyer.

It is important that you know it. To you and yours it means safer, whiter teeth.

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If you want to prove how pretty and soft your hair really is, moisten a cloth with a little Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair—taking one small strand at a time. Your hair will be soft, glossy and beautiful in just a few moments—a delightful surprise awaits every one who tries this.

Try a 35 cent bottle at drug stores or toilet counters.

A Believer in Brains

(*Continued from page* 36)

not stand up under the strain of trying to make stars out of material that will not shine. If by the mesmerism of advertising you drag the crowds once to see a would-be star they do not like, they will just stay away so much the harder next time. There is no such thing as a dollar-made star.

Stars, like poets, are born, not made, and it takes brains to find them. Then it takes more brains than money to advertise them properly and effectively. As promising a career as I have ever observed was destroyed absolutely by a producer, who gave the lady in question a foreign name and wrapped her about with shrouds of fantastic and ridiculously lying publicity, designed to arouse curiosity, but arousing only mirth. And it is because Mr. Selznick has perfect faith in the power of brains to accomplish anything under the sun, that he has reached the position he now occupies.

"You cant keep a good idea down," he says, and for that reason he has been able to accomplish results on a smaller investment than any other man who has achieved success in the industry. The moving picture business contains many men who are feeling for their next step in the dark—a darkness created by their own blindness. That is the reason so many thousands—yes, millions, are wasted. Mr. Selznick would not approve the purchase of an unnecessary postage stamp, if he knew about it, but millions of dollars pass back and forth thru his hands as a result of his intelligent operations. I have seen a deal for $100,000 proposed, accepted and closed in less time than it takes to read this paragraph.

And what is he like in his office? Here is a brief sketch by a newspaper paragrapher who happened in on a busy day:

"A movie magnate at his work is a surprising sight. L. J. Selznick for example. An office of solid sumptuousness. Sumptuous that is, but simple. Not a contradiction. To enter it one must pass guards galore. The outer chambers are like a monastery. Long stone corridors. Managers. Secretaries. Assistants. Finally into the sanctum. Nothing of the conventional. No series of telephones. No series of baskets. Just a magnificent desk and some chairs. The work is done by conferences. Prepared for him in summaries. He decides. While we were there one of the staff came in sadly. The cost of a production the worry. Answered the magnate, "I like it. Go the limit. It's a good picture and what does it matter if we lose on it? Anything done by stinting shows it. If you do it as well as you can it has a better chance for success."

In the last few months the Selznick activities have been broadened extensively. Myron Selznick, one son of the head of the House of Selznick, has taken charge of the producing end of the business. Lewis J. Selznick himself is now devoting all his attention to the distribution and other matters of general policy. Howard, another son, is Myron's first lieutenant at the studio. The third son, David, has joined the forces at "729" and is editor and publisher of the house organ. This is a lively little weekly circulated exclusively among the Selznick employees in the home office, the studios, and the twenty-eight branches scattered thruout the United States and Canada. It is called "The Brain Exchange."

A Star of a New Ray

(*Continued from page* 81)

the age of sixteen, so that he began a course of physical development which has kept him in fine muscular trim. They say here he's one of the finest dancers in the movie-world, and the girls just dote on dancing with him at the various cafés.

Some of the former screen successes in which we have seen Albert Ray are several cycles of the Ben Chapin "Abraham Lincoln" story, with Enid Bennett in "When Do We Eat?", with Mildred Harris in "Home," and Ruth Clifford in "The Game Is Up." Al Ray also acted with Mr. Keenan several times, but much of his time has been taken up in directing. He was only eighteen when he began to direct in the Ramo Film Company back East, and there he even painted the scenery and sets. Then he went to Jacksonville with the Vim Comedies. He was directing Bebe Hardy down south when she "left him cold" by getting married. There was nothing to do but hop the train up north. Mr. Ray went into comedy directing soon after that, and turned out eighteen successful comedies. Later he directed twelve one-reel comedies in nine months, and when he first came to California, Albert Ray was associated with the Lehrman Sunshine Comedies—a sort of homey spot for a Ray, isn't it?

Fishing is the young man's ruling passion. He has just returned from a fishing trip around Catalina Island on which a young sailor, just released by the Government, accompanied a boatload of young photoplayers. They were mostly inexperienced sailors, the day was rough, and it required a lot of sailing about to catch the fifty mackerel they hooked, but the funny part was that not a soul got sea-sick save the *real* sailor, who retired with a wan, apologetic smile and didn't turn up again until they landed in San Pedro harbor.

"I was the hungriest one on board," said Mr. Ray. "They all had lots of lunch, but because it was so rough they were afraid to eat. I kept nibbling at all the boxes and caught most of the fish, for I love a rough sea. About four o'clock in the afternoon they did feel famished, for we were turning back to the harbor. Of course, there was a scarcity of food then, but when we got back on the beach I cooked mackerel and we had a dandy supper.

"How do I cook them? Well, you know a Pacific Ocean mackerel is salty and a little gamey, but if you know how to prepare him, he's the most delicious fish in the whole pond. After the mackerel is cleaned, it must be stuffed with a whole onion or an apple, wrapped in cheesecloth, then laid in a hole in the sand, covered with stones and a fire built above it. After two hours' barbecue, there's a dish fit for a sybarite. The best part of a fishing jaunt is the camp fire and the barbecue, I think."

"You must be useful around the house, Mr. Ray, do you cook at home?"

"I'm not telling any of my accomplishments along such lines, afraid I might be hauled into midnight rarebit parties or dishwashing fiestas—but I can do the Swiss Family Robinson act, if necessary."

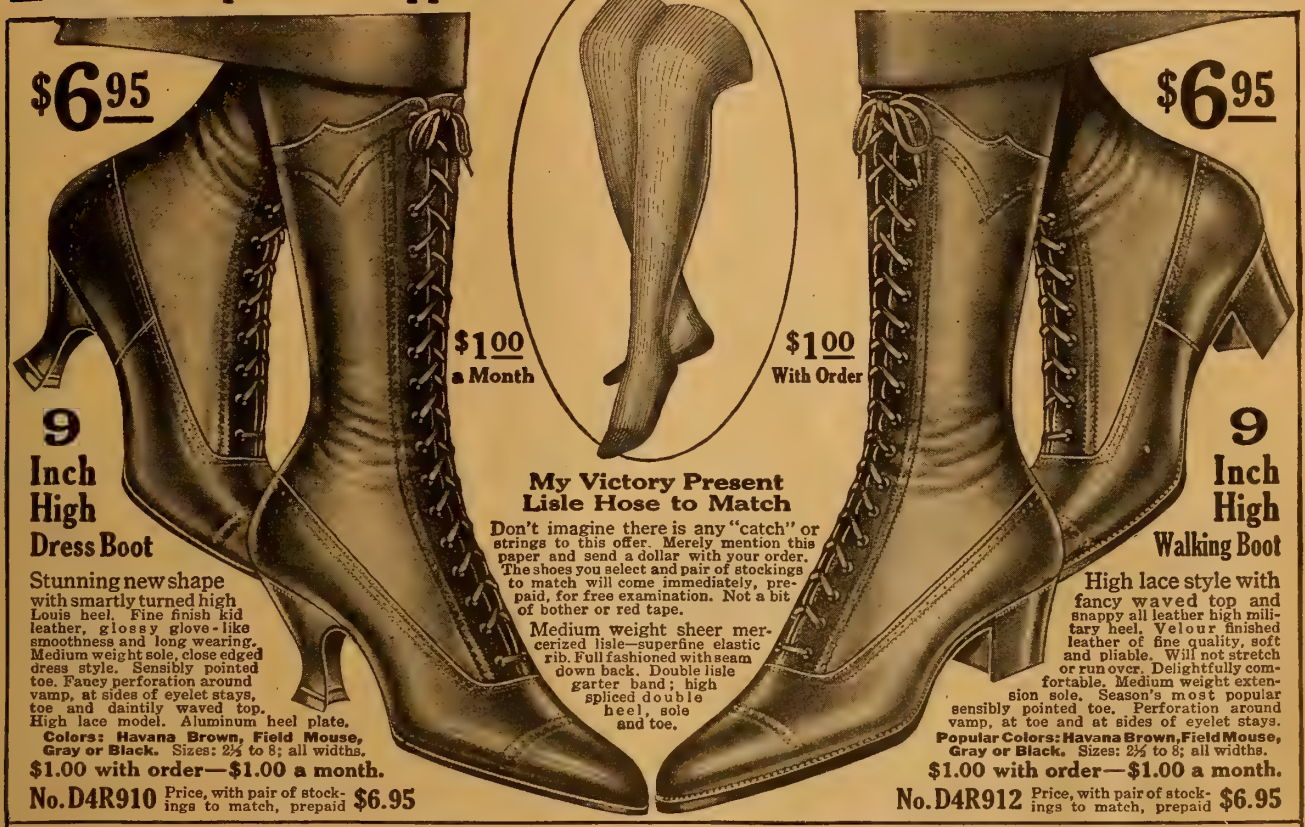
"And what are you doing at the studio?"

"Just finishing 'Love Is Love' from the *Saturday Evening Post*. I believe we'll use the title—I hope so. We did 'Words and Music By—' which was a *Red Book* story."

"Do you prefer magazine stories to original scripts, Mr. Ray?"

(*Continued on page* 110)

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Brassieres	Corsets	Millinery	Veils
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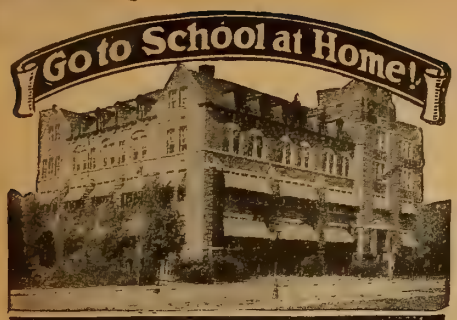
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The Case of Cooley

(*Continued from page* 50)

"The Cricket," Cooley—now Hallam—became a protégé of Thomas H. Ince, and appeared in the first A. H. Woods play, "The Guilty Man." The Universal company, realizing that it missed a bet, offered him a year's contract to play the juvenile lead in their two serials, "The Bull's Eye" and "The Brass Bullet," in which time he made 70 reels of released negative.

What is perhaps Cooley's most distinctive screen work was his support of Charles Ray in "The Girl Dodger," and later with Enid Bennett in "Happy Tho Married," both Ince pictures. He was a perfect type of virile young American, interesting, interested, and as a result, was selected by Rex Beach for his part at Goldwyn, in "Star of the North."

And I asked Mr. Hallam Cooley, as he is now known thruout Los Angeles, —they dropped the Hell long ago and the Hal is fast fading into oblivion; the jazz shirts have been substituted by plain white ones, worn with a black tie, and the spontaneous verbal combustion has been eternally extinguished, — something of his suppressed desires.

"They're not suppressed any more," he rejoined. "I once thought I wanted to be a male vampire, and lo! I've vamped, —in Henry B. Walthall's 'The Long Arm of Mannister.' Years ago, when I was footsore and hungry I wanted to ride, and now permit me to introduce you to my katydid." (Cooley covers the ground in a small blue "chummy" roadster.) "And when I slept in haystacks I craved my own home, which, the contractor tells me, will be ready for occupancy about August first. Luck, eh?"

Well, I should so say. Sitting there in the studio car, hearing Reginald Barker shouting his orders in voice fortissimo to the mob of atmosphere, and bidding a hasty farewell to Mr. Cooley as he was called into action by a camera assistant, I thought of the bright, boyish face in front of me. I looked at his hands. They are strong, with well-manicured nails, and shapely; at his clothes, which even "out of date," as he said, were natty and made me envious, and at length at him as he took little Clara Horton in his arms for a love scene before the camera. And—

Then I reviewed what he had told me of his career, — the brakebeams, the butcher camp. Misery, having acquainted a man with strange bedfellows, proclaims him:

"Of such stuff as dreams are made of,
And our little life is rounded with sleep"

—And I couldn't help but admire him for having awakened in the nick of time.

Male and Female

(*Continued from page* 42)

Crichton sighted it, and under his healthy tan, a sick white crept. He signalled it, and waited for its answering sign.

When he came down from the rocky eminence he went direct to Mary. "We must wait now," he said, "until we reach —home." Mary had never known how bitter the word "home" could sound.

"Why must we wait?" she demanded. "Let us be married—now—as we had planned—and go—home—together. Home *would* be home to you then, dear love."

Crichton shook his head. "We must wait," he repeated. His eyes roved over the little island in an agony of renunciation. "If we might have stayed here!" he cried, "here where all of us were really happy . . . here where things were simple . . . as they ought to be . . . oh, here I might have loved you, Mary, as no woman was ever loved before . . . here I might have shown you what a man should be to a woman, what a woman should be to a man . . . here my dreams might have come true . . . blindingly . . . completely . . . There, where the system has broken my back along with my dreams . . . I may still dream, Mary, but not with you . . . not with you . . ."

Mary clung to him, desperately. "Then let us remain, love," she begged, "if there are scales before mine eyes let them remain there . . . let them remain . . . if I am blind with love of you I do not want to see . . . ever . . . ever again . . ."

Crichton put her from him. They sailed at sundown. And the only happy face was that of little Tweeny, in whose wounded eyes there came again the glimmering of a buried hope . . .

Mary, the Lady Mary, sought Crichton in the pantry of their town house to which uninspirational spot he had, of his own volition, returned.

"This is absurd of you," she stormed at him, "are you going to insist upon jilting me? Did the sea go to your head that you are cold to me here . . . while there . . ." her voice broke, and her hand groped for him. "Beloved Idiot," she said, "you haven't let that divine dream go from you . . . not even here . . . in this ridiculous . . . *pantry* . . ."

Crichton stood rigidly apart from her. To his left was wafted the crisp odors of Tweeny's biscuits—to his right the subtle flowering of Houbigant. He drew in a sharp breath. A man may inhabit a pantry . . .

"Have you heard of the disaster of Lady Dun Craigie?" he asked, "and her husband?"

"Dont compare us!" cried Mary. "You are committing a sacrilege."

Crichton shook his head. "I fear the veil is down, Lady Mary," he said, "forever and forever you would be within the system and I should be without it. Little things . . . little, daily things . . . little omissions would drive you mad with shame of me . . . I could not help them because I would not even know them and you could not make me. Life here would be impossible for us. Back there, on Paradise Isle, that would be impossible, too—for you who have been nurtured on a million stimuli."

"What if I love you?" asked Mary.

"Not even love," said Crichton, "dare challenge the centuries."

Late that evening Mary came down to the pantry again. Crichton was there—and Tweeny. After she came very close Crichton began to speak, with a certain deliberateness. "You and I, Tweeny," he said, "will leave for America next week. We will build a life there that will be fair and fine. We will be good comrades and always . . . always . . . we will understand. There, there, little girl, dont cry, dont cry . . ."

"I've l-loved you s-so long," sobbed little Tweeney, "and so awful *awful* hard!"

An hour later Brocklehurst stood beneath Lady Mary and caught careless hold of her careless hands. "Let's do it after all, old girl," he urged, "we—er—we belong, dont y' know . . . eh, what?"

"Yes," said Lady Mary.

Brocklehurst fidgeted. "Er . . . you do, you do love me, and all that, dont you?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," said the Lady Mary Lesenby, "Oh, yes, yes, of course."

Brocklehurst kist her, then, privately deciding that Mary was "getting on"—her laughter was so shrill.

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"Just You"
"I'm Not Jealous"
"Bangalore"
"It's Never Too Late to Be Sorry"
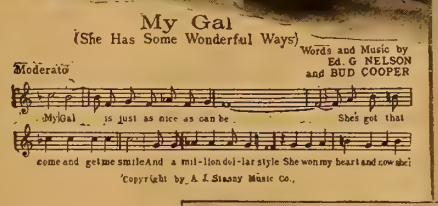


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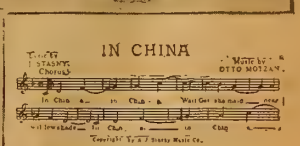


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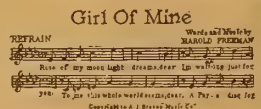
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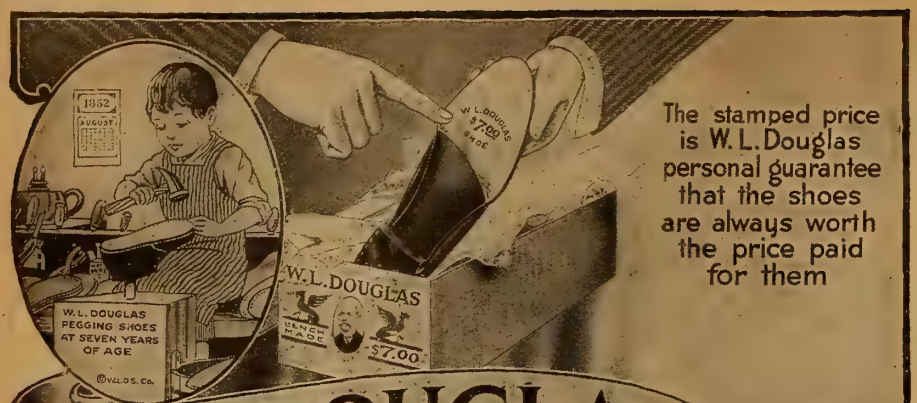
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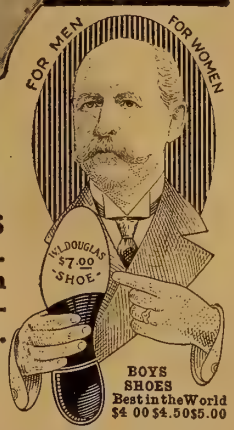


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Priscilla Convalesces—and Reforms

(*Continued from page 73*)

did—in pictures, I mean, of course."

"And just why," I pursued, getting frightfully personal, "were you ever named Priscilla? It sounds like—"

"Spinning wheels and Praise-God-Bare-Bones sermons," interrupted Priscilla, showing that she knew history. "Yes, with a name like that I should have been demure and shy-gazellish—but you see, I was named for a boat—yes, honest; it plied between New York and some near-by cities—"

She grinned impishly and kicked off her other slipper. She simply couldn't make her feet behave.

"Yes, everyone makes fun of my name—in connection with me, I mean," she went on. "When I worked with Griffith years ago, when I first started into pictures, he used to say to me—'Priscilla, *will* you sit still! My God, *why* did they ever give you a name like that!'"

"Oh, then, you worked with Griffith?" I asked. For rumor has it that Priscilla commenced her screen career as an extra on the Universal lot.

"I certainly did." she affirmed. "I was in the Folies Bergere in New York, and not making much money, so Norma Talmadge introduced me to Griffith. He gave me work, but I was dreadfully ashamed to be in pictures—my, my, how times 'has changed.' In one picture I'd be doing a lead, and Mary Pickford would be 'atmosphere'; then I'd play a maid or something insignificant and Mary would have the big part—

"Griffith used to tell me that he wouldn't star me—that I had too much pep. It wasn't an asset in those days, everyone was crazy about the cutie ingénues with curls and dimples and things.

"I came west with the Talmadge sisters, and got work at Universal—and I was a rank failure! They had me do an ingénue thing in which I skipped and simpered—it was awful! Then they put me to doing comedies with Eddie Lyons and Lee Moran, and they they wished this crook stuff on me, and now—"

"And now?" I waited, pencil in hand.

"Now, I'm going to make a reputation for versatility—and I can do it too!"

You know she can do it! When Priscilla says something in that tone of voice, you haven't the least doubt of it!

"Those crook pictures were very trying," she went on. "We had so much night work to do, and it was so hard to get the right effects. Then, in 'The Exquisite Thief,' I wore a spangled gown that I had to be sewed into and cut out of, and every time I moved, the spangles would come off and we'd send an S. O. S. call for the wardrobe mistress—I could have been traced over the whole studio by those jet sequins—I positively *moulted* every time I took a step. I had to get up on a chair and step down into the dress when I got into it—" She illustrated graphically in the arm-chair, kicking off her shoes so as not to spoil the upholstery.

"We worked almost every night until two or three in the morning, and one night when mother and I got home, I had left my key at the studio, so, 'Back on the old job,' I says, and jimmied the window and crawled in. Oh, yes, I can always make a living by housebreaking if I have to—but dont forget to tell the public that my criminal career is ended—I'm a sadder and a wiser woman—I'm going to go straight!"

Told in the Hills

(*Continued from page 71*)

This morning at dawn, Jack's friend, Grey Eagle, sent out his only son, Kalitan, to help the soldiers against the Blackfoots. Holt, like a dunderhead, has fired on Kalitan and his braves and killed Kalitan . . ."

"Oh!" cried Rachel, and her hand sought her thudding heart. There came to her a swift vision of the old chieftain's deep-set, brooding eyes, lit by old-trail fires as he watched his prideful son, his son by his long-dead love, the maiden, Singing Waters. "Oh!" she cried again.

Old MacDougall nodded, cannily.

"The braves have taken flight, being outnumbered," he said, "and the cavalry, taking Hardy and Charles Stuart along, have followed. Word has come to me, as strange words do, that they are imprisoned in an impassé. Grey Eagle knows this, too, knows of the death of Kalitan, his son, and I get the word that he has declared war upon the white men and the imprisoned cavalry die at dawn in the morning." The old man paused in his recital. "If one should go to 'Genesee' Jack," he said, "with power to move him . . . it might save his life. There are those abroad who will believe him to be the cause of all the trouble because of his friendship with the Kootenai Indians."

At twilight Rachel rode into the camp. It meant maneuvers with the guard and a fight in Jack's cell, and at dusk, a swift, sharp cut across the mountain to the pass where Rachel bade him farewell, and he went in search of the prisoned cavalry.

Early in the pale, uncertain dawn of the morning following the rescued cavalry crept back, intact, to their barracks, and, riding over the hills, 'Genesee' Jack bore back to his fathers the body of Kalitan, son of Grey Eagle. Kalitan had been his friend, had helped him to find healing where the deer ran fleetest, where the fish were fluent, and helped him to the tonic of the secret pine and balsam, had brooded with him over solitary fires, nursing, each of them, the ancient wrongs of man. Now Kalitan was dead, the young chieftain, upstanding as a pine, and 'Genesee' Jack was bearing him home to the old chieftain, a straight pine no longer.

At the entrance to the reservation Jack was shot thru the lung, and he and his sad burden rolled to the dust together almost at Grey Eagle's feet.

As a token of his gratitude for the precious returning, Grey Eagle promised Jack that he would make overtures of peace rather than war to the white people, and six Kootenai braves bore him back to the settlement.

When they reached the village he was unconscious, and when they asked where he should be carried, Rachel Hardy came forth from the people and pointed to their cabin, and said, simply, "Home"—and so when he came out of the fever and delirium he came out of it on Rachel's breast; the first consciousness he had was the steady beating of her heart beneath his ear and the deep blue of her eyes above his own. He tried to draw away . . . but she held him the more firmly, and her lips curved in a smile that was compounded of love and patience and the determination reached by a path of pain to have and to hold.

"Only draw away from me," she whispered, "if you dont love me . . . if you dont want me. All the rest is all right now. Annie . . . poor little Annie is dead, dear. Happily dead, I think. And

(*Continued on page 110*)

You Can Buy

Food for Little or Pay Ten Times as Much



The Man's Need

is largely for energy. This is what energy costs, at current prices, per 1,000 calories—the unit of measure:

Cost Per 1000 Calories	
In Quaker Oats	5½c
In Round Steak	33c
In Veal or Lamb	50c
In Average Fish	50c
In Hen's Eggs	50c

The Boy's Need

is for energy, too. But also for protein, the body-builder. And this is what protein costs at current prices when figured alone:

Cost Per Pound For Protein	
In Quaker Oats	70c
In White Bread	$1.30
In Hen's Eggs	$2.45
In Ham	$4.00

Compare Cost With Quaker Oats

These are times to figure on food values and food costs.

You should know that Quaker Oats supply 1810 calories of energy per pound. Lean beef supplies less than half that, eggs about one-third that, fish about one-sixth.

You should know that oats are one-sixth protein the food for growth.

You should know that Quaker Oats cost only one-ninth average meat foods for the same calory value.



Quaker Oats
5½c Per 1000 Calories



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up to 50c per 1000 Calories

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You Have a Beautiful Face—But Your Nose



IN this day and age attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your *"looks,"* therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times. **Permit no one to see you looking otherwise;** it will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life—which is to be your ultimate destiny? My new Nose-Shaper "TRADOS" (Model 24) corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation quickly, safely and permanently. Is pleasant and does not interfere with one's daily occupation, being worn at night.

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little Jack has been sent here to find his father . . . and Charles is waiting to ask you if he may have him . . . and I . . ." She paused . . .

"Genesee' Jack looked up at her. "What are you waiting for, woman of mine?" he asked, "tell me that."

"For you," said Rachel, simply, unwaveringly, "I am waiting—I have always been waiting—for you."

An hour later little Jack came in and stood beside them, and after Jack had kist the untroubled little face he patted him on his small head. "Run along," he told him "and find your dad."

Movie Shows in Rural Schools

(*Continued from page* 78)

Surgeons, New York, are now making use of the famous slow motion films to diagnose certain cases where cripples fail to recuperate from a limp. These remarkable pictures show the deformed patient in motion fifty times and more slower than he would walk in actual life. This gives the surgeon an opportunity to analyze every movement of the naked body and determine just what causes the limp. These films have proved very effective, it is said, and have become a regular part of the college laboratory equipment. Special arrangements have been made with the Pathé people for the use of Novagraph, or the slow motion process.

A film library has been established in New York with three hundred reels showing the world's greatest surgeons performing important surgical operations before the moving picture camera. These films are for exhibition only before a student body or before medical experts in conventions or at clinics in medical colleges. The world's most famous specialists have posed for these reels in the interest of science. They are, of course, unsuitable for public exhibition. They are highly scientific and represent one of the most notable strides in the application of motion pictures to science ever attempted.

A Star of a New Ray

(*Continued from page* 104)

"I think they have advantages. One has the entire market from which to choose—that makes it easier for both director and actor. As for me, I hope I'm done with directing—it's such a relief to shake the responsibility. I have time for study and pleasure now, but when I directed it was a case of staying after everybody else was thru, seeing rushes, going home and laying out the entire next day's work, and doing it when I was dead-tired thinking for a score of people."

Ray's field seems society dramas, college boy stunts or musical comedy. One could not picture him doing the Charles Ray characterizations at all. He is boyish, thoughtful, studious, but a born sportsman, attending the Vernon boxing matches each Tuesday night. He loves baseball, is an ultra-ultra yachting host, a seaside resort catch, a thé-dansant charmer, tactful, easy to meet, yet betraying that half-shy manner of the Rays which betrays discrimination in forming intimacies. Those bluish-gray eyes and the sleekly brushed yellow hair belong to a city juvenile, not in bucolic comedies. Any other characterization would be hard to believe of Albert Ray.

How You Can Have a Charming Personality

IF YOU WISH

So many women, particularly young girls, imagine that **charm** is a rare gift accorded by the fairies at birth. If the gay sprites have put their mark of favor upon you, you are singularly fortunate, but if they passed you by you are just plain, unlucky and there is nothing you can do about it. **Girls, dear girls,** this is wrong, so wrong. The secret of charm, of a winning personality, of a presence which draws others to you as the magnet draws the needle, can be gained by any woman who truly wishes it.

WHY I KNOW

I make this statement confidently, for I know whereof I speak. During my years, both here in America and abroad, I had boundless opportunity to study intimately women in all walks of life, women of high and low degree, the grande dâme wrapped in priceless furs, motoring in the Bois du Boulogne, and the *chic* little milliner from the specialty shop on the Rue de la Paix. **So many wonderful things have come out of France** that it is scarcely surprising that her women have the ability to enwrap life and those about them with a rose-colored glow which is one of the many secrets of the **French woman's irresistible attraction.**

THE MAGIC WAND

If you had the ability to remake yourself, if you could wave a wand and be just what you have always dreamed, would you do it? I am sure you would. Now, I have this wand, this magic stick which has so often transformed the ugliest duckling into a beautiful swan. I may be the Fairy Godmother to your dearest dreams. Possibly it is some trifling habit that stands in the way of your having a truly winning personality. If you only put the proper rules into use you should improve amazingly.

You no longer need to envy other women. You have it in your power to obtain admiration, to command attention, to become winsome—to succeed in your aims.

HOW TO HOLD MEN'S INTEREST

For all they are so confident and masterful, men are "only boys grown tall." They are not so hard to please—if you know how! Often you will hear someone ask: "What **do** big men see in those tiny fluffy women?" The tiny fluffy women have, possibly, the gift of adaptability. They know how to fit into a man's moods—to hearten him when he is down, to charm him when he is glum.

THE FRENCH WOMAN'S ALLURE

This ability is native born with most French girls and is another of their secrets of attraction. What they have done and do is possible for you, also. It does not require any great skill or expense. It takes only two things—the desire to accomplish plus understanding. The desire to accomplish must come from you. The understanding I can give you. **if you will let me.**

HOW TO WIN

You should adopt some of these secrets of the French women. They are easily acquired. Remember, I refer to winsome ways which the most modest and respectable person may use. And I am sure this includes you, dear reader.



I WANT TO HELP YOU

After coming back from abroad I decided that, beyond everything else, I wanted to see the American girl wear a world-wide crown as "The Girl with

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YOU CAN BE ATTRACTIVE

It is not necessary to be a great beauty or to possess a brilliant mind or to wear stunning clothes to have this power of fascination. How many times in your own experience have you watched a really homely woman, surrounded by men, the very center of attention? How many times have you seen a self-made girl, one who has perhaps only **just** managed to finish grammar school, the most fêted and courted girl of your acquaintance? Can't you recall the first time you saw Emily Deane, who, apparently without effort became engaged to the most eligible young man in town? **You looked at her and remarked cuttingly: "Why, she hasn't even clothes.** She's only a plain little thing! How did she get him?"

Oh, yes! Emily was a plain little thing; she wore a skirt that was shiny, but she had that something which is greater than beauty, or brains or clothes. She had the charm of an attractive personality.

CULTIVATE WINSOMENESS

So often I have seen possibilities in some woman, some young girl, that needed only a hint to bring out all the best qualities in her. Dozens of times I have felt like going up to some woman and saying: "I know a secret which will completely change your whole life! Will you let me tell it to you?" But I couldn't very well so accost a stranger, could I?

But, oh! I do so want to share my knowledge with the hosts of eager-eyed girls and women in this America that I love. I want to let you profit by my experience.



I know it will benefit you and make you happier and more alive, as well as markedly successful.

VALUE OF PERSONALITY

I have been astounded at the difference in outlook, in opportunity, that the absence of personality makes in the lives of those who, lacking this one necessary attribute, really lack everything. I have made an exhaustive study of this subject—in railway carriages, on board ship, in the dining-rooms of the great hotels, not only in England and on the Continent, but right here in our own America. I know that there are hundreds of women who need certain private information to change from wall flowers and failures to popularity and success.

OVERCOME IMPERFECTIONS

If you are shy and bashful I can show you how to overcome these failings.

If you are aggressive and brusque I can show you how to tone down so that you will attract where heretofore you have repelled. If you are vain, or boisterous, or one of those who, without earning it, demand that you be the center of attention, I can give you a friendly, helping hand, so that you will be sought after rather than snubbed.

I have put my secrets into a little book called **"How"** that I want the Gentlewoman Institute will send it to you entirely free, in plain paper, just for the asking.

Please send without delay for this free book **"How."** I know it will help you.

Juliette Fara

For this little book "How" free, you may fill out the coupon and write a letter or postcard requesting it. Address as below:

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IRENE BORDONI

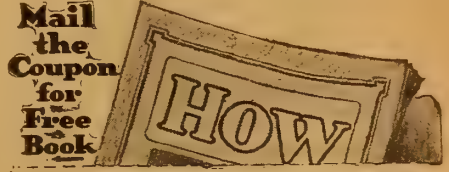
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Sanitary Liquid Hair Remover



The "Womanly" Way to Remove Hair

El-Rado is a sanitary lotion that simply washes the hair off by dissolving it—leaving the underarms soft, smooth and dainty. You can wear chiffon sleeves without any dress shields and enjoy a delightful sensation of comfort and cleanliness after removing the hair with El-Rado. Entirely harmless. Users of powdered hair removers and blades will find an occasional use of El-Rado liquid is good for the skin. Ask for "El-Rado" hair remover at any toilet goods counter. Two sizes, 60c and $1.00. Money-back guarantee.

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Canadian Address, The Arthur Sales Co., Dept. N, 61 Adelaide St. E., Toronto

The Wolf

(*Continued from page* 85)

to a more benevolent God than he had ever known before, with George Huntley to fill in for him, with relish, the details of his omissions.

"Baptiste fired the real shot," Jules said, as the white twilight began to drop her patterned veil. "Baptiste . . . you are avenged . . ."

After they had supped that night, by a cascade which poured itself to a rocky destruction at their feet, Jules drew Hilda to his heart.

"It is the first time," she whispered, "that I have ever heard the beating of a heart. It is the first time," she added, as he kist her, "that I have ever felt a . . . . kiss."

"Then tell me," whispered Jules, "here, before the good priest up the bend here makes us one, tell me . . . what is love?"

The girl lifted her shy eyes. "A sacrament," she said, "blessed by the blessed saints . . . and you, beloved. Love is *you*."

Our Animated Monthly of Movie News and Views

(*Continued from page* 96)

made over the "Captain's Table," which occupies a niche at one end of the ship.

The Pig'n Whistle, affectionately called The Pig by the movie colony, is now being visited in Los Angeles after the show. There are ice-cream debauches such as this town has never expected to see. At this home of sweets the paintings are wonderful, most of the prize pictures from the Panama-Pacific Exposition having been bought by the owners and transferred to the beautifully decorated walls of The Pig.

One of the handsomest and most interesting men in the motion picture field is Al Reith, location man for Brunton at present, but an Angeleno with French parents, which accounts for his speaking five languages fluently. Mr. Reith is an actor, writer and great traveler, but is determined to learn the motion picture business in every one of its departments, so is serving apprenticeships in the cutting room, on location, with the art directors, scenario department and so on. He was imprisoned in Germany for six months as a possible spy. He was one of a small party which crossed into Algiers during the thick of the war, when he had been solemnly warned that he took his life into his ten well-manicured fingers by so doing. He is an artist who had a successful atelier in France, a musician who has enjoyed every advantage of living abroad, and best of all, girls, he's single and about thirty years old—ooh, la la! He says there's not enough in acting, writing or directing to tempt him, that he wants to be a producer and so is keeping away from the screen at present and attending to business detail solely.

The Thursday night dances at Ho Hollywood, Los Angeles, attract many our fillum folk. Recently, Nazimova, W liam Farnum, Charles Bryant, Pau Curley, Rex Ingraham, Jack Webster a Wanda Hawley were on the floor—qui a bewildering lot of notables to watch don't you think?

Betweenwhiles, the men go to Catalina to fish. Bessie Barriscale and Howard Hickman are spending a goodish vacation there, both having suffered nervou

(*Continued on page* 119)

Be a Real Man!

LOOK LIKE ONE AND FEEL LIKE ONE!

BROADEN YOUR SHOULDERS, DEEPEN YOUR CHEST, ENLARGE YOUR ARMS, AND GET A DEVELOPMENT THAT WILL ATTRACT ATTENTION. FILL YOURSELF FULL OF ENERGY AND BE POWERFUL

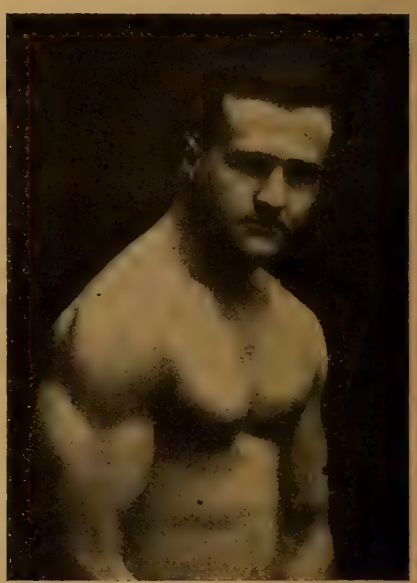
What's the use of merely existing, when you can improve yourself to such an extent that life will become a pleasure?

You don't know what life is unless you are an athlete.

If you are weak, run down, mentally and physically, if you lack ambition or feel discouraged, if you have suffered from youthful errors, or dissipations of later years, if you are bothered with indigestion, constipation, worry, kidney trouble, or any like ailment, *brace up*, and **START IN ANEW, AND MAKE THE MOST OF YOURSELF.**

I can do for you what others cannot attempt to begin to do, because my methods are original with me.

I BEGIN WHERE OTHERS LEAVE OFF.



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...ege boy stunts or musical comedy. On... ...ld not picture him doing the Charles ...y characterizations at all. He is boyish, thoughtful, studious, but a born sportsman, attending the Vernon boxing matches each Tuesday night. He loves baseball, is an ultra-ultra yachting host, a seaside resort catch, a thé-dansant charmer, tactful, easy to meet, yet betraying that half-shy manner of the Rays which betrays discrimination in forming intimacies. Those bluish-gray eyes and the sleekly brushed yellow hair belong to a city juvenile, not in bucolic comedies. Any other characterization would be hard to believe of Albert Ray.



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The Classic has established a standard in magazine making for beauty, interest and piquancy. The October issue of the magazine de luxe will be even more striking and more fascinating than ever. Perhaps you think we make this promise each month. But doesn't **The Classic** establish a new record with each issue?

The October number, for instance, will contain such features as:

A crisp and interesting chat with **Elsie Janis,** written by **Frederick James Smith;** a genuinely startling article about **Marguerite Clark,** in which the charming little star announces her plans (which will well nigh take your breath away); and a quaint interview with the home-loving **Vivian Martin,** illustrated with exclusive pictures.

There will be all sorts of other interesting things, among them being three absorbing fictionized photoplays in which three favorite stars are appearing.

Do you know the real **Harold Lloyd?** The October Classic will present the comedian just as he actually is, a bright, alert young chap with huge ambitions.

The Celluloid Critic, screenland's authority on the photoplay, will entertainingly discuss the new pictures.

There will be considerably over a hundred stunning pictures that you can find nowhere else, because **The Classic** gets them and prints them first. Speaking of piquant pictures, The Classic's camera-men have caught some new glimpses of the stars on the California beaches, as well as at Long Beach in the East.

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HERE is Your Opportunity to learn Motion Picture Writing CORRECTLY

By Douglas Gerrard

(Noted feature director, now directing Monroe Salisbury for Universal; formerly stage producer in London for Frohman; producer in Australia for J. C. Williamson, Ltd., etc.)

EVERY writer of motion picture stories in America has one ambition—to *sell* his stories. But he is not nearly so eager to sell them as the director is to *buy* them. To the writer the sale of a story means hundreds or thousands of dollars—money which he earns *in addition to his regular income.* There are practically no writers outside the studios who depend entirely upon the sale of photoplays for their living. But the director must depend upon the quality of the pictures he produces for *his living* and for *his whole future besides.* The *writing* of a bad story means only that there is still the opportunity to write a better one. The *producing* of a bad story means that the director has lost prestige with the company and can and does mean the loss of his position. A few bad productions and he is forced out of the industry to make way for someone in whom the companies have confidence. But a few good productions and one or two great ones means that he practically can name his own salary—a salary that may easily run into four figures weekly.

There is not a director on earth who wants to produce a bad story. The average director would in fact buy a good story with his own money rather than put on any other kind paid for by the company. His future—his entire career—is regulated by the merit of the stories he produces. *And he cannot write these stories himself.* He must depend upon others for his material.

Writers flood the studios with stories. Not one in a hundred of these scripts is a *motion picture* story. The authors have not learned *motion picture writing*—they have not mastered the trade at which they are trying to work. So, of course, they get their stories returned. Then they ask where they can learn this profession. And up to now they have had to be told that there was *no one* to teach it to them *correctly.* No one who had the confidence of the directors and who could show them the way the director wants their stories written. No one to take the time and trouble and patience to criticise their stories and help whip them into salable shape. And they have had to be told this because there *has been* no one to do this for them. And unless writers prepare their scripts in the form the director wants them *they cannot expect to write salable stories*



Jacques Jaccard, the world's premier producer of Serials and Westerns, director of "The Diamond from the Sky," the "Terrence O'Rourke" series, "Liberty," "The Lion's Claws," "Patria," "Cyclone Smith" series, "Tempest Cody" series and innumerable others, says:

The selling of motion picture stories depends principally upon the proper presentation to the director—the direct, detailed way—The Willis way—is the only method by which outside writers can hope to gain professional recognition for their stories

Jacques Jaccard

Now, however, writers can get this service. And they can get it from a man whom I consider the best motion picture writer in America. A man who is known in every studio in the country as a writer of feature photoplays. A man who knows, in short, the things to do and not to do—the things necessary and vital to the writing of successful motion picture stories. This man—F. McGREW WILLIS—is showing writers *the studio way of writing*—THE DIRECT, DETAILED METHOD THAT STAFF WRITERS USE IN SELLING THEIR OWN STORIES TO THE PRODUCERS. *And it is the first time in the history of the motion picture industry that they have been offered this opportunity.* He is, in addition, maintaining

A Free Sales Bureau

where directors and producers may select stories *that are real motion picture stories* written by writers who have learned how to write them correctly. This is absolutely free to the writers *for he will not accept any fee or commission on any sale whatever.* And he has the personal indorsement of the directors who want their stories written only in this one way *and in no other.*

The motion picture stories of the future must be secured from writers outside the studios. *But they cannot supply these until they have first learned thoroughly motion picture writing.*

HERE IS THEIR OPPORTUNITY TO LEARN. AND IF THEY EXPECT TO GET THEIR STORIES TO THE PERSONAL ATTENTION OF THE DIRECTORS THEY MUST WRITE THEM ONLY THE DIRECT, DETAILED WAY—THE WILLIS WAY.

Douglas Gerrard

F. McGrew Willis' Offer

If you are in earnest about writing photoplays I want you to have a copy of my book, "The Inside Story of Motion Picture Writing." It is absolutely FREE for the asking. But it is advisable that you act at once; in fact, *right now.* Just send me your name and address. Address

The F. McGrew Willis Institute

F. McGREW WILLIS, *Sole Head*

Suite 419, Wright & Callender Building LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

"THE WILLIS WAY MAKES WRITING PAY"

The Answer Man

(Continued from page 90)

WILD ROSE.—Your letter was a gem. Write some more.

OLD WEARY.—Very clever letter yours and I have handed it to the Editor. Write some more.

MAY H.—No, I dont believe in charity. I have found that it has a short argument, but a long reach. How do I know who the player was in the dugout? I am not one of those who "sees all, knows all." Dont you know the character he played?

BONNIE JEAN.—Zippie! You ask if it is true that every tenth person is a millionaire in New York City. There were more than ten people riding home in my car tonight—Brooklyn Rapid Transit—and I am sure they would have their own if they were millionaires. Better look up statistics.

NAPIER.—I actually roared at your letter, especially when you were telling about the octopus crawling up your limbs when in bathing. Ann Little has signed up with National to make a 15-episode serial.

DOLLY.—Why Bryn Mawr means Brown Hill. Address Pearl White, care of Fox, 130 W. 46th St., New York.

CLIDDY.—Blanche Sweet is playing in "A Woman of Pleasure." Nope, never been to Frisco. Billie Burke can be reached at Paramount.

R. G. B.—So you are pretty sure I'm not a woman. Good for you. Anything a man hates is to be called a woman. How about it? Dave Butler was Le Bebe. Kate Bruce was the aunt.

ALMA.—Well the Punch and Judy is a contraction for Pontius and Judas. It is a relic of an old miracle play in which the actors were Pontius Pilate and Judas Iscariot. So your mother thinks this magazine is the finest thing for you to read. Your mother shows excellent taste and exquisite powers of discrimination. Have your mother write me.

DANDALOOS.—Thanks for the booklet. So you are the mother of six. Suppose you say "We Are Seven." Harold Lockwood in "Tess of the Storm Country." Got a lot of pleasure out of yours. Pleasure is to some persons what the sun is to the flowers; if moderately enjoyed, it beautifies, it refreshes, and it improves; if immoderately, it withers, deteriorates, and destroys. Call again.

AMOR.—Sure thing Marie Walcamp will answer you. No, I have never been to Chili. Coming down some time when I get overheated. You pay me a high compliment, but of little value is the opinion of the man who has never wrestled with an ology or an ism.

HORTENSE.—So you have just been married. Best wishes. But a little tip with it. The way to run a husband is to let him think he is running you. May all your troubles be—easily overcome.

NEWMARKET.—You must sign your name and address when you write me. Nothing doing on that Wallace Reid.

J. V. S.—Welcome to our city. Always glad to greet newcomers. You say that you have enjoyed reading my department for the last five years and that you bet I must be making good money for writing such smart things. Yes, I make good money but there is not much of it. Cleo Madison in Los Angeles. Edna Maison is not playing.

NORAH.—Eat—I should say I do. I usually eat all that is put in front of me. But the scope of the mind can never be accurately gauged by the capacity of the mouth. Thanks for the snaps. Irene Fenwick and Owen Moore in "A Girl

Like That." Edna Hunter and Leslie Austen in "Two Little Imps."

CLIFTON J. P.—To the right. Line forms on the right for those wishing to get in movies.

GLADYS B.—Oh yes, hotels serve food on the roof now. And the sky is the limit for prices. Rudolph Cameron was Dr. Billy and Brinsley Shaw was the Duke in "Clover's Rebellion." Victor Sutherland in "The Firebrand."

JANE McN.—Write the player direct.

RABBIT.—You propound to me the profound query, why is it that widows so often remarry? Several answers suggest themselves to me but the best one is probably this; because dead men tell no tales. Yes, Wallace Reid is married to Dorothy Davenport.

YVONNE.—Do I like to get letters?—sure thing, I stand out in front of the building waiting for him, you know, like the girls do in vacation time. Forget it. You women waste more time dreaming over an old love affair. Never see a man thinking of his old love—he promptly takes on another.

ALCESTE.—Stop! I wont go on. I want you to understand that I am not Henry Albert Phillips nor Edwin M. La Roche. I'm—well I am Me, I, Myself, and nobody else.

BABE.—Too far back for me to remember. The original Sherlock Holmes was Dr. Joseph Bell, the instructor of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Dr. Bell died in Scotland. Antonio Moreno was in New York for a short vacation this summer.

ACE HIGH.—You believe in coming right out with it, dont you?

COUNT DE NICKELS.—Howdy, Count? A fool has great need of a title. It teaches men to call him Count and Duke, and to forget his proper name of fool. Florence Dixon and Henry Holland in "Never Say Quit." Sure thing, I can smoke almost anything.

ANTHONY.—For old time's sake. Yes, I remember you five years ago anyway. Sorry, but I haven't read the article as yet. You say you would like to hear from Olga 17, and you want to see Pearl White and Crane Wilbur play together again. Poor Crane! Somebody ought to have a guardian appointed for him. He could now be *the* star in pictures.

HAZEL C.—The Chaplin baby lived only about two weeks. Sad, wasn't it? Who now will be Chaplin's successor twenty years from now?

HELEN L.—Why do you bother with him? He who tells you the faults of others, intends to tell others your faults. Hazel Dawn in "Up in Mabel's Room." She certainly is beautiful.

SHAM.—You seem to be the kind who always put off until tomorrow what they dont have to do today. Tomorrow is a bird that is always flying towards us but which never gets here. Write me when you think of it. Do it now.

H. A. R.—None of the players you mention are married. Yes, but the error of certain women is to imagine that to acquire distinction they must imitate the manners of men. Lillian Walker and Warren Kerrigan are playing opposite.

ERIC O.—Why, that was Pell Trenton in "The House of Glass." Russell Simpson in "The Night Riders," Forrest Stanley in "Wild Olive," and Douglas Munro in "Hypocrites." Wow! Biff! Zowie! You've got the right idea, Eric, you boom our sales in Australia, and we'll go 30-70.

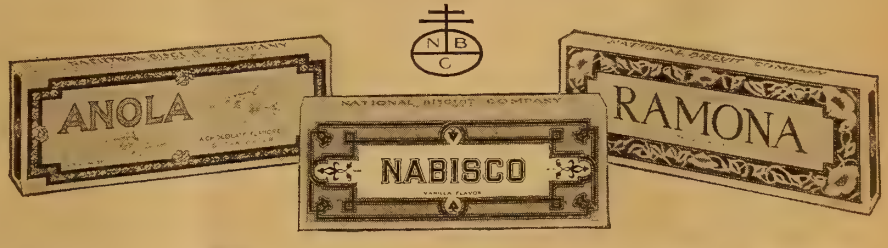
KIA ORA.—The same to you! H. B. Warner is playing. Sure thing. Run in from Australia some day on a blimp. R-34 or NC-4—I dont care what number you take, so long as you get here.



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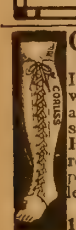
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A. O. LEONARD

Suite 314, 70 5th Avenue - - New York City

GLADYS B.—Hello, Glad! Why, Adele de Garde played in "The Love Doctor." Herbert Prior in "The Menace." Florence Turner has gone with Universal. 'Member Adele when she was a baby? Those were the happy days.

INQUISITIVE III.—Thanks for the applause. You know that an applauding laugh is indispensable to every joke told at a dinner party. John Bowers is with Goldwyn. Oh, yes, most players have publicity writers. And some have mighty good ones, too.

ROBERT W.—That's right, read all you can about science. You know the philosopher said the union of science and religion is the marriage of earth and heaven. So dont neglect the spiritual side of your education. Since we have no more spirits, I wonder if we shall have more spiritualism. Charles Bryant was the sailor in "Out of the Fog." He also played in "Eye for an Eye." He is Nazimova's husband.

MOVIE ANN.—You say most of our covers are peaches. Every one contains a peach. You say you want Mary MacLaren on the cover. Her day will doubtless come. Lake Superior is the largest, of course. The whole of Scotland could be sunk in its translucent depths. William Hart in "Wagon Tracks." Poetic title, isn't it?

HERBERT D.—Yes, I love all nature, and nothing more than the clear blue, tranquil, fixed and glorious sky. Your letters are always entertaining, and I must have them to soothe me on my weary way. Olive Tell is playing in Universal's "The Trap."

JACK M.—I dont doubt your word. Truth is but another name for fact. Ridicule is a dangerous weapon. But what's that got to do with the peace treaty? Geraldine Farrar and her husband, Lou-Tellegen, in "The World and Its Woman."

RACHEL V.—So your friend, a great critic, sometimes goes to sleep at the picture show. Well, that's all right, for sleep is an opinion. Some of the pictures are very good opiates. No, indeed, Sarah Bernhardt is not dead. She is in Paris, which is quite different. They dont die nor even sleep in Paris. You want limericks and puzzles. I will sit down some lunch hour and write you some.

AUGUSTA.—Cheer up and be nice. Anger is a file that grinds off the joy of repose. Æneas—pronounced e-ne-as, with accent on the second syllable, was a Trojan prince, son of Anchises and the goddess Venus, the hero of Virgil's poem, the Æneid. Earle Foxe is with Metro. Marshall Neilan opposite Mary Pickford.

SWEET SEVENTEEN.—I am going to hold you to your promise to send me a box of nice dried apples this fall. I will try and not get too puffed up. You are in a very interesting industry. China and Japan buy our dried apples freely, and thus does American industry help to swell the population of the Orient. Yes, join one of the correspondence clubs.

JOAN C.—Oh, yes, I take dumb-bell exercises every morning, but since we have no wood-pile in our back yard, I cant adopt your suggestion. I never saw a cord of wood, I never want to saw one; but I can tell you (this is good!) I had rather see than saw one. Who let you in? Eugene Pallette is playing in "Fair and Warmer." No, indeed, Theda isn't the only vamp we have here.

ORELLA.—I dont give free legal advice, but the shoemaker who made two right-foot shoes for your kicks and then refused to refund your $14, has it all over Chaplin for brilliant footwork. Ralph Graves was Bobby in "Tinsel."

MAURICE M.—Be careful whom you travel with, because you know wicked companions invite us to hell. Jack Pickford is about 23, Crane Wilbur about 30, and Mae Marsh about 22. "Up in Mabel's Room" is playing on Broadway and 42d Street.

ATHARIASIA.—Of course, I think there is more than rhythm and slight superficial emotion to Gray's "Elegy." I think it is one of literature's best. Kenneth Harlan in Universal.

OMAHA TAVIA.—Shoot away. There is no such thing as idle curiosity—all curiosity is busy. Yes, my rent was raised. Who'd 'a' thunk it! When hall rooms go up, it's time to go out and build a log cabin. Kitty Galanta and Bert Lytell in "Empty Pockets." You say you like William Hart so well you would love to darn his socks. I dont think he'd give a darn if you did. But perhaps he doesn't wear darned socks—some men throw their holey ones away. You say nobody loves a widow with respectable, old-fashioned moral ideas. My address is at 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

KITTY KRIS.—I dont know whether there will be more or less family jars when they have no family jugs. Yes, Yerza Dayne was Anita in "The Adventures of Shorty Hamilton." You say you are anxious to see what kind of an old codger I am. Run in and I'll show you, said he with a twinkle in his eye.

A ROSE.—You confess to the bad habit of always running somebody down. Scandal or auto? Mollie King is on the stage. Dont get peeved. Come on, more fools, more fun.

V. V. EYES.—You want to know something about myself. Well, I arise at 7:30—shave, no, brush my whiskers, walk to the office, wade thru a few thousand questions, drink a few buttermilks, and wander back to my hall room. I try never to retire at night without being wiser than when I arose in the morning, by having learnt something useful during the day. I learn much from my readers, bless 'em!

MUNCIE.—Thanks for the "invite" to your party, but, you know. James Cruze is directing Robert Warwick.

PATTI.—So you think Houdini is very handsome. Kindness like grain, increases by sowing. Flora Finch has signed up with Commodore J. Stuart Blackton, and I congratulate them both. Yep, we'll see the lean and funny Flora again.

EVERYBODY'S FAVORITE. — Sure thing, send along the vegetables. I paid 6c tonight for a tiny tomato. No, I dont know who it was who said "Keep your purse and your mouth shut." Arthur Ashley and Dorothy Green in World Pictures.

ROBERT S.—Sorry I cant help you.

MARY L.; ROSE K.; BERTHA L.; HOOSYER GIRL; PATTY; MARY S.; LILLIE; WILLIAM C.; M. HARLEM; MAURICE H.; I LIKE JACK; TOOTS; GERTIE; D. W. MC.; D. S.; N. C. 4; MARY P.; VICTORIA T.; FRANK W.; IONA FORD; and VIVIAN MARTIN ADMIRER.—See elsewhere for yours and accept my compliments.

RED HEAD, NEW LONDON.—You refer to Forrest Stanley. You say he is the first masculine in all the history of the pictures to make you sit up and take notice. Forrest, make a bow!

HERBERT H. D.—You're right, years know more than books tho. You say "Going Up" and "Maytime" are being shown in Melbourne, Australia. You should see both. Both fine musical comedies. You sign yourself my "Down Under Friend." Yes, but since the earth revolves once every twenty-four hours, you are on top half the time.

Millions of People Can Write Stories and Photoplays and Don't Know It!

THIS is the startling assertion recently made by E. B. Davison of New York, one of the highest paid writers in the world. Is his astonishing statement true? Can it be possible there are countless thousands of people yearning to write, who really *can* and simply *haven't found it out?* Well, come to think of it, 'most anybody can *tell* a story. Why can't 'most anybody *write* a story? Why is writing supposed to be a rare gift that few possess? Isn't this only another of the Mistaken Ideas the past has handed down to us? Yesterday nobody dreamed man could fly. To-day he dives like a swallow ten thousand feet above the earth and laughs down at the tiny mortal atoms of his fellow-men below! So Yesterday's "impossibility" is a reality to-day.

"The time will come," writes the same authority, "when millions of people will be writers—there will be countless thousands of playwrights, novelists, scenario, magazine and newspaper writers—they are coming, coming—a whole new world of them!" And do you know what these writers-to-be are doing now? Why, they are the men—armies of them—young and old, now doing mere clerical work, in offices, keeping books, selling merchandise, or even driving trucks, running elevators, street cars, waiting on tables, working at barber chairs, following the plow, or teaching schools in the rural districts; and women, young and old, by scores, now pounding typewriters, or standing behind counters, or running spindles in factories, bending over sewing machines, or doing housework. Yes—you may laugh—but these are The Writers of To-morrow.

For writing isn't only for geniuses as most people think. *Don't you believe the creator gave you a story-writing faculty just as he did the greatest writer?* Only maybe you are simply "bluffed" by the thought that you "haven't the gift."

Many people are simply afraid to try. Or if they do try and their first efforts don't satisfy, they simply give up in despair, and that ends it. They're through. They never try again. Yet if, by some lucky chance they had first learned the simple rules of writing, and then given the Imagination free rein, they might have astonished the world!

LETTERS LIKE THIS ARE POURING IN!

"With this volume before him, the veriest novice should be able to build stories or photoplays that will find a ready market. The best treatise of its kind I have encountered in 24 years of newspaper and literary work."—H. Pierce Weller, Managing Editor *The Binghamton Press.*

"I sold my first play in less than three weeks after getting your book."—Thelma Almer, Helena, Mont.

"Mr. Irving has so simplified story and photoplay writing that anyone with ordinary intelligence ought to master it quickly. I am having no trouble in selling my stories and plays now."—B. M. James, Dallas, Tex.

"I have already sold a synopsis—written according to Mr. Irving's instructions—for $500.00, and some short sketches for smaller sums."—David Clark, Portland Ore.

"Your book opened my eyes to great possibilities. I received my first check to-day—$175.00."—H. Barlow, Louisville, Ky.

"It is the most complete and practical book ever written on the subject of writing."—Harry Schultz, Kitchener, Ont.

"The book is all, and more, than you claim it to be."—W. T. Watson, Whitehall, N. Y.

"I am delighted with the book beyond the power of words to express."—Laura Davis, Wenatchee, Wash.

But two things are essential in order to become a writer. First, to learn the ordinary principles of writing. Second, to learn to exercise your faculty of Thinking. By exercising a thing you develop it. Your Imagination is something like your right arm. The more you use it the stronger it gets. The principles of writing are no more complex than the principles of spelling, arithmetic, or any other simple thing that anybody knows. Writers learn to piece together a story as easily as a child sets up a miniature house with his toy blocks. It is amazingly easy after the mind grasps the simple "know how." A little study, a little patience, a little confidence, and the thing that looks hard turns out to be just as easy as it seemed difficult.

Thousands of people imagine they need a fine education in order to write. Nothing is farther from the truth. The greatest writers were the poorest scholars. People rarely learn to write at schools. They may get the principles there, but they *really learn to write* from the great, wide, open, boundless Book of Humanity! Yes, seething all around you, every day, every hour, every minute, in the whirling vortex—the flotsam and jetsam of Life—even in your own home, at work or play, are endless incidents for stories and plays—a wealth of material, a world of things happening. Every one of these has the seed of a story or play in it. Think! If you went to a fire, or saw an accident, you could come home and tell the folks all about it. Unconsciously you would describe it all very realistically. And if somebody stood by and wrote down exactly what you said, you'd be amazed to find your story would sound just as interesting as many you've read in magazines or seen on the screen. Now, you will naturally say, "Well, if Writing is as simple as you say it is, why can't *I* learn to write?" *Who says you can't?*



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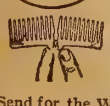
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RUTH CLIFFORD ADMIRER.—Keep at it and you will get there. It took Milton nine years to write "Paradise Lost." Doris Lee and Gloria Hope in "Law of the North." Warren Richmond in "Sporting Life."

BETTY JEANNE.—Write him and see.

LYTELL FAN.—Bert Lytell sent me a handsome autographed photo of himself, for which I am very grateful. Rubye de Remer is expecting to sign up with Belasco. Harry Carter was the villain in "The Master Key."

CUBAN GIRL.—*Je suis pret.* Charles Riegel was the deacon in "Polly of the Circus." Thanks for the suggestions. Yes, the screen is the mirror of life.

H. E. W.—No rest for the wicked is right. That's why I am working 18 hours out of every twenty-four. Evelyn Domincio and Harry Morey in "The Deerslayer." Fearfully old. Jere Austin in "All Women." Owen Moore in "Caprice."

F. B. McG.—Yes, the country is for the pleasure of the people born in town, and the city is for the pleasure of the people born in the country. No, I am not taking a vacation this summer. I'm going to wait until January and go South. No. You cant offend me. You refer to Eugene O'Brien.

TOM MOORE FAN.—Frank Bennett is out West now.

FUNNY FACE.—So you dont believe me when I say I am 77, earn $9.50 per and that I live in a hallroom. I call that living on Easy St., dont you? Well, we couldn't all serve our country in the same way, but each does his best according as God has endowed him. Walter Miller in "The Slacker." Dont be afraid of me, I wont bite.

LONESOME.—Wish I could help you. Join one of the correspondence clubs. Some $250,000,000 is invested in pictures, and about 850 features were released during last year. Sure thing, you are my friend.

INFLUENZA BUG.—Shoo! Dont light on me! Hope you are all better now. Florence Reed is Mrs. Malcolm Williams. Madame Petrova has given up pictures for vaudeville. You know she dined with us not long ago. Very beautiful and mighty intelligent.

TROOPER B.—You ask "How does the egg get into the chicken or how does the chicken get into the egg?" Referred to the Phool Department for investigation.

GEORGE M.—Why, as I understand it, the word *tip* was originated in an old English inn, where waiters placed a little wooden box bearing the words, "To Insure Promptness" at the main door of the dining-room. Sometimes the letters T. I. P. were used, and it was finally called "tip." Tipping seems to be a necessary evil in these times. I believe, as a whole, the women tip more than the men. Tully Marshall in "Squaw Man."

LAERTES.—Thanks for the info.

MURIEL.—There is some talk of the Republicans nominating General Pershing for President, so, no doubt, he is a Republican. The Fairbanks Twins are dancing in New York.

ROY B.—Violet Mersereau in "Little Miss Nobody." Thurston Hall was Antony in "Cleopatra." No, and I bet you never saw a baldheaded Indian or negro. Hair does not always grow on fertile soil, as witness me! Alma Rubens in "The Master of His Home." So you want a new list of players, addresses, ages and whether married or not. About due again, I guess.

P. J. K., FERGUS FALLS.—Owen Moore is in the East.

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Our Animated Monthly of Movie News and Views

(*Continued from page* 112)

breakdowns from overwork. The Thomas Mixes have fished without ceasing. Clarence Burton, formerly with Mary Miles Minter, who just finished a part at Santa Cruz Islands with C. B. De Mille in "The Admirable Crichton," is now at Catalina with the Wm. Farnum company, which will remain on the island three weeks, doing "Winds of the Night."

Think of Mary Miles Minter never being interviewed again! The terms of her contract call for no marriage, no flirtations, no café visits, no public appearances when it can possibly be avoided, and no interviews until Mary is twenty-one, when her three-year contract endeth. She will clear one and a half million dollars!

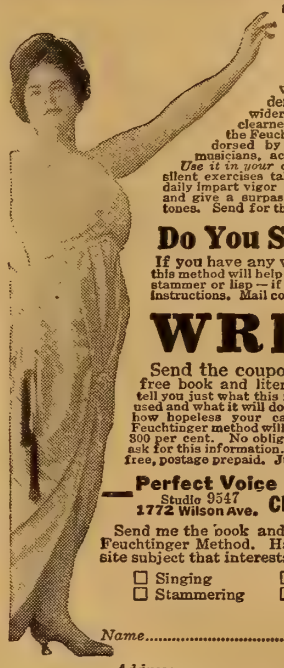
Bebe Daniels has had some nice little vacations, one perforce in "Admiral Crichton" at Santa Cruz Islands, the other with her mother just for fun, at Arrowhead Springs. When Bebe left the Rolin film company Mr. Hal Roach presented her with a handsome string of genuine pearls. They do miss her horribly up at the old house on the hill overlooking Court Flight. There's one thing particularly distinguishing about Bebe—she takes such wonderful photographs that an artist-photographer told me recently he has averaged about two failures out of every two hundred pictures taken of her.

Erich von Stroheim's divorce case came up this week. Mr. von Stroheim affirmed that his wife proposed to him—that he did not wish to marry her, said he could not afford to marry at the time, but the ladye faire came back with the proposition that he should support himself, lend her his smiles and charming personality, and she would do the rest. The result was a failure, and now there's a trial of the case going on.

Lenore Lynard, who plays the young Swedish woman in "The Wolf," with Earle Williams, and who has worked with Goldwyn stars as well as with Famous Players, tho she was dubbed "Lilacs" then, as you'll remember, is really named Weaver and the daughter of a former traction magnate of Philadelphia, who controlled Willow Grove Park for years. Two local capitalists are considering a proposition to star Miss Lynard, who is a handsome blonde with very brilliant blue eyes and a stunning figure. One of her best chances for success is the fact that she wears beautiful clothes—and rings in endless changes. Some one was wondering how it was possible to do this, and Miss Lilacs said that she buys only good materials, then dyes them herself, makes over with aid of a clever seamstress, and rarely shows a frock twice . . . without alteration. Lots of the girls out here are buying delicate colored satin slippers and then dyeing them with water color paints and gasoline, taking a darker color each time they soil, until finally the poor little creatures wind up as licorice-hued. Isn't that a good stunt?

Leatrice Joy is back in town—I bumped into her on Hill Street, as she dashed along madly to make a car. She is the typical Southern beauty, soft brown curls, lovely big dark eyes, the frou-frou white organdy frock with ruffles and big picture hat with flowers lightly blown across

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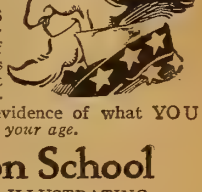
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it, plus streamers dangling down her dainty shoulders. Yes, Leatrice is undeniably pretty, and is again in pictures, her season with Virginia Brissac in San Diego having concluded.

Speaking of actors being out of luck, there's Jack Holt who never *is.* It's a sure thing that he must carry a rabbit's foot, for he dovetails his engagements so nicely that one wonders why it is that he's never either overlapping or having a few days' freedom. All of which goes to show that Jack is a very conscientious actor and attends strictly to business.

In connection with that, I must tell you about the new, strict rules our studios are carrying out. There was a time when Theda Bara arrived at three P. M. and kept a director with a few hundred extras waiting. Again, many of our stars have arrived at ten A. M. when ordered on the lot at 8:30. Henceforth, we are to have the "docking system" and the star will be punished for the losses occasioned by her gadding by night and sleeping in the sunshiny mornings needed to complete a picture. In two recent changes of stars, the public believes that everything ran beautifully, whereas the real fact is that the management simply "canned" the player because of continued tardiness, in defiance of the written contract. Efficiency is creeping in at last—excuses are taboo—and exhibitors and producers rejoice over the minimizing of expenses. "This temperamental stuff has to *go!*" said one big producer.

A sweet little romance has come to light here. It reads like a well-built scenario, really. Ted Brooks, a daring cowboy with Harry Carey, who was wounded by German bullets and gassed several times besides, was with the Canadian forces near Vimy Ridge. He was sent back to a Canadian hospital and nursed by Miss Ethel Morrison, of Alaska, who volunteered with the Red Cross.

June, the month of brides, brought Miss Morrison to Universal City, after a long journey thru Alaska, partly made by dog-teams. There was a movie wedding, and then Harry Carey gave the couple a big slice of land on one corner of his ranch, as a homesite. Ted's cowboy pals and other chums bunched together and in a single day built a California house which now serves as a home for the doves. So many people have taken an interest in the newlywed Brookses that their house is being filled up with useful furnishings.

Can you imagine Florence Turner, formerly of Vitagraph, latterly of her own producing company in England, entering one-reel comedies at Universal City? True it is, and her first venture is "Matrimonial ——," which spells the mephitic location beginning with an aitch. Philip Hubbard, who supported Jane Cowl on the speaking stage, will lead for Miss Turner, and—

"That beautiful star, Florence Turner,
Now has a director to *learn her*
How to slapstick and rush
Custard pie, jam and mush,
At the men-folk, who dassent say
"Durn her!"

Last, but not least, George Periolat has learned to *shimmy* and gave quite a showing of the dance during a *dry* dinner party in Santa Barbara in honor of Margarita Fisher.. The "City of the Unburied Dead" closed up early, so that dinners were served without popping corks on June 30th.

Leading a Double Life

(*Continued from page* 65)

I am portraying, and thereby I am able to make that character portrayal far more perfect. Most stage and screen players have the faculty to a greater or less extent. They look off-stage at what is supposed to be a vista of wonderful scenery. That is what they see, as far as the mind is concerned. What any one who is not so thoroly, heart and soul, in the part would see is the rough stage backings, piles of discarded scenery and all the rubbish back of the wings."

All of this was not told to me in a breath, as I have written it. The star had finished the day's work, and while talking was washing off make-up, discarding a Spanish costume and putting on his civilian garb in his dressing-suite at the Brunton studios. There was a pause in the discussion during the process of getting under way in his auto and heading for his home. While we were rolling along the boulevard he took up the discussion again.

"Today, in my character of Joseph Blenhorn, alias Don Jose, legal investigator in Mexico, I've had to subdue two Mexicans, politely outwit a villain, add a little comedy here and there, ride a little and hold a very lovely heroine in my arms. Now, having convinced myself that those adventures were as real as adventures ever are—I can go home and take up the other part of my life. I have my exercise and shower, don some old clothes and go out into the garden. I have quite a bit of vegetables, fruit and flowers coming along nicely. It was started as a war garden, and it was such a pleasure to the simple, home-loving part of my dual nature that I've kept it up ever since!

"Another wild pastime of my tamer self is motoring, and mother is usually my companion. We do not exceed the speed limits. The wildest thing that the Dr. Jekyll part of me does, ever, is an aeroplane ride or a ride on a surf-board behind a motor-boat; the latter is the more thrilling of the two. Also I like a gallop on a horse, hikes in the hills or a good, lively tennis game. Fancy an Irishman being limited to that! But by convincing myself that the swashbuckling adventures of the pictures are real, I get along perfectly well.

"I've lived a good deal of real adventure in the old theatrical days, wandering hither and yon. But the roaring Irish of me gets his satisfaction in the films, and in so doing contributes a lot of extra realism to the picture."

Kerrigan's home is in Cahuenga Pass, just above Hollywood in the picturesque Santa Monica foothills. The house is a long, low, rambling California bungalow, L-shaped, set high on the grounds. It is the typical home of the Southland plus a little added luxury of size and finish. The star and his mother toured the entire foothill vicinity before selecting the site of their home, and then made the house plans themselves, down to the smallest details. She calls it "the house that Jack built."

The mother herself is one of those characters who might be represented by the word "faith." She has a sweet simplicity of manner and a mother's pride in her son—not as a famous film star, but *as* a son. Things she told me of the early days, when Jack Kerrigan was on the first and hardest steps of his climb to fortune, showed me ample reason for her pride in the man himself. No matter how often the wild Irishman had possession of his personality, he had been grimly steady and determined to win.



HOW often have you felt that you'd like to go "back-stage"—to see "movies" in the making—to watch a simple story-idea developed, scene by scene—to see for yourself how suspense, sensation and surprise are woven and blended into a photoplay of tense situations and thundering climax! The art—the wonder—the witchery—the mystery of it all!

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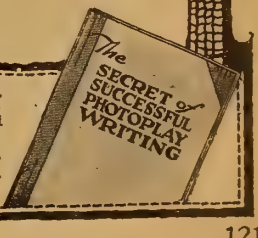
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Clothes May Not Make the Man, But---

(*Continued from page* 61)

out with the assurance of my seventeen years.

"After coming back I went in vaudeville for awhile and my most successful act was a musical number in which I impersonated a peacock. I designed and wore a robe that was literally covered with the eyes of peacock feathers from the famous Baldwin peacock ranch in California.

"But, I'm not a peacock by nature, and clothes are not just a fad with me either. They are impersonal—if you see what I mean—just as a carpenter's tools are impersonal. They are something I need to do my work with. If I know that my waist is too high, my skirt too full, the lines unbecoming—I am self-conscious, awkward, utterly good-for-nothing—and may as well go back in one corner and sit there. If, on the other hand, I know that my costume is right in every detail—I forget all about Betty Blythe and live my part.

"If I did not use all the diplomacy of a politician I should have trouble with managers continually because I am so insistent about having my way about costumes. I study the play and design my gowns so that I fit into the picture as a well-chosen piece of furniture fits into a room. My aim is not to show off—but to *fit in*. My clothes are literally made on me—and it takes courage and endurance to stand hours being fitted—but it pays.

"It has never been my ambition to be a screen vampire—but if I am chosen to play these parts I shall do it as artistically as possible. I comfort myself with the thought that the lady vampire is not quite as bad as she used to be—at least she is not so obvious—and she is more subtle, tender, lovable.

"And of course, the so-called vampire must dress carefully to suit the occasion and to please her 'victim'—just as the society woman and the débutante dress to please. For instance, in this picture of Bolshevists, factory people, millowners, etc., I wear a gown of clinging black with a big picture hat, another one of georgette, a demure grey with touches of iridescent embroidery, a simple creation of yellow satin with yellow tam—and this one of purple velvet with hat tilted to hide one side of my face is the most 'vampirish' of any of my costumes. If you see the completed picture you will realize that each costume fits the place and people with whom I appear.

"A woman owes it to herself to make the most of herself," she concluded, lingering a moment while Wilfred North called B-l-y-t-h-e—B-e-t-t-y B-l-y-t-h-e, thru a megaphone—"if every woman would study her own individuality and possibilities as assiduously as she studies the fashion sheets—she would learn to dress so distinctively and charmingly that vampires would have to go out of business!

NEXT A WARM HEART

Tom Moore, always interested in children, tells an amusing story concerning one. One of the little boys in the primary class wanted to bring his teacher a present and, hearing much about the high cost of potatoes, concluded that a tuber would be much appreciated—and easily obtained. At the end of the day he presented it to her.

"But this potato is cooked, Bobby," said the teacher.

"Sure," was the boy's rejoinder, "I've been mindin' it up me sweater all day."

Evelyn of Ireland

(*Continued from page 79*)

and settled in California. So you see I have lived in two places where Nature is found at its loveliest. I love all beautiful things, and there is nothing in art, or music, or in anything else, that is quite so beautiful as Nature! I am sure I could never be happy anywhere unless I could get out where I would be in close touch with the great outdoors."

And here Miss Martin fell into a mood which gave me an opportunity to appraise her. Yes, she was certainly a breath of Old Erin—deep blue laughing eyes, fringed with black lashes, and a general charm of personality and sincerity—but the quality of all which most impressed me was that of health. It was written on the velvet of her cheek, in the brightness of her eye and in the very joy o' living which seemed associated with her. "Surely," I thought, "Erin and California combined in giving Evelyn Martin the most priceless of all gifts—health and physical fitness."

"One has to spend so much time working," continued Miss Martin, "that there is hardly much time left to devote to these beautiful things. I have often thought how a man would feel if he endowed a beautiful art gallery and then no one would come to see the treasures, or, if people did come, they just walked idly thru without paying any particular attention. How few people really find time or have the disposition to appreciate the beautiful things with which the Maker of the Universe has endowed the world.

"So many people take everything for granted, as tho it was their right. It dulls their appreciation, and it really makes one feel very sad about it."

It was with difficulty that I persuaded Miss Martin to talk about herself. She laughingly volunteered to talk on any other subject but herself, "Oh, no, not that!"

When she was very young, some friend of hers discovered that she had a very fine voice, and after perfecting herself in that art, the natural outgrowth of her talent launched her on a successful stage career. After a phenomenal musical success she appeared under Morosco's management and played in "Peg" as well as many other prominent Broadway productions.

"I am quite proud of saying that I never played second parts. A leading part came to me in the first place and I have always had leads after that. There have been no disappointments nor bitterness connected with my stage career—audiences have been wonderful to me, and the critics almost monotonously kind."

"But how did the pictures come in?" I asked, in order that the most important part of my assignment be covered.

"They came as a natural order of things, I suppose. As a person goes on, ambition grows and that realization makes them aspire to bigger things. When pictures inevitably beckon, you immediately recognize the big scope—the opportunities in a wider field.

"The chances to work in real atmosphere—among real trees instead of painted scenery, appealed to me strongly, and the opportunity to appear nightly before thousands of audiences all over the world instead of just a limited auditorium, counted too. These are the things you think about when you hear the 'call'."

"Well, now that you've answered, what do you think of it?"

(*Continued on page 124*)

Oh! you Misfit!



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You will gain in vim, and vigor; your muscular power will increase in flexibility and strength, your nervous system fortified to renew its energy, not bolstered up for the time being, to fall back below the level it was, as it does when you resort to drugs or medicine.

You married men come across to yourself—get the pep and ginger and tingle of life into you. You are not living for yourself alone; you need dash, spirit, the enterprise you used to have. Regain and maintain your vigor; I'll show you how.

You business men—overworked, did you say? You are not doing half as much as you ought with your experience. Never mind, there is a way to get back your aggressiveness, to be right in the fight and enjoy it. You can double your percentage of real worth as a man, and enjoy life as you ought to be able to do.

You young man—think of your future—how about it—are you fit for marriage—are you qualified—do you feel it in your soul—are others sliding by you doing more—getting more than you are? I know what is dragging you down, what is keeping you down, and it is time, high time, that you **Stop.** No one can abuse nature and succeed; others tried it and failed miserably. Do you want to be a failure, or even worse than a failure? Then come to me; I have helped thousands; physically, mentally, morally. I will help you; I will make you the kind of young man that is a credit to any community—I will make you so that your progress in any undertaking will be easier. Just be frank and above board—tell me your troubles. I will guide, direct and point the way; the natural way for you to achieve what I have said—Nature's way. You can stop the drain on your system, you can be free from bad habit, gain muscular tissue, be strong, virile, erect in carriage, courageous and likeable to all you meet. Let me be your guide, your teacher. I have pupils all over the world, learning a system of Health, Strength, moral courage building, known as

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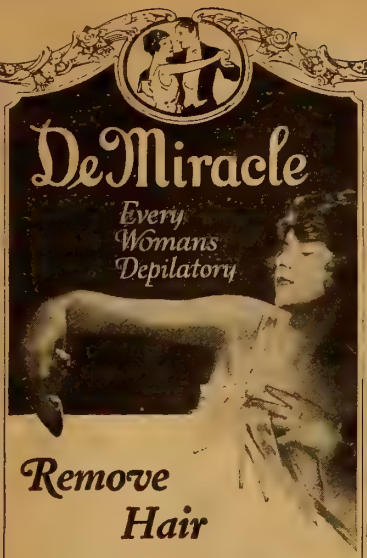
..Colds	..Insomnia	..Vital Losses
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..Thinness	..Biliousness	..Skin Disorders
..Rupture	..Torpid Liver	..Despondency
..Lumbago	..Indigestion	..Round Shoulders
..Neuritis	..Nervousness	..Lung Troubles
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The Money Market

(*Continued from page 47*)

Here, may it be announced, the motion-picture colony are heavy investors in bonds, the preferred varieties being United Petroleum and Mexican Petroleum, Union Pacific and Bethlehem Steel. Stocks and bonds are the motion picture meal ticket, apparently. Everybody insists on buying them, and a bad day 'on the street' causes half the screen stars to lay plans for immediate suicide.

Mack Swain's acrobatic eyebrows have winked him into a considerable fortune, plus a pig ranch somewhere near Los Angeles. And he is now erecting a factory, it is said, for the manufacture of his pet invention—an automatic sprayer attached to a balloon that flies over orange and lemon trees, directs a shot of pizen at the trees and presto! the lice and scale drop off deader'n a nit.

While real estate is by no means the largest investment of the cinamese, it plays a prominent part in their investing activities. Some four years ago, Tom Mix, Fox's shooting star, had a chance to buy 12 acres of land in Silver Lake Valley, California, reasonably. The place, which is sandwiched in between high hills, is not far from Los Angeles, and only about one-fourth of a mile from Julian Eltinge's famous Turkish summer home. After letting the land remain idle for a year, Mix commenced to erect a motion picture Western town, which he has termed Mixville. On it are some 120 head of horses and 60 head of cattle, 25 cowboys—real Western stuff—and a vegetable garden and chuck wagon. The Fox Film Company rents Mixville from Tom as a location for his Western stunts, at so much a week. While he originally paid about $6,000 for the property, he now makes more than that each month on his investment.

Mr. Mix also has a pile of money stacked up in collections of saddles and guns. One saddle in particular is said to be the most expensive ever manufactured, costing some $1,200. It has solid silver and gold mountings, and this, together with his collection of guns and Indian lore, amounts to somewhere in the neighborhood of $25,000.

Farming is an activity indulged in freely by screen stars. Curiously enough, the two Metro prominences, Mae Allison and Bert Lytell, will claim that agriculture is no avocation for an actor. Miss Allison has just sold at a profit her acreage near Saugus, California, on which she raised turkeys, and Bert Lytell is looking for a purchaser of his wine-grape establishment in the northern part of the state, inasmuch as he says national prohibition will leave nothing in store for his agrarian imagination. Harry Carey and Monroe Salisbury, Universal luminaries, however, claim emphatically to the contrary. The former is now engaged in taming some 160 wild acres on his ranch in the picturesque San Fransquito canyon, 30 miles from Universal City.

The spacious ranch house nestles in the foothills of the Coast Range mountains, and the ranch proper stretches away into the valley. At present the sage-brush remains to be grubbed out, which, declared the intrepid bad man of the fillums, is a mere bagatelle for one who has lived in the West for upwards of 30 years. Enough dogs to chase a few thousand tramps, blooded pigs sufficient to start a slaughter-house, enough dairy cows to open a creamery and chickens enough to provide for a year of Easter-egg rollings are the Carey "bank account," as he calls them.

And in the shadow of the towering San Jacinto mountains near Hemet, California, Monroe Salisbury holds sway over 40 acres of fertile land. He acquired the land several years ago when the ranchers in the vicinity shook their heads and told him that he could never even raise an umbrella on his holdings. But to the contrary, Salisbury showed 'em, and is now on the verge of converting into cold cash a good-sized crop each of grape-fruit, oranges and avocados, or alligator pears. And, as the final fade-out of the picture, may I state that a lovely ranch house, set in a blooming garden, stands on the ranch, and there the actor serves tea o' Sunday afternoons and rests from the labor of making movies.

It is odd when you go into a studio to talk to a real high-class emotional actress and she tells you all about peach orchards in New Jersey and intensive farming and all that. Which is the case of Madelaine Traverse, Fox luminary.

"I dont feel like speculating with my hard-earned money," she announced in response to my query.

Whereupon I learnt that she is the owner of a peach orchard of about 100 acres and is a stockholder of the Cedar Crest Orchard and Produce Company of Lakehurst, N. J. She is reaping her first peach crop this year, and her orange grove in Riverside, California, is a gusher producer.

"Everything in New Jersey orchards," said Miss Traverse, "is done intensively. I got interested in orcharding a few years ago at a London exposition, and when I saw them dynamiting the earth at Lakehurst to demonstrate that it was free from grubs, I bought."

And, Miss Traverse said, she has been in the new-and-second-hand automobile business with W. J. Wrigley, the aforementioned spearmint king, and lost money.

And she summed up the entire philosophy of far-seeing persons, who believe in the coming "rainy day," when she said that responsibility makes one strive.

"Those who are independent financially are seldom successful in the game of life," she remarked casually, "and we actors realize that some day—some day—we'll need every cent the American public and the producers are paying us now."

Evelyn of Ireland

(*Continued from page 123*)

"The scope seems even more tremendous that I at first imagined it. Yet, I want to conquer—I want to cultivate to the fullest measure—the power of living my characters—of making them real, human, so that they will be an influence with my audiences and exert a lesson for the good of humanity at large. That is my idea of success. It matters not to me who or what a person is, what line of work he does, or how much worldly goods he succeeds in accumulating, I consider his life a success only in proportion to the good that is accomplished for others."

After I left the little lady my thoughts once more reverted to Tom Moore's lyrics. I had for years been a close student of his, but never had I been able to exactly analyze his inspiration.

But Evelyn Martin opened my eyes. Now I understand!

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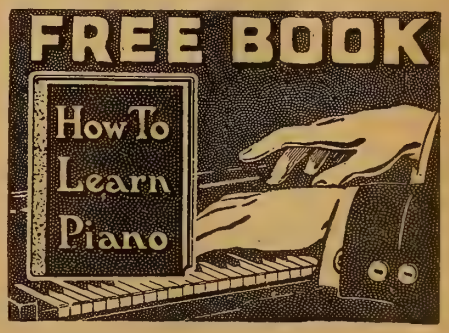
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"Hello, Eddie Foy!"

(*Continued from page 33*)

compared, in her mind, to the stage—it's on the list—I had to ask—and she said, as is proper, that the stage was her first love, but that she liked the screen equally well, for if anything was worth doing, it was worth doing well.

"My first experience in pictures was so pleasant and so unique," she continued, "that I loved the work on sight. I went to Rome to do 'The Eternal City,' and the first scene was taken in St. Peter's. I found the most difficult thing was getting used to the 'backing up' way they have in pictures. They shot the last scenes first, and zigzagged around thru the story until I was completely bewildered. Somehow, I've never quite gotten over my first feeling about it—why, do you know, that in 'La Tosca' I was shot off the wall in the very first scene; as my leading man said, 'Here they've killed me off already,' and I haven't started to act yet!'"

"Did you see the Pope?" I asked.

"Yes, I saw him," she answered, "but I didn't have an interview with him—I mean, an audience. They wanted me to, and it was going to be arranged, and then I got stage fright; yes, really. I didn't know what to do, and I was afraid I'd stub my toe and fall down or call him 'Mr. Pope' or do something awful—so the audience never, never came off."

Miss Frederick says the people *do* like costume pictures and that it's absurd for film magnates to say they dont.

"Why do people like the movies anyway?" she asked. "Romance, of course; and you cant be romantic in a modern outfit—romance needs the glamour of olden days; the quaint customs, the beautiful costuming—and I'm hoping, very soon, to make a costume picture—a big one—I dont like these society dramas—and I wonder if any one else does."

The picture that Miss Frederick is making now, has the tentative title of "The Stronger Love." It is directed by Reginald Barker; and tho she characterizes him as a "regular peach," she owns up to being "as nervous as a witch."

"I'm always like that with a new director," she told me. "It's my one concession to temperament."

"I like fan letters," she told me when I asked her about it. "So many times I get blue and discouraged, thinking, 'Oh, well, what's it all about anyway, what does it all matter?—then I open my mail and get a perfectly wonderful message from some one who likes my work, or from some one who makes an intelligent criticism—that takes all glooms away, and it gives me a real joy to send pictures where I know they are wanted."

I dare say every one knows of Pauline Frederick's stage career—at least, if they dont, they ought to; but it's in the ironclad Interviewer's Rules and Regulations to dabble in past history, so here it is:—Born in Boston, educated in a private school, stage career commenced as a child; stage successes in "Princess of Kensington," "When Knights Were Bold," "Joseph and His Brethren" and her first starring vehicle, "Innocent." First screen picture, with Famous Players, "The Eternal City." She signed up with Goldwyn, where she now is.

There were lots of things I intended to ask, but just as I had my mouth open to ask them—along came the Cutting Room Man and said, "Hello, Eddie Foy!"—and I forgot all about them. That may not sound like a waterproof alibi, but that's my story, and I'm going to stick to it.

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Rose-Colored Glasses

(*Continued from page* 53)

with a determination that would know no defeat.

"Sometimes we were even hungry, and I remember once for several weeks we had only crackers and jam," said Pauline.

"And *milk*," added Mrs. Curley, "for I insisted on her drinking milk and bribed her with the jam. However, we never went in debt and we never lost courage."

Tho Pauline's experiences have covered few years, they have been varied and of exceptional advantage in developing her natural dramatic and emotional ability. She has played in stock and made a long vaudeville tour over the Orpheum circuit; she has posed for many of the best artists in the country; she played in the much discussed "Polygamy"; and has been in pictures for three years.

A girlish winsomeness and a womanly poise form the indefinable charm of Pauline. One moment she is merrily begging "Peggy" to close her brown eyes and "play dead," and the next she is expressing some unlooked for wisdom and you realize this is the actress who knows and values her art.

"I've learnt that I must be sure of the character I am playing," so spoke the grown-up Pauline. "It must be definite in my own mind before I can give a convincing portrayal before the camera. I have so much imagination that it isn't hard for me to get into the mood of the story, for I *see* myself in my rôles and actually live them. Before I make a scene I always go aside and, gathering together all my forces, think it all over; then it is an easy matter for the tears to come or to put intensity into the action.

"People often wonder if it is real tears we shed. Well, I just wish they could have been around when we made my dramatic scenes in 'The Turn of the Road'! I had worked myself up to the tragedy of the story and was crying as if my heart would break, and every one about the set was weeping, even to the electrician and camera-man, and you know they become so sophisticated in this business that they are seldom moved by our work, so I felt that I had truly made the acting real.

"Helen Eddy and I have just finished a picture with Sessue Hayakawa where we were again sisters, as in 'The Turn of the Road.' Sessue is wonderful to work with. He never hurries a scene, but waits until he can feel it, then quietly, but oh, so intensely, he plays the part and carries every one with him, for it becomes a bit of real life, not mere acting.

"I made four pictures with Harold Lockwood and felt dreadfully when he died. In his films it was all love-stuff. Now, with Douglas Fairbanks, it is so different. There are always thrilling stunts. Once I had to hang from a window, holding his hand. But somehow, he is so strong, I knew he would take care of me. He keeps everything and every one on the jump, and it is lots of fun to work with him.

"I dont like to romp thru a film," she went on. "I want strong, emotional rôles like Norma Talmadge plays. She is my ideal, and isn't she *wonderful?*" and the Curley eyes sparkled while she sighed rapturously.

Pauline told me she is to be starred by a new company in Toronto, with which she has just signed a three-years' contract.

Pauline thrummed her ukelele and hummed a snatch of a song, and I left her there in the noon sunshine with her dreams!



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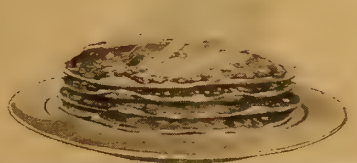
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And Along Came Katherine

(*Continued from page 31*)

"When I returned from the studio the first evening, I announced to mother that I intended to be a star myself before very long. Now, whenever I really make up my mind to anything, I never give up, am absolutely confident that it will be, and so far, this mental process—whatever it may be—has never failed me. Perhaps this state of mind invites what we call—*luck!* Who knows?

"Anyway, after playing with Mary I jumped right into leads, acting with Jack Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Charles Ray, William Hart, and the Lasky companies, and by the time I had made ten pictures I had my own company and was being *starred!*

"With your beauty——" I began.

Miss MacDonald sat up straight and, speaking with much earnestness, said, "I would rather be remembered for my work than for my looks. We may be born with good eyes and a straight nose. That is no particular credit to us, but what we *do* does depend upon our individual effort, and if we have the determination and brains to succeed we may well enjoy the thrill of pride that it brings. Oh, I want to do something big, something really worth while!

"It is tremendously inspiring to have my own company. We've just finished 'The Bleeders,' the second picture since forming our company, and I enjoyed every minute of it. The girl is a typical New Yorker of the mercenary type who goes about with her set by the use of her wits. With all her failings, she is refreshly frank and honest, and I really became fond of her, being sorry when the picture was completed and I had to leave her."

It seems to have been decreed that Katherine MacDonald shall depict the ultra modern phase, while she would like to try a barefoot rôle. "That's the way it goes," she laughed; "we always want to do something different."

Katherine might be called the girl with many talents, for she is something of an artist, making pretty things with the brush and declares she loves to dabble in clay. She sings with much charm and is a pianist of unusual ability. Once she planned to be a writer, and several of her poems and short stories were published in *Smart Set*. She is a great reader, being especially fond of poetry, and one of her chief delights is to surround herself with a group of small neighbors and recite to them her favorite poems.

A series of barks, a sound of scampering feet on the stairs, and in rushed "Gami," greeting us with wild joy. "Gami" is Miss MacDonald's prize French bulldog, and the lovely star grew enthusiastic as she told me that in the six years of continuous showing, "Gami" has never been beaten. This is another of the dreams come true, for all during her childhood, while rescuing and petting the forlorn specimens that came near their home, Katherine was determining that some day she would own a really fine dog.

With three young and lively girls in the family, for there is a "middle" sister, Miriam, one can imagine that the MacDonald home is the scene of much merriment. "Mother is very wonderful. She is just another sister and more fun than any of us," laughed Katherine, as she finally quieted "Gami" in her lap.

"I want a comfortable, livable home. That is what I want from life, anyway—not millions, just a normal amount of comforts and pleasures, and—I am *knowing* these shall be mine!"



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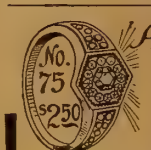
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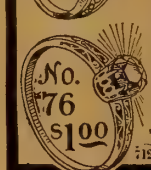
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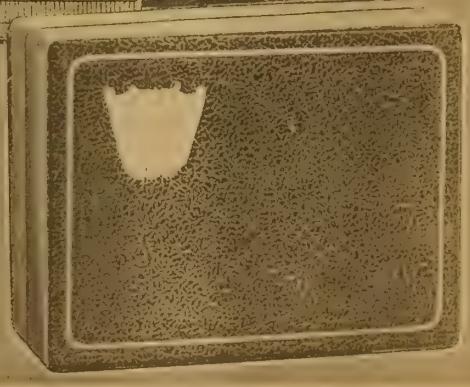




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Motion Picture Magazine

Founded by J. Stuart Blackton
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Vol. XVIII NOVEMBER, 1919 No. 10

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Almost a decade ago, when the art of the screen was first pronounced worthy of depicting life's dramas, this Magazine was founded. From the first, it aimed to be the voice of the Silent Drama—the friend of those in front, and of the shadowed players. It has always been ready to encourage all that is good, and eager to wield its power against all that is unworthy. Every word, every picture in this Magazine is printed for you, the reader; hence it is your magazine, and the official organ of the Motion Picture public.

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STAGE PLAYS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these speaking plays appear in their vicinity.)

By "JUNIUS"

(The actors' strike is still at its height as The Motion Picture Magazine goes to press. The following guide to the New York theaters is consequently likely to have undergone many changes since the issue went to press.)

Astor.—Fay Bainter in "East Is West." The story of a quaint little Chinese maid who falls in love with a young American. Racial barriers seem insurmountable, but there is a happy and surprising ending. Has all the ingredients of popular drama. Miss Bainter is picturesquely pleasing.

Booth.—"The Better 'Ole." The Coburn production of the musical comedy based upon Bruce Bairnsfather's new immortal cartoon creation, Old Bill. Has been running all season, and even the end of the war does not terminate its popularity. Mr. Coburn is again playing Old Bill.

Casino.—"A Lonely Romeo," with Lew Fields. A light summer show running in the usual groove. Frances Cameron, who is developing remarkably, is the bright figure of "A Lonely Romeo," while Mr. Fields is his humorous self. There's a decidedly funny scene in a men's hat shop.

Cohan and Harris.—"The Royal Vagabond." A Cohanized opera comique in every sense of the words. A tuneful operetta plus Cohan speed, pep and brash American humor. Also tinkling music. And a corking cast, with Grace Fisher, Tessa Kosta, John Goldsworthy and Frederick Santley, besides the delectable dancers, Dorothy Dickson and Carl Hysom.

Forty-Fourth Street.—The Shubert Gaieties of 1919. A lively summer revue with scores of statuesque girls and stunning frocks. Ed Wynn's informal type of comedy is a prominent feature, and the cast includes Stewart Baird, William Kent, George Hassell, the Glorias, who dance admirably, Marjorie Gateson and Ted Lorraine. A decidedly attractive entertainment.

Fulton.—"John Ferguson." A straight drama that compares favorably with anything of the kind that New York has seen for years. Beautifully staged and acted. Masterpieces of this kind should be liberally patronized to encourage others.

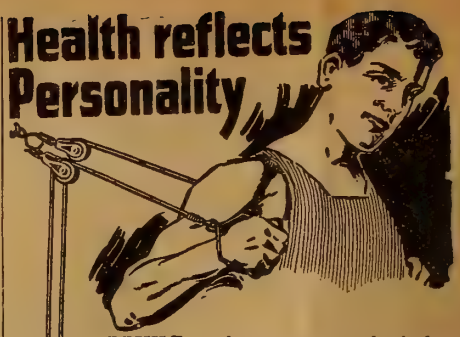
Globe.—"She's a Good Fellow." A light but pleasant musical comedy built about the efforts of old folks to break up a marriage between a loving young couple. Joseph Santley is a likeable lover-husband, masquerading in skirts for a whole act. Ivy Sawyer, the very pleasing Ann Orr and Scott Welsh lend delightful assistance. Tinkling if reminiscent Jerome Kern music.

Hippodrome—"Happy Days." Big and spectacular production typical of the Hippodrome. The diving girls are again a feature, disporting in the huge "Hip" tank.

Knickerbocker.—"Listen, Lester." A lively, dancy show with considerable humor. Cast includes Gertrude Vanderbilt, Clifton Webb, Ada Lewis, Ada Mae Weeks and Eddie Garvie.

Liberty.—George White's "Scandals of 1919." All sorts and variations of dancing make up for a lack of story or humor. The real star is piquant little Ann Pennington—as seductive a little jazzer as

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ever shimmied on Broadway. Then there's the lively dancing of Mr. White himself.

Maxine Elliott's Theater.—"39 East." A charming comedy founded on a boarding school romance in which many interesting characters make love-making difficult for a pair of young lovers.

Playhouse.—"At 9:45." The season's first dramatic production and an absorbing melodrama by Owen Davis. One of those thrillers in which every one in the cast is suspected of murder until the final curtain. Marie Goff proves to be a genuine discovery as the heroine, and an excellent emotional performance is given by Edith Shayne.

ON THE ROAD

"Chu Chin Chow." An opulent and beautiful musical extravaganza based upon the Arabian Nights tale of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves. Dazzling series of sensuous stage pictures. "Chu Chin Chow" is presented this year with an entirely new edition and new costumes. Marjorie Wood makes a colorful desert woman, Lionel Braham is very effective as the robber sheik and Eugene Cowles makes the rôle of steward stand out. George Rosely plays the young lover admirably.

"La La Lucille." Musical comedy built around the efforts of a loving couple to arrange a divorce in order to live up to the terms of a millionaire aunt's will. A corespondent is engaged and troubles begin. John E. Hazzard and Janet Velie play the would-be divorcées, while Marjorie Bentley and Helen Clark give able assistance. Light summer entertainment.

"A Little Journey." The comical experiences of a dozen or more interesting travelers on a Pullman which is finally wrecked. Excellent cast.

"The Unknown Purple." Interesting and well sustained thriller. The story of a convict who discovers a way to make himself invisible, transforming himself into a purple ray, and who starts out to get revenge. The invisible man steals necklaces, opens safes and passes thru doors. Richard Bennett gives a vigorous performance of the human ray.

"Daddies." Appealing little drama of three bachelors who adopt Belgian war babies. Amusing complications occur when the children develop along unexpected lines. Jeanne Eagels is quaintly pleasing in the leading rôle.

"Love Laughs." One of the brightest and most pleasing comedies of recent years, and you dont know till the end just how it is going to come out.

"Up in Mabel's Room." Piquant, daring but decidedly amusing farce built about the pursuit of a dainty pink undergarment which bears the same name as a recent jazz dance. Admirable cast, including the radiant Hazel Dawn, Enid Markey, Lucy Cotton and Evelyn Gosnell, all known to the screen, and Walter Jones and John Cumberland. "Up in Mabel's Room" is an admirable example of well-knit farce.

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What Is Nerve Force?

NERVE Force is an energy created by the nervous system. What it is, we do not know, just as we do not know what electricity is.

We know this of Nerve Force: It is the dominant power of our existence. It governs our whole life. **It Is Life;** for if we knew what nerve force were, we should know the secret of life.

Nerve force is the basic force of the body and mind. The power of every muscle, every organ; in fact, every cell is governed and receives its initial impulse through the nerves. Our vitality, strength and endurance are directly governed by the degree of our nerve force.

If an elephant had the same degree of nerve force as a flea, or an ant, he could jump over mountains and push down skyscrapers. If an ordinary man had the same degree of nerve force as a cat, he could break all athletic records without half trying. This is an example of Muscular Nerve Force.

Mental Nerve Force is indicated by force of character, personal magnetism, moral courage and mental power.

Organic Nerve Force means health and long life.

It is a well balanced combination of Physical, Mental and Organic Nerve Force that has made Thomas Edison, General Pershing and Charles Schwab and other great men what they are. 95% of mankind are led by the other 5%. It is Nerve Force that does the leading.

In our nerves, therefore, lies our greatest strength; and there, also, our greatest weakness—for when our nerve force becomes depleted, through worry, disease, overwork, abuse, every muscle loses its strength and endurance; every organ becomes partly paralyzed, and the mind becomes befogged.

The noted British authority on the nerves, Alfred T. Schofield, says, "It is my belief that the greatest single factor in the maintenance of health is that the nerves should be in order."

Unfortunately few people know that they waste their nerve force, or will admit that it has been more or less exhausted. So long as their hands and knees do not tremble, they cling to the belief that their nerves are strong and sound, which is a dangerous assumption.

How often do we hear of people running from doctor to doctor, seeking relief from a mysterious "something-the-matter" with them, though repeated examinations fail to indicate that any particular organ is weak or diseased.

It is "nerves" or "you are run down," the doctor tells the victim. Then a "tonic" is prescribed, which temporarily gives the nerves a swift kick, and speeds them up, just as a fagged-out horse may be made to speed up by towing him behind an automobile.

The symptoms of nerve exhaustion vary according to individual characteristics, but the development is usually as follows:

First Stage: Lack of energy and endurance; that "tired feeling," especially in the back and knees.

Second Stage: Nervousness; sleeplessness; irritability; decline in sex force; loss of hair; nervous indigestion; sour stomach; gas in bowels; constipation; irregular heart; poor memory; lack of mental endurance; dizziness; headache; backache; neuritis; rheumatism, and other pains.

Third Stage: Serious mental disturbances; fear; undue worry; melancholia; dangerous organic disturbances; suicidal tendencies, and in extreme cases, insanity.

It is evident that nerve depletion leads to a long trail of evils that torture the mind and body. It is no wonder neurasthenics (nerve bankrupts) become melancholy and do not care to live.

If only a few of the symptoms mentioned apply to you, especially those indicating mental instability, you may be sure your nerves are at fault—that you have exhausted your Nerve Force.

Nerve Force is the most precious gift of Nature. It means everything—your happiness, your health, your success in life. You should know all there is to learn about your nerves; how to relax, calm and soothe your nerves, so that after a severe nerve strain you can rebuild your lost Nerve Force, and keep yourself physically and mentally fit.

Paul von Boeckmann, the noted Nerve Culturist, who for 25 years has been the leading authority in America on Breathing, Nerve Culture and Psycho-physics, has written a remarkable book (64 pages) on the Nerves, which teaches how to soothe, calm and care for the nerves. The cost of the book is only 25 cents (coin or stamps). Bound in elegant cloth and gold cover, 50 cents. Address Paul von Boeckmann, Studio 116, World's Tower Bldg., 110 West 40 St., New York City. You should order the book today. It will be a revelation to you and will teach you important facts that will give you greater Physical, Mental and Organic Nerve Force. If you do not agree that this book teaches you the most important lesson on Health and Mental Efficiency you have ever read, your money will be refunded by return mail, plus the outlay of postage you may have incurred.

The author of Nerve Force has advertised his various books on Health and Nerve Culture in the standard magazines of America during the last twenty years, which is ample evidence of his responsibility and integrity. The following are extracts from letters written by grateful people who have read the book:

"I have gained 12 pounds since reading your book, and I feel so energetic. I had about given up hope of ever finding the cause of my low weight."

"Your book did more for me for indigestion than two courses in dieting."

"My heart is now regular again and my nerves are fine. I thought I had heart trouble, but it was simply a case of abused nerves. I have re-read your book at least ten times."

"The advice given in your book on relaxation and calming my nerves has cleared my brain. Before I was half dizzy all the time."

A physician says: "Your book shows you have a scientific and profound knowledge of the nerves and nervous people. I am recommending your book to my patients."

A prominent lawyer in Ansonia, Conn., says: "Your book saved me from a nervous collapse such as I had three years ago. I now sleep soundly and am gaining weight. I can again do a real day's work."

Letters to the Editor

A Canadian officer, but recently returned from overseas, has waged a pen war against those who would prohibit the showing of "The Unpardonable Sin." It is to be hoped that the sincerity of his words will strike deep down in the hearts of our readers:

DEAR SIR:—In reference to your criticism of "The Unpardonable Sin" in the August edition of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE (page 111), may I, as a monthly reader, say a few words?

As far as the production and directorship of this or any other photoplay is concerned I know nothing, but I imagine that many others, who, like myself, have spent four and a half years "Over There" or even less time, and have seen a few of the atrocities you speak of in "The Unpardonable Sin," will agree with me when I say that the world as a whole is forgetting too quickly these atrocities.

Have you seen women and children who will have to go thru life with the "Brand of the Hun" on them? I have!

Yet you say such a picture should not be shown in theaters which children and young people of the impressionable age frequent.

That is just what should be done to warn the future generation what beasts the huns are, and if they (the huns) had the chance they would do the same tomorrow with more vengeance than ever.

Belgian "children and young people of the impressionable age" had not only to see these atrocities enacted before their eyes in reality, but to be in deadly fear their turn might come next.

I realize that thousands, nay, millions, do not need that or any other picture or story to remind them of the brutalities perpetrated by the hun, yet there are some to whom, mayhap, this picture will bring home the realization of a few things they have escaped thru the fearless pluck of our men.

There are others, too, who will see this picture, like many others they see and forget it quickly.

I trust that I have not intruded, but it was against my nature to let a criticism such as yours pass. I am, sir,

Yours very truly,

LOCKSLEY CEAR, R.,
Late Lieutenant Royal Naval
Volunteer Reserve.

494 Roger St.,
Collingwood East P. O.,
South Vancouver, B. C., Canada.

A protest from Hawaii:

DEAR SIR—It seems to me an unnecessary mistake that the motion picture companies should repeatedly produce pictures of things and countries of which they know absolutely nothing.

A great many "Hawaiian" pictures have come here to the Islands and some have excellent plots and scenery, but, no matter how tragic or dramatic the picture may be, the audiences are forced to laugh at it as if it were a Sennett comedy, and all because of the ridiculous scenes supposed to happen here on the Islands.

The picture I have in mind at present is "The Marriage Ring," produced by Thomas H. Ince and featuring Enid Bennett and Jack Holt. Most of the scenes were supposedly taken in Hawaii, or,

(*Continued on page* 14.)

Motion Picture Directors say:
"THIS Man can Teach You how to Write SALABLE Photoplays"

GOOD motion picture stories are scarcer now than at any time in the entire history of the industry. The film companies are searching the whole world for suitable material for their stars. They must have these stories and they are paying, and will continue to pay, enormous prices for them. As a result of this condition there is a golden opportunity offered people who can furnish *real motion picture stories.*



F. McGrew Willis

Now, there is only one way in which they can furnish these. *They must first learn motion picture writing.* It is absolutely impossible for anyone to do anything until they have learned how to do it. There is not a person on earth who can work at any trade without first learning it. The writing of motion picture stories is a trade—a profession. *It has got to be learned just the same as any other.*

There is absolutely no use of any writer preparing a story unless he prepares it as the director wants it. The director is the one who finally selects the material to be filmed, and he is the one who must be pleased with the story. *Unless you write as he wishes you to write, you might as well never mail out your scripts.*

I have been besieged with people wanting to know where they could learn motion picture writing. And I have had to tell them that I knew of no one who could teach it to them as the director wants it taught. *Now, however, conditions have changed.* A man has stepped from a studio position paying thousands yearly, to teach writers the correct way of preparing their stories and to aid them in finding a market for their work. He is known in every studio in the country as a writer of feature photoplays. He knows the things to do and not to do—the things vital and necessary to the successful writing of *salable motion picture stories. I consider him the best motion picture writer in America.* This man—F. McGREW WILLIS—is showing writers *the studio way of writing*—THE DIRECT, DETAILED METHOD THAT STAFF WRITERS USE IN SELLING THEIR OWN STORIES TO THE PRODUCERS. *And this is the first time in the history of the motion picture industry that writers outside the studios have been offered this opportunity.*

Here is a wonderful chance for people to put their ideas into photoplays. AND IF THEY WANT TO GET THEIR STORIES TO THE DIRECTORS PERSONALLY THEY MUST WRITE THEM ONLY THE DIRECT, DETAILED WAY—THE WILLIS WAY.

Lynn F. Reynolds

Famous director of feature photoplays for Triangle, Universal, Fox, etc., director of Tom Mix, Frank Mayo, Alma Reubens, Gladys Brockwell, Peggy Hyland, Olive Thomas and a host of others.

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Mr. J. C. Jessen of Motion Picture News, the leading trade paper of the industry, in a signed statement endorsing the F. McGrew Willis Institute to the entire motion picture profession, said in the "News," July 19, 1919:

"For more than five years I have known F. McGrew Willis personally. He has written innumerable feature stories and has prepared vehicles for more than twenty of the different big stars. His total produced stories run into the hundreds. He knows, absolutely, the motion picture game.

"I am giving him my personal support because he is honestly trying to better conditions by establishing an Institute to help producers secure better stories. And I believe him thoroughly qualified to undertake this work. THERE IS NO QUESTION AS TO THE INTEGRITY AND RELIABILITY OF THE INSTITUTE OF WHICH HE IS THE HEAD."

F. McGrew Willis' Offer

If you are in earnest about writing photoplays I want you to have a copy of my book, "The Inside Story of Motion Picture Writing." It is absolutely free for the asking and it tells of the Institute and its **FREE SALES BUREAU** where directors may select stories written by members. No fee or commission is charged anyone for this service. It is advisable that you act at once, in fact, RIGHT NOW. Just send me your name and address. Address

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(Continued on page 15)



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Are You a Blond?

The Secret of Making People Like You



Wallace Reid
Star in "The Valley of the Giants"
A Paramount-Artcraft Picture

THE greatest asset any man can possibly have is the faculty for making people like him. It is even more important than ability.

The secret of making people like you lies in your ability to understand the emotional and mental characteristics of the people you meet.

Did you know that a blond has an entirely different temperament than a brunet?—that to get along with a blond type you must act entirely different than you would to get along with a brunet?

When you really know the difference between blonds and brunets, the difference in their characters, temperaments, abilities and peculiar traits you will save yourself many a mistake—and you will incidentally learn much you never knew before about yourself.

* * * * *

PAUL GRAHAM was a blond, and not until he learned that there was all the difference in the world between the characteristics of a blond and those of a brunet did he discover the secret of making people like him.

Paul had been keeping books for years for a large corporation which had branches all over the country. It was generally thought by his associates that he would never rise above that job. He had a tremendous ability with figures—could wind them around his little finger—but he did not have the ability to mix with big men; did not know how to make people like him.

Then one day the impossible happened. Paul Graham became popular.

Business men of importance who had formerly given him only a passing nod of acquaintance suddenly showed a desire for his friendship. People—even strangers—actually went out of their way to do things for him. Even he was astounded at his new power over men and women. Not only could he get them to do what he wanted them to do, but they actually anticipated his wishes and seemed eager to please him.

From the day the change took place he began to go up in business. Now he is the Head Auditor for his corporation at an immense increase in salary. And all this came to him simply because he learned the secret of making people like him.

You, too, can have the power of making people like you. For by the same method used by Paul Graham, you can, at a glance, tell the characteristics of any man, woman or child—tell instantly their likes and dislikes, and YOU CAN MAKE PEOPLE LIKE YOU. Here is how it is done:

Everyone you know can be placed in one of two general types—blond or brunet. There is as big a difference between the mental and emotional characteristics of a blond and those of a brunet as there is between night and day. You persuade a blond in one way—a brunet in another. Blonds enjoy one phase of life—brunets another. Blonds make good in one kind of a job—brunets in one entirely different.

To know these differences scientifically is the first step in judging men and women; in getting on well with them; in mastering their minds; in making them like you; in winning their respect, admiration, love and friendship.

And when you have learned these differences—when you can tell at a glance just what to do and say to make any man or woman like you, your success in life is assured.

For example, there's the case of a large manufacturing concern. Trouble sprang up at one of the factories. The men talked strike. Things looked ugly. Harry Winslow was sent to straighten it out. On the eve of a general walkout he pacified the men and headed off the strike. And not only this, but ever since then, that factory has led all the others for production. He was able to do this, because he knew how to make these men like him and do what he wanted them to do.

Another case, entirely different, is that of Henry Peters. Because of his ability to make people like him—his faculty for "getting under the skin" and making people think his way, he was given the position of Assistant to the President of a large firm. Two other men, both well liked by their fellow employees, had each expected to get the job. So when the outside man, Peters, came in, he was looked upon by everyone as an interloper and was openly disliked by every other person in the office.

Peters was handicapped in every way. But in spite of that, in three weeks he had made fast friends of everyone in the house and had even won over the two men who had been most bitter against him. The whole secret is that he could tell in an instant how to appeal to any man and make himself well liked.

A certain woman who had this ability moved with her family to another town. As is often the case, it is a very difficult thing for any woman to break into the chill circle of society in this town, if she was not known. But her ability to make people like her soon won for her the close friendship of many of the "best families" in the town. Some people wonder how she did it. It was simply the secret at work—the secret of judging people's character and making them like you.

YOU realize, of course, that just knowing the difference between a blond and a brunet could not accomplish all these wonderful things. There are other things to be taken into account. But here is the whole secret.

You know that every one does not think alike. What one likes another dislikes. And what offends one pleases another. Well, there is your cue. You can make an instant "hit" with anyone, if you say the things they want you to say, and act the way they want you to act. Do this and they will surely like you and believe in you and will go miles out of their way to PLEASE YOU.

You can do this easily by knowing certain simple signs. In addition to the difference in complexion, every man, woman and child has written on them signs as distinct as though they were in letters a foot high, which show you from one quick glance exactly what to say and to do to please them—to get them to believe—to think as you think—to do exactly what you want them to do.

Knowing these simple signs is the whole secret of getting what you want out of life—of making friends, of business and social advantage. Every great leader uses this method. That is why he IS a leader. Use it yourself and you will quickly become a leader—nothing can stop you.

You have heard of Dr. Blackford, the Master Character Analyst. Many concerns will not employ a man without first getting Dr. Blackford to pass on him. Concerns such as Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, Baker-Vawter Company, Scott Paper Company and many others pay Dr. Blackford large annual fees for advice on human nature.

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Marinello skin specialists have perfected a different cream for every different skin condition. Study Chart of Seven Marinello Creams.
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Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page 9.*)

rather, Honolulu, which, by the way, was called the "Island of Happiness," or something of the sort. Why, Honolulu is no more of an island than New York City. Honolulu is the capital of the Islands, is the largest city on the Islands and is on the Island of Oahu.

It was wonderful the way Miss Bennett and Mr. Holt (I have forgotten their names in the picture) rode horseback from Honolulu to the volcano. As a matter of fact, most people have to take an ocean voyage of about 300 miles to get to Hilo, as the aerial service has not yet been opened, and then they take the train, or usually an auto, for a two-hours' ride to the volcano, Kilauea. It would be a lucky person who could hire a horse now and, even then, find one which would stand such a trip in so short a time.

The scenes of the volcano were wonderful and very like it, as it is quite active at the present time. He was a mighty brave person to go so near that red-hot lava with a camera, for the heat is so great that the celluloid film could easily catch fire and burn.

As Miss Bennett and Mr. Holt approached Kilauea they rode over a sort of hilly country with *grass* growing and the supposed side of the crater looked very much like gravel, yet there was Pele as big as life, splashing boiling lava about in great fountains, but none of it seemed to stick. In reality, for miles around the volcano, the land is quite level and covered with black lava. Another wonderful thing was that these two could stand so near the crater with sulphur (?) fumes blowing about them and not be in the least affected by them. All Pele's sulphur fumes I have ever met made me wish desperately for a gas-mask.

Another important break in the picture was the hula dancing. If they must have hula dancing to complete the Hawaiianism of the picture, I only hope they find out what the hula is. Those "hula" dancers would make excellent Egyptian dancers. If I could see as many Hawaiian grass huts and hula dancing as the characters in the picture do, I'd consider myself lucky. The story might possibly have taken place long ago when grass huts and hula dancing were popular—but the modern clothes of Miss Bennett contradict such a possibility.

Those were the main faults of the picture, but there were others quite noticeable. For instance, the tickets to Honolulu mentioned the steamer *Sonoma,* but while Miss Bennett stood at the rail of the steamer a life-preserver near her had *President* in very distinct letters across it. And I do think Miss Bennett is wonderful on hairdressing. When Mr. Holt found her lying in the road, having been thrown from her horse, he picked her up and took her to the barn at his home. During all this her hair was hanging, but as she left the barn a few seconds later it was neatly done in the usual way.

Why do pictures with a good, interesting story and such a good cast have to be spoiled by a lot of scenes made by plain guess-work on the part of the directors or whoever is to blame for them? Why not come to Hawaii and take the pictures, the way "Hidden Pearls" was done, and get the real thing? Just think what a big advertisement it would be for the picture which could honestly claim to be *"taken in Hawaii"!*

Very sincerely,
CHARLOTTE HAPAI.
Hilo, Hawaii.

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Billie Burke *in* "The Misleading Widow"
Marguerite Clark *in* "Widow by Proxy"
Elsie Ferguson *in* "The Witness for the Defense"
Vivian Martin *in* "The Third Kiss"
Wallace Reid *in* "The Valley of the Giants"
Robert Warwick *in* "Told in the Hills"
George Loane Tucker's Production "The Miracle Man"

Thomas H. Ince Productions

Enid Bennett *in* "Stepping Out"
Dorothy Dalton *in* "The Market of Souls"
Charles Ray *in* "The Egg Crate Wallop"

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one each week
Paramount-Mack Sennett Comedies
two each month

Paramount Magazine
issued weekly
Paramount-Post Nature Pictures
issued every other week
Paramount-Burton Holmes Travel Pictures
one each week

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NOVEMBER, 1919

THE GIRL ON THE COVER

Cover portrait of Billie Burke, by Leo Sielke, after a photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnson

There is a certain indefinable fascination about Billie Burke which, quite aside from her piquant beauty and her very exceptional ability as a comédienne and as an emotional actress, makes her exceptionally attractive. Stage people call it "Personality," but there are any number of celebrities who possess pleasing personalities without the charm that is Miss Burke's. It is just the inimitable Billie Burke-isms that have made her one of the greatest favorites in stage and screen history. Miss Burke's latest screen presentation is "The Misleading Widow."

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READ
A remarkable article on "Teaching the World to See" via pictures next month

WATCH FOR
Miss Naylor's live gossip of the Pacific Coast next month



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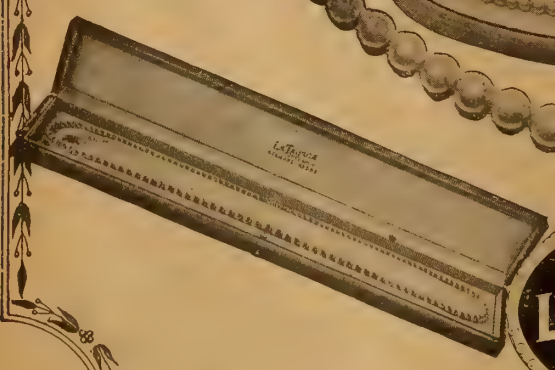
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BETTY COMPSON

This captivating little comédienne has given up the fun of movie farces for the joys of breath-taking stunts in serials. Miss Compson has been engaged to play with George Larkin in "The Wolf-Faced Man," the newest Pathé thriller.

Photograph by Witzel, L. A.

Gallery of Players



Photograph © Hartsook, L. A.

PAULINE FREDERICK

The magnetism of Miss Frederick has never ceased to lure the public. Ever since her first picture, "The Eternal City," beautiful "Polly" has gone ever upward and onward. She offers "The Stronger Love" as her forthcoming Goldwyn feature.



DOROTHY DALTON

Miss Dalton vacillated for a time between a brief case and a make-up box. Thomas Ince came along with a contract and settled the question definitely. Miss Dalton excels in emotional rôles and she will lure us anew in future Ince studios.



Photograph by Charlotte Fairchild

BLANCHE SWEET

In the old days, Miss Sweet was known as the "Biograph blonde," the screen's sunniest ingénue. Now she has developed into a wonderfully appealing actress. Tho absent from the screen for two years, Miss Sweet seems to have a magical hold on her audiences. "The Hushed Hour" is her latest feature.



LOUISE GLAUM

Photograph Hoover Art Co.

Two years ago Louise Glaum was one of the most loved, most befeathered vampires in filmland. Then she abruptly vanished. The screen has sadly missed the scintillating art of this popular star. Miss Glaum has stepped from her seclusion, however, and offers "Sahara."



EARLE WILLIAMS

Mr. Williams is one of the rare old pioneers who has remained with the company in which he gained fame. He used to add much romance to the Vitagraphic work of Edith Storey, Anita Stewart, and Clara Kimball Young, gaining new laurels for himself with each release. He will soon be seen in "The Hornet's Nest."



Photograph National, N. Y.

FRANK KEENAN

Mr. Keenan was born in Dubuque, Ia. After a long and successful stage and screen career, Mr. Keenan has gone into the producing business. "The Master Man" is his first starring vehicle under his own management. Mr. Keenan created a classic in "The Bells."



VIRGINIA PEARSON

Photograph National, N. Y.

Miss Pearson is a direct descendant of Daniel Boone, and the wife of Sheldon Lewis, the well-known actor. Fox Pictures brought Miss Pearson into prominence and now she has organized the Virginia Pearson Productions. "The Bishop's Emeralds" has already been released.



MADGE KENNEDY

Photograph © Ira L. Hill

"The First Lady of the Screen" is the charming title a well-known critic recently gave Miss Kennedy. Beauty and talent combine to make her one of the cleverest and most inimitable comédiennes of the day, as is evidenced in her new play, "Strictly Confidential."



The habit of being beautiful

The brilliant, searching rays of the spotlight merely enhance the loveliness of a woman who has formed the habit of being beautiful.

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MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
NOVEMBER, 1919

Duty versus Individualism

MAKING the world safe for Democracy has been the pet topic that has rolled across the public palate for one, two, three years. Let us now turn our tongues to a new problem; that is, making the movies safe for the world.

The movies, or rather the cinema theaters thruout the country are frequented by all classes: the idle rich girl, the business man, the girl who works for her bread and butter and silk lingerie, the author, the poet, the farmer, the poor man. All go.

Some of these slip into the hospitable darkness for a few moments of silent forgetfulness, others to pass away an hour of dull life within the golden portals of what might-have-been. But all, rich or poor, theorists or bromides, are susceptible to the power of suggestion. It is not speaking too extravagantly to say that many lives are marred or made beautiful according to the suggestion offered by the presentation or theme of a motion picture.

Now the silversheet drama has two possible goals. One is the happy hunting ground reached via the duty route according to the set conventional code, the other is the wicked road which touches the goal of success via the crossroads of repentance.

Both are interesting and scenically pleasing. Their difference lies in the fact that the suggestion that selfishness—which theorists carefully disguise under the less ugly sounding term of individualism, the doing of what one wants to do regardless of set codes of right or wrong—can succeed, is a mighty dangerous thought-seed to sow in the fertile field of the moviegoer's brain.

One finds it much easier to justify doing what one wants to do after having seen selfishness or sinning succeed in the movies. Audiences gradually lose their sense of proportion as they are constantly shown the girl who procures luxuries by paying the price but reforming in the end to live happily ever after; or the husband who, grown tired of a wife who has given him of her best, follows the will-o'-the-wisp of his desire, while the movie scenarist puts the old wife out of the way that the plot can end happily. We are shown also the girl who deliberately sins and is forgiven, the selfish landlord, the brutal employer, the lazy wife, the erring son, the bestial husband, all presented attractively in pictures because they repent and are welcomed into the soft arms of happiness that the picture may have a happy ending.

Thus the little, selfish thought-germ becomes embedded in the breast of the beholder and the vast crop of individualists is increased, so great is the power of suggestion, and the sunlight drama has cast the shadow of perverted influence on the lives of its audiences.

HOW, THEN, SHALL WE MAKE THE MOVIES SAFE FOR THE WORLD? PRESENT DUTY IN AN ATTRACTIVE FORM!

Let us see the daughter who remains at home, instead of going to the city in search of a career, receive not only the reward of the blessing derived from the knowledge that she has made her parents happy, but also fame, which seeks her out at home. Let us be shown the husband who, when his wanderlust is aroused by the bobbing of a handful of golden curls and the glimpse of a youthful enthusiasm, sticks to his wearied wife and finds his reward in her devotion and care.

Crime, selfishness, individualism, if you will, is too easily made alluring to the average human. The power of suggestion is too powerful to permit the fascinating forgiveness of sin portrayed so brilliantly in some movies.

The law of life is that we pay for what we do, and the greater the selfish deed, the larger the penalty. Individualism, the living of one's own life according to one's own whims, can never be successfully pursued in real life.

Dont permit the poppy-seed suggestions of pictured plays to hoodwink you. Show your preference for voiceless drama so produced, that duty to others, duty to the world, to your country, duty well done, alone is the proven path to happiness and joy and contentment.

Let the movies teach that there is no place in this world for selfishness, that no one can live as he himself would live, irrespective of the wishes of others and the covenants of convention.

Then and then only will the movies be safe for the world.

Henry B. Warner—

By ELIZABETH

Exclusive Pictures



HENRY B. WARNER, the star of "Shell 43" and "The Beggar of Cawnpore," tells a story of his famous father which illustrates that man's remarkable fortitude and the ancient tradition of the stage that, no matter what happens, the play must go on.

"My father was appearing in 'Michel Strogoff' at the time," he said (this was in London). "In this play there is a scene which calls for one of the characters to draw a knife and attempt to stab Michel. Michel catches the man by the wrist, saving himself from the blow. The scene was rehearsed without a knife.

"On the night of the performance," Mr. Warner went on, "both men were nervous. An enormous knife was used, and when my father attempted to ward off the blow the knife actually went thru his hand to the hilt. He wrapped a handkerchief around the wounded hand and, thrusting it in his pocket, played the scene thru until the end. When the curtain came down he came down with it—fell right over on his face. He never entirely regained the use of his hand."

I remarked that, to me, this tradition



One's first impression of H. B. Warner is likely to be of his nervousness and irascible temper, the latter a result of the former. In reality he is the most warm-hearted of men. Right, Mr. and Mrs. Warner and Baby Joan

Revolutionist

PELTRET

By Nelson Evans

of the stage has always seemed very splendid, very beautiful.

"To me," the actor answered, "it has always seemed very terrible, very wrong. Because of it, a mere unwritten law, many an actor who might have gone on living for years and doing better and finer work, has died because he couldn't take a few hours' rest when he needed it most. And what manager ever gave *that?* (He snapped his fingers.) The actor may die, but the house must not be closed; the latter would be the real calamity!"

Henry B. Warner is a natural revolutionist. He does not often indulge in reminiscences, but there are times when he will open the door of his memory a little way and let you catch a glimpse of a life where comedy and tragedy have been so tangled that it is difficult to find the comedy at all. Like a book by O. Henry, you will think, enjoying then the fitness of the idea, because it was Henry B. Warner who gave life to the most popular character O. Henry ever created, "Alias Jimmy Valentine."

(The play was written in ten days, Mr. Warner told me. It ran three years.)

But all of that is, comparatively speaking, ancient history. He and his wife (Rita Stanwood) are living now at the Hollywood Hotel in California and devoting most of their time, spare and otherwise, to their six-months-old

(*Continued on page* 115)





Mr. Warner is very much interested in criminology. He has been instrumental in freeing hundreds of innocent men, and guilty men, too, in order that they might run straight afterward. Above, another study of Papa H. B. and Baby Joan

Bebe, the Oriental





Photograph by O. L. Milligan, L. A.

Bebe Daniels takes to Oriental costumes and atmosphere just as a kitten takes to a plate of cream—with a keen relish. Above, Bebe in "Male and Female"

JUST the signing of her name to an important contract has changed Bebe Daniels' rôle from a comedy queen playing opposite that clever fun-maker, Harold Lloyd, to a member of Cecil De Mille's remarkable all-star stock company, and for the next four years this young actress will appear under the personal direction of this master director.

"For an American, and she is truly this, Bebe Daniels is the most perfect type of Oriental womanhood that I have ever known," Mr. De Mille had said to me during a chat in his study. "I seem to smell incense whenever I see her, and she takes to Oriental costumes, settings and atmosphere just as a kitten takes to a plate of cream—with a keen relish!"

I recalled this remark when, arriving at the Lasky studio in Hollywood a few days later, I found the company working on one of the elaborate sets in Mr. De Mille's newest super-production, "Male and Female."

Throngs of courtiers and attendants filled the spacious corridors and crashes of weird Oriental music sent its seductive spell thru the vast halls as the beautiful favorite of the king of Babylon slowly ascended the steps to the throne. The rich trailing robes revealed glimpses of the beauty of her lithe young body as she moved majestically toward the outstretched hand of the king who awaited her approach. Then, just as she reached his side, came the crisp call, "Cut!" and Mr. De Mille brought the spectacular scene to a close with the remark, "That is all today. Now I'm going over to shoot leopards." Which caused us to shiver until we realized that he meant camera shots.

Gathering up her robes, the favorite ran gaily down the steps, and I saw that she was Bebe Daniels!

She looked, indeed, as if she had just come from the land of the Arabian Nights, with its iridescence of color, its exaltation of movement, its vehemence of life!

By

MAUDE S. CHEATHAM



Not only are the eyes Oriental, holding within their dark depths a hint of an old-world allure, but the soft features of the entire face, with their yielding curves, are full of the suggestions of the Far East.

Having a Spanish mother and a Scotch father, Bebe possesses a rare blending of temperaments that have developed the artistic strain. With the warmth and poetry of the Latin race comes also the perséverance and persistence of the Scotch, and this is perhaps the secret of the success of this eighteen-year-old girl who has already attained a high place among the film stars.

Bebe has decorated her own dressing-room, and her exotic taste has found expression in the gold and black draperies, with an occasional splash of red. In a queerish vase before the long mirror were two gorgeous tiger lilies, which she declared to be her favorite flower. In my mind's eye I could see this room change into the mystery of a secret chamber of a Pasha's palace.



Bebe confesses to one weakness—shivery, shaky, thrilling detective stories! Left, another eloquent glimpse of Bebe

"Look! That must be your pet lion guarding you," I whispered, pointing to the splendid creature stretched full length before the door.

"Nope," replied Bebe, practically, "I see only my dear dog." And she stooped to pat "Boy's" fine head. "He presents a tragedy, for once he had ambitions to be a lap-dog, but he grew and grew and *grew!* I dont believe he has ever recovered from this disappointment.

"Isn't it wonderful that I am to have this opportunity for dramatic work?" Bebe went on, carefully removing her make-up. "I am so enthusiastic over the plans Mr. De

(*Continued on page* 123)

Myrtle of Movieland



Myrtle Lind is one of the chief sea-going charmers of the Mack Sennett world-famous bevy. Is Myrtle succeeding to the throne once occupied by Mary Thurman, who now devotes her days to the dramatic art? Perhaps — perhaps. We'll concede a divine right to Myrtle, anyway

Photographs by Stagg, L. A.





These snap-shots of Vivian Martin were taken just before she came east and show that, while the little star is a distinct house body, she loves the outdoors, too



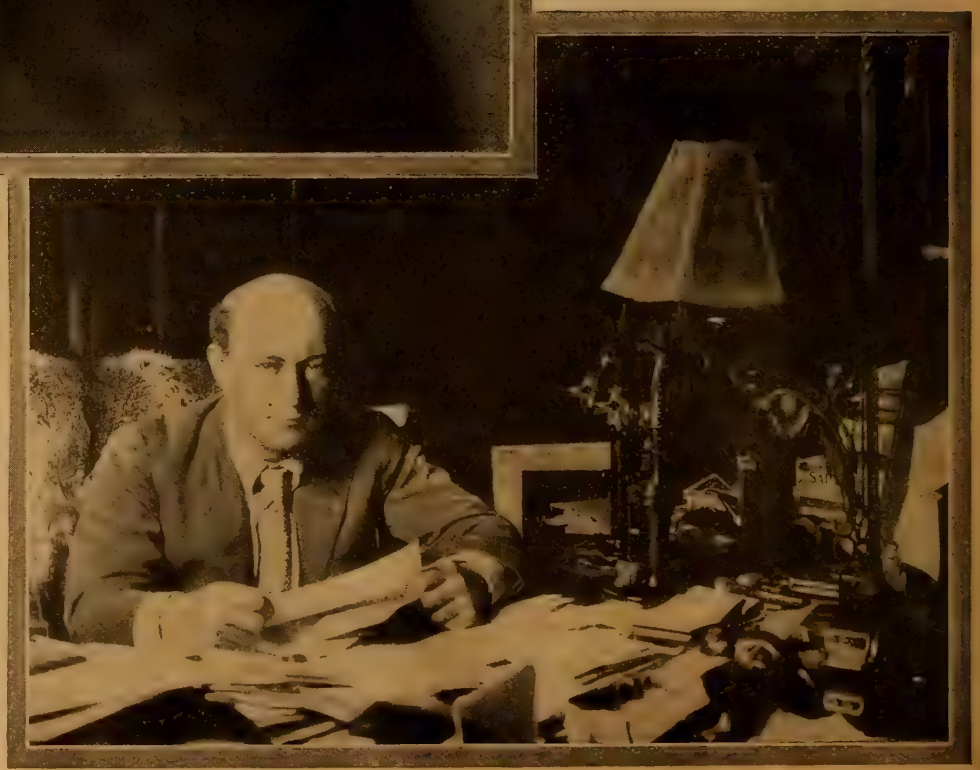
The Autumn Girl

The Master of Mystery

Cecil B. De Mille and Why He Produces Silken Photoplays



"I am trying to do the theme picture," says Cecil De Mille. "Man and woman are alike the world over, and they will be until eternity. Their problems are the most fascinating that a workman can toy with." Above, a glimpse of Mr. De Mille as an aviator and, right, in his workshop



"I NEVER tell my actors precisely what to do," said Cecil B. De Mille; "I merely explain my conception of a situation, then they express it according to their own ideas. Otherwise I'd have thirty-two little Cecil De Mille's running around the stage."

We were seated in man-size chairs in Cecil De Mille's office, or rather study, for nothing could seem less like an office than this huge heart of the Lasky studio in Hollywood.

In depth and breadth and a certain sense of impressiveness the atmosphere is that of a feudal castle. At one end yawns a cavernous open fireplace, the ceiling is lofty and heavily beamed, while the walls are covered with victims of the chase and implements of their capture. The air is still and laden with the perfume of roses and withal coolly refreshing, altho the hot California sun bakes the studio floors not a hundred feet away. Quietness and a strange sense of consecration pervade the place. The dropping of a pin would sound as startlingly clear as in the Mormon temple.

Floors of polished wood have priceless skins of rare

By HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR



animals and Navajo rugs thrown on their glacéd surface. Soft furs also adorn the favorite chair of this master creator of illusion, while from afar come the faint strains of studio music and merge with the gentle purr of crisp curtains as the soft wind eddies them in and out against the open doorway.

A sense of luxurious lure enfolds the whole, a luxuriousness and a lure which is a very part of its owner. It is a chapel of dreams, that of a man who knows life too well to dream, but who still has visions . . . Mr. De Mille, recrossing his smooth, silken ankles, again spoke:

"I never use a plot. The plot picture bores the audience of today. 'Oh,' they say, when shown the first reel, 'such and such a thing is going to happen,' and they sit back resignedly awaiting the finish.

"I am trying to do the *theme* picture. I love to take some vitally interesting theme and work it out according to life. That is what I did with 'Dont Change Your Husband,' that is what I am doing with its converse, 'Dont Change Your Wife.' The wonderful theme of 'Male and Female,' which I made from Barrie's 'Admirable Crichton,' made me long to put it in pictures; that wonderful, all-engrossing theme of man and woman stripped of the position which convention and civilization has given them has always thrilled me as does Rodin's powerful statue, 'The Hand of God,' just one massively modeled hand in which are posed two handsome miniature figures, a man and a woman. Just that! But what a theme to follow to a logical conclusion!

"Man and woman are alike the world over, and they will be until eternity. Their problems are the most fascinating that a workman can toy with.

"How do I get my results? Sweat! . . .

"Dont look so amazed." Mr. De Mille's voice rose, as beautifully toned as that of a matinée idol, while a frank twinkle of amusement smiled from his clear brown eyes.

"Everything comes from the sweat of one's brow, and the person who wants to do big things . . . toils!

"And the sort of themes I am toiling on do a *damn* lot of good! I have had hundreds of letters from wives and husbands, thanking me for showing them their mistakes in 'Dont Change Your Husband.'

"Everything comes from the sweat of one's brow, and the person who wants to do big things . . . toils," declares Mr. De Mille. "And the sort of themes I am toiling on do a damn lot of good"

"All that I picture is true. Marriage is marriage the world over, and husbands are husbands and wives are wives; and they'll all be the same until eternity.

"I believe in marriage. In its sanctity . . . and that is the reason I am trying to teach the women of America things that they have never—well, believed. I am a man, not an angel; there is nothing, I venture to say, that I have

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Motion Pictures and the Church





Above, Washington Park Community Church, Denver, Colo. A new church with special equipment for motion pictures and a definite picture program



Left, motion picture hall of the Lakeville Methodist Church, Lakeville, Ohio, showing the plant in use. Below, Methodist Episcopal Church, Lakeville, Ohio. A new rural church with a special picture equipment and a community program

IT has come. What every true friend of moving pictures has longed for is at hand. They are to be given the place which they rightly deserve in the church.

Rev. Ernest A. Miller, pastor of the M. E. Church at Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, in a short article published in the *Christian Herald* of April 19th, says: "Every new church today should be built with a suitable and commodious assembly-room which may be used for motion picture purposes. This room may serve many purposes, but in the not distant future there is going to be an insistent demand for moving pictures in every progressive church. In old church buildings the Sunday-school auditorium may be used. Some partitions will have to be removed in order to increase seating capacity; adjustments and alterations will be fully justified by the increased serviceableness of the church plant thru the medium of this new public benefactor."

Other progressive religious leaders are voicing the same sentiment, and many are already using pictures as well as they are able to under present conditions.

It is somewhat strange that the church, which has long been awake to the value of moving pictures and has appreciated the better ones produced, has not paid more attention to them.

The situation has doubtless been due to the fact that conditions have not been as favorable as they might have been for their use in the church, and it

By
REV. WM. H. GARDNER

could not use them as much as many of its leaders have desired. Those using them have been under a two-fold handicap which has been trying and annoying as well as discouraging to them. They have been compelled to meet and overcome the prejudice and criticism of religious people who consider moving pictures cheap and degrading and unfit for use in religious work, and have not been able to get enough suitable pictures to be able to work successfully with them.

It is true that some pictures are splendidly adapted to this purpose, but no definite effort of consequence has been made by producing companies to supply pictures to a religious public.





Above, Grant Avenue M. E. Church of Denver, Colo., which at present is being remodelled and has been equipped for pictures and given a definite program for the coming conference year

Right, Interior of Parish House, The Church of The Ascension, Episcopal, Denver, Colo., showing booth for picture machine

Below, The Church of the Ascension, Episcopal, Denver, Colo. A new building equipped for motion pictures



Minor attempts have been made, but with somewhat doubtful results. The religious field has been left almost untouched by pictures. Except for a few special feature Biblical pictures and an occasional drama dealing with religious people, nothing has been produced.

Such pictures as "The Soul Herder" and others of a similar type cannot be properly classed as religious, for the religious element in them is incidental to the plot and they are too superficial to appeal to people whose faith is vital to them.

For six years I used motion pictures in religious work, but with rather doubtful success. For a time I was able to get pictures which I could use advantageously, but at last it was almost impossible to get anything which was suitable



Photograph by Macdonald, Lincoln, Neb.

Above, Nebraska Wesleyan University at Lincoln, Neb., equipped for pictures



Flashlight showing the motion picture equipment of the Washington Park Community Church of Denver, Colo., in use

to run in a religious service. I needed one- or two-reel subjects, but the Biblical pictures of this size had been withdrawn from the service and I was compelled to use pictures selected from the regular service, trusting to the judgment of the managers of the film exchanges as to fitness. Their judgment did not prove good many times and I could not use the pictures sent me. This was disappointing and unsatisfactory, as I was often compelled to change my plans after pictures had been announced. I was careful, but invited the criticism of those who were not enthusiastic over the use of any kind of pictures in the Sunday night services.

The managers of film exchanges with which I dealt wrote that it was hard to find pictures suited to my needs, as very few religious pictures were being produced because they were not paying propositions. This seemed queer to me, as the good religious pictures which I used drew much larger crowds than anything else I could get. People have come fifteen or twenty miles, in districts where there were theaters in every town, to see certain pictures. I used "The Holy City," a two-reel Eclair production, at a country church one Sunday night, and there were people there from nearly

(*Continued on page* 112)

The Evolution of a Butler

In Which Thomas Meighan Gathers Strange Experiences

By DORIS DELVIGNE



Thomas Meighan has at last accomplished one of his ambitions—playing in Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton," done on the screen as "Male and Female." At the right is a glimpse of Mr. Meighan in the film version

MUCH may be learnt during a day and a half spent in the company of the man of pleasant mien—otherwise affectionately termed "Tommy." Now that might sound as if Mr. Meighan had nothing on earth to do but play host to an interviewer, whereas the fact is that he's so unutterably busy that it takes time and patience to see this very popular leading man even for a few odd moments.

We were spending a week-end in a gorgeous English home—Loam House, to be exact, right in the heart of Mayfair. The Admirable Crichton, king of below-stairs, guarded an upstairs door. The time was July, the place—provided one had *no* imagination—was the Famous Players-Lasky lot, and —er—yes, there was a girl, Lady Mary, otherwise Gloria Swanson.

We preferred not to take things literally. Indeed, we lost ourselves completely after that first awesome moment when the perfections of Crichton dawned upon us. A butler at thirty, born of a family of butlers, Crichton was a creature manfully magnifique. As Thomas Meighan, Crichton was friendly; as Crichton, Tommy Meighan was suave, poised—always calm.

You all know Tommy—favorite of many plays on stage and screen. Surveying him carefully, one could not find a flaw in his carefully





Above, Mr. Meighan and Wanda Hawley in a picturesque moment of "Peg o' My Heart"

drawn up six-foot height. The almost two hundred pounds he carries about are so well distributed that he gives one the impression of agile grace, even to the managing of a cumbersome train—but no, of that anon!

Returning to actualities, one finds that Mr. Meighan is an important member of an all-star cast, such as Cecil De Mille enjoys directing. And yet, after all, Crichton is *the* star. He dominates the picture in that self-effacing, compelling manner understood only by those who understand an Admirable Crichton. As the "servant in the house" he is as completely its master as—its servant. One wonders what would happen to both Tommy and Crichton were they to doff the livrée! But of that, too, we shall hear later.

What's that? There is a sudden hush as Crichton's voice answers Lady Mary. "You never can tell what is in a man—perhaps if we tomorrow returned to nature, the master might not be the master, nor the servant the servant, nor should we have the *deciding* of it. Nature must decide that for us!"

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Right, Mr. Meighan and Betty Compson in George Loane Tucker's visualization of "The Miracle Man"



Widow by Proxy

By GLADYS HALL

THE Pennington girls never married (I was about to say at all, which contains more than a modicum of truth) outside the professions of the law, the pulpit or homeopathic medicine. A generation or so ago a youthful Pennington did contract an alliance with a prosperous dentist, but she, of course, was always more or less tabooed after the misstep.

The Pennington men, in conformity, never contracted alliances with ladies who did anything more strenuous than play at very feminine golf or tennis. Generally they excelled at fine embroidery; most of them played the piano; the majority of them sang plaintively, plaintive melodies.

When Jack Pennington, adventurous at birth, as he was also orphaned, grew wildly up and wildly married an actress person by the opprobrious name of Dolores, the Pennington pride sagged at the knees and the Pennington hands wrung despairfully.

"Never let *us* see her, John," admonished Aunt Sophronia, when she could get in a word edgewise between tears.

"Never expect Pennington Manor to throw wide its portals, John Henry," sighed Aunt Angelica, and she covered her eyes with her cambric kerchief lest the rabid curiosity anent the actress person be displayed therein.

Aunt Angelica was fifty years and more, and she had never seen an actress

WIDOW BY PROXY

Fictionized by permission from the scenario of Julia Crawford Ivers, based upon Catherine Chisholm Cushing's comedy. Produced by Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, starring Marguerite Clark. Directed by Walter Edwards. The cast:

Gloria Grey.....Marguerite Clark
Dolores Pennington...Brownie Vernon
Sophronia Pennington, Gertrude Norman
Capt. Stephen Pennington..Nigel Barrie
Jack Pennington.....Jack Gilbert
Alexander P. Galloway....Al W. Filson
Mme. Gilligan.....Rosita Marstinie



When she looked into Stephen Pennington's eyes she was instantly, intuitively sorry. She felt she had made a mistake. She felt that she had done herself, in some inexplicable way, an irreparable wrong

person, certainly never at close range. She knew she had a lust of the flesh when the little desire within her became insistent. Secretly, oh, very secretly indeed, and not without shame and distress, she sometimes feared that Nephew Jack came by his adventurousness naturally—*i.e.*, from an infinitesimal spark within her own sedate bosom. She prayed over it nightly.

Nephew John Henry Pennington stormed out of Pennington Manor, hurling abuses, abusively couched, at the terrified aunts. He had stormed before, in the little-boy days, when they had refused egress to his guinea pigs, to his maimed rabbits, to his various stray cats and mongrel dogs. But never had he stormed like this when they sat upon the traditions of the family and forbade countenance to the actress person who had taken conjugal advantage of John Henry. They hadn't brought him up *"that way."*

John Henry was still storming when he came into the white and golden, into the seductive presence of the actress person, who was nineteen and the sole support of both her parents.

"The antiquaries wont see it, darling," he raged. "It means I've got to put my shoulder to the hilt without so much as a single month alone with you. Old age . . . bah! It hangs on to youth like decay to a rosy-cheeked apple. But we'll do without them, Beautiful. I'm going up to the gold fields of Alaska—that's where I belong—where there is adventure and risk and enormous gains. I never could plug along, lag along, worry along. You'll have to let me go, dear, and I'll come back to you crusted in gold."

Dolores, alas for the Sunday supplements, didn't run true to type at all. She didn't demand, she didn't even urge. She persisted that she wanted Jack just as he was, minus the gold; that if he died, she would die, too, and that she had rather wear Woolworth silver with him than Klondike green-gold without him.

But John Henry had the Pennington persistency if he had not their selective niceties. He departed for Alaska.

Two months later, just at dusk, there appeared upon the studio threshold of one Gloria Grey, bachelor maid, advanced thinker and economic factor, a person wraith-like and somehow insubstantial. A voice announced thinly, "I'm dying, I think, Glory; my—my heart, you know . . . broken to bits . . . smashed . . . please . . . please let me . . . *faint* . . ."

Gloria permitted the faint to reach a highly successful consummation, and thereafter nursed the perpetrator thereof thru six weeks of low and intermittent fevers, during the course of which she babbled unceasingly about Jack . . . Jack she loved . . . beyond and above all things terrestrial . . . Jack who had gone away and was to have come back crusted in shining gold . . . Jack who was never coming back at all because they had written her that he was "among the missing" . . . up there with the gold . . . the cruel gold . . . hard . . . grim gold . . . gold she had despised . . .

And then, after a long interval, a still small normal voice said weakly, "Glory, why didn't I die? Why didn't I die, Glory, now that my life is all over?"

Gloria bent over her and seized her in vigorous young arms. "Life isn't over, goosie," she said; "it's just come back to you after a fight, a fight, I tell you! Life is never over for the young!"

Dolores turned away her head and a faint effort at pink came up over her pallor. "You've never loved a man," she whispered, "the *terrible* way I have—or you wouldn't—you couldn't—say that."

Gloria gave her a shrewd glance. "Well," she said, in a desperately practical tone of voice, "you may as well either die or get well, Dolores dear, because we haven't enough to get along with at this pace for another five days."

"Not—enough?"

"Not enough bread and butter and coal and gas and electric light. Not enough of *anything*. Love may be a bitter and terrible thing, but so is starving in the dismal darkness, old dear."

Dolores turned weakly on her pillows. "I wish I had your courage of living, Glory," she said, "your will to fight. I wonder whether you'd still have that will if you had loved—and lost."

Gloria shook her small, energetic, dark head with emphasis.

"I'd just be glad," she said, "that I'd known what real love was like. I wouldn't let it down me. I'd make it uplift me and bear me along—to some sort of a victory—to a self-victory. I'd let it illumine my life. I'd make it a crown for my head.

"I teach singing now—because I have to live. I'd teach it then because I'd have to—for my love. I'd put my broken heart into my gift of song and after a while the broken bits would heal and there would be a symphony. Oh, it's courage . . . of course . . . a bitter, marvelous sort of a courage . . . but it's worth the while."

When Dolores slept that night there was a little wistful smile on her wan mouth, almost as tho some broken bits of her own heart were trying their best to creep together again.

The next morning Gloria flounced on the edge of the bed with a happy gasp. "God is good," she announced, and then, all in one breath, "You're an heiress!"

"I?" Dolores shook her head. "There's no one in *my* family," she said, "worth a tinker's damn."

"Ah, but," laughed Gloria, "you married mon-ey, meh love, and your dear John Henry has—or had—an uncle who has left to him or to his family the goodly sum of five thousand dollars. My lamb, we are saved!"

Dolores protested that she would never touch so much as a counterfeit cent of the measly Pennington money, that she would starve before she would feel that a Pennington was feeding her, that she had some pride left if no strength.

Gloria let her rave. Then she said, very firmly, "You're not going to hang yourself, Dolores, while you're under my roof and protection. I've had to work for myself for five long years, and I know when to take a thing and when to turn it down. Because two old crotchety women whose timeworn traditions are the only passions they have ever known have a prejudice against the stage is no good and sufficient reason why you and I should genteelly starve. *I* wont. As for being square—you and I are pals—you know that. We play cricket, the one with the other. I'd share my last cent with you—I have, as a matter of fact—and you would with me. You've got to, old dear."

Dolores pushed back her hair with her thin hand.

"It means going down there, tho," she said, with the rather childish petulance of the sick; "you must know I couldn't ever do that. To face the aunts . . . to . . . oh, to face all the places where he was a little boy . . . to have their terrible, boring eyes inventorying me, piece by piece, and wondering, if not audibly, '*what* he saw in her!' Dont ask it, dear. I'll go and you'll get on splendidly, just as you always have."

"The Pennington lawyer, him 'as wrote' the letter," sparred Gloria, for time, "is coming to tea this afternoon. Let's reserve decision until he has gone. I do think, dear, your John would be glad if he could know that you would go."

The Pennington lawyer was in that sort of law which breeds a profound skepticism of the female human race. Particularly and especially was he skeptical of actress ladies—of all ladies, in fact, who do not twine, vine-like, about the stalwart oak of some supporting male. "They're tricky,"

Stephen Pennington described her as being "utterly charming." But then Stephen had been queer, ever since . . . altho his queerness had certainly not seemed to include women-folk





The aunts were apprised of the fact and were all of a fluster Privately, they considered that the Pennington stock was giving out, at least mentally

he was wont to say, with a judicial shake of his judicial head; "they're tricky, dont you know."

He brought with him, to tea, Mr. Stephen Pennington, a cousin of Jack and another nephew of the Pennington aunts. He was, likewise, another skeptic, this Stephen Pennington, U. S. N. He was more than a skeptic. He was one of those souls whose sensibilities have been badly jarred, early in life, and who are still quivering, still distrustful, still acutely wistful because of the jar.

He was afraid of all women because one woman had hurt him.

He was afraid to trust because once there had been wrought for him a bitter deceit. He carried within his heart a scar which every so often broke forth and bled anew.

He was lonely and there was no comrading anywhere.

He had traveled all over the world, and met all manner of women since, long ago, one woman had embittered him. He had been in strange, glittering seaports where strange, glittering loves were to be bought and sold. He had applied, or tried to apply, many a hot balm of Gilead to the place that ached him intolerably and incessantly. There had been no use in any of it. He felt himself possessed of a memory which had become flesh and he gave it up at that. His heart broke itself and some of the shattered bits showed in his mournful, rather splendid eyes.

Gloria opened the door to meet them, and before she looked at Stephen Pennington she said, "I am Dolores Pennington."

She was thankful for the sad simplicity of her black frock, for her darkly slippered feet, for her banded hair. She had seen the amused surmise on the Pennington lawyer's face and had known at once that the real Dolores could never have gone thru with it.

When she looked into Stephen Pennington's eyes she was instantly, intuitively sorry. She felt that she had made a mistake. She felt that she had done herself, in some inexplicable way, an irreparable wrong. She was becoming morbid, she thought . . . too much sickroom confinement . . . but he did seem to be searching so eagerly for something . . . for some truth, that was it . . . and she had given him, at the outset, a lie . . .

She gave them tea, and talked about "dear Jack" and admitted that she did need the money, but felt a delicacy about taking it. All the while she felt Stephen Pennington's kind, sad eyes on hers. Yes, they were kind . . . and oh, how they were sad!

"We will come down to the Manor," she acquiesced, as they made ready to take their departure. "My friend, Gloria Grey, has been very ill—but we will come—let me think—the day after tomorrow. It will be hard . . ."

It did not occur to her until afterwards that Stephen Pennington had never said a word—with his lips.

Dolores was aghast at the deception, yet too much relieved to offer more than the most momentary resistance. "It will shield me," she agreed. "I'll go . . . and just look about . . . and try to think that, any moment, he may come romping in . . . a little boy again, a little, safe boy . . ."

The aunts were fortified by Stephen Pennington, and

Mr. Galloway, the lawyer, against the "impending invasion," as they termed it.

Mr. Galloway had described Dolores as "beguiling," but he had had his skeptical smile. The aunts felt that he did not trust the "actress person." They felt that he was, as usual, right. "Mr. Galloway," they said, "is a most upright young man. He is never led astray by delusions. He has aristocracy in his sentiments."

Aunt Angelica agreed, and quivered all over her small, lavender-scented person at thought of the visual range she was to maintain toward the actress person. What a savory it would be!

Stephen Pennington described her as being "utterly charming." But then, as the aunts concurred again, Stephen had been queer, ever *since* . . . altho his queerness had certainly not seemed to include women-folk, on the contrary. Still, one could never tell . . . in those queer foreign ports . . . the Bund of Shanghai . . . the Port of Said . . . other irreligious-sounding havens.

Stephen Pennington himself escorted Dolores Pennington and her friend, Gloria Grey, to Pennington Manor.

On the trip down it came to him that he need be lonely no longer if this girl could cast aside her weeds and find with him new flowers of new joys. The stale miasma of the old dream stole away

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"Out of your love for your friend, little Sweetheart," he said, as he took her again, "a lovely flower of deceit with its roots in truth"

It Was Not Thus to Be



Doris May's family is rather literary. Her father, known as Willie Green, was a well-known newspaper writer, and her mother is something of an author, too. They gave their daughter a remarkable all-round education



THE home gardener had planted the little rosebush very carefully. She had trimmed and pruned it, given it changes of temperature, lots of sunshine, love, and kept it from contamination with other floral beauties. Dead leaves were plucked off regularly, buds nipped before a leaflet unfolded, and at last a beautiful flower-head rose proudly from the main stem.

But you never can tell who will take away the rose. That's a way roses have—they may ornament the corsage of a grand dame, or brighten a hospital ward, or be flashed on the screen and——

Ah, yes, that was it. This little rose was destined by fate to show her beauty in perpetuity.

You see, Doris May's mother unconsciously fitted her for the very career of which she most disapproves. Mrs. May thinks that the screen is for puppets. Doris says, "Mother doesn't quite understand about the motion pictures," the while she beams proudly, lovingly on her parent.

Mrs. May is quite sure that a director does all the work, that his players have not any surplus mental development, that the work before a camera stultifies all that is best in a young nature. She is highly ambitious for Doris' mental development, for, you see, Mother May is quite a writer, and

The Interesting Story of Doris May

By DORIS DELVIGNE

Doris' father was Willie Green, a sporting writer known all over the world, and with whom they traveled year in and year out, giving the little girl an excellent opportunity to broaden her mental horizon.

Having quite decided that Doris should be a very talented young woman, versatile, accomplished, the parents set about giving her every possible aid to culture.

Doris admits that her schooling was so often interrupted that she might never have passed her examinations, save for the fact that she "somehow" managed to be "teacher's pet" at the various institutions of learning carefully selected by her progenitors.

Besides going to school, the little girl was given dancing lessons, voice culture, piano instruction, elocution, gymnastics, exercises for poise and deportment, and finally studied violin. Her mother expected Doris to become an entertainer, since the child showed so much talent for music and monologs, but her ultimate landing place was to be the writer's sanctum. There was every reason to believe that Doris would feel scribbler's itch, and she was to study literature, art and music in order that she might be properly fitted for the career in mind.

Then it happened. The thing which breaks up so many happy homes. Willie Green died, leaving but a modest sum. Doris Lee, as she was called when she first came to the cinema field, thought over the financial situation very carefully. Then she went to her mother and said, bravely, "Muddie, if I dont work for a living, a day will come when the bank account will show up only a small balance. I dont think I should keep on with expensive lessons—and I believe I can make a living as a motion picture actress."





Miss May has already bought a baby grand, a Chalmers car, a lovely harp, a home and elaborate furnishings for Mamma May, not to mention, says the little actress, "clothes such as I had only dreamed about in years gone by"

Her mother was horror-stricken. She argued in vain. She finally removed her objection to a stage career—but the screen? Oh, never! Doris listened, but she applied to the studios and had some work during her first summer vacation as an extra. In the fall, she applied at the Ince studio for work. She felt that the advantages which had been given her might be commercialized.

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Fame, Page Miss Paige!

Vitagraph seems to have discovered a new screen possibility in little Jean Paige, who is now leading woman for Harry T. Morey. The Vitagraph folk look upon Miss Paige as a potential star, for they have signed her for two years



Photograph by Campbell Studio

The Missing Ann

Little Ann Pennington, who is as interesting an example of tabloid seductiveness as ever came within our vision, seems to have deserted the movies permanently. Miss Pennington is this season the chief interest of "The Scandals of 1919," singing, among other things, a typical lyric yclept "The Jazz Baby." And surely Ann is all of that



Photograph by Abbe

Rosemary—That's for Remembrance



Photographs by Witzel, L. A



Free-lancing has no terrors for Rosemary Theby. Any player on the coast will tell you that she commands her own price. Miss Theby has been doing that sort of thing for nearly two years and hasn't lost a single day's work

A PECULIAR coincidence has placed the girl who bears the name "Rosemary," immortalized on speaking and shadow stages, in the cast of another great stage success, "Heartsease"—and that's for *thoughts*, you know—her very first Goldwyn production.

A delightful surprise awaits the interviewer who has been watching Miss Theby's sneer as the young stepmother in Tom Moore's newest play. Rosemary of Flickerville hits the high spots of emotion—gives way to mean tempers, scheming, sarcasm, sneers, all the traits which destroy feminine sweetness and substitute hard lines for a gentle expression—but the Rosemary of Hollywood Boulevard, Los Angeles, is a bachelor maid with smile so beguiling and disposition so even and pleasant to live with that one realizes instantly that a really great emotional actress has been discovered.

Rosemary Theby has done comedy, delicious bits with Harry Myers in the long ago of Lubin production, when her versatility was expressed in collaboration. At that time Miss Theby was turning her hand to anything in which Mr. Myers needed assistance. She was writing continuity, giving suggestions as to sets, cutting films, and acting besides. She was the first to don black and white stripes, to design garish costumes which should startle screen-lovers. Nevertheless, Miss Theby admits that she has no sense of humor, is not quick to see a comedy point, and simply adapted herself to two-reel comedies because during a dull season between heavier pictures she and Mr. Myers had made one success so great that Mr. Lubin insisted on a continuation of the new idea.

"Dear old Philadelphia," mused Rosemary, as I confessed that the Cradle of Liberty had also rocked me, "my happiest memories lie there. I lived at the Majestic Hotel on North Broad Street, and you remember how many famous folk gathered about the tables in its café? I was always sorry to leave that city—one's first film experiences are always precious, I believe. I had intended going on the stage—left St. Louis to study at the Sargent Dramatic School of New York, and was taking special

By DORIS DELVIGNE



Photograph by Browes, Hollywood

courses with a Norwegian teacher of dancing and Mme. Alberti, of that city.

"Like many others, I was introduced to a studio, and received my first engagement before completing my dramatic school course. So while it was some disappointment to forego stage experience, I have found a very happy existence in photoplaying."

Free-lancing has no terrors for Rosemary Theby. She has been doing that sort of thing for nearly two years, and it's a matter of common knowledge on the west coast that she commands her own price. She has not lost a single day's work since she came back to the screen, for be it known that this girl of twenty-seven has indulged in a year of retirement, rest and travel. With Universal, Rosemary did "Too Much Women" and "The Winged Mystery." She had a fine part in "The Great Love" with Artcraft, and has been in a number of Metro productions, notably "Boston Blackie's Little Pal" with Mr. Lytell, and another of his successes, "The Spender." She has played with two companies at the same time, working night and day frequently, and even now is being loaned by Francis Ford, who has her under contract for a serial which terminates in August, at which time he has offered her a contract for another of those "foods shot from guns."

"How do you like working in serials, Miss Theby?"

"Very much, altho it has disagreeable features, as have all things. For instance, the serial is shown only in the smaller houses, most frequently in small towns, probably only to the working class. If I were to do nothing but serials, I fear the Four Hundred would know nothing whatever of me. However, the remuneration one receives is worth while, there are no breaks in salary, the advertising is huge. Instead of being shown in a drama for a week and then having no further exploitation for perhaps eight weeks, during which time another production is going on, in serials the actress is before the public every week—her face is not likely to be forgotten. The public is so fickle—it's really necessary to avoid breaks. The serial keeps one alive—it's a sort of staff of life, as it were.

"Just think—I had my first thrill two weeks ago. I've been in pictures for years and never had a thrill before—perhaps I never will again. I donned a diver's outfit and went down in twelve feet of water near Catalina Island"

"Just think—I had my very first thrill two weeks ago. Have been in pictures for years and never had a thrill before—perhaps never will again. They say I'm the first woman to go down in a diver's outfit. I went down in twelve feet of water near Catalina Island and crawled all around the bottom. One can see a mile, it is so beautifully clear there."

"Too bad all the little Abalone families could not see you, Miss Theby. They might have offered you some pearls," I answered, warily sizing up the gorgeous string

(*Continued on page* 108)



Vamping Neptune

Just how old Neptune can resist Louise Glaum is quite beyond us. Here, by the way, are two recent informal "snaps" of the famous vampire of the screen

Kathleen o' the Screen

By MILES HAMMOND

SOUNDS of a Wild West jamboree, a heroine struggling in the embrace of the villain and a sob scene to the strains of a violin smote our ears as the head P. A. at Universal City, and we wended our way by different sets toward a row of dressing-rooms basking in the bright California sun.

The object of our search was attired in a natty—that is—how shall I describe it? Anyway, it was about the neatest, niftiest, most delightfully incomplete bathing-suit I've ever had the good fortune to gaze upon, tho I admit that if it had been in a show window all by itself I wouldn't have given it a thought.

I paused, entranced, at the door. She was seated on the floor. A magazine, hastily laid by, was beside her. She held a bathing-cap lightly clasped about her shapely —er—er—extremities. An electric fan sent her truant tresses flying about her shoulders. On her feet were white bathing slippers, and completing the mermaidesque picture was an abalone shell.

"Come right in," she said, with true Irish hospitality, indicating a chair and reaching for a dressing-gown. "It's fearfully warm, isn't it? You'll have to pardon my costume, but this has got to be a habit with me. You see, these hot days, when I have a breathing spell, I enjoy a little bit of seashore by proxy, as it were, right here in my dressing-room. It doesn't take much to imagine yourself on the beach sands with my equipment."

This was my introduction to Kathleen O'Connor, a true daughter of the auld sod and one of the most natural and winning little screen artists I have ever met.

She looked at me expectantly. I hitched and unhitched my heels in the rungs of my chair.

"Ah—how do you like pictures?" I asked lamely.

"Wonderfully," she said. "I've had a hard uphill struggle to arrive, but it is certainly worth it. I never had so much fun in my life You see, being an ex-telephone girl, I just kept plugging along. How's that for an Irish joke?

"Almost every afternoon I go for a ride with 'Tommy' and 'Dexter,' two of the prettiest little ponies you ever saw. I've driven them all over the ranch. Then, you see, 'Charlie' and I are wonderful friends. It takes about all my pin money, tho, to keep him in peanuts."

"Who is 'Charlie'?" I asked, feeling a sudden twinge of jealousy.

"Why, dont you know? He's our great big elephant. He's an old dear and I just love him to death. I can climb up on his big head and we go for a ride together all over the lot. It used to be kind of scary, but I'm not a bit afraid now."



"In hot weather I enjoy the seashore by proxy—right in my dressing-room. It doesn't take much to imagine yourself on the beach sands with my equipment." Miss O'Connor sits in this costume between scenes and is cooled by an electric fan



"What's your conception of an ideal husband?" I asked.

"Oh, he would have to be a man I wouldn't have to look up to. He would have to be very human, a comrade; one with whom I could share joys and sorrows and meet success or failure in perfect understanding and loyalty.

"In short, he would have to be a sort of combination of Tom Mix, Jim Corbett, William Farnum and Woodrow Wilson all poured into one. And, what's more, he must eat onions," she added, with an emphatic little jerk of her head. "I just love onions."

"Phew! That's a pretty big order," I said.

"Yes, but he'll be worth waiting for," she answered.

"Would you be afraid of marrying a man in your own profession?"

"Why, no, I'm not

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"I made three pictures with Toto the Clown, and then J. Stuart Blackton gave me a small part in 'Missing.' Then came a few pictures with Tom Mix and finally a Universal contract. Some day I hope to act about one-third as well as Elsie Ferguson. She is my ideal feminine star"



Those Blackton Kiddies

By

LILLIAN MONTANYE

THE home of the Blackton kiddies looks more like a king's castle than a mere house. It is an immense, dignified structure of brick and stone, surrounded by spacious grounds, and all around the grounds is a green hedge, and all around the hedge is an iron fence. The outer door is guarded by an iron gate, and the gate is guarded by two stone lions of fierce and inhospitable mien. But, once the door is opened, one walks straight into an atmosphere of hominess.

The maid met me as tho I were a favored guest instead of a mere interviewer. Another maid at the top of the thickly carpeted, winding stairs was equally cordial. The living-room, high-ceilinged, cool, spacious, with its summer draperies and furniture coverings of rose-flowered cretonne, invited one to bide a wee and rest.





Two studies of the Blackton kiddies. Above. an unusual portrait of Mrs. Blackton and little Violet and Charles

From the floor above came childish voices. "But I dont *want* to be inter-viewed and have my picture in a magazine!" and, unmistakably, the stamp of a tiny foot.

"Now, brother, I shant wait any longer. Bring Jimmy and Betty and baby, if you want to, but come on down—it wont be so bad." There entered a wee girl, brown-haired, grey-eyed, piquant-faced, shyly smiling. Extending a small hand, she dropped a quick curtsey. Never did interviewer receive a greeting more quaint and sweet.

"Brother will be down soon," she apologized. "He hates to stop playing. You see, he is only five. I am nine," she added, proudly.

"And, of course, you go to school?"

"No, I have not been to *real* school. I have a governess and study at home. I am beginning French and like all

(*Continued on page* 104)



Antonio Moreno devotes his spare time, when not reeling off thrills in serials, to athletic training. "Tony" keeps fit at the Los Angeles Athletic Club

Keeping in Trim for Serials



Swimming, rowing machines, flying rings, parallel bars, fencing and lifting weights are all the same to the athletic "Tony"

A Culinary Chat With Wanda



Photograph by Hartsook, L. A.

Wanda Hawley says she was brought up the good old-fashioned way, learning cooking and home management. All of which helps, now that Wanda is married. Imagine a wifey with Wanda's blonde cuteness who can actually cook!

WHEN I opened the door of the Hawley bungalow in response to a summons from somewhere within, I was greeted only by the sound of footsteps in the room overhead, and a great clamor of pots and pans in the kitchenette. I pictured the steps above as belonging to Wanda, who was doubtless getting into some charming frock in honor of my presence at dinner, and I was about to go on up, this privilege being mine by right of having known Wanda for many years, when the tumult in the kitchen ceased suddenly, and from the open door there emerged not the Chinese cook or colored maid that I had imagined, but Wanda herself, flushed of face, disheveled of hair, wearing a dress torn in several places, flecked with flour and spotted with grease.

"Oh, Emmy," she greeted me hastily, "you *will* excuse the way I look, wont you? You know, I cook my own dinners——"

"You do?" I demanded, incredulously. "I was told by a press agent that you did, but I didn't think it possible!"

Wanda laughed, and her dimples appeared automatically.

"Why, of course it's possible," she assured me. "I always cook dinner unless I'm working awfully late, and in that case we go out to a café. You must remember that I was brought up in the good old-fashioned way, and my mother taught me how to *cook*. Why, Burton and I"—Burton is friend husband, and he belonged to the footsteps in the room above—"we'd much rather eat here in our own little bungalow than at a hotel or restaurant. Sit down, Emmy; dinner will be ready in just a minute. Burton darling, wont you please hurry!" She paused to call up the stairway, then flitted into the kitchenette again, where the clamor of pots and pans began again with a vengeance.

Wanda, it might be remarked, in passing, is not the type of person that one would take to be domestic; one can as easily imagine a bird o' paradise in a hen-coop. Yet, when it comes to that, she is a deceiving little person in many ways. She is just a wee bit of fluff with pale gold hair, sky-blue eyes and a cream-and-rose complexion that is light-proof and time-defying. She looks like a Dresden doll—and has the mind of a Portia; she can quote Latin until your head swims, and she plays the Rachmaninoff prelude with the bold, powerful technique of a maestro. One would imagine, to look at her, that her chief delight would be dining at a fashionable café, with pink lights and a decolleté gown to enhance her charms. Yet here she was, in a soiled blue house-dress, entirely happy and unashamed, flitting from kitchenette to dining-room, laughing and chatting and sending occasional calls to the room above for Burton to please *hurry*, like a regular housewife whose only knowledge of the movies is

That's Our

By TAMAR LANE



How Do They Do It?

MARY MACLAREN, as the heroine in "The Petal on the Current," takes one glass of beer and becomes wildly intoxicated. Where do they get that stuff? In the good old days before the memorable July 1st, beer never had a kick like that. The recipe for Mary's beer should be worth a small fortune now in the days of 2.75%.

The task of the average director is a most difficult and tedious one. He does get a slight assistance, however.

The author writes the story for him.

The scenario writer puts it into continuity.

The carpenters build the scenery.

The technical director gets everything ready for shooting.

The electrician turns on the lights.

The assistant tends to the red tape.

The camera-man grinds the camera and the actors do the acting.

But the director—he has to direct.

It has been rumored about that Fox was trying to secure the exclusive services of George Bernard Shaw, Winston Churchill and William Shakespeare for its scenario department, but there is thought to be little truth in the report.

A film thief out West had a wide range of subjects to steal, but selected "Her Code of Honor" from the World Film Co. Brings home the old saying, "There's no accounting for taste."

In a recent photoplay there were some scenes on a golf course, and the hero, getting his ball caught in a sand pile, used a driver to get out. This was an awful slip on the part of the director. He should have used a shovel.

Myron Selznick, the youngest movie magnate in captivity, says that the motion picture industry has been in its infancy so long that it has grown a full set of whiskers. Yes, and its surface has been scratched so much that a bucketful of veeneer couldn't set it right.

Why Pick On Me?

Louis Sherwin, for several years dramatic critic on the *New York Globe*, is now in the movie game and has written his first scenario. They all flop sooner or later.

The producers have been making a great scramble to get a corner on the Big Authors, but they have totally overlooked the works of Burt L. Standish, An Old Scout, Nick Carter, Horatio Alger, Jr., etc.

We are now scheduled for some Maxim silent drama. A story by Hudson Maxim, inventor of the famous noiseless gun, is being adapted to the screen by Fox.

They Always Come Back for More

Pearl White tried her hand at features a year or so ago, but had to return to serials. Now she's tackling features once more. Here's a bet she is again making serials a year from today.

Who Knows? Who Knows?

A little bird says that Robert Harron and D. W. Griffith have had sort of a falling out and that Bobbie is going to shift for himself.

Director James Young, former husband of the W. K. Clara Kimball Young, has started something that should be interesting. He has married another Clara. This time it is Clara Whipple, screen leading woman, and Young says that she is in future going to bear the name Clara Young and will run a screen race for popularity with Clara the first.

The Selznick Company is building the largest studio in the world, and it was thought that everything necessary had been included in the plans. It has been discovered, however, that no allowance had been made for the publicity department. Now what is a film company without a publicity department?

The Height of Motion Picture Efficiency

Paying extras $2 a day for ten hours' work and then spending about $5,000 to burn up a set that will show in about ten feet of film.

Why is it that off-screen the vampire is a quiet home body and the little ingénue a "cut-up"? For the same reason, perhaps, that the hero often goes home and abuses his wife, while the villain's spouse breaks a broom over his head.

Some one sent Director Ralph Ince a beautiful megaphone as a present, and he says he doesn't know what to do with it. Ralph is a queer cuss, anyway. He doesn't even wear horn-rimmed spectacles or riding puttees.

The Frank Joyce







Brother Frank just recently came out of the United States Navy and Alice Joyce helped write a vaudeville sketch in which he has invaded the varieties.

Dawn



By
GLADYS
HALL

HE was eighteen, and his name was Keith Burton, and his high, exalted mission in life was to be a scientist, wherefore he spent many hours under broiling suns and in dense woods pursuing elusive insects and pale, delicate fronds.

She was sixteen, and her name was Dorothy Parkman, and her high, exalted mission in life was to . . . was to . . . well, really she broiled with him, you know, in the noonday suns, blistering the skin on her delicate nose, and she developed an exhaustive knowledge of insects and ferns and all that sort of thing, and she dubbed herself his "assistant" with the pride of high estate. And they were always and forever together. That's about all that it is necessary to say about her mission.

Then, one day, an accident befell him. He was tip-tilted out on the precarious end of a slender branch in the pursuit of a fungus growth he had espied from afar. She had cautioned him, her timid hand on his sleeve, and he had read her an erudite lecture to the effect that intrepidity is the chief ingredient of your true scientist. Wherefore she had been silenced, but none the less alarmed.

He secured the fungus, and then he came shattering

DAWN

Fictionized by permission from the scenario of Stanley Olmstead, based upon Eleanor H. Porter's story. Produced under the personal direction of J. Stuart Blackton for the J. Stuart Blackton Feature Pictures, Inc. The cast:

Dorothy Parkman	Sylvia Breamer
Keith Burton	Robert Gordon
Daniel Burton	Harry Davenport
Susan Betts	Fannie Rice
Dr. Stewart	George Pauncefort
Mrs. Nettie Colebrook	Flora Finch
Maizie Sanborn	Gladys Valerie
Mrs. MacGuire	Margaret Barry
Mr. MacGuire	George Bunny
John MacGuire	Eddie Dunn
Lefty	Lefty Alexander
Hank	Robert Milasch

badly to the unyielding earth, the fungus shattering with him in little odoriferous fragments.

There was a cut across his forehead, and for what seemed to the aghast Dorothy an eternity of suspense he lay with his head on her lap, muted.

If he were dead! At the mere thought, the sun, which had been dappling the leaves and flecking the inmost reaches, darkened and seemed to be no more, and the birds' songs were clear and sweet no longer, and the whole of the forest had the dank smell of decay rather than the quickening fragrance of early spring.

Dorothy discovered, with a swift, sharp pang at her heart, that she loved him; that all she had been feeling these past, dear days had not been science at all—but love. Love of him. That had been it. That was what had changed the world, changed the whole of her life. Given her a promise. Made things so different. Not science at all, not insects nor ferns nor fungus growths. Love.

Love!

The shock of it stunned her as nearly as his fall had stunned him, so that when his eyes opened he caught the look of the miracle on her face, and because he was a very dear boy, a very clean, idealistic sort of a boy, he knew what her miracle meant, and he knew that it had come, not to her alone, but to both of them, and, very tenderly, because he was weak, and so was she, only differently, he drew her lips to his and whispered three immemorial words into her ear, and, sudden, there was a blare of sunlight, more golden than gold, and high up in the farthermost ether a lark gave his soul to God in a flood of song.

Four years passed by, rather slowly. You see, the youthful scientist had a great love but no money, and also, he had a dear, impecunious father who painted dear, impecunious pictures, and altogether there was great, great difficulty in the small but important matters of keeping mortgages paid up and food in the larder and other necessaries of the same sort.

Then, too, Keith was a good deal of a dreamer. He loved to walk with Dorothy in the soft green of the woods, and dream with her of splendors they would know. He loved to look at her. She was like a poem, he said. She was like a poem, living, robed in flesh. He was a dreamer and he was very young.

Besides, his science was not going very well. He was making scientific sketches all the time wherewith to illustrate his articles, but somehow they did not sell, neither the sketches nor the articles.

Still worse, the sketches got harder and harder to do. They were so blurry all the time, you know, so blurry, and they wobbled so, all over the sheets. He wasted paper, immensely. It was foggy, too, most of the time. Odd sort of weather, and there were



There was a cut across his forehead, and for what seemed to the aghast Dorothy an eternity of suspense he lay with his head on her lap, muted



queer noises in his head all of the while. He liked to lay it down in the cool grass. It healed something within him that ached like a fear.

One day Susan, their old family servant, was hanging out the wash. He complained irritably of the fog. She looked at him, and the laugh she began with stiffened on her wide, adoring face. "'Tisn't foggy, darlin'," she said, before she really thought; "the sun's a-cookin' of me, the day thru."

After she had gone indoors, Keith lay thinking a long, long while. After a while he went indoors and closed his door and locked it, and did not come down to supper. Susan worried, but his dad said to leave the lad alone.

After that night people in the town began to talk about the strange way Keith Burton was acting. "He's got to be a dead one," they proclaimed.

Only Dorothy Parkman was silent. She was silent because the only thing she could find to talk about was the ache in her heart and she had grown wise enough to know that nobody cared very particularly to hear about *that*.

Then came the war.

The little town ran a martial temperature. It thrilled and turned to its youth, and there was an exemption board and all the talk was of the Allies and France and drafts and volunteers.

Keith was more excited than any of the rest of them. "I feel I've been something of a no-good," he told Dorothy, "a dabbler and a worry. There's dad . . . tied up in debts and doubts . . . and I've philandered. Waiting . . . experimenting . . . not getting anywhere at all. This is my chance. My chance to prove myself. Once I do . . . say you're glad, dear."

"I'm glad," said Dorothy, and Keith did not see that her lips grew very white, partly because her lips were, generally of late, unsteady petals of an unsteady,

Days and nights came, during which Dorothy Parkman hung about the gate of the Burton home beseeching Mr. Burton for news



"I saw the last one, yesterday," murmured Dorothy, raptly. "He took me up to see it when I brought Keith the flowers"

provocative flower that drifted about the whiteness of her face, and partly because he was full of the valiant colors of the many-flagged streets.

"John MacGuire's going from next door," he told Dorothy, as they walked down the main street to where the local exemption board sat in little used authority; "they passed him in without a murmur. Physically perfect, the doctors said."

"That's fine," said Dorothy, "for him. How does his mother take it?"

"She's proud, of course," said Keith, and added, "and sad, too, of course. John was getting along down at the paper. Star reporter now, and he was a help to the MacGuires. They need help. There are so many babies all the time, and old Dad MacGuire has never been very prolific with money. John's going is hard—but oh, of course, she's proud. Mrs. MacGuire is fine."

Dorothy left him at the board, and didn't know until late that evening, when he didn't come to see her and she 'phoned about him, that he had been turned down—because of his eyes.

Susan and Mr. Burton told her the next morning that the doctors had proclaimed his eyesight bad, very, very bad, and his chance of recovery minute.

Dorothy caught her breath in sharply.

Why, she thought, he had *got* to see! He loved his eyes, the use of his eyes. That was what he *did*. What *they* did. They discovered things, together, with their *eyes*. All the dear, funny bugs and the faery ferns, unnamed and undiscovered until they came upon them; the odd, secret little flowers; the birds from remote corners; the nests and the fungi and odd growths. Keith was a scientist, a botanist, a bit of a biologist. He had *got* to see! Other people, perhaps, other people who never saw anyway, *anything*, other people who would turn from a sunset to stare at electric lights. Other people—never her Keith!

In the afternoon the town turned out, in toto, to see its youth depart for France.

There was a band and there were a great many flags, and every one was dressed rather importantly and there were a great many wet eyes and wobbly sorts of voices, and laughter that had the curious effect of being sadder than tears.

Dorothy Parkman was there with her cousin, Maizie Sanborn, and one or two others, and Mr. Burton was there, and Sarah, with her apron to her eyes and all the MacGuire family, sniffling and being very brave.

Old Uncle Joe was there, too, the town's oldest veteran. He had been thru the Civil War and thru the Spanish-American. "Thru Andersonville, boys," he was wont to say. "We saw fighting back then, we saw fighting. A bit of a cut got me, tho, right between the eyes. Took a long time comin' to a head, but I'm blind as a bat now—blind as any bat. Still, a relict . . ."

Everybody was there, and all the air about seemed to pulse with the quickened beat of some vast heart, some common, breaking kind of a heart. People gripped onto each other's hands, and every one was nice and comfy to one another, like at a wedding or a funeral. And all the while the band played the national airs of every

country save Italy, and it only omitted that because it hadn't got it down, letter-perfect, and the flags did magnificent service.

After the stirring parade of departure, Maizie discovered Keith sitting with old Uncle Joe on one of the decrepit benches back of the crowd. There was, somehow, a similarity between the two figures, save that Uncle Joe's sightless eyes were dancing about and his rusty shoes were keeping what he thought to be time to the martial band—and Keith Burton was very still and there was no dance in his eyes, which seemed to avoid the crowd.

"Keith's getting like Uncle Joe," she said to Dorothy, and laughed. "I'm going over and tell him he's blinder than a bat if he cant see *me* today," she said.

Dorothy walked away. Somehow, she didn't feel that she could go to him, sitting there in his humiliation. Here was one time, she reasoned, when he wouldn't want her. He was bumped and bruised, but it was not like it used to be. She couldn't take his poor, dejected head in her lap today and rub the hurt away. She wished that she could. She wished that she had not felt sorry he was going—those few moments when he thought he was. She wished he was going—triumphantly—waving the Stars and Stripes. She wished that he were . . . it would be much better than this . . . his heart was sick and crushed out of him . . . some of his bright youth had been trampled under foot. She had thought she loved him, long ago. Now, today, she knew that she had never loved him before. It had been child's play. Now, she did. She loved him now, in his hurt and humiliation, in his baffled dejection. She would love him, no matter what he was, no matter what he did, no matter what was done to him . . .

"Dorothy wouldn't come with me," Maizie Sanborn was tittering. She leaned off and dropped to a confidential monotone, "Because Uncle Joe was with you, I guess," she confided. "Dorothy cant bear the sight of a blind person. Now, *I'm* not so touchy . . . why, Keith, dont go . . ."

Keith walked home alone, unconscious of Maizie Sanborn's indignant following glance, unaware of the casual townsfellow who hailed him and was left staring because of the lack of response.

He walked home thru mists that swirled about his feet and wrapped their grey lengths about his head. His head ached and was dizzy. His hands and feet were cold. At his heart there was an intolerable pain. Pain . . . When he drew in his breath he shuddered, because it went thru him like a knife.

Blind. He had to say the word. Blind, that was to be it. Blind and lonely. Lonely and blind. Just a lonely, blind man walking thru eternal mists swirling and swirling about his feet and head. After a while there would be no mists at all. Just blackness. Thick, thick blackness. Deep, horrid blackness, no blacker than the loneliness it companioned.

He would reach forth his hand. There would be nobody there. He would reach with his heart. No answer. Day and night would mingle and be an unutterable one. And this pain, this savage pain tearing at his heart . . . Somewhere a girl like the red heart of a velvet rose would be loving in the sunlight. She was made for love. She was made for sunlight. The stars were wreaths to hang about her throat. Blackness and loneliness had nothing to do with her.

How thick the mists were getting . . . How long it was from the station to his home . . . Every so often a branch reached impudently forth and flicked him across the face . . . He had the horrid fear that he was going to cry . . .

All at once it occurred to him that he had lost his way . . . he had lost his way home . . .

He started back again, turning himself squarely about to make sure. Something buzzed

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"Why do you come here?" he asked, in a voice surely not his own. "Why dont you leave me alone? Why do you persist with me? What are you getting out of it?"

Across the Silversheet





WONDERS, they say, will never cease and, personally, I am thankful for every new proof of this saying. In the land of shadows nothing could be a greater wonder than the unexpected viewing of a perfect picture that has not been pre-heralded as the marvel of the age. For this reason "The Third Kiss" ranks as *the* wonder in present-day photoplay history.

"The Third Kiss" was produced by Paramount, with that dependable little star, Vivian Martin, in the leading rôle. Now, Miss Martin has been peddling along in program releases, bit by bit gaining more velocity with consistently good endeavor, until in "The Third Kiss" we find her way and ahead of dozens of stars racing for fame in the cinema art and aided by highly paid publicity to lubricate the wheels of their progress. "The Third Kiss" is a remarkably truly motivated story. Each successive move of its sure-fire advancement clicks as smoothly as the finely timed escapement of a Swiss clock. The story deals with real people and opens down among the factory slums. There, Rupert Bawlff, a self-centered zealot, has established boys' clubs, recreation classes and model tenements. There he has dragged his wife, an orchidarious soul, who has given up the sun of society's smiles to work with him. Small wonder that the transplanted flower begins to wither—but Rupert, concerned only with his own feelings and theories, falls madly in love with Missy, a little factory lass. The saloon element, which is trying to put him in disrepute, starts a newspaper scandal of his mad love for Missy, and in order to save Rupert's reputation, his rich benefactor, Oliver Cloyne, marries Missy to protect not only Rupert, but his wife, for be it known that the transplanted orchid was the girl who-might-have-been to Oliver. Missy turns out to be the real owner of the factory, and she and Oliver play at cross purposes until a mad woman nearly causes Missy's death in a conflagration. Rupert is cured of his selfishness and both couples grow together happily—and naturally, naturalness being perhaps the picture's greatest charm. Each character is real, with human failings and human vanities, and we grow to love every one of them. Each part, too, is naturally played—lived. There is no ranting, no hair-tearing. The finest performance is, of course, Vivian Martin's as Missy. Depth and real feeling are her greatest assets. No longer is she simply the pretty little be-curled star. She leads the audience to feel that she possesses something beside prettiness. Harrison Ford is subtle, distinguished and pleasing as Oliver, while Robert Ellis gives a remarkably keen interpretation of the selfish dreamer. Kathleen Kirkham as his wife completes a perfect cast.

Above, Marguerite Clark and Harrison Ford in "Girls," and, left, Dorothy Phillips in "The Right to Happiness"

By HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR





"The Third Kiss," with Vivian Martin, is the wonder of photoplay history. A scene is given above. At the right is a moment from "The Career of Katherine Bush," with Catherine Calvert

THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS—UNIVERSAL

The play of the hour must deal with Bolshevism; it stood to reason that it was only a question of time before we should have the problem play staged in America. But Allen Holubar is well in the lead of current events with his new production, "The Right to Happiness," after all, merely a new setting for the jewel of his wife's personality. Here he has provided Dorothy Phillips with a dual rôle, that of a Russian reformer, Bolshevist, hater of oppressors of the poor, and that of a rich American's daughter. In brief, the story is that of Sonia, who invades America to spread the red flag of rebellion among factory workers, and of Hardcastle, the rich American manufacturer who will not pay high wages, and Forrester who will. The contrast between the results obtained in the two factories is well drawn. A strike is called at the moment when Vivian, Hardcastle's daughter, has at last awakened to the crying need of the poor people. During a mad outburst of the strikers, Sonia is killed in saving Vivian. Hardcastle recognizes Sonia as his long-lost daughter and, as she passes away, grants the requests of his employees. Unfortunately, all factory owners in real life haven't lost daughters with Bolshevik tendencies. Thruout eight reels Holubar hammers home his point that right thinking makes right living, and that only thru love and understanding of our fellow man can we experience the right to happiness. Perhaps he hammers a little too obviously, and the blows are not always pleasant. Dorothy Phillips plays Vivian in a mood so coquettish that it detracts from the desired effect. She is much more at home and more vivid as the tempestuous Sonia. She makes the death of Sonia a thing not only tragic but uncannily realistic. Robert Anderson is wholly pleasing, dignified and sincere as Paul, Sonia's devotee, while William Stowell is vigorous as the factory foreman. One great fault detracts from the excellent impression this picture makes on the beholder, and that is the constant mouthing of words which Holubar allows his actors to use, even in close-ups.

GIRLS—PARAMOUNT

Clyde Fitch wrote the comedy, "Girls," which Paramount has translated so ably to the screen, and in writing his clever little comedy the late Mr. Fitch revealed a complete understanding of the feminine mind, than which there can be no greater praise. "Girls" is the story of three members of the so-called weaker sex who are avowed man-haters. They find supporting themselves a pretty stiff struggle, until one of the hated opposite





Marion Davies, above, is prettily unsophisticated in "The Dark Star." At the left is Billie Rhodes in "The Blue Bonnet"

sex bursts into their room while escaping from a clandestine dinner with his friend's wife, and promptly falls in love with Pamela, their ring-leader in man-hating. The intruder gets Pamela invited to a week-end party, and sees that she is offered a position in his firm. When Pamela discovers that she owes her opulent estate to the thoughtfulness of a man, she promptly vacates her secretary's chair and drags her friend home, too, to eke out their poverty-stricken existence unhampered by masculine interference. But two of the girls are traitors to the cause, and Pamela finds herself the only survivor not sporting a golden ring. However, Mr. Intruder fixes that safely in spite of vigorous opposition. Many hearty laughs pleasantly punctuate the plot, while Marguerite Clark plays the part of Pamela with all her old-time vim. Harrison Ford is again the rich young man that every girl longs for . . . and never finds, while Helene Chadwick is charming as one truant from the man-hating tribe and Mary Warren equally so as the other.

THE CAREER OF KATHERINE BUSH—ARTCRAFT

Filmed from the novel by Elinor Glyn, this picture lacks the red blood in which the interesting Elinor dips her pen. The pictured episodes lack too, the warm feeling of her printed words. While given a very beautiful staging, which is graced by the sumptuous gowns and beauty of Catherine Calvert in the title rôle, it fails to hold, for never once does the picture or the players get beneath the skin. Crauford Kent, as Lord Gerald Strobridge, who loves Katherine and helps her to realize her ambition of becoming a lady, comes the nearest to giving a perfect performance of the whole cast. He alone interprets the author's creation with complete understanding. He alone registers something besides action. As the beautiful Katherine Bush, Miss Calvert utterly fails to convey the cold, calculating dignity that was the very backbone of the novel's heroine. She fails too, to suggest that element of mystery which was so vital a part of our ambitious heroine's make-up. Miss Calvert is too warmly beautiful, too humanly coquettish, I might almost say flirtatious, in her interpretation of the rôle. Katherine Bush should have been cold, regal, mysterious, with scarcely a suggestion of sex. Catherine Calvert makes of her a warmly kissable girl. In the cast of sixteen characters I find no others that linger vividly in my memory unless it be the momentary perfume of Claire Whitney's brief appearance as Lady Beatrice Strobridge. The whole is a splendid production, but it lacks the inner fire of genius.

THE DARK STAR—PARAMOUNT-ARTCRAFT

This is the first Cosmopolitan production and warrants a huge success for this new brand, if others live up to its pace. Taken basically from the Robert W. Chambers' novel, I find "The Dark Star" one of those rare things, an adventure photoplay which yet ranks in the land of the probable. The tale concerns a small-town girl who gets caught in an international intrigue because of certain maps left in her possession. Nothing especially novel can be told concerning German spies and secret service men and love, yet this drama ranks as one of the

(*Continued on page* 102)

M'sieur Le Guere

By GLADYS HALL



There is a flavor about George Le Guere of the olden, golden city of New Orleans. It is the city of his birth and rearing, this old city in a new world, this deep, dark well of fascination in the roar and stir of the new commercialism

O. HENRY gave us New Orleans—with a flavor. In the eternal cycle of things, New Orleans has given us George Le Guere—with a flavor.

There *is* a flavor about him of this olden, golden city of his birth and rearing, this old city in a new world, this deep, dark well of fascination in the roar and stir of the new commercialism. He gives forth a suggestion of the narrow, romance-haunted streets; the dim, remote, ever-shuttered houses; the chivalrous air of an olden time still haunting the dim alleys once beloved and familiar. There is a gentleness in his bearing, a quietness in his voice, the old South in his point of view, and an aroma of hoop-skirts and crinoline in his ideas of women.

And there is a sense of humor, too, hardy humor, which comes, no doubt, from his Irish father, whose name was Mulally. "French and Irish," he said; "Le Guere was my mother's name. I dont in the least object to your printing the fact that my real name is Mulally—but Le Guere—can you blame me?"

With that background I wondered how he came this far call . . . to New York . . . to the stage . . . to pictures . . . to a life so different from that enchanted dream which is New Orleans.

"The desire for the stage," he confided to me, "is a germ. Just a germ. One has it—or one doesn't have it. *I* was born with it. The only hope of recovery is to take the antidote of going on the stage. If the antidote takes . . . you're cured and may return, unfettered, to being anything you or your family desire. If it doesn't take—well, you keep at it, as I am doing. It grows more virulent and is finally quite incurable. You sheerly love it, from every angle.

"I have always loved it, tho I did not have being an actor concretely in my mind. You see, my father opposed the mere suggestion of it with considerable acrimony. My mother, on the other hand, had always been interested in the stage and rather encouraged me. But I was the only child, and the only grandchild, and naturally, great things were planned for me, great things hoped for me.

"I lived in New Orleans until I was fourteen, when I entered the Georgetown University at Washington, D. C. Studied law. I stayed at the University six years, the extra two being to please my father, taking a B.A., etc.

"While I was at college I went in for letters a great deal. I was editor of the *Georgetown College Journal* and did a lot of debating and miscellaneous writing. I rather planned to make a career of that, and even now, in my leisure moments, I do a great deal of writing—short stories and that sort of thing. The charm of the work still persists.

"But when I did finally break away from college I found that my father was adamant on the subject of my taking up the practice of law. You see, we had a great many influential friends, members of the bar, and of course, he saw a brilliant future for me, without much of struggle. I was as adamant as he, however, and after a rather bitter scene, I left and went into a railroad office for the munificent sum of twenty dollars a week—or it may have been a month!

"I really did try to put the thought of the stage out of my mind while I was working there. I wanted to give my desire for the footlights every chance. I wanted to be

sure I was not fighting opposition for nothing. Then Blanche Walsh's company came to town, a friend of mine got me into that —and I've been going ever since.

"I've had good luck, too, and so, of course, the family have all come around, long ago. Mother always did back me up, and she still does.

"Of course, I've never done anything very big or especially remarkable, but I've kept working, always in good things, and I've assimilated and observed and grown, I believe. I often say that I have not the slightest ambition to play 'Hamlet' or 'Romeo,' but I would like to be as good an actor as Holbrook Blinn or George Arliss, on the stage, or Henry Walthall on the screen—I wouldn't ask a tithe more. The mere self-satisfaction of having attained such artistry would be immense.

"I've been so ill for a year that I haven't been doing a thing, and just now I'm practically indeterminate. I really love the stage, tho, and rather believe I shall go back to that, or, better still, do both screen and stage. I like the *audiences* . . . that is the part of the stage that endears itself to me above the screen . . . the constantly new incentive, the recurring tug and appeal . . . audiences have their fascination . . . you get to *know* them . . . to count on them . . . However, my plans are still in the air, so to speak."

Somehow or other, we got to talking of the so-called politer sex. Of just girls and the new woman and other exponents of the aforementioned P. S. Probably because so many fantastic feminines kept drifting about us in the Claridge lounge.

M'sieur George (the appellation has a singular, a delicate appropriateness) spoke with a faint whimsical smile upon his lips, which was essentially Broadway, New York, and in his eyes a dream, which was Old N' Orleans.





"French and Irish," says Le Guere, in describing himself. "Le Guere was my mother's name. My real name is Mulally—but Le Guere—can you blame me?"

He said: "Of course, if you fall in love, that practically ends discussion, because there is simply nothing to be done about the matter; but if it were a matter of choice, of planning—well, I should not care to marry a woman with a career. If I did fall in love with, say for example, an indubitably great

(*Continued on page* 127)



When you feel uncomfortable every time you see people's eyes upon your hands, you cannot be at your best

PEOPLE NOTICE YOUR FINGERNAILS

Every time you put your hand to your hair—Every time you powder your nose—Whenever you make a gesture your hands are conspicuous

YOUR tea cup poised in the air; the attention of the others centered on you—and *then* you caught a glimpse of your nails. The very memory of it still makes you flush.

You cannot put on your hat or fasten your glove; you cannot give your clothes a tiny, settling pat; you cannot make the least gesture without drawing attention to your hands.



This is ruinous!

The nail root is only 1-12 inch below the cuticle. If you cut the cuticle, you are sure to injure the delicate root.

People not only look at your hands—they judge you by them.

An occasional manicure may improve the appearance of your nails for the time being, but it will not *keep* them looking well. You must care for your nails regularly, and care for them by the right method.

When you cut the overgrown cuticle, you can't help cutting the living skin, too. There's only 1-12 of an inch of cuticle to protect the root of the nails. When you hack into this cuticle you are hurting the only protection of the sensitive root.

The skin, in its effort to heal these ugly little places, grows quickly and forms



This is correct

Soften and remove surplus cuticle with Cutex. It will leave a thin, beautiful nail base.

thick, ragged cuticle that makes you feel self-conscious when people look at your nails.

But you *can* keep your cuticle thin, smooth, even.

The right way to do this is to soften and remove the cuticle with Cutex. Just dip an orange stick (with cotton wrapped around the point) into the Cutex bottle. Then gently work the stick around the base of the nail, pushing back the dead cuticle. Carefully wash the hands, pushing the cuticle back when drying them.

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To remove stains and make the nail tips snowy white, apply a little Cutex Nail White underneath the nails. Finish with Cutex Nail Polish.

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California Chatter

By HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR







Top, Gloria Swanson and Thomas Meighan watching the filming of "Male and Female"; left, Victor Shertzinger directing Mabel Normand; below, Pauline Frederick taking a dip in the Pacific with friends

DEAR FOLKS BACK EAST:

Here I am in California, the cradle of motion pictures, cafeterias, disappearing beds and orange groves. I have seen my first palm-tree and investigated Hollywood, the heart of the motion picture industry. I have grown quite accustomed to seeing the sunshine every day and have ceased regretting that I lost my umbrella in Salt Lake City. No longer do I quiver as the motor car traffic attempts to cut off my toes with their front wheels, for a famed planet of shadowland is sure to be at the helm, and what could be sweeter than to die by the hand of—well, the movieites all have 'em—automobiles—and if they haven't they are not in the swim, or rather the Los Angeles traffic.

It may interest you to know that Bill Hart was the first person to welcome me to the City of Angels. His genial voice over the telephone, inquiring if there wasn't anything he could do to help me settle down, made the happy cells of my heart beat a quick tattoo. When I said there was nothing he could do except let me see his own big self, he said he'd send his machine after me at once. The machine bowled me along the Los Angeles boulevards, each one bordered with a fringe of palm-trees that look like pineapples turned upside down and sprouting wings on all sides.

Bill Hart has his own studio, a long, green building that nestles in a valley whose mountain sides bristle with tiny bungalows. Bill himself wasn't working; that is, he wasn't posing for the camera, merely settling up several contracts in his office and whipping into shape five scenarios and planning countless details for his next production. Thru his office window he showed me the brown mountaintop where his ranch lies, the locale of most of those Western pictures of his.

"Yes," he sighed, "I'm doomed to the West forever . . . but I love it. People may kick about Western pictures being all the same, but as soon as I give them anything else, they want me back in Westerns."

Bill has just signed a new contract with Artcraft to release his pictures. I



"Outdoors" *and* The Skin:

The keen exhilaration of the Autumn Outdoors has its physical opposites—it promotes the fine, free flowing of the blood, even while it endangers the smoothness, the natural beauty of the skin to wind and sun.

The complement to the exercise of The Sports Woman is the constant use of Resinol Soap. The blemishes on the delicate skin, the outward and visible signs of thoughtless neglect will be mitigated and the complexion improved, as you commence its beneficial use.

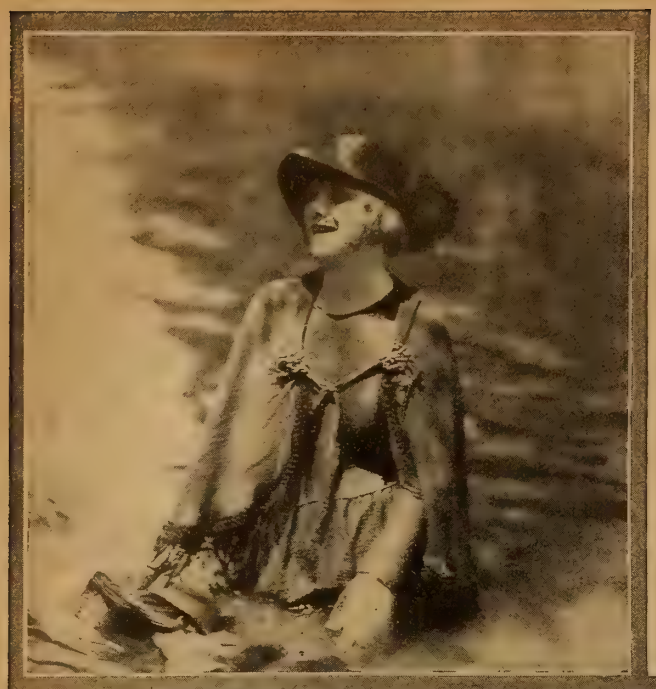
Whatever blotches may appear as the result of the sun's influence on the hidden pigments of the skin, Resinol Soap will act as a stimulant and serve to hasten your new pleasure in a beautiful skin.

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asked him why he didn't go in with the Big Four.

"Because," said he, "I'm an actor, not a business man. I dont believe that actors should undertake the business end of any proposition. They are not fitted for business, temperamentally or otherwise. Already the Big Four have spent over a million dollars, and they only have one release ready. I just cant see their proposition, that's all."

Bill starts a new picture this week, a Western, of course. After we had chatted of plots, and California versus New York, Bill and his precious bulldog and his automobile bowled me over the hills and away . . . to my Los Angeles abode.

That part of the great United States Navy which has become the Pacific fleet was honored by Douglas Fairbanks with a rodeo which he staged at Exposition Park. (By the way, when any appropriations are needed for public or patriotic entertainments out here, you'll find the picture people's money pulling them thru every time.)

This rodeo was splendidly managed. Every navy man was ushered in free of charge and given the best seats in the place. The grandstand was a sea of bluejackets. Out on the track an enormous mob of cowboys entertained the guests. The most thrilling moment of all was when Doug himself dashed up on a golden tan mount, followed by his little son, also garbed in cowboy fashion and pluckily hanging onto his own swift little pony. Thus was the rodeo officially opened, and pony races, stage-coach hold-ups, lariat-throwing and broncho-busting followed each other in quick succession. Nice, big Monte Blue, wearing chaps, a sombrero and a cerise silk shirt, pranced about on a coal-black charger and was first aid in keeping things going. Tom Mix, too, was loping here, there and everywhere. A big, black cigar was ever present in his mouth, and he wore pink chaps that showed hard usage, a red silk shirt and black tie.

Top, Wanda Hawley becomes a bathing girl, for art's sake, in "The Lottery Man"; left, Theda Bara buying the first $1,000 Treasury Savings Certificate in New York; below, Will Rogers enjoying an outing after a day's work in the studio

Of course, all

(*Continued on page* 102)





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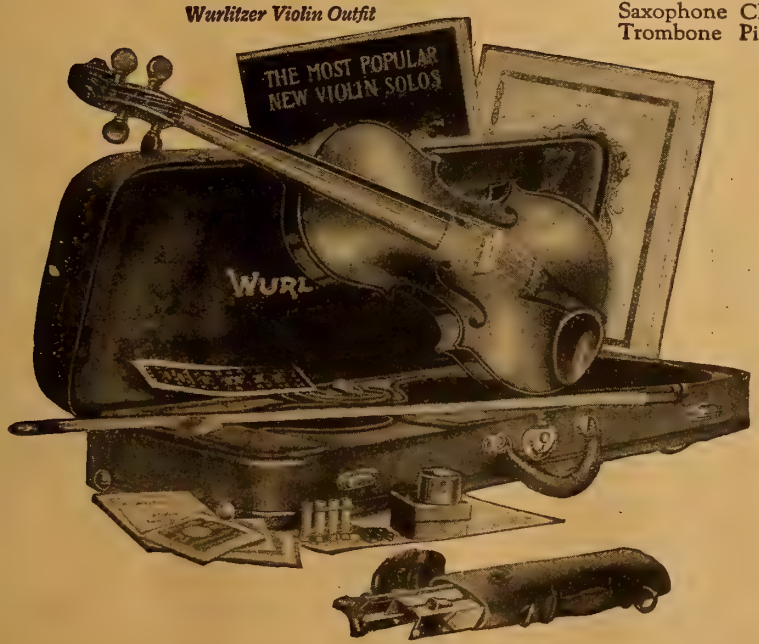
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Is it RICHARD BARTHELMESS or WILLIAM S. HART?

Concerning this matter there is great difference of opinion. Every fan, in fact, has his own idol. The Wall street broker swears by MARY PICKFORD; his wife thinks TOM MIX is the best actor the cinema has produced; the office boy has a "crush" on THEDA BARA and the stenographer collects photographs of DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS.

What do **you** think? If you had a vote would you give it to NAZIMOVA or to LILLIAN GISH? Would you vote for a man or a woman or for little BEN ALEXANDER?

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The coupons will show you how to enter your own name and the name of your favorite player. But you may vote on an ordinary sheet of paper provided you make it the same size and follow the wording of these coupons. We prefer the printed coupons for uniformity and convenience in counting.

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Votes registered in Class Number 1 will probably be cast by favor. Votes registered in Class Number 2 will call for a wide knowledge of the Motion Picture business, keen powers of perception and skill at detecting the trend of popular favor. You cannot guess the winner offhand.

RULES OF THE CONTEST

1. The Contest will open on December 1, 1919, and close on June 30, 1920.
2. There will be seven ballots as follows:

December	1919 ballot
January	1920 ballot
February	1920 ballot
March	1920 ballot
April	1920 ballot
May	1920 ballot
June	1920 ballot

3. The result of each month's ballot will be published in each one of our magazines the second month following such ballot.
4. No votes will be received prior to the opening date or after the date of closing.
5. Each person entering the contest and observing the rules thereof shall have the privilege of voting once in each class, each month, for each one of our magazines. You may send us one vote in each class for **Shadowland** every month, and the same for **Motion Picture Magazine** and yet again the same for **Classic.** Thus, you will have three votes in Class No. 1 each month, and three votes in Class No. 2 each month.

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State.....
Country.....
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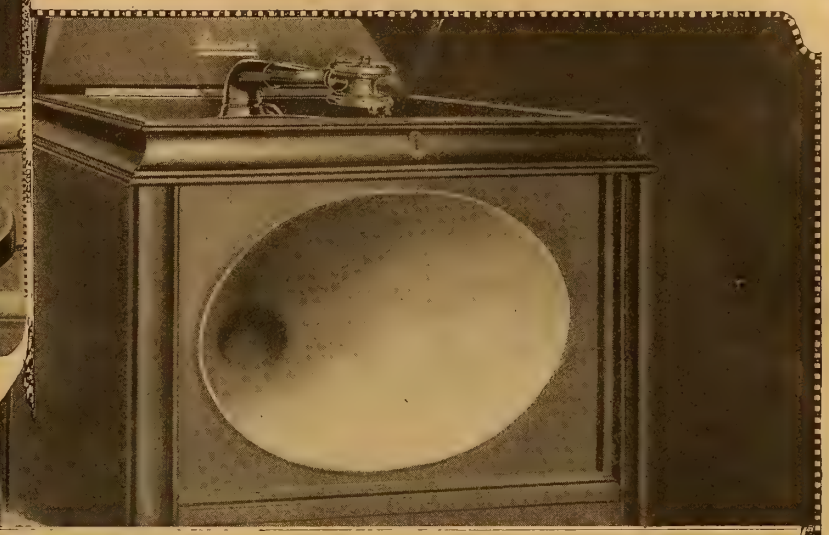
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The Answer Man

This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to The Answer Man, using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopaedia in existence. If the answer is to appear in the Classic, write "Classic" at top of letter.

AUTUMN time, the best of all seasons, and, as the leaves are turning, so let us turn these leaves, and see if we cant get some coloring or something.

MISS ANSWERETTE.—No, we shall not be strangers from now on. But you must believe in me when I say I am 79 years, and that I have a long white beard, bald, live in a hall room, and buttermilk is my favorite beverage. Why should I deceive you? Both of yours have been answered a short while ago. Write Mary Pickford direct.

JOSEPHINE.—Theda Bara's contract with Fox has expired. But if we had no defects, we should not take so much pleasure in discovering those of others. Juanita Hansen with Selig.

WANDERER.—Away with thee! Just what do you mean when you say, "I'm not so sure that a man writes all these inquiries"? Come across with the proper explanation there,—that sentence has all the earmarks of a nasty dig. Do you think I have a woman to help me? Helen Chadwick is with Famous Players opposite Robert Warwick.

SWEET SIXTEEN.—Them was the happy days. Why, saccharine is obtained from the distillation of coal and is distinctly a gas-house waste. It possesses no food value, but it is three hundred to five hundred times sweeter than sugar, and many physicians say it is harmless. Corinne Griffith in "The Bramble Bush."

OH HELEN.—You probably saw moving pictures in the Eden Museum fifteen years ago in New York, but I am not sure about Germany. Gloria Hope is playing with Tom Moore.

PATIENT ONE.—I know, but fate gives us parents, choice gives us friends. Mildred Manning is playing in "The Westerners" produced by the Great Authors.

DORIS C.—But to weep is not always to suffer,—come, dry those tears. You want more interviews by Lillian Montanye. She is right here in the office with us and I will tell her to get busy.

MARIE B.—Yes, I occasionally read Balzac. He laid the world under the greatest obligation of any modern man of letters and was driven into an untimely grave by the spectre of debt. The highest service is always martyrdom. Douglas Fairbanks in "His Majesty the American." Vivian Martin in "The Third Kiss." Pearl White has been with Crystal. Come on, write some more.

APPRECIATION.—You're welcome. The name of the statue in "Prunella" is not given. He was not clothed,—I mean not cast. (Glad Anthony Comstock is dead.)

EL POTOSINO.—You refer to Martha Erlich, afterwards changed to Martha Mansfield, in the Essanay comedies with Max Linder. The vessel Princess Irene has been changed to U. S. S. Pocahontas; the Prinz Eitel Friedrich to U. S. S. DeKalb, and the Kronprinzessin Cecile to U. S. S. Mount Vernon.

GEORGE J. W.—Why, as the records show Juanita Hansen is 22 summers and no winters of age.

PROMISE.—No, indeed, I never gulp my soup, nor do I get it all over my whiskers. I imbibe it noiselessly. I dont like you now. You can reach Mary Miles Minter, Lasky Co., Los Angeles, Cal., and Bessie Love, Western Vitagraph, Hollywood, Cal. Call me up again.

EDNA K.—Alas, our vices are like our nails; even as we cut them, they grow again. Texas Guinan is with Universal. Robert Vignola is directing Ethel Clayton in "The Fear Market." And I understand that Wallace Reid has signed with Famous Players for five years. Size shoe I wear?—well, take size of Charlie Chaplin's two shoes, subtract 7, and you have the size of mine. What's the answer?

MALISSA G.—Thanks greatly for the "Garcia Grande." I thought of you while smoking it. It is the enjoying, and not merely the possessing, that makes us happy. Lila Lee in "Heart of Youth."

THU JAYS.—You write *currente calamo*, or is it a fountain? You say you liked "The Follies Girl," but it should have been two reels instead of five. Yours was very interesting. Rip off some more to me. Sure, Lila Lee in "Heart of Youth."

MARION S.—Oh, yes, I remember "The Chalice of Courage" well. It was beautiful and very well done. William Duncan and Myrtle Gonzalez. Yes, we are making our own dolls now, and do not depend on Germany. The first dolls were unearthed from the ruins of Babylon.

COQUIMBO.—All I can say is that the martial troubles of the couple you mention were due to the disgusting disclosure of the fact that the man had an affinity and later on he was found too much in her private apartments. It was a case of the right man in the wrong place. William Shaw was Omar, Halde Forest was Sullan and Henrietta Gilbert was the good fairy in "The Daughter of the Gods."

VELMA C.—You should never slap a person on the wrist—if they carry a wrist watch. Jack Pickford is still in pictures. Louise Huff in New York just now. William Stowell in "The Talk of the Town." Why not? Write any time you feel like it. I'm always here.

AUSSIE GIRL.—You say woman, cats and birds are the creatures that waste the most time on their toilets. Quite so, but what of it? They might be doing something more harmful and less beautifying. Something like 650 or more theaters of moving pictures in New York.

RUTH PINK ROSE.—You want me to advise you how to get into the movies, and what salary you ought to get. I should say about $1,000 a minute, more or less. If I could tell you how to get in I would open an office on the 13th floor of the Times Bldg. No child, it cant be done, unless you are a wonder.

IRISH.—People who boast that they "pay as they go" never seem to get anywhere. Thanks for the glass; even tho it was only a picture, it brought dear memories. Emmy Wehlen in "A Favor to a Friend" by Metro. (*Continued on page* 90)

"The psychology of charm lies in being true to Nature ---or Sex, if you will have it that way. What more repellent than an effeminate man? 'A hairy woman,' you say? Probably so! For I can conjure no ruder shock to silent admiration of seeming exquisiteness than a fleeting glimpse of under-arm, or suggestion of touseled captivity 'neath a sheer silk stocking."

From "The Sketches of a Nomad."



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THERE is a new way to remove hair. A *scientifically correct*, superior toilet preparation; dainty, exquisite, harmless; that meets the most exacting requirements of women of refinement.

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The Answer Man

BULLA BULLA.—Lila Lee with Paramount. You want to know more of U. 53. He will read this and then you will know whether it took or not. As I find it, the first interrogation point was used in a manuscript while Pope and a number of literati were dining at Button's Coffee House. No, I was not the originator of the question mark. Dorothy Phillips in "The Right to Happiness."

RENA K.—P. McCullough and Arthur Shirley in "The Modern Love" with May Murray. But alas, my friend, the world is what we are pleased to have it. Frivolity is the champagne of our existence, but Discontent is only the whiskey-sour of life.

TEXAS GIRL.—So this is your *coup d'essai,* is it? I dont see what possible interest you can have in knowing my retiring hour, but since you ask I will divulge. I generally hit the feathers at about 10:30 unless I have been to the theater. Yes, I sleep on a feather bed in spite of the fact that some people say they are unhealthy. I dont believe it—I dont believe it—I dont believe it! Look at our spring chickens and see how tough they are! Why, Marc McDermott is playing the part of Lee in "The Thirteenth Chair."

MARY H.—You ask me what to use for cleaning carpets. I suggest that you try your husband. Dont give the personal addresses of players. Strictly not according to Hoyle. Frank Keenan is playing in "The World Aflame."

SOPHIE J. R.—Some wadding I had to do with yours. William Duncan is not married. Splendid opportunity for someone. June Caprice and Creighton Hale in "The Love Cheat."

MAY ALLISON ADMIRER.—But the more mysterious love is, the more strength it has; the more it is secret, the more it increases, the more hidden, the plainer shown. Dont you like mysterious things? *Entre nous?* Most of the players are in Hollywood, Cal.

K. K. KATY.—Ha! Katy did! You can reach Theda Bara, care of Fox, 126 W. 46th St., New York. No, not a hair on my head—just as barren as the Sahara. But isn't the average woman shy when it comes to telling her age?

ECHO ALLISON.—So you dont agree with me. That's strange, even my food does. It takes two to make a quarrel and I wont be one of them. I like to argue—that sharpens the wits. Stop in some time and we'll argue on the Hereafter. Marion Davies is 21 years, born in Brooklyn, and has golden hair and blue eyes.

WINNIFRED WESTOVER FAN.—You sure are some admirer. She is out west now.

IONA FORD.—That's nothing, so do I. Frances Marion is a very successful photoplaywright. No, I wont say I have never kist a girl in my life. Some girls consider a kiss a cheeky thing. Diogenes, bring on the lantern.

DOUG NUT.—You say you are only 15 and dont believe in love. Starting in young. No, I dislike very much the pictures shown on the titles of the Ince plays. The showing of the pistols in "Sahara" is uncalled for, too.

RUBY AND MINNIE.—Shakespeare said "How poor they are that have no patience," and I'm with him. Yes, Constance Talmadge's hair is really and truly bobbed. That's a new one on me.

MARGARET B.—No, my school days are over. Stamps for postal purposes are said to have been used in Paris as early as 1653. Such stamps were adopted by the United States in 1847. Of course, I go to the pictures. I liked the olden days best.

KATHLEEN G.—Enjoyed yours very much, but dont agree with everything.

WARREN KERRIGAN FAN.—You say you want a fluent interview. Dont know whether we have that kind. Fania Marinoff is Russian and is with Artcraft.

ESTELLA F.—Surely, the more the merrier. I read about the Californian woman who obtained a divorce on the testimony that her husband bought her only two dresses in seventeen years. If that's law, there's going to be few dresses sold, I'm reckoning. Arthur Shirley was born in Australia.

KENNETH L. R.—But the supreme effects of genius are often achieved without conscious art and seem to be more the work of nature than of the man. Dont you think so? Charles Bryant is Nazimova's husband. Dorothy Dalton is unmarried now.

MAY ALLISON ADMIRER.—You here so soon again? You ask why in the world do I keep myself a mystery. Do you want me out of the world? I'm in a world of my own. You think I am either a dashing youth trying to earn a little pin money, or a middle-aged man answering questions for fun, or that I am an old man doing it to keep myself alive. Readers, wouldn't that Mason jar you?

FRED J.—Send stamped addressed envelope for yours.

WANDERING GLOOGOO.—Edison produced "The Corsican Brothers" in 1912 with George Lessey as the brothers; Imp produced it with King Baggott as the brothers, and the Novelty company produced it with Joe Burke as the brothers. Now will you be good? You certainly can rip a poor old soul over the coals all right.

CECIL.—You say no land could run the world on 75 per cent. water. Is this not dry? Mary Pickford, Los Angeles, Cal., and Mary Miles Minter, Lasky Co., Los Angeles, Cal. You see, men of questionable character often do not like to be questioned how they acquired their money.

PHIL OSOPHER.—Hello, Phil! You certainly had some good stuff in yours. You say you have back numbers for several years back. You are wealthy. George Walsh, Fox, 126 W. 46th. Do write again.

MAY ALLISON FAN.—In Georgia. We have had all kinds of strikes here: actors' strike, carmen's strike, painters' strike, pressmen's strike, and so on, so guess I'll go on an Answer Man strike. Someone said the hoboes were going on a strike. One never lacks for excitement in New York. Grace Cunard was born in Paris.

ROSIENE.—Woman has a smile for every joy, and a tear for every sorrow. Pauline Bush is married and settled down to domestic life. She was with American and very popular. Mary Pickford has hazel eyes. Lottie Pickford is Mrs. Rupp. Votes for women? Yes, the first constitution of New Jersey, adopted a few days before the Declaration of Independence, allowed suffrage on equal terms to men and women, and this condition continued until 1844, when women's suffrage was abolished because the women did not exercise it.

DAKOTA BILL.—Top o' the morning to you. Whow! You ask how far can a cat spit. Send along a stamped addressed envelope and I will impart the information, and also send you a list of correspondence clubs. You know wrestling is one of the oldest Greek sports. Ethel Barrymore is Mrs. Russell G. Colt.

SARAH K.—Your player will be interviewed in time.

ED B.—Madame Schumann-Heink was born in Germany, married three times, had eight children, six boys and two girls. Of the six boys, four were in U. S. service in France, and the other two were in Germany at the time of the war. You have a good name, and since your parents were professionals, you ought to have a chance.

K. S.—You ask for the addresses of thirty players. Good night, ladies.

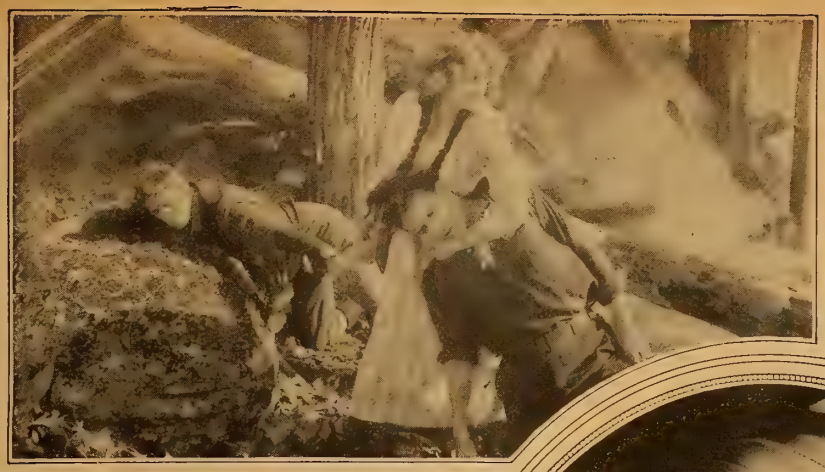
DAINTY D.—Women dress less to be clothed than to be adorned. When alone before their mirrors they think more of men than of themselves. Isn't that so, oh, dainty one? You can reach Norma Talmadge, 318 E. 48th St., New York; Alice Joyce, Vitagraph Company, Brooklyn. Send 25 cents for picture.

B. S. SUNBURY.—Yes, I read of the nineteen-year-old girl who said she couldn't live on $15,000 a year. Neither could I, but I would like to try it. Ashton Dearholt, you refer to, in "The Cabaret Girl." Anna Nilsson you mean.

TINBUCK.—Good for you. Write any old time. Well, Harry Carey isn't married just now. Wallace MacDonald played opposite Marguerite Clark last.

DIGGER, N. Z.—*Alla vostra salute,* but only with two seventy-five. You bet, we're all real Americans.

(*Continued on page 92*)



Doris Kenyon

In "Twilight"

In this scene Doris has apparently just narrowly escaped death at the hands of some dastardly demon. The present outlook is far from promising but just you give the undaunted Doris another thousand feet or so of film and you'll find her finishing in fine fashion.

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Doris Kenyon



Ingram's Rouge

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It is the one rouge that will not streak or run, no matter how freely you may perspire. It is a rouge that is safe to use, the coloring matter is not absorbed by the skin. Comes in solid cakes—all rouge, no waste. Delicately perfumed, made in three perfect shades, Light, Medium, and dark, 50c.

Just to Show *The Proper Glow*



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FACE POWDER

A complexion powder especially distinguished by the fact that *it stays on*. Furthermore a powder of unexcelled delicacy of texture and refinement of perfume. Four tints—White, Pink, Flesh and Brunette—50c.

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"There is beauty in every jar." It clears clogged pores, banishes slight imperfections, soothes away redness and roughness and keeps the delicate texture of the skin soft and smooth. Its exclusive therapeutic properties keep the complexion toned up and healthy all the time. Two sizes, 50c and $1.00.

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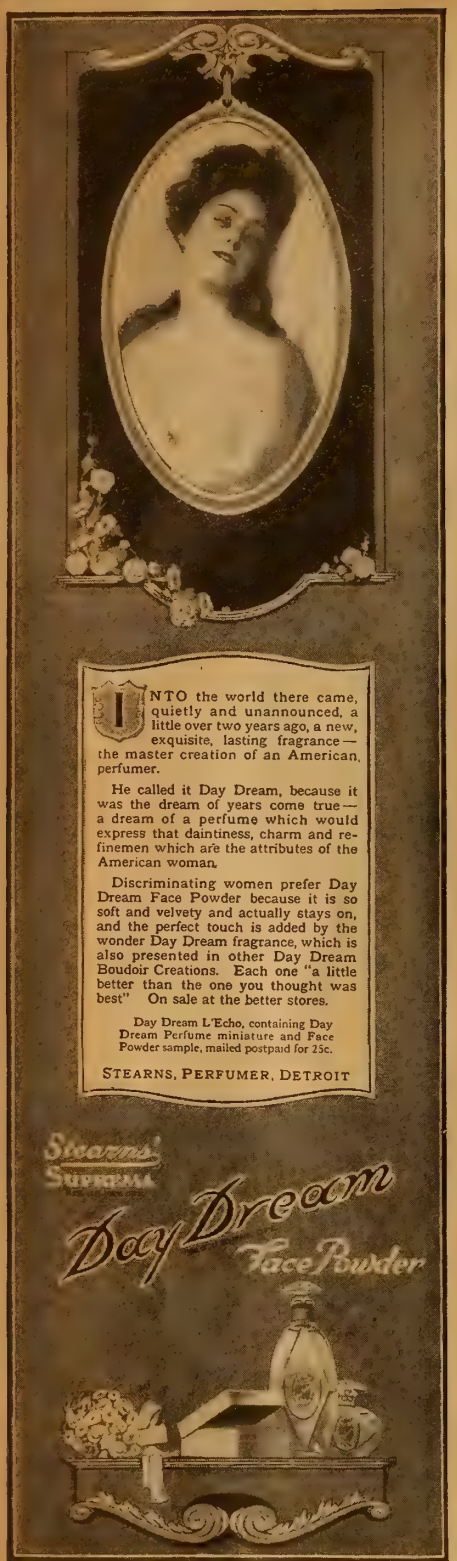
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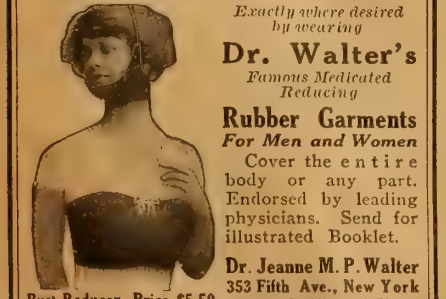
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Or, sample of Milkweed Cream, Rouge, or Velveola Souveraine Face Powder mailed free on receipt of postage stamp.





The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 90)

MISS TOPSY.—Dont be a knocker. You know Bill Shakespeare said "Dont be a knocker," so you see I quote eminent authority to prove my case. Mabel Taliaferro is on the stage. Thomas Ince is going to produce "Americanism vs. Bolshevism," with Barbara Castleton in the lead.

HENRIE.—Vivian Martin is said to have left Paramount. Yours was an exception, but it is becoming almost impossible to discover originality in any kind of foolishness. *Absit invidia.* Eugene Pallette is to play opposite Mary Allison in "Fair and Warmer." They say this is the first production taken without exteriors.

ROCHESTER.—It took me just twenty-eight and two-thirds minutes to read yours. Have a heart!

CECIL SPIRES.—Everybody should have a set of Dickens tho. You know it was Emerson who said, "If we encounter a man of rare intellect, we should ask him what books he reads." I read Dickens! William Farnum is probably East now.

R. E. B.—Why, Fred Church is about 30; Jack Dean about 39; Earle Foxe 31, and William Gillette is 65. Donald Brian is on the stage in musical comedies.

TAMAKI.—My dear, alas, the air of abstraction isn't breezy enough to fan an idea into life for a fan. However, you are quite philosophical. It will take up too much space to give you the addresses of seventeen players. Sorry.

ADELAIDE.—You have an eye for criticism and keen analysis. Rupert Julian is now directing for Goldwyn. Peggy Hyland and Jack Livingston in "Cowardice Court."

MAUDE.—So you have plucked up your courage from the bottom of your boots to write to me. I didn't think it required that much. You say Wallace Reid is kissably adorable. I believe he is but I never tried it.

BOBBY ADAIR.—Humph! How you do talk, Bobby. Murmur at nothing—if our ills are reparable, it is ungrateful; if remediless, it is vain. Alec B. Francis played in "The Crimson Gardenia"; also Kate Lester. Ann Schaefer is with Western Vitagraph.

IRENE D.—No, I never leave my whiskers to home. What do you think they are, trick whiskers? You make jest of my beard, while I reverence it. No, I dont chew tobacco, so you have me pictured wrong. I cook it, but never eat it. Jane Novak opposite Tom Mix in "A Hard Boiled Tenderfoot.'

DOLLY DINGLE.—Some records show that tea was first brought to the notice of Europeans by the Portuguese in the sixteenth century. Yes, I like iced tea, some, but not hot, so if you send me any have it cold. Marguerite Clark played in "All of a Sudden Peggy." Dont know much about the subject, but I believe there are no metals that are non-conductors of electricity. You have the right address. Harrison Ford, I guess.

NOBODY.—What do you mean, Nobody? The world may take you at your own estimate. Come, be somebody. Ralph Graves opposite Vivian Martin. Most of the members of the Down-and-Out-Club got in by waiting for something lucky to happen!

WHISKERS.—What next! No, indeed, I dont wear my whiskers to hide pimples but to conceal my beauty from the admiring multitude. Your anecdote reminds me of an evening I spent with Earle Williams, when somebody asked him in a whisper how he should stir the fire without interrupting the music, whereupon he replied, "Between the bars!" Little soft music here, professor.

MABEL W.—Yes, both Magazine and Classic, but I dont write the inquiries for Shadowland. Our Sage does that, and I hope he doesn't take all my readers away from me.

RITA, B. J., ANTONIO B., CHARLES H., VERA, F. S., FLORA MCD. and MESSENGER GIRL.—Your questions have been answered in some other place. Write again.

ZEALANDIA.—Shirley Mason in "The Final Close-Up." Arthur Ashley and Dorothy Green in "The American Way." Why, write to me any time. Doris Pawn was the girl.

FRIEDA K.—So you have gone back on your beau. Yes, I like to hear all about your troubles. But remember that stolid indifference is a thing that a man may exhibit only when a pretty woman is present. Clare Kummer is a very successful writer. Many of her plays have been produced on Broadway. Your letter was interesting. Write some more.

MOVIE GIRL.—Sorry you have a cold. The Poet's Corner is a space in the east side of Westminster Abbey, containing the tablets, statues, busts or monuments of Shakespeare, Chaucer, Milton, Spenser and other British poets, actors, divines and great men. Some of them are buried near or under their monuments. Billy Mason is in vaudeville just now.

ELSIE.—Some letter Elsie, thanks.

NEN Z.—That was Harry Morey opposite Alice Joyce. You want an interview with Raymond Hatton. Elsie Ferguson played three parts in "The Avalanche."

SASSY KATE.—You want to know what I do for exercise. Every morning I go out and wrestle with the dumb-waiter. I get a lot of exercise helping the truckmen carrying in my letters also in carrying my answers down to the office every morning—you know some of my answers are very heavy and cover some weighty problems. After they are answered, of course. Ruth Roland will answer. She's very obliging, and some girl is Ruth.

M. A.—I'm not so many, only one. Lillian Gish is about 26. Corinne Griffith in "The Climbers." Yes, Ali Baba was the one to find the cave of the forty thieves in "Arabian Nights." Read it over again, it wont hurt you. William Desmond in "Bare-Fisted Gallagher" and Frank Lanning was Alsi Pete.

KITTY GREEN.—Guess you're not so green, Kitty. You want a picture of Catherine Curtis. Betty Blythe is playing for the eminent Authors' Production at the Goldwyn Studios, Los Angeles.

S. N. B.—That's all good stuff, but I am not at home to the man I have done an injury to, but welcome always is the man I befriended. Isn't that human nature? Think you are a little twisted, et cetera.

MOONEY.—Yes, Gladys Brockwell in May, 1918; Virginia Pearson in September, 1918, gallery. Write to our circulation department for back numbers.

NANCY LEE.—You inform me that a young lady in your town was made crazy by a sudden kiss. This should teach young ladies to be constantly expecting something of the kind and to be prepared for it when it comes. I am now 78, and have never been kist, but if I were I dont think it would drive me crazy—unless it were inflicted by some ugly old maid who had designs on my princely income of $9.50 a week. The player you mention isn't playing.

BARNEY.—Dont get you on the first. Pearl White has sort of reddish hair.

IGNATZ.—You want to know why Mabel Normand always has her mouth open like she had adenoids. Poor Mabel! Keep your mouth shut hereafter, and you wont be criticized. You want to see more of Blanche Sweet. Boy, requisition a bathing suit.

MARGUERITE L., MAYFLOWER, LIP, CLOVER S., VIRGINIA S., A. W. O. L., G. C., FRANK V. F., A. S., CATHERINE K., EDNA L., BOB, MIN DE MASS, JOE H. G., E. O'B., ME, GREELOG, JEHAMME D'ARC, ANNA G. and ANNETTE C. — See elsewhere. You did not succeed in drawing me out of my shell. You see it's sort of a shell game. Better luck next time.

MIDDY.—Dont be sad. They say sadness is the lot of women who have suffered, and of men who have dreamed. Which have you been doing? Ashton Dearholt was the architect. You can get a money order made out in U. S. money.

FILIMO.—Enjoyed yours immensely.

WAIKARE.—You refer to the remark made by the Emperor Charles the V, who spoke fluently five languages. Said he, German to talk to his horses, English to talk to the birds, Italian to talk to women (and the Pope) and Spanish to talk to God. Lionel Atwill will play opposite Florence Reed in "The Eternal Mother." The Bushman baby is called Richard. Suppose they'll all call him Dick. Ruth King in "The Land of Song Shadows." Kathleen Connors and Maude Emery in "Mr. Logan, U. S. A."

LARKIN FAN.—Oh, yes, George Larkin is out West. He is playing just the same. Edward Burns was the brother in "The Danger Mark." Alfred Hickman had the lead. Elinor Fair was Norman in "Be a Little Sport."

H. F. R.—You ask if film companies are in need of stories. I dont see the film companies sending out circulars asking for stories. Dont call it a lie. A lie by any other name doesn't sound half so insulting. Jess Willard played in "The Challenge of Chance," Arline Pretty opposite him.

H. H. D.—You say in Australia I would be called a Ziff. Why the wherefore? You refer to Raymond Hatton. I consider these the most prosperous times we ever had. Nearly everybody has untold wealth—when they come to make out their income tax blanks.

NORMA TALMADGE LOVER.—You ask "Is Norma Talmadge a bad woman?" Horrors! You mean does she smoke, and drink, and the like of that. Norma is a perfect lady. You say you like her so much, and if she wasn't what you thought, you wouldn't like her. Well, you keep on liking her.

MICHAEL.—One strange thing about common sense is that it aint common. You played a mighty dramatic part. Dont know where you could land. Of course Bill Hart has sisters. Constance Talmadge and Harrison Ford in "Happiness à la Mode."

ELNORA.—So you think I am about 37, and that I am not married, because no woman would stand for the things I say. Well, I'm not married, but I have lots of friends. You say you like the way Richard Barthelmess combs his hair. I'm glad you're happy.

LONESOME JANE.—Why, the first elevated railroad in New York was opened to the public in 1878. The first trolley seen upon the streets was in 1882. Frank Keenan and Lois Wilson in "Gates of Brass."

FRANK V. F.—What book do you refer to? Am interested.

(*Continued on page* 131)



Film on Teeth

Is What Discolors—Not the Teeth

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

Millions of Teeth Are Wrecked by It

THAT slimy film which you feel with your tongue is the major tooth destroyer. It causes most tooth troubles.

It clings to the teeth and enters crevices. The tooth brush does not end it. The ordinary dentifrice does not dissolve it. So millions find that teeth discolor and decay despite their daily brushing.

The film is what discolors—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So brushing does not save the teeth if it leaves that film around them.

After years of searching, dental science has found a way to combat film. For daily use it is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent.

Four years have been spent in clinical and laboratory tests. Now leading dentists everywhere are urging its constant use. And we supply a 10-Day Tube to anyone who asks. Thus countless homes have now come to employ this scientific dentifrice.

Your Tube is Waiting

Your 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent is waiting. Send the coupon for it. Then note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears. You will be amazed at these ten-day results.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to constantly combat it.

But pepsin alone won't do. It must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. So pepsin long seemed impossible.

Now active pepsin is made possible by a harmless activating method. Because of patents it is found in Pepsodent alone.

For your own sake and your children's sake we urge immediate trial. Compare the results with your present methods. Cut out the coupon now.

PAT. OFF.
Pepsodent
REG. U. S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A Scientific Product—Sold by Druggists Everywhere

Send the Coupon for a 10-Day Tube

Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how the teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears.

Ten-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT CO., Dept. 730,
1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Name.....

Address.....



Mabel Julienne Scott has returned to the screen and will appear opposite William Russell in Fox productions.

Marie Doro will return to the screen in a five-reel feature produced and directed in England by Herbert Brenon.

Claire Whitney has the leading rôle in "Mothers of Men," an Edward Jose production with Lumsden Hare playing opposite her.

When **Norma Talmadge** returned to her studio after a two months' vacation she found a five-room apartment with all the comforts of home installed in the second floor of the building.

Antonio Moreno, who has been Western-Vitagraphing, paid a flying visit to New York recently.

Percy Marmont thinks nothing of working simultaneously on the legitimate stage and before the camera, but when it comes to supporting two stars (Alice Joyce and Corinne Griffith) at the same studio, it does keep him hustling, he says.

Sylvia Breamer's family have arrived from Australia and are permanently settled in New York, her step-father, a retired judge, having recently inherited a very desirable fortune.

Myron Selznick is building a new million dollar motion picture studio on Long Island. It seems that the idea that the industry is gradually moving westward is silenced for all time.

Realart pictures will be exploited by one of the largest electrical displays in the country. The stupendous advertising medium is 58½ feet high and 95½ feet wide and is located on the roof of the Hermitage Hotel at Times Square, New York.

Lew Cody has created a new company called Lew Cody productions to star the actor in a series of society satires.

Charlie Chaplin gets his biggest "kick" of the day from reading his "fan mail." The following, he says, "is the greatest ever":

dear the comedy king:

I am very much applaud your clever trick. you have extriordinary feelings of community very much in Japan. may I trouble please give me your big photo graph and your wife. good bys.

H. Toki.



Photograph © by Lumière

MABEL JULIENNE SCOTT

Constance Talmadge will be seen in another Emerson and Loos adaptation, "The Bachelor," from a Clyde Fitch story and play.

Screen Advertising occupied the center of the stage at the convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World recently. The trump program card of the screen men was a picture showing how advertising men can help bring labor and capital together and how to help increase production in order to bring down the cost of living.

Antrim Short, who plays the leading rôle opposite Viola Dana in the screen version of "Please Get Married," is a cousin of Blanche Sweet, and says that Miss Sweet is responsible for his entering the movies at the tender age of eight.

Elmo Lincoln has challenged Dempsey. Doubtless a press story. Now comes Bud Duncan, the smallest gink in the films, with a challenge to Lincoln if he beats Dempsey. Also doubtless a press story.

Monte Blue has put his name to a five-year agreement with Famous Players-Lasky.

David Wark Griffith has arrived in the East to conduct his future activities in producing plays for the silversheet. With him are Dorothy and Lillian Gish, Clarine Seymour, Richard Barthelmess and others well known in filmland.

Warner Oland is in Los Angeles working in Louis J. Gasnier serials.

Ellen Terry, often called the "Greatest actress on the English speaking stage," will appear on the screen in an elaborate Triangle feature called "Her Greatest Performance."

Mrs. Sidney Drew recently registered a claim to being the first member of the motion picture profession to conduct a "dry" christening when she broke a bottle of ginger ale over her inflated bathing fish, christening her "Minnie," while Ernest Truex stood as sponsor.

Webster Campbell, from service overseas and formerly juvenile lead in Vitagraph productions, will play opposite Gypsy O'Brien in a series of O. Henry pictures.

Apropos the new Paris craze for leather gowns and millinery, **Miriam Cooper** claims to be away ahead of even the 'buyers" of the land. In "Evangeline," in which Miss Cooper plays the title rôle, she wears a leather gown made for her by Osage Indians, cut from a 1750 model.

Pearl White may enter politics. She received recently a call from a delegation of women from neighboring estates in Nassau County where she owns 22 acres of home-land, requesting that she run for the New York State Legislature.

The National Association of the Motion Picture Industry in convention at Rochester, N. Y., declared war against evil pictures and promise a complete clean-up of the American screen.

Edwin August, for many years a familiar screen favorite, has written an original story called "The Pointed Pen," which will be produced by World Film.

"His Majesty, the American," **Douglas Fairbanks'** first production for United Artists Corporation, will be released in eight reels. The picture is 7,900 feet long and is the most ambitious undertaking in Fairbanks' screen career.

Universal are making a series of comedies picturing the events in a soldier's life from the time he enlists until he returns from overseas. The incidents and scenes are taken from stories submitted by ex-soldiers.

Marie Beaudet, who played Nazimova's double in "The Red Lantern," is cast as a dancer in Gale Henry's latest comedy.

World Pictures has made **Virginia Hammond,** late leading woman for E. H. Sothern in many stage productions, a full-fledged star in her own right. Her latest work before the camera was in "The Battler," as co-star with Earl Metcalfe.

Fox will present the Mark Twain story "A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court" in screen form. **Tom Mix** will be the star of the production.

The first aerial port on the Pacific coast, a large field at Venice, California, has been christened "The Thomas H. Ince Aviation Field," in honor of Mr. Ince, who offered a cash prize of fifty thousand dollars to the first aviator who successfully negotiates a trip by air across the Pacific Ocean.

MISTAKES WOMEN MAKE IN THE CARE OF THEIR COMPLEXIONS

Much homeliness is caused by three common little mistakes

FIRST, many women powder the wrong way:—Many women who appreciate the importance of powdering, fail to understand the right way to do it. Again and again during the day, on the street, in the shops—everywhere—they are powdering, in a frantic effort to overcome a shiny face.

Yet the ugly glisten keeps cropping out.

This is because people make the mistake of applying the powder *directly* to the skin.

If powdering is to be at all lasting, the thing to do is always to apply a powder base. Before you powder, take just a little Pond's Vanishing Cream on the tips of your fingers. Rub it well into your face. Instantly it disappears, leaving your skin softened and refreshed. Now powder, and don't think of it again.

Pond's Vanishing Cream has no oil, so it cannot come out in a shine. More than this, it holds the powder fast to your face two or three times as long as ever before.

Dermatologists say that such a powder base is a *protection* to the skin. It keeps its texture from the coarsening due to exposure.

WHEN you are dressing for the evening, do not make the mistake of failing to freshen your complexion. By lightly rubbing Pond's Vanishing Cream into your skin you can instantly give it a fresher, more vital look.

BECAUSE you have learned to depend upon Pond's *Vanishing* Cream for a powder base, for freshening the skin and protecting it from chapping, do not forget the importance of *cold* cream.

The very oil which makes cold cream impractical for use before going out, is what the skin requires at other times.



Before going out apply just a bit of Pond's Vanishing *Cream. It will protect the skin from roughness.*

The pure, creamy oil base in Pond's Cold Cream makes it the most perfect cleanser you have ever known.

When you are all ready for bed, rub some Pond's Cold Cream into your pores and wipe it off with a soft cloth. In this way your skin will be kept clear and free from dullness.

You will find, too, that you can give yourself a wonderful massage with Pond's Cold Cream. It has just the consistency that is perfect for working well into the skin.

THE creams that your skin needs are each very different from the other.

It is Pond's *Vanishing* Cream that you should use as a powder base, as a protection from cold and dust, and to freshen the complexion. Pond's Vanishing Cream is without oil. It is based on an ingredient which physicians have recommended for years for its beautifying properties.

On the other hand, for cleansing, for supplying a lack of oil, and for massage, Pond's *Cold* Cream should be used. Its formula was especially worked out to supply just the amount of oil required for these uses.

Neither of these creams will encourage the growth of hair on the face.

Get a jar or tube of each cream today at any drug or department store.



When you want to look your loveliest, smooth a little Pond's Vanishing *Cream into the face. It gives your skin new freshness and makes the powder stay on.*

POND'S *Cold Cream & Vanishing Cream*

One with an oil base and one without any oil



You have no idea how much dust can work into the pores of your skin until you see how much comes out in the first Pond's Cold Cream *cleansing*

Free sample tubes

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Pond's Extract Co., 137-B Hudson St., N. Y.
Please send me, **free**, the items checked;
Sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream.
Sample of Pond's Cold Cream.
Instead of the free samples, I desire the larger samples checked below, for which I enclose the required amount;
A 5c sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream.
A 5c sample of Pond's Cold Cream.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

LITTLE WHISPERINGS FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERDOM

After a stop in Chicago to review the shops on her way to the coast, **Betty Blythe** reports that Michigan Avenue glitters quite as resplendently as does Fifth Avenue and that the West isn't a step behind Gotham in style.

Mildred Chaplin Harris is taking a complete rest following the serious illness resulting from the birth and death of her baby boy. She will take up picture work again in early winter.

Viola Dana has a new fur coat which weighs considerably more than she does and now Viola wonders how she will manage to navigate under her magnificent load of fur.

Raymond McKee will play opposite Evelyn Greeley in World Film productions directed by Oscar Apfel.

Ruth Clifford plays the leading feminine rôle opposite Earle Williams in the mystery story "The Black Gate."

When **William Farnum** arrived from the Pacific Coast he was greeted with the statement that his latest release, "Wolves of the Night," was being shown in twelve theaters simultaneously in Greater New York.

Crauford Kent again will be one of the supporting cast in an Alice Brady picture. **Frank Losee** also will be seen again with Miss Brady in her first Realart production "Sinners."

E. K. Lincoln is to appear in a series of photoplays with the American cinema corporation.

Pauline Frederick is one of the few who attends to her own mail and welcomes thoughtful criticisms of her work. Miss Frederick says that when you cant stand criticism it's time to quit.

Fannie Ward will appear in the first of the six motion pictures to be produced in Paris by William A. Brady in association with the Film d'Art.

Crane Wilbur has written six stage plays, five of which have been accepted by Broadway managers. The former screen idol will appear on Broadway this season in one of his own plays.

Eileen Percy, whose last work was in the picturization of Zane Grey's "Desert Gold," was married recently to Ulrich Busch, grandson of Adolphus Busch, the famous St. Louis brewer.

Wallace Reid will continue with Famous Players-Lasky, having recently attached his signature to a five years' starring contract.



Photograph by Ira L. Hill

ARLINE PRETTY

Muriel Ostriche is to appear in "The Dream Girl," a brand new musical comedy produced by Popular Productions. In addition to presenting Miss Ostriche in the show, the company plans to make a photoplay with Miss Ostriche starring in the film version.

Wilfred Lytell, brother of Bert, has been signed by the Arthur F. Beck Serial Productions.

Robert Edeson, the celebrated stage actor, will appear in "Sealed Hearts" in support of Eugene O'Brien.

Rita Stanwood, wife of H. B. Warner, has returned to the screen and will play opposite her husband. Hazel Daly has also come back and will appear with Tom Moore under the direction of her husband, Harry Beaumont.

With every newspaper teeming with news about government seizure of foodstuffs and the prosecution of hoarders, Pathé is making a renewed drive on its feature, "The Profiteers," starring **Fannie Ward.**

Oscar Apfel, who directed "The Oakdale Affair," says that in view of his experience in trying to make a trained bear amenable to direction, he is not willing to undertake another picture that requires the direction of trained animals.

Two charming ballads remain to revive memories of Griffith's remarkable repertory season of cinema art. These are "White Blossoms," with music by Mr. Griffith and words by Charles Hanson Towne, and "Broken Blossoms," written and composed by Robert Edgar Long.

George Ovey announces that he is to be featured in a series of one-reel Gaiety Comedies, production to start immediately on the Christie lot in Hollywood.

Wallace McDonald is playing the son in Frank Keenan's picture, "The Life Test." Wallace considers this his greatest acting part.

Kay Laurel, Ziegfeld Follies beauty and seen in Rex Beach's "The Brand," is to be featured in a series of special features by a newly organized producing company.

In "A Sisterly Scheme," **Mrs. Sidney Drew** directed the comedy in person as well as playing the leading rôle of Polly.

Ruby De Remer will play the leading rôle opposite E. K. Lincoln in a forthcoming Lincoln production.

Priscilla Dean is being featured by Universal in big special features, the first of which is to be an eight-reel Egyptian melodrama.

Elliott Dexter has recovered from his recent breakdown and will star in a screen version of "The Prince Chap," a popular play of a few years back.

Mary Miles Minter was the guest of honor at the annual baby parade at Asbury Park and distributed prizes to the thousands of kiddies who participated.

Tom Santschi is among the latest victims to "own company." He will start the Santschi organization in Los Angeles.

Lewis Stone has said that nothing could again lure him into pictures, yet it is rumored that he is to play in Mickey Neilan's picture, "The Eternal Three."

Myrtle Stedman comes back to the screen in the leading feminine rôle in "The Silver Horde," Robert McKim being assigned to the hero rôle.

H. B. Warner is to be featured in Bret Harte's famous story, "Maruja," to be released under the title of "The Grey Wolf's Ghost."

Kathlyn Williams will play one of the leading rôles in Marguerite Clark's new starring vehicle, "A Girl Named Mary."

World pictures announce the engagement of **Jackie Saunders** for the star rôle in its forthcoming production of "Dad's Girl." David Fischer will direct the picture.

Theda Bara plays a dual rôle in "La Belle Russe," a screen version of a Belasco success. She portrays both Fleurette, the good sister, and La Belle Russe, the wicked twin, in the famous melodrama.

Edith Storey will return to the screen in Haworth-Robertson-Cole productions after a two years' absence, during which time she has been devoting her time and talents to serving her country.

Corinne Griffith wishes to announce that she does not live in Brooklyn and that letters should be addressed to Vitagraph Studio, Brooklyn, N. Y.



The Kind He had in France

Millions of packages of

Lady Mary Chocolates

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



were furnished the U. S. Government for use of "the boys in France," and on the transports coming home.

Each piece is wrapped in aluminum foil, stamped with the kind it contains, and all packed in a handsomely decorated tin — the chocolates being of the same fine quality as those "he had in France."

½ pound,	65c
¾ pound,	$1.00
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Dealers Wanted Everywhere

Send 25 cents for sample 3-ounce package of these delicious chocolates

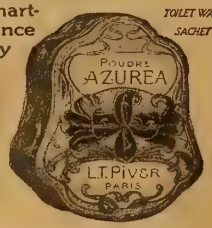
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The FACE POWDER de Luxe
Made by L.T. PIVER Paris France

Its Distinctive Fragrance Makes It Conspicuously Smart-
Its Delicate Fragrance Makes It Smartly Inconspicuous

EXTRACT VEGETAL
TOILET WATER
SACHET



15 cents brings a dainty BEAUTY BOX with generous samples of AZUREA Face Powder Sachet Powder and Perfume

Samples to Canada Prohibited by Canadian Government

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Dept. "J" 24 East 22d. Street New York City

A SINGLE DROP LASTS A WEEK



The most concentrated and exquisite perfume ever made. Produced without alcohol. A single drop lasts a week.
Bottle like picture, with long glass stopper, Rose or Lilac. $1.50; Lily of the Valley or Violet, $1.75. Send 20 cts. silver or stamps for miniature bottle.

TRADE MARK REGISTERED
Rieger's
PERFUME & TOILET WATER
Flower Drops

The above comes in less concentrated (usual perfume) form at $1.25 an ounce at druggists or by mail, with two new odors, "Mon Amour," "Garden Queen," both very fine. Send $1.00 for souvenir box, five 25c bottles same size as picture, different odors.
Ask your druggist—he knows there is no better perfume made.

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PAUL RIEGER 296 FIRST ST. SAN FRANCISCO



HYGIENOL
The STERILIZED POWDER PUFF
Finest Quality Lambs' Wool



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At All Best Dealers

ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET showing the making of HYGIENOL POWDER PUFFS Sent on request

Look for the TRADE MARK —LAMB'S FACE in CIRCLE— On All HYGIENOL Envelopes

MAURICE LEVY, 15W. 38th Street, New York City

Dawn

(*Continued from page 73*)

about his ears, angrily, and then stung him. The thorn of a red rose left a jagged cut across his groping palm . . .

He was messing about in yellow rims of hell . . .

The next morning old Mr. Burton upset his egg and coffee and collided with Susan, rushing, white-faced, from her kitchen. A cry had come from Keith's bedroom. A fearful cry. An animal cry of baffled rage and pain. The cry resolved itself into no less fearful words:

"It has come! It has come . . . I am blind . . . oh, God! . . ."

There were ominous days in the Burton home. Days during which Susan and Mr. Burton kept intermittent vigils in a darkroom where a lad with rumpled yellow hair and sightless eyes called incessantly for Dorothy . . . for Dorothy . . . for the heart of a red, red rose . . . complained that the trees had fingers, little, nasty fingers, and they were stinging him . . . broke in with bits of martial music brokenly sung . . . cried again for Dorothy . . . insisted that he was to be a scientist, begged Dorothy not to forget the rare fungus he had entered in his notebook that day . . . that day . . . laughed wildly to remember that "that day" was four years ago . . .

Then there were long nights in which he said nothing whatever at all—just lay pulling at the counterpane with nerveless fingers, while his father bent over him in fear that his breath had ceased and the faithful Susan stood at the door anointing her honest kitchen apron with her honest tears.

Days and nights during which Dorothy Parkman hung about the gate of the Burton home beseeching now Mr. Burton, now Susan, for news, or sat with Susan in the kitchen assisting with the meals that grew obviously lighter and lighter.

"Things are going very bad, Miss Dorothy," confided Susan, one dull day, over the potato paring, two for the master, one for herself. "There's them mortgages fallin' due come this month, and the master putting the mortgage money all on Master Keith, the Lord love and save him, and then there's other bills a-pilin' and a-pilin' something unhealthy. It's sad days for Mr. Burton, Miss Dorothy, and him painting so hard in between whiles He's done another lovely one of Master Keith, as like as like."

"I saw the last one, yesterday," murmured Dorothy, softly. "He took me up to see it when I brought Keith the flowers. I hate to pick flowers now, Susan—without him. Every flower that grows, every blade of grass, every speck of all of nature is a part of him, to me. A part of the days when we were so happy together and everything was all right."

Susan sniffled and applied the accommodating apron.

"Mr. Burton's sister's comin' on," she confided, "to look 'special after Master Keith, so's Mr. Burton hisself can get down harder to work. Well, welladay . . . have they had news of their Jim over to MacGuire's?"

That night the postmistress shuffled over the mail yet a second time. There were little things she felt it her duty, not to say a habit, to keep track of. Once or twice she murmured, with a note of satisfaction. Then she looked up over her glasses at her assistant.

"Dottie Parkman's writing pretty steady to her step-pa," she vouchsafed. "Here's another goin' out tonight—special at that. Aint girls terrible extravagant these days? My sakes!"

When Dr. Stewart read the letter his eyes misted over with infrequent tears.

He had married Dorothy's lovely young mother when Dorothy was an infant in arms. He had never had any children of his own, and Dorothy had crept into his heart and made herself his own. Then, when her mother died, and she grew increasingly in the dear, dead image, the earthly bond was cemented by one almost immortal.

"You are so wonderful with eyes, daddy dear," the letter read, "a miracle-man, I know. And so I want you to perform the greatest miracle of all on the eyes of the man I love. I do love him, daddy. I love him with all of me, and you taught me to love *right*. Just dont tell him that I am your daughter, dear, because, you see, he doesn't love me back—not any more."

The operation was not successful. And it was "Miss Stewart," the doctor's daughter, who broke the news to the man sitting in a wheeled chair under the broad banding of the red, late sun.

"But there are other eyes, my dear," she told him, laying her hand over his, trying not to note the struggling wonder on his face as his mind recorded her voice; "there are eyes which never fail us and which see more truly than the eyes you have lost—because they see the inner things—the true things——"

Keith nodded.

"You sound so very much like—like some one I used to know," he said.

"Miss Stewart" rose to go. "Perhaps I *am* like her," she murmured; "perhaps you are already seeing with your real eyes."

The lad in the wheeled chair gave a harsh sort of laugh. "You're wrong there," he said; "she wouldn't be talking here with me. She—she cant bear the sight of a blind person. Not—not that I blame her," he added, hastily, as tho this kind, yet strange Miss Stewart might somehow disparage in her mind the glowing image of the cold red rose he still loved.

Every day Miss Stewart came and talked with him, and brought him things, and took him walks. She brought him the books for the blind—books with the raised print, and helped him learn the science of reading them. She taught him the possibility of writing letters and laughed with him thru thick tears he did not see at the funny, full-of-mistakes first one he wrote to Susan. She instilled in him the vision he might live—of helping, thru his finer, more quickened spirit, other blind to see.

They walked thru the woods and she picked little, familiar ferns for him and exulted with him because his eager fingers gave him their names, tho his eyes were blind. She made him believe he could see the dark pines against a saffron sky because the tang of them smote his nostrils.

"God didn't give us *just* the sense of sight," she told him.

She gave him hope where he had laid hope by.

One morning, the last morning at the sanitarium, she took him a long walk to "see" the dawning.

"After all," she said, her light touch on his coat-sleeve, "after all, this *is* a dawning with you—a dawning of a new era. A dawning you may be able to pass on, to pass on to others, sublimely. What



"He Deposits $500 a Month!"

"See that man at the Receiving Teller's window? That's Billy King, Manager for Browning Company. Every month he comes in and deposits $500. I've been watching Billy for a long time—take almost as much interest in him as I do in my own boy.

"Three years ago he started at Browning's at $15 a week. Married, had one child, couldn't save a cent. One day he came in here desperate—wanted to borrow a hundred dollars—wife was sick.

"I said, 'Billy, I'm going to give you something worth more than a loan—some good advice—and if you'll follow it I'll let you have the hundred, too. You don't want to work for $15 a week all your life, do you?' Of course he didn't. 'Well,' I said, 'there's a way to climb out of your job to something better. Take up a course with the International Correspondence Schools in the work you want to advance in, and put in some of your evenings getting special training. The Schools will do wonders for you—I know, we've got several I. C. S. boys right here in the bank.'

"That very night Billy wrote to Scranton and a few days later he had started studying at home. Why, in a few months he had doubled his salary! Next thing I knew he was put in charge of his department, and two months ago they made him Manager. And he's making real money. Owns his own home, has quite a little property beside, and he's a regular at that window every month. It just shows what a man can do in a little spare time."

Employers are begging for men with ambition, men who really want to get ahead in the world and are willing to prove it by training themselves in spare time to do some one thing well.

Prove that *you* are that kind of a man! The International Correspondence Schools are ready and anxious to help you prepare for something better if you'll simply give them the chance. More than two million men and women in the last 28 years have taken the I. C. S. route to more money. Over 100,000 others are getting ready in the same way right now.

Is there any reason why *you* should let others climb over you when you have the same chance they have? Surely the least you can do is to find out just what there is in this proposition for *you*. Here is all we ask: Without cost, without obligating yourself in any way, simply mark and mail this coupon.

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Explain, without obligating me, how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject, *before* which I mark X.

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- ☐ CIVIL ENGINEER
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- ☐ MINE FOREMAN OR ENGINEER
- ☐ STATIONARY ENGINEER
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- ☐ Railway Mail Clerk
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Smooth and velvety as the petals of a rose is the complexion aided by

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This delicate beautifier imparts an indefinable charm—a charm which lingers in the memory.

The smooth texture of *Nadine* adheres until washed off. It prevents sunburn or the return of discolorations.

Its coolness is refreshing, and it cannot harm the tenderest skin.

Nadine Face Powder beautifies millions of complexions today. Why not yours?

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greater thing—than to pass on a vision to those who have had none before—to make the blind to see." She paused reverentially. "It savors of the Nazarene," she said.

On the hilltop they could see the pale hands of the day spreading fragile, rose-tipped fingers against the sky, the fingers spread and the night rolled lazily back. Over all the sun slipped from his sheath, flamboyant and triumphant. "The day is come," she whispered.

Keith Burton turned to her and took her hands in his . . . and the new day clothed them both in the new colors of a new hope.

"You have given me hope," he whispered, "and faith . . . I wish I might give you . . . *love* . . . but there is something . . . something that prevents . . . a fragrance . . . a memory . . . I can never know love again unless love comes with her face, with her eyes, with her red-rose ways . . ."

"I know," said "Miss Stewart," and Dorothy Parkman smiled thru her tears, a rainbow after the rain.

"He's as cheerful as cheerful," Susan said to Mr. Burton, after Keith had left them to retire the night of his arrival, "and just as independent-like. Did you ever see the likes? Only time he drooped-like was when I told him about the MacGuires' John, him coming back blinded, too. But after a bit he cheered again and told me he would go over in the morning and make him to see again. 'Make him to *see* again,' mind you. Then he says to me, he says, 'Women are wonderful, *wondcrful,* Susan,' and after that he adds, odd-like, 'Dont let Dorothy Parkman see me, Susan,' he adds, 'dont let her so much as *see* me, I rely on you for that,' he says, very solemn-like.

"God will bring them together," said Mr. Burton.

"Amen to that, sir," said the faithful Susan.

It did seem for a time as tho Mr. Burton had been far, far too optimistic regarding God. There were no signs of Dorothy and Keith Burton coming together. There were a great, great many signs of their keeping apart.

During the daytime Keith sat with John MacGuire, who had come back with his heart gone the way of his eyesight. "What good's a chap with his lamps out?" was his plaint. Keith Burton, in the phraseology of Miss Stewart, told him what "good" a chap might be.

"A woman like Miss Stewart," he told him, "can put sight into your soul, and life and blood into your heart."

Later on, in the mornings, they planned a book together, the substance of which John MacGuire narrated and the actual telling of which Keith Burton undertook on the typewriter he had learnt to manipulate.

The days were busy—almost happy ones now for Keith, and when his fingers grew tired from work to which they were unused his mind worked on ceaselessly.

"Whoever suggested this machine for me," he said to John, "had a seventh sense."

John MacGuire laughed. "Perhaps it was Miss Stewart," he ventured, with some of his slowly gained, old-time jocularity.

Keith Burton shook his head. "She's up in Boston with her father," he said. "I dont know who it could have been. Susan is mysteriously silent."

There were still further signs of their keeping apart when it became rumored about that Dorothy Parkman was to wed Keith Burton's father.

The postmistress lost her interest in the outgoing mail to strain her vision at the small windows that she might see "Dottie" and the "old man" strolling along together, obviously lost, the one in the other. "Unnat'al, *I* call it," affirmed the postmistress; "no good'll come of it."

Keith Burton heard it from Maizie Sanborn.

He had thought the hurt of the old flame abated and dead. He had thought the fresh stimulus of Miss Stewart had cooled the rage of the old fever. He found that it still raged, still racked him, still drove him and harried him.

It came to him again that he was denied, denied on every hand. He was blind. He was lonely. He was loveless. Every time he raised a brimming cup to his lips a hand stretched forth and knocked it from him. This time it was his father. He grew strangely reserved with him and held little or no talk with him. He repeated his entreaties to Susan that Dorothy Parkman be kept away from him.

One day Susan found him in the attic with something shiny wavering at his temples. "You aint a coward, come what come," she reminded him, "and there's Johnny MacGuire spilling his heart out over the book you're writin' for him, and his ma a-hangin' on you . . . and there's that Miss Stewart and all she did for you . . . you plannin' to quit a world as holds all this."

"No," said Keith.

One afternoon he heard his father talking to Dorothy Parkman. They were, he thought, planning a house. Evidently there was to be a room in it for him. He caught the word "blind" every now and again. It smote him to think how like Miss Stewart's voice had been. How like she had been, anyway, save that her heart was a living flame of tenderness, of sensibility, where Dorothy's lay fallow and cold, behind the mask of her lovely, laughing flesh.

He must have been lost in thought, in the pain of thought, else he would have known that she was coming toward him, that her hand was to touch his, that her voice was Miss Stewart's voice—oh, God, how baffled he was!—was to speak to him.

Something deep within him felt a sense of bitter outrage, of bitter shame. She was violating him in his suffering. She was trampling something secret in him under her careless feet.

"Why do you come here?" he asked, in a voice surely not his own. "Why dont you leave me alone? Why do you persist with me? What are you getting out of it?"

"You didn't say that to me," the girl said softly, "when we saw the new world dawning at top of Sunrise Hill . . ."

"To you . . . to . . . *you?* You were . . . there . . . at the dawning . . ."

The girl's voice came to him, broken into bits of passionate tenderness. "Oh, my dear," she said, "of course, of *course.* You have been the victim of a misconception, of a delusion. You . . ."

"You dont hate the sight of the blind? You are not going to marry my father?"

The girl's soft arms stole about him. She laid her face against his, her wet, compassionate face.

"I love you, Love," she said; "that answers both your questions . . . doesn't it? The house . . . the house is yours . . . and mine . . ."

Keith buried his face in the dark masses of her hair. When he raised it it was spangled with drops that glittered like summer rain.

"I can see again, beloved," he said, "with the eyes you gave to me."

The

MOTION PICTURE

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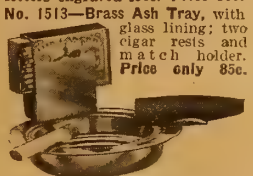
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Across the Silversheet

(*Continued from page 76*)

most entertaining of the month. The reason is the ingenious and wholly skillful, I might say, masterful direction of Allan Dwan. There are countless incidents which his skillful handling alone has made probable—and thrilling. Marion Davies plays the stellar rôle in a prettily unsophisticated way; she shows a vast histrionic improvement. Norman Kerry is agilely splendid as the hero, while Dorothy Green is a vivid passion flower as the—villainess.

THE BLUE BONNET—WM. PARSONS

The Salvation Army is the most popular charitable organization in the States today. For that reason many film stories will be written around it. Frankly, I went to see "The Blue Bonnet" anticipatorily bored—I was, however, thoroly entertained. The story concerns a woman who wants fame and abandons her husband and baby to obtain it. The baby-daughter is brought up in the slums by a pawn-broker. Untouched by her surroundings, and having faith in the doctrine of love and fair play, she joins the Salvation Army. The remainder of the plot concerns her good deeds on the battlefield and at home, and ends with the suggestion that the little Salvation Army lass succeeds in reconciling her stage-struck mother and poverty-stricken father. Little Billie Rhodes, once one of our widest-eyed comédiennes, but now advanced to five-reelers and drama . . . proves that she deserves the advancement. Irene Rich is a horribly vital vampire as the mother, while Ben Wilson gives an admirable performance as the father. An outstanding performance is that of Lloyd Bacon as Jan Petersen, a young Swede. His is a new face to me, but one which will be closely followed in the future.

THE MISLEADING WIDOW—PARAMOUNT

We have with us Billie Burke as a tantalizing bunch of femininity, who disowns her husband, contracts all sorts of bills to entertain returning and wounded soldiers, shocks the villagers and gets into all kinds of predicaments. In other words here are five reels of capriciously charming femininity dramatized. The last two reels drag unforgivably, and even Miss Burke's unflagging spirit cannot keep them sparkling.

THE OUTCAST OF POKER FLAT—UNIVERSAL

Harry Carey in a Bret Harte story that is filled with adventures, thrills and heroics. Somewhat unnecessarily changed from the original story, this photoplay of a gambler who sacrifices even life itself that his adopted son may find happiness, is man stuff. Harry Carey gives a splendid performance, while Gloria Hope is quite satisfactory as the girl.

THE WOMAN UNDER OATH—UNITED PICTURES

Florence Reed is as vivid in screen drama as she is on the stage or in real life, which is saying a great deal. In this hothouse drama, she is assisted by Hugh Thompson and David Powell.

California Chatter

(*Continued from page 82*)

the picture people were there. Geraldine Farrar was especially noticeable because of a huge hat trimmed with million-dollar yellow birds of Paradise. In her box sat Pauline Frederick, looking very beautiful in a pale pink frock and enormous pink picture hat. They livened the moments between events by throwing boxes of cigarets to the gobs.

In another box was May Allison, radiantly beautiful in a suit of sky-blue silk tricolette and wearing a turban of the same shade binding her golden locks. Wandering past the grandstand came Bill Desmond, one broad grin, for he had with him his bride, little Mary MacIvor.

Mary Pickford occupied the central box and looked charmingly natural and girlish in a gray silk poplin suit and large flat girlish hat. I found her far daintier and prettier than even her pictures show. Her eyes are like deep wells of moonlight . . . one could never quite fathom their depth. Mary had no chance of seeing the rodeo, for Secretary Daniels visited her box and obviously found our Mary so interesting that he remained thruout the whole performance. The admiral and captains all vied with Secretary Daniels for the little lady's attention, so that she was kept busy parceling out pearly smiles and golden words of wisdom.

The following day, according to request, Miss Pickford raised the George Washington pennant on the battleship *Texas*. She was showered again with attentions from Secretary Daniels and Admiral Rodman.

In the Alexandria Hotel, the rendezvous for film stars at every hour of the day, I ran perpetually into King Baggot, immaculately groomed, generally with a smoke of some sort between his lips. There, too, I bumped into Viola Dana, the tiniest Dresden doll type of a girl you can possibly imagine. She wears her black, bobbed hair closely curled, and her pet costume is a tight, straight suit of rich white silk, worn with a close-fitting turban also of white, while her pet companion is a preposterously tall, dark, young gentleman.

At Hollywood I was taken to luncheon at the chocolate shop where every one lunches. At the time Mildred Reardon, a startlingly lovely blonde, was there with Sazu Pitts, a queer, slender schoolgirl whose eyes eat up the greater portion of her face and whose long braids of straight, fine hair reach to her knees. Every one admires and loves Sazu, but few understand her.

The Thomas Ince studio is perhaps the most beautiful I have visited. The office portion looks like a fine old Colonial mansion; a colored butler attends the door. Each star has a beautiful dressing-room facing a green, velvety lawn, a luxury at this time of the year in California, I assure you. Each dressing-room has a tiny porch and private entrance. Louise Glaum is at work there, much younger-looking than she photographs; also Charles Ray, Donald MacLean and Doris Lee. Sets on the Ince lot are all constructed with prodigal luxuriousness.

The studio, however, which one loves to visit most of all is the Griffith studio. It makes no pretentions to beauty, for Mr. Griffith intends to migrate to New York in a month to produce pictures, but a certain air of courteous hospitality surrounds the place. Mr. Griffith himself welcomed me in his fine, courteous way. He looked rather wan and tired; he had been hunting all day for a *green* location, he said. Mr. Griffith is an ideal host to visitors and maintains the same innately courteous manner towards his players. It is always Mr. Griffith, Mr. Harron, Mr. Graves. No undue familiarity is ever attempted: it would seem out of place, and any member of the Griffith studio force who happened to utter a swear word is done for.

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Those Blackton Kiddies

(*Continued from page 57*)

my studies but arithmetic. But best of all I like my dancing lessons. I never get tired of dancing. In 'Moonshine and Shadow,' Daddy's picture, you know, there's an all-e-gor-i-cal part to the story—and the best pupil in my dancing class with brother and myself danced in one of the scenes.

"I love to act in pictures. Did you see us in the 'Country Life' stories? And do you remember the dog Micky? He was our best pet. He is dead now, and there has never been another pet like 'Micky.' We like to be in pictures because we can be with father. *Of course* he is a wonderful daddy. But then, I suppose all little girls think their fathers are wonderful."

There came the patter of sandalled feet and in danced brother. Such a darling scrap of a boy! Brown-haired, like sister, with tiny freckles across his cheeks and nose, a small, spirituelle face and an adorable way of making "sidewise eyes." He walked straight to me, looked up into my face very searchingly—and we were friends at once.

In his arms were three Teddy bears in various stages of dilapidation. One wore on its head an inverted white enamel bowl. "His helmet," explained brother, gravely. "He is 'Jimmy Tacks' and he is a general. This is his wife, 'Betty Tacks,' and this is 'Baby Tacks.' My other soldiers are up in the nursery."

"And what do you like best to do?"

"Play soldier, *of course.*" Standing the bears in a row and planting himself firmly beside them, small feet wide apart, grey eyes aglint. "That's what Bill and I always play."

"Bill?" I queried.

"Sister—Violet," he said, "and I'm Fred."

"He doesn't like his real name, Charles," confided Violet. "He (aside) thinks it's—sissy. So he's Fred and I'm Bill."

Which is quite reasonable. A soldier *shouldn't* be named Violet.

"And—and," continued "Fred," "we play Battle of Gettysburg, Battle of Bunker Hill, Spanish War, Mexican War and *this* war—you know—Battle of Ar-gonne and Cha-teau Thi-er-ry. We saw real soldiers, too, that had been there."

"Yes?" I invited.

"At the hospital," said brother. "We went to see them every week and talked to them. Sister made speeches——"

"Not real speeches, brother," corrected Violet; "stories," she explained to me. "I read little jokes and learnt them by heart, and we walked thru the wards and talked to the poor boys. I told my stories and they talked to us about such int'resting things and gave us souvenirs."

"A German helmet!" bristled brother.

"Yes," laughed sister, "a boy gave us a German helmet, and brother threw it on the floor and kicked it all over the ward, and the boys yelled and laughed—they said it was like a show. Brother looked so fierce and angry.

"But he can do other things besides fight. Show us some of your dancing steps, please."

"Not dancing steps," announced brother firmly, "exercises."

"He wont call it dancing—he thinks that's sissy, too," whispered Violet, and I watched this amazing combination of typical small boy and elfin charm as he took teeny-weeny steps on his toes, leaped gracefully into the air, alighted like a piece of thistledown, did it a few more times with improvisations, then settled down to play with his Teddy bears with serene consciousness of having done his bit.

"It's your turn now, 'Bill,'" he said.

"Bill," alias Violet, led the way to the immense, beautifully decorated ballroom, started a phonograph and twisted a gorgeously colored and embroidered Spanish scarf about her small, lithe body. Up and down the vast room she pirouetted about on her toes, her little-girl feet barely touching the polished floor. She danced as lightly and tenderly as a sunbeam straying over a field of poppies, like fireflies in a wood, or will-o'-the-wisps in a bosky dell. It was marvelous, exquisite, and would have done credit to one twice her age.

"Would you like to make dancing your profession?" I asked her.

"Oh, no!" said this astonishing small person. "I'm going to act in Daddy's pictures until I'm quite old—about twenty-four. Then I'm going to be married and have a home and some children. I love to help mother do things about the house—and I can cook lots of things. I can make mocha cake with filling and frosting. I read the recipe in a paper. Daddy says it's won-der-ful."

"And you, brother, will you be a dancer like Maurice or Vernon Castle, or an actor like William Hart or John Barrymore?"

"'Course not!" he scorned. "Soon as I'm big enough I'm going to be a Boy Scout. And then, soon as I'm old enough, I'm going to West Point—and I'm going to be a soldier forever and *ever.* Wish Bill could go, too," he said, gathering the "Tacks" family into small, sturdy arms. "Good-by—it wasn't so bad to be interviewed," making sidewise eyes again as sister, curtseying, led him away.

Mrs. Blackton, who had kept very much in the background, talked for a few moments. "I hope you dont think them spoiled," she said. "We have tried so hard to keep them natural. Of course, they are self-possessed and well-poised for children, but acting before the camera has done that and dancing school has helped.

"I think dancing, rightly taught, is a wonderful accomplishment. It is good for the body, mind and soul. And, in a series of pictures with the children, we hope to show the world that this is true. I consider that their work before the camera has been a part of their education, for without question it has helped their development along all lines—and it has not made them love childish pleasures or their home one whit the less."

As we moved thru the hall and down the stairs we heard childish voices again. "No, sister, I dont *want* to go to town. I want to stay home and play with 'Jimmy Tacks' and 'Betty Tacks' and 'Baby Tacks.'"

No, we're quite sure the Blackton kiddies are not spoiled.

THRILLS

FIRST WRITER—The first scenario I had screened gave me the greatest thrill of my life.

SECOND WRITER—So did mine, for when I saw it reproduced it had been changed so much that I sat in suspense wondering just how it would end!

Motion Picture MAGAZINE

DECEMBER NUMBER

The Christmas number will be replete with good things.

The **Cover** will be adorned with a picture of DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS and his pet pony.

The **Gallery** will contain portraits of ten interesting players.

GLORIA SWANSON will hit straight out from the shoulder on the subject of **Divorce** and ELIZABETH PELTRET will tell you what she says.

CAPTAIN ROBERT WARWICK will describe his hopes and fears for the art of Moving Pictures in an interview with HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR.

PEGGY HYLAND will supply the temperament for an article by MADELEINE TRAVERSE and ADELE WHITELEY FLETCHER.

The part played by Motion Pictures in the work of the **U. S. Bureau of Economics,** at Washington, will be told for the first time, by DONALD H. WALK.

There will be interviews with ARLINE PRETTY, LEAH BAIRD, ALAN FORREST and WEDGEWOOD NOWELL.

ALICE BRADY will wear the latest fashions in hats and gowns in pictures especially taken for the **December Magazine.**

Our special representative on the Coast will telegraph the latest news from California.

Finally, the result of the **Fame and Fortune Contest** will probably be announced with a description of the making of the test film at Roslyn, Long Island.

IS IT ENOUGH?

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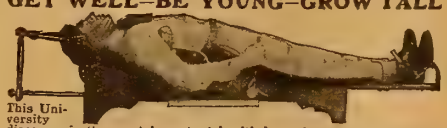
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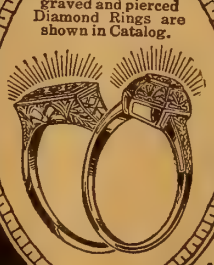
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It Was Not Thus to Be

(*Continued from page* 49)

While waiting for the casting director, Doris Lee stood in the outside office disconsolately studying the huge pictures of Ince stars and wondering if a ghost of a chance lay before her. Just then Thomas H. Ince appeared, looked sharply at the young girl, asked whether she had had a test, and said he wished to have her make one. He called a director, and Miss Lee posed for the camera. She really had not known much about make-up, for the mob-scenes in which she extraed did not call for any special technique with the rabbit's foot. Her hair was mussed, she was frightened, and next day, when the test was run off, she was simply a *fright!* Indeed, she looked so dreadful that all the players laughed, and some of the more daring spirits at the studio told Mr. Ince that for once in his life he had made a mistake and that this girl never could be used even as an extra.

Mr. Ince let them lose surplus energy. Then he ordered retakes. He had Doris make up under his own direction; he gave instructions as to her hair-dress. And the little girl laughed and cried and pouted to such good purpose that next day she was engaged to do pictures with Charles Ray.

When mother heard the news late that afternoon, she was as firm as the pebble used by a certain life insurance company to advertise its steadfastness. No motion picture contracts for Doris, no. She was to be intellectual, not a puppet. Morning brought just a slight change; at least mother promised to talk to Mr. Ince. That gentleman generally gets what he goes after, so the contracts were signed, and the upshot of it all is that Doris Lee is Doris May and a co-star with Douglas MacLean, a refined, college-bred young gentleman. Isn't she lucky?

Miss May is a very beautiful little blonde. Her eyes are of softest hazel, the hair so light a brown that it has golden and red sunsets lurking in its wavy depths. She has a most adorable near-lisp—just a touching of the tongue to very white teeth, and the charm which this adds must be seen to be appreciated. She talks exceedingly well, is very modest, a gentlewoman to the core.

"Mother believes thoroly in versatility. I argue that one cannot make a wonderful success of a number of things—one is merely a jack of all trades, no matter how conscientious or painstaking. I believe I must center my thoughts on a definite object in order to be highly successful, and so I have chosen pictures. I love the acting before a camera, but in order not to disappoint my dear Muddie, I am studying harp, violin and piano still, and I sing for her very frequently. She insists that it is a dreadful thing to waste my voice.

"And oh, I have so many things now. There's the baby grand piano which mother insisted I should get, the Chalmers car which I drive alone often, tho a chauffeur brings me to the studio, the lovely big harp, and my home and its furnishings, not to mention clothes such as I had only dreamed about in years gone by."

"Do you believe it is the ensemble that makes or mars a player, too?"

Doris smiled before she answered. very wisely, "First it is the camera-man. He can simply ruin you. A little touch of some screw, a shift of the camera—and you are a fright past recall. I consider the friendship of a camera-man the stepping-stone to success. His enmity is your screen death.

"Next in importance is the cutter. We have the very best cutters in the business right on this lot, yet what do you suppose happened in 'What Is Your Husband Doing?' I had rehearsed a scene—an innocent little tippling scene—of an innocent little girl who tastes, pushes the glass away, thinks the stuff feels funny and tastes rather unusual, and who tries the queer concoction again. It has to be done with great skill, for the girl in the story is absolutely a child in the ways of the world and must betray surprise as well as the resulting little intoxication.

"I had done the scene before my home mirror many times, the director had pronounced it perfect, and we shot it as often as he wished.

"Next day we saw a continuity rush. We were all appalled. What had become of the innocent girlie? We saw a confirmed tippler who drank incessantly, who made no wry faces, who showed no discomfiture and at last just a stupor—drunk.

"The cutters had not read the script to get the idea of a very first experience with liquor, with no desire to take stimulants, but merely an inclination to assuage a perfectly natural thirst after an exciting evening. They had cut out everything but the scenes showing me raising the glass to my lips—and this had been done again and again—just a series of drinks winding up with a sound sleep.

"Of course, explanations ensued, and the director read the script to them, and when it was all re-cut and re-pieced the result was splendid. You see, the cutter has really to be a continuity writer, an artist, as well as a mere technical cutter who understands lights and dramatic values.

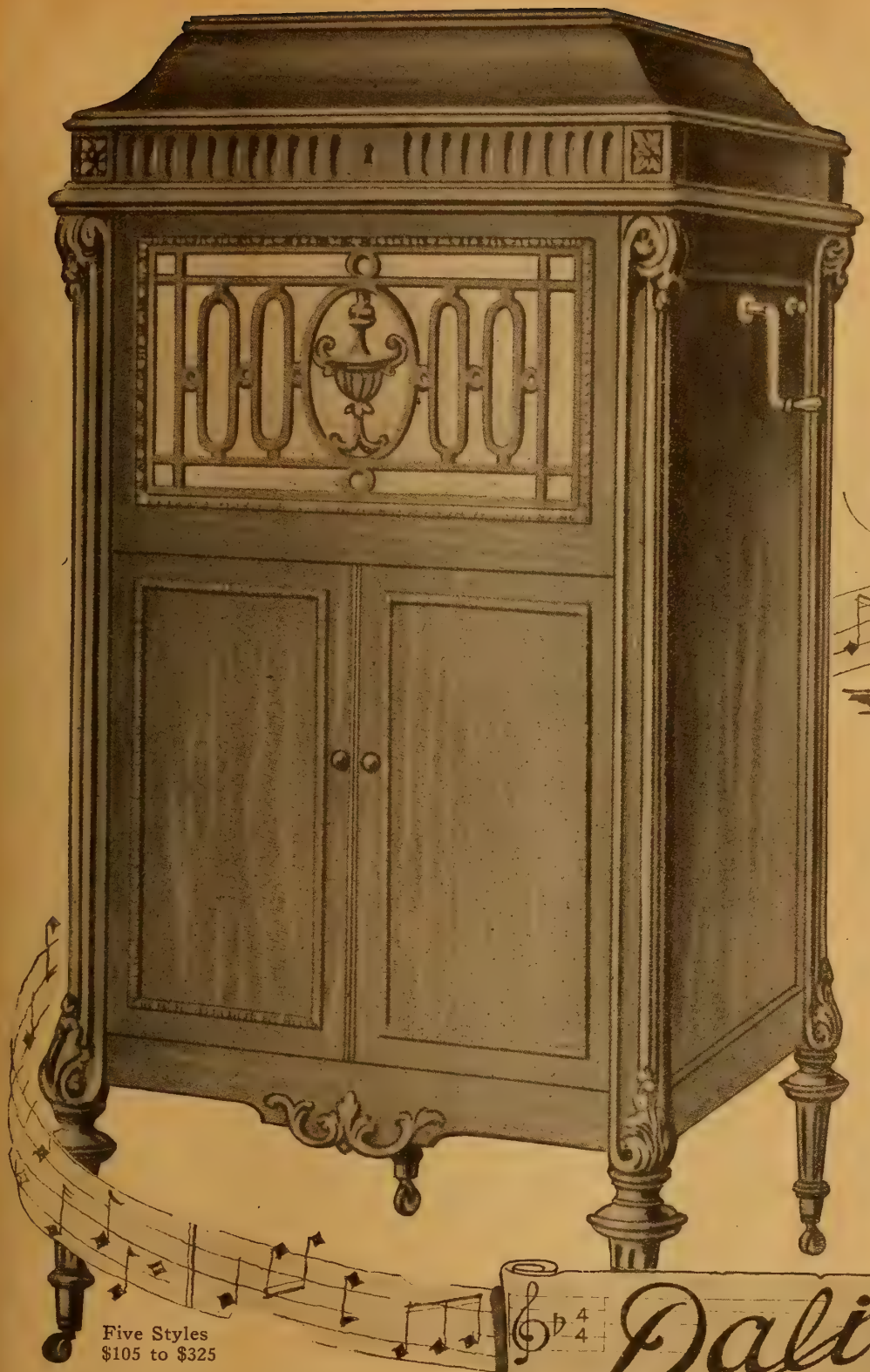
Just now the co-stars are doing "Twenty-three and a Half Hours' Leave," by Mary Roberts Rinehart. They are considered to be perfectly matched for "team work" by all those who have watched them play together.

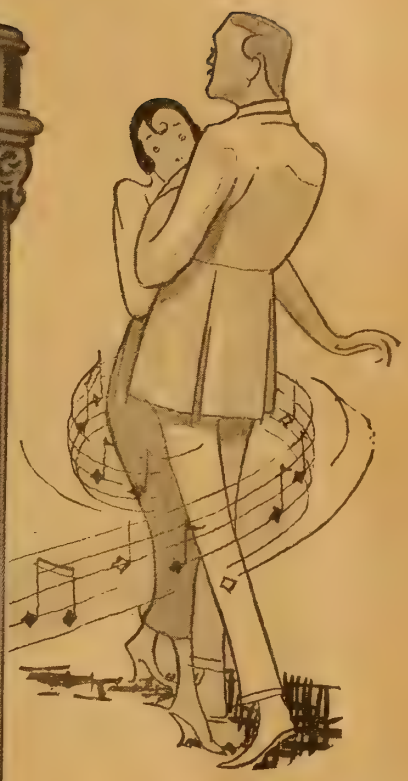
Perhaps the greatest reason for their good characterizations and congeniality is found in the fact that both of these stars have enjoyed superior educations, are well-born and well-bred, have traveled extensively, possess high ideals, and look upon motion picture acting not merely as an easy way to make a huge salary, but as an opportunity to show that intelligent study of a story and careful characterization will lift screen standards.

"And as to further travels, Miss May? Do you regret having to remain in one place for several years now?"

"My one great hope is to visit Egypt and the pyramids. When I studied ancient history, I pored over the sketches of the interiors of the pyramids and would read the footnotes showing that 'a' related to the king's chamber, 'b' to the queen's resting-place, and so on. Then, in imagination I would cautiously grope thru all those half-lit passages and vaulted rooms and see everything so plainly, even the star which lights the great pyramid with mathematical precision at long intervals.

The schoolroom is not long left behind Doris May. She is but seventeen now—and if she studies as concentratively for the next seventeen years as she has done in the past, one wonders to what heights she *may* ascend. It's a pretty safe bet to say that intellectually as well as in modest charm and loveliness, this little pink-and-white girl with the bit of a lisp has few equals and perhaps no peers among the younger set of the motion picture world.





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Rosemary—That's for Remembrance

(*Continued from page* 53)

she had about her throat, and the huge solitaire diamond on her ring-finger.

Again the wistful little smile. Then "I might have seen more if the suit had fitted me. You see they dont make divers' outfits for women, and this was a number three, entirely too large for me. That allows air to circulate about one and makes navigation difficult. When I clambered up the ladder with the water pressure and the heavy leaden weights of the suit to bother me, I thought I never could pull one foot up above the other. Each step was a frightful effort, and then I had to remember to breathe regularly, otherwise there is a pressure about the ears a thousand times worse than riding in a subway, a gurgling and hissing sound which might cause unconsciousness if persisted in."

"Weren't you afraid? Suppose you would faint?"

"There is always the chance—and if you dont get air or signal what you want, in three minutes you'll be dead!

"I did not feel any fear when they explained it all to me, but Mr. Ford's nineteen-year-old brother went down first and when he came up, he was so nauseated that they had to get him out of the suit as hastily as possible, and then he was quite faint and ill for the rest of the day. He had not managed the breathing properly. You give one tug at the rope for too much air, two tugs for more air, and three to come up. There's a little glass thing which is screwed on last of all, and if you have too much air circulating in the suit, you naturally want to reach for this glass and unscrew it, and if you did, you'd be drowned instantly . . . the whole outfit would fill up with water. Remembering all that, makes one quite aware of the risk that is taken, but at the same time I would not miss such an experience for the world. I descended twice—was shot in several scenes.

"I was all right the day I went down, but the next day I felt sore all over from climbing up the ladder, and I experienced some nausea—not enough to hinder work at the studio, but just an unpleasant reminder of the physical strain I had been under."

Miss Theby has played numberless adventuresses—yet there is nothing of the love of adventure in her thoughtful, light hazel eyes. She is a quiet, studious girl, home-abiding—with a love of sentiment and romance. She keeps house in a bungalow court which shelters such favorites as Naomi Childers, her old-time chum of the Philadelphia days, and her intimate pal, Anna Q. Nilsson. A maid does the hard work, but Rosemary delights in cooking, darning stockings, embroidering, filling her flower-vases daily, and making her five-room home attractive to intimate friends. She does not attract sudden intimacies, for she is very sincere and enjoys companionship with intelligent people, has no time for café-running, and loves to study French, to read worthwhile literature and design her frocks.

A little dressmaker, who has done splendid work for Olive Thomas and over whom Mabel Normand raves, is now pleasing Miss Theby's fastidious taste. Every one knows how exquisitely Rosemary is gowned and groomed. She is a lover of brilliant colors, like Geraldine Farrar. Even tho the screen cannot reproduce the gorgeous hues she

adopts, Rosemary feels intense pleasure in the wearing of such.

She's a girl who can wear any color. Her dark brown hair is carefully marcelled, her skin creamy—colorless, in fact the pearls about her beautifully curved throat seem to glow defiantly and to challenge Rosemary's blush. Yes, it's true, she is extremely modest and a word of praise alone is capable of bringing a wild-rose bloom to her cheeks. One could spot her that day at Goldwyn across the entire lot, for she wore a scarlet georgette gown, simply made, with just a twist of blue and white girdle about the waist. The edge of the skirt, drapery and sleeves was heavily stitched in white.

"Isn't it rather trying to make up for 'Heartsease' and then suddenly change your characterization and make-up for the Ford serial?"

"Really, that's the least of my troubles. We have had photographic troubles with this film, necessitating many retakes. Then one of the men wore black and white checked trousers, perfectly proper for an English cutaway, but after the rushes went thru some one objected to the checks, so many scenes were retaken in order that striped trousers might be substituted.

"I dont know what caused the hoodoo, but no one seems to photograph well—we've had the worst time. I changed my make-up three times, and yet when I saw the last rush, I wished my name never would appear on the screen,—I look so queer.

"Mr. Moore had a small part in 'Heartsease' when Henry Miller put it on the stage, and ever since that time he has longed to make a screen production of the play. So he's awfully happy over the fact that Mr. Goldwyn bought it for him.

"We have such a congenial company—there's Helen Chadwick, the girl who two years ago was posing for perfumery and other advertisements; Sidney Ainsworth, of the Essanay and 'Mary Page' fame; Herbert Pryor, Alec Francis—well, it seems like old times to be playing with so many routined photoplayers," concluded Miss Theby with a dash of enthusiasm which darkened her eyes considerably.

"How about horseback riding, ever have time for that?"

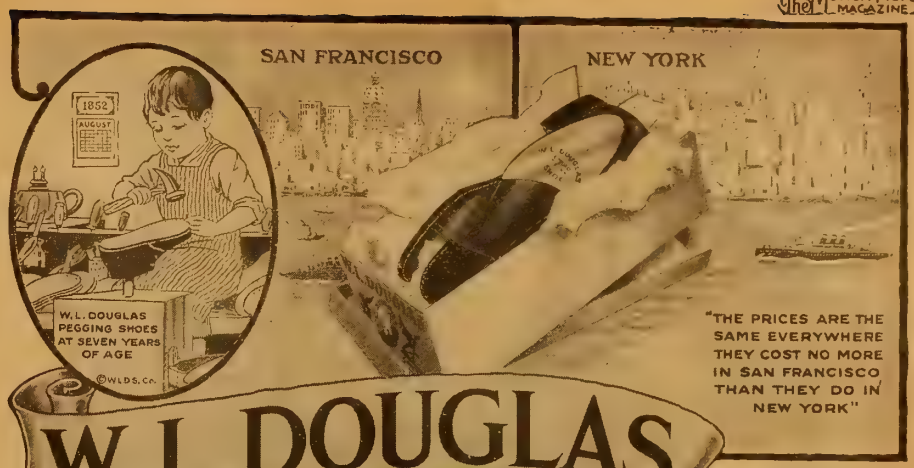
"Not unprofessionally. I used to ride English saddle, and a few weeks ago, Mr. Ford asked if I could ride. I said 'Not Western—just English.' He said, 'How long since you rode, Rosemary?' I replied that I had not mounted a nag for five years. But he wanted to see me try one of the ponies on the back ranch at Universal City. I had visions of easy jogging along, but when all the men rode off with a wild dash, the pony had his own ideas and followed them, leaving me breathless.

"I rode all day, from nine to five, to be exact. Not a thing happened; we cantered, we chased, galloped, and I clung steadily to that pony without any accident.

"They used part of the ranch for 'Heart of Humanity' so that there were many loosely filled in shell-holes left. Coming back very leisurely at about five o'clock, my pony stept into one of those holes, sunk down and turned over and threw me off into some soft earth. I was not hurt *outwardly*, but my feelings were, I was so ashamed to face Mr. Ford—imagine coming along at a walk and not being able to keep my seat!"

Rosemary Theby prefers doing heavies. She thinks leads are "namby pamby" and rarely give opportunity for careful char-

(*Continued on page* 124)



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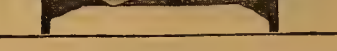
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A Culinary Chat With Wanda

(*Continued from page* 61)

"Salmon à la Wanda!" gaily announced the little cook.

"Salmon à la Wonder!" paraphrased Burton. "You wonder what's in it."

"Everything but the gas range," returned Wanda. "But if you really want to know how to make it——" She turned to me.

After one satisfying mouthful I intimated that I did.

"You take a can of salmon," she reciped while I snatched at a scrap of paper, "and you make a cream sauce for it, then you cut up olives and mushrooms, a little onion if you like it; a bit of parsley helps out, too—you mix it all together and put it in casseroles. Then you grate cheese over the top and put the casseroles in the oven to get thoroly heated thru, and you serve it hot or cold."

'Say, what is this, an interview, or a cooking school?" demanded Friend Husband who had finished his Wanda salmon, and was waiting for the next course.

"Well, we cant talk shop *all* the time!" Wanda reprimanded him, as she cleared the table for the next course, a juicy steak with trimmin's, and an assortment of vegetables, all piping hot and appetizingly arranged.

"What do you want to know?" she asked me, as we commenced on the succulent T-bone.

"Oh, the usual thing," I told her, "what pictures you like best, how you got into the movies—and have you any more recipes as good as the one you gave me?"

"Indeed I have," she assured me, answering, woman-like, the last question and disregarding the others. "Let me tell you how to make noodles à la Hawley—"

"Wanda, dear," her better half broke in gently, "pictures are more important than noodles."

She smiled and dimpled—the two go together in Wanda's case, and then she looked thoughtful for a moment.

"Why, Emmy, you know as much about my career as I do—you know I went thru grammar school and high school just like everyone does, and that I went to New York to study voice and piano—and got married on the way——" This last with a fond look at Burton, which was returned in kind. "And you know how hard I studied to make a success in music, and how I accompanied for Albert Spaulding, and then how, just on the eve of my vocal debut I had laryngitis. That sort of discouraged me for going on with music, tho I could have been a concert pianiste, but Norma Talmadge took me to the Fox studio in New York, and they liked my face, and gave me a leading part off the bat—it was in 'The Derelict,' supporting Stuart Holmes."

"And your name used to be Selma Pittack," I interpolated, "and you changed it——"

"In the usual matrimonial way," she finished. "But I took the name 'Wanda' at Douglas Fairbanks' request when I was his leading lady in 'Mr. Fixit,' and I've kept it ever since.

"Do have some more steak!" she urged me, and I graciously complied. "Now about those noodles——"

"Tell her about 'Peg o' My Heart'," Burton broke in hastily, and Wanda stuck out her tongue at him.

"Well, what about it?" she demanded. "I took the lead—that's all. Oh, but I did love that picture!" she beamed at me.

(*Continued on page* 114)

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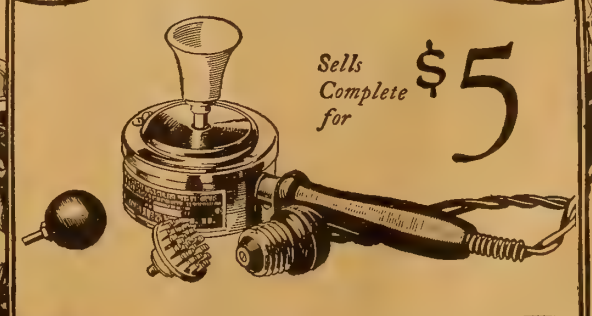
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The Glorious Lady

(*Continued from page* 66)

Then, one day, a month or so later, he overheard the girl who had been Ivis' personal maid in whispered confab with his mother's maid. "It does seem a shame," the girl was saying, "and she lovin' him fair fit to kill herself, and all her trouble comin' from the fall she had savin' his life. Lawkaday, that's the way it goes . . . and the Good Book tells us it's a life for a life . . . every time . . . every time . . ."

Tony walked down to the margin of the little lake where oft he and Ivis had stood and watched the benediction of the day. Her small figure imposed itself between him and the miracle of color. It was like her somehow, he thought—his Glorious Lady.

So it was because she had proffered her life for his . . . all of this . . . all of this dearth . . . all of this heartbreak, hers and his . . . and he had simply let her go, bruised and shaken and not herself . . . He knew that now, not herself. Whether she had been pretending or no, the real Ivis was the Ivis who had lain against his breast and sealed his lips with hers . . . the sweet Ivis who had walked with him along the little, humble country lanes . . . the young Ivis who had made of him her knight with a spotless shield . . .

The next day he went up to London.

Of course, the rest of it was all a trap. Some lawyers are clever at traps. The lawyer Ivis stumbled onto was peculiarly so . . . and he happened to know of the erstwhile Babette, and took a chap who knew her—likewise her past. "There is your chance," he told Ivis; "it will never out."

"I dont know what you mean," Ivis had said; "but I . . . yes, I do, I want the divorce—for him. And I want you to get it soon."

And then came the rooms, on which Ivis was always so vague. Her arrival there at the close of the day, the lawyer's whispered assurance that she would "have her evidence soon;" the closet in which she nearly stifled, the crack thru which she peered to see the slinky Babette, slinkier than ever, and carrying between her lips a flaming poinsettia flower; and then Tony . . . Tony coming in . . . rather baffled . . . somewhat defiant . . . with the look on his face of the small boy who learnt, with tears, that the moon was made of green cheese . . .

Ivis remembered the pain that stabbed her. Another dream gone wrong . . . for him," she whispered . . . and then the oblivion . . . the oblivion that prest upon her, painfully . . .

And a long, long while after Tony . . . Tony holding her . . . muttering, "broken flower . . . broken flower . . . Ivis . . . my Sweet" and a doctor who bent over her and then said . . . and then said . . . *a transfiguring thing* . . . oh! a transfiguring thing . . . to Tony . . . and then more oblivion . . .

And then home . . . home to Castle Loame . . . to walk the dear, remembered little lanes, leaning on Tony's arms . . . to walk thru the old galleries at sundown pointing with tremulous fingers to the Loame traits, handed down, almost immortally . . . broidering the Loame crest on bits of moon-white foam . . . life was poetry heard to cathedral chimes . . .

And then the infant cry of the new little Duke of Loame piercing the dim old ceilings like the thin echo of some Blessed Cherubim.

Motion Pictures and the Church

(*Continued from page* 40)

all of the neighboring towns. Religious pictures are popular with most people when there are no objectionable features in them. Even critics make favorable comments about them. "Pilgrim's Progress" and "The Holy City" both did splendid service for me.

My experience and observation lead me to believe that there are a number of reasons for the failure of many religious pictures.

Chief among these, from the standpoint of the public, is the fact that they possessed certain features which aroused the prejudice and invited the criticism of religious people and caused them to consciously or unconsciously use their influence against them. A single criticism from a prominent person counts for much, particularly in small places. The opinion of the religious people of a community touching any religious picture is an important factor for or against it.

One of the objectionable features which appears in a number of pictures is the obvious failure upon the part of the producers to get the religious viewpoint, and the consequent emphasizing of details which are not religiously important.

The failure to understand the religious situation and the consequent production of pictures which are out of harmony with it is still another. "Intolerance" and "Joan the Woman," in striking at certain sects and seeking to arouse sectarian prejudice, are examples of this failure; for the present tendency among all of the leading sects is toward tolerance and unity. An organized movement is on foot to attain this result among Protestants, and the feeling between Catholics and Protestants is much better than it used to be. For this reason, anything from any quarter which tends to arouse sectarian prejudice is very strongly resented.

The use of religious characters in comedy situations, making them the butt of ridicule for the sake of incongruity which is the basis of comedy, is another unfortunate mistake; for most people take it as a slam at the church when, in many instances at least, it was not intended so.

The failure to pay careful attention to historical detail and the manners and customs of Biblical times has been against some Biblical pictures. "The Infancy of Moses" is an example of this. One evening, after I had run this picture, one of my congregation remarked ironically as he passed me, "That was a very artistic bathing scene, wasn't it, particularly where the princess found the babe?" He was a careful student and his criticism was just. The picture was not true at this point. Sincerity is one of the fundamental elements which must appear in every detail of religious pictures. Lack of it means failure for the picture.

The high rental fees usually charged by exchanges for religious pictures of consequence, which invariably have been special features, have caused some to feel that the producers have attempted to exploit them thru their religion. Any idea of commercializing religion is resented by many and, while these pictures are probably expensive to produce and producers do not make money on them, even at the high fees charged, it is difficult to make them believe it.

These are the main reasons, in my

(*Continued on page* 122)



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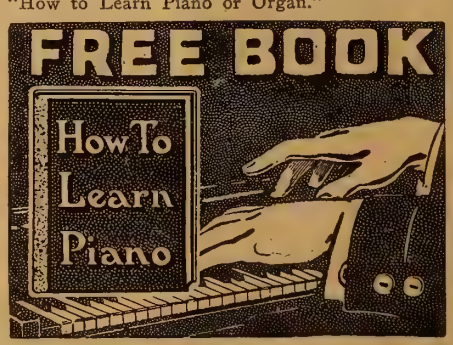


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A Culinary Chat With Wanda

(*Continued from page* 110)

"Wasn't 'Peg' a dear? I hope I made her half as sweet on the screen as I felt her to be; I was just crazy about some of the little touches—where she scrubs the donkey, for instance, and where she gives her dog to the butler to be 'handled with care'——"

"And the picture you're doing now?" I inquired.

"It's an all-star production of 'Everywoman,' she answered, and I take the part of Beauty. I think it will be a wonderful picture—Violet Heming takes the part of Everywoman, and we are doing it with modern settings—yes, it's different from the stage version, in a way—I dont die, for instance, I'm kidnapped by Dissipation—Burton, will you serve the salad while I clear off the table?"

Burton would and did, and I quizzed him in the meanwhile. It is not every day that one may interview a star's husband.

"I suppose you're a picture fan?" I asked, and he shook his head emphatically.

"I am—not!" he denied. "One picture person to a family is enough. I'm strong for Wanda's success, you bet, but that kind of a life—not for mine! I sleep thru every picture I go to——"

"Including Wanda's?" I inquired.

"Well,—" with a side-long glance at the kitchenette, "of course, not Wanda's."

The salad reminded us somehow of airplanes, and Wanda told about her flight with an army aviator—the trip being much against husband's wishes.

"It didn't give me the least bit of a thrill," she complained. "I thought it would, because an elevator always gives me the willies, and I was expecting a wild, wild ride. Well, we zoomed, we made a nose-dive, we did a tail spin—and I didn't get a single sensation out of it."

"No, *I* got the sensations watching it!" commented Friend Husband.

"Burton is always taking the joy out of life," she said with an attempt—and a failure—at pouting. "I was crazy to drive in the Ascot races here—and he wouldn't let me!"

"You *were* crazy," he affirmed, and after his hair had been pulled, Wanda brought on the dessert, delicious canteloupe à la mode.

"Is there anything you want to know that I haven't told you?" she asked me.

"Yes, there is," I admitted. "About the noodles——"

Burton groaned and took refuge in a second helping of ice-cream.

"Oh, yes, the noodles!" she exclaimed brightly. "Honestly, Emmy, I'd much rather talk cookery than picture making—if I ever lose my job I'll make a wonderful cook for somebody."

"You can have a life job with me," offered Friend Husband magnanimously, and was rewarded with a kiss then and there.

"Well, you take a handful of noodles—"

"Kill them first," supplemented F. H., facetiously.

"And after they are cooked—you boil 'em in broth or just plain hot water—you make a thin gravy, using drippings from a steak or a roast, and you add a half of an onion, sliced quite fine, some olives and broiled mushrooms chopped in bits, a dash of Worcestershire sauce, paprika, and a pinch of salt. then you pour the gravy over the noodles, and they are perfectly *wonderful!*"

And they really are; I tried 'em, and I guarantee them. They are absolutely—Wanda-ful!

Henry B. Warner—Revolutionist

(*Continued from page* 31)

baby girl, Joan. (Now that Joan has been weaned, Rita Stanwood is planning to return to the screen. She will play opposite her husband in his next picture.)

So, after years of tragedy, Henry B. Warner has at last found happiness. (His first wife was killed in an automobile accident as he sat beside her holding her hand.)

He is tremendously nervous, impulsive, impatient of any restraint and absolutely governed by his sympathies. One's first impression of him is likely to be of his nervousness and irascible temper; the latter a result of the former; in reality he is the most warm-hearted of men.

There is a theory that if one imagines a thing often enough that thing will come to pass in reality. This would account for some of the genuine tragedy of Henry B. Warner's life. For five generations, his family has lived such happenings in fancy, acting them out with careful realism on the stage. Small wonder, then, that at least the curtain between make-believe and reality has become so thin with him that in places it doesn't exist at all. For instance, he was great as Jimmy Valentine. It is interesting to note that long before Jimmy was created as a character for the stage, he was interested in criminology.

"I have been thru every large prison in the United States, England, France and Scotland, studying prison conditions and trying to help," he said.

And he has helped. He has been instrumental in freeing hundreds of innocent men and guilty men, too, in order that they might run straight afterward.

"But in order to run straight," he remarked, "the professional criminal must break all the traditions of his class; he must change his point of view entirely." As he spoke he held out his hand, and a canary bird which had been flying around the room entirely at liberty, flew over and perched on his finger, the tamest bird in the world.

"Aren't you afraid that he will get away?" I asked.

"No! We never put him in a cage except when we are moving from place to place. At night he sleeps on that couch in the corner and in the morning he has his bath in a tumbler of ice-water while I am at breakfast."

No wonder Henry B. Warner was great as Jimmy Valentine; he lived Jimmy; he was Jimmy.

"When I was in England," he went on, "I woke one night with the consciousness that someone was trying to break into my house. I took a gun and went quietly down-stairs just in time to see a man slip open the dining-room window. I stood to one side of the window and, as soon as his head was inside, put the muzzle of my gun against his ear. He couldn't see anything, of course, but he could feel the cold muzzle of the gun. At my command he came inside the room and I switched on the lights. What do you think? That man was wearing a suit of clothes I had given him the day before.

"I looked at the man in silence:

"'Well,' I gasped, 'you've got the devil of a lot of nerve coming to rob my house dressed in my clothes.'

"But the man couldn't see it that way and everything depends on the point of view.

"'I saw what you had in the house when I got the clothes,' he answered.



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'What kind of a fool would I be to go chasing off to some other house and take a chance?'

"What happened afterward, you ask? Well, the actor gave the robber his choice of being given up to the police at once or of taking a running start of thirty seconds up the garden walk, after which I told him that I would start shooting. But he rather guessed I wouldn't hit him, so he took the thirty seconds' start.

"Two weeks later, the same man offered to tow me up the Thames.

"'Give you a line, Mr. Warner, sir; give you a line——'

"He had broken all the traditions of his caste. In what way? Why, by going to work. His family had doubtless believed thru generations that they were entitled to help themselves to anything they could get.

Henry B. Warner came to the United States from England as leading man with Eleanor Robson in "Merely Mary Ann." He was with her for several years. He then supported Wilton Lackaye in "The Battle." Following this, came his great success when he was starred in "Alias Jimmy Valentine." After this, the screen.

"Speaking of tradition," he went on, "you know the unwritten law of the criminal world is that a man must be game. One of the most interesting experiences of my life was an afternoon performance of 'Jimmy' given at San Quintin prison — (in California). It proved so trying that during the regular evening performance in San Francisco practically every member of the company was hysterical with excitement. However, it was a gala day for San Quintin. The women went to Warden Hoyle and asked that they be permitted to wear their own clothes instead of the prison garb, for just that one day, and he let them do it. Many of the dresses were fifteen, twenty and twenty-five years old. I remember particularly the oddly feathered hat, yellowed mittens, and pink silk, lace-trimmed parasol of one woman who sat well down front. She had probably not seen those clothes for a quarter of a century.

"But perhaps the climax came at the end when the long line of prisoners filed out to their cells. A little Jap defying the guards, left the line and came over to where the actor was standing.

"'Good-bye, Jimmy,' he said. When he had rejoined the line the warden remarked thoughtfully:

"'You cant beat the nerve of those Orientals; we're going to hang that man at five o'clock tomorrow morning'."

There was a pause. An inner door opened slowly, pushed by a baby's hand. Forgetting any such superfluous thing as dignity, mother and father raced each other to see which would hold baby Joan.

"I've got her!" said the proud father.

"We must hurry, dear," said Mrs. Warner, "or we'll miss the boat." (They were about to leave on a ten days' vacation for Catalina Island.) By the way, I saw them on their return and Mrs. Warner was elated over the capture of a forty-two-pound tuna. But to return to my interview: Mr. Warner was standing, holding the baby in his arms. You would have noticed his long, strong, supple fingers; the fingers of the revolutionist; and the remarkably vivid blue of his eyes.

"Where did you two meet?" I asked.

"In Chicago. We were both playing there and were introduced in the most commonplace way in the world," Mrs. Warner remarked.

"Rita was playing in 'When Dreams Come True.' Appropriate, dont you think?" her husband added with a smile.



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Widow by Proxy

(*Continued from page* 47)

from him and a whole flood of exaltation came over him as he listened to her talk. He need be no longer a loveless, homeless man, going, detachedly, from port to port, nursing a wound long healed.

She was wholly desirable. She was young and she was brave. No wonder Jack had loved her. He found it hard to believe, tho, perceiving the steady gravity deep in her eyes, that she had ever loved the errant Jack. Somehow, he wouldn't have thought . . .

The real Dolores, festive in robin's-egg blue, as the supposed Gloria Grey, watched the proceedings with a sick heart. Just so she had felt—with Jack. He had bent over her like that. His hand had lingered over hers in the same fashion. His eyes had held the same messages. She had given the same messages back. She felt that she didn't need the mourning Gloria was masquerading in to intensify the profound crêpe of her own heart.

At Pennington Manor the aunts were in the drawing-room, rather nervous, distinctly apprehensive.

Gloria kist them at once, affectionately and without reserve. They were seldom kist, the Pennington aunts, since Jack had long ceased to desecrate them with moist and earthy caresses. When Gloria drew away, Aunt Angelica's cheeks were damp with a few futile tears. She was growing old and without control, was Aunt Angelica. Little things touched her, little things like this. She felt that the actress person had a good heart—and what a quiet friend the little Gloria Grey was, standing in the corner, mutely, almost as tho she were looking for some one to come in . . .

By tea-time the supposed Dolores had quite captivated the unwilling aunts. She had sensed their pet foibles, the aristocrats, and held forth glibly on countesses and duchesses and cabbages and kings. She made of herself a personage.

Then the little friend, too, introduced as Gloria Grey. Said Aunt Angelica: "She's a real little lady, Sophronia, to the manner born."

"I agree with you, Angelica," concurred Sophronia.

That night, while the real Dolores lay wakeful on her pillow, listening to the sleepy calling of some few night birds, hearing again, and all about her in the dim corridors, the racing and the romping of little vagrant feet, the actual Gloria Grey was walking in the old garden with Stephen Pennington.

"I want you to marry me, Dolores," he was saying. "I've never said this to any woman for fifteen years. I have been a very lonely man, a very bitter, lonely man. One woman hurt me and I shut myself up in the cloister of myself. It was for you to lead me forth. Your dear, brave eyes, Dolores, your dear, brave smile, the way you have gotten to grips with the world, with life, with the problem of living. There is reverence, too, sweetheart, in my love for you . . ."

The real Gloria Grey moaned inwardly. What would he say when he came to know that she had deceived him, too? He, who bore with him these long years hurts from the same thing?

"Yes, I do love you," she answered him, because her heart could find no lie to give him; "I do love you. Perhaps I shouldn't —but I dont think love depends on that —on shoulds and shouldn'ts—it just comes to one—as it has come to me tonight, wonderfully, sweetly, forever . . ."

In the morning the formal papers were

signed—and Stephen Pennington was recalled to his ship.

"You've got to marry me, Dolores," he said. "You must, my love. You must send me away with my right of you secure."

The aunts were apprised of the fact and were all of a fluster. Privately, they considered that the Pennington stock was giving out, at least mentally. They had, they conferred together, heard tell of such things. First Jack, madly, and then Stephen, poised, perfectly balanced Stephen, even more madly. Of course, now that they had met her, had heard her talk . . . Well, they loved Stephen and they really loved her, and they loved, too, the sad-eyed little person who had the sense of waiting, who asked them so many wistful questions about "Dolores' husband when he was a little boy" and who watched all the old rooms and the old garden haunts with such appreciative, hungry eyes. It might almost have been she who had loved and lost and mourned for Jack Pennington.

The aunts took off the supposed Dolores' widow weeds and decked her in the old ivory satin and old ivory lace of a long-ago Pennington bride — Stephen's great-great-grandfather, they told her. They roped the Pennington pearls about her neck and hair, and Stephen had his mother's wedding-ring for the ceremonial.

The hour, high noon, was almost at hand when a wire came from Jack saying that he was safe, *safe,* and was coming straight to Dolores and the aunts at Pennington Manor.

The supposed Dolores keeled over in an effort at a faint of joy. The aunts had hysterics and, below, in the garden, very white of face, Stephen Pennington prepared to go away.

"One lives somehow, some way," he muttered to himself; "one goes on living —no matter what—no matter what——"

When Jack Pennington came in, shouting for Dolores, shouting explanations of the whole ghastly mistake, exuberant, exultant, he faced a perfectly blank widow. Gloria, stunned by it all, failed to register his identity. The aunts were further amazed. Mr. Galloway was triumphant. "Tricky," he muttered to himself, "tricky."

When Gloria sensed the situation she began to laugh. Her laughter, like her nerves, was overwrought. "You see," she said, shrilly and unsteadily, "you see, it is this way. I am really Gloria Grey and the one you have all thought was Gloria Grey is really Dolores Pennington all the time. After her Jack went away she came to me, because I am an old friend. She was very, very ill. Nerves all gone. Heart all gone—and alone—and poor. She was ill a long, long while, and I nursed her, of course, being her friend, and when she got well there was no money—and then Mr. Galloway wrote this letter about the five thousand.

"Dolores refused to come here. She refused to take the money. She was weak and ill and I acted for her. I pretended that I was she—and—and you all know the rest. I—I'm sorry if I've done anything wrong—but I thought—I *did* believe——"

Jack waited to hear no more. His first glimpse of the wedding finery had frozen his heart, and now he was gone to the only person who would rekindle it for him. From the room above them they could hear the real Dolores sobbing out a grief that turned, in his close arms, to a miraculous joy and, insensibly, the faces below

(*Continued on page* 127)



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The Evolution of a Butler

(*Continued from page* 42)

There was the keynote of a butler's evolution. It was the open sesame thru which Tommy Meighan saw the expansion of a character.

If you have seen Barrie's play, you will recall that a snobbish family of English peers is compelled once monthly to receive its servitors as invited guests—by Lord Loam, head of the household. The occasion is fraught with unhappiness to all—save Lord Loam. To Crichton, who is devotedly attached to his master and who can see but one failing in Lord Loam, in that he lacks sufficient contempt of his inferiors, these monthly teas are small Gehennas.

A yachting trip is planned and in the final decision, only two servants accompany his lordship, the three beautiful daughters and their cousin, Ernest. A deprecating clergyman is a member of the party. During the voyage a frightful storm causes shipwreck and the party is stranded on a desert island in the Pacific Ocean.

It is at this time that the evolution of the butler begins. Nature has decided the question of mastership. Because he is the only practical workman among them, Crichton it is who gives orders and sees that they are obeyed. His leadership is dictated by great Nature herself.

Crichton, the butler, has known that there are people far superior to himself—as people. That he might have a superior as a butler is impossible to conceive. Perhaps the reason Tommy Meighan is able to so perfectly interpret the rôle is because of his own self-esteem. Vain Thomas Meighan is not. He has the gift of self-appraisal. Vanity is born of ignorance of one's assets. Self-knowledge is the parent of self-control and self-esteem.

It is that sort of self-esteem which animates the butler Meighan. It is esteem born not of a desire to appear that which he is not, but of the knowledge that no man could serve as leading man to every screen actress of importance—save Clara Kimball Young, for whose *next* picture he is cast—were he not capable. Then, too, one remembers that Thomas Meighan has never appeared in a production that was cheap, vulgar, or promoted by little-known persons.

It was abroad that Thomas Meighan saw a very delightful putting on of Mr. Barrie's play. Ever since that time he has secretly longed to see himself in a celluloid evolution of Crichton. Possibly it is this Irishman's magnetism which has drawn the fulfilling of that desire. When he forgets the Admirable, Tommy is adorably human. There's a confidential, low-voiced way of talking to a visitor, the little intimate heads-together-in-a-corner fashion which this Pittsburg lad adopts that is undeniably attractive and sends a sympathetic glow to the heart. One *wants* to listen to Tommy Meighan—and yet he says so little about himself. If one failed to watch Crichton's unfoldment, there would be no telling of a story about Thomas Meighan.

Then, too, there's a reason for Mr. Meighan's moments of quiet thoughtfulness. Usually he is very jolly, mirthful, has all the imprints of the blarney stone on his well-shaped mouth, not to mention the meteoric inspirations of wit which will persist in exploding in his think-tank, as, for instance, in the Babylonian vision later

on, when Gloria Swanson sinks her sharp little white teeth in Tommy's arm during rehearsal, the while he murmurs with that quick flash of his gray-fog eyes, "Have a little pepper and salt, Gloria?" Yes, you may hurt Tommy Meighan, but he's game clear thru.

So that is why he doesn't complain, even tho he knows that his mother—and he loves his old "mither" as only a true-hearted son of Erin fondly does—is dying of an incurable disease in the Smoky City, whither he will travel as soon as the picture is finished. You remember that Punchinello never laughed so gaily as when Columbine lay dying? To me, the heartbreak of acting is its reality. The butler's livery hid a man—and it is a man with passionate depths of feeling who is hiding beneath the livery of Crichton.

Crichton's evolution, as we said, began with a shipwreck. On Santa Cruz Island, in the Pacific, the perfect butler began to forget all about buttling and took to killing wild animals barehanded.

The Admirable Crichton found plenty of work to do. It is he who must clear the bamboo forest, who invents tools.

The ship's steering wheel becomes a chandelier for the rude hut built, shells are masquerading as beautiful bits of crockery, skins—trophies of the chase—soften the walls and make floors comfortable nesting places. Crichton has become an inventor, a purveyor of comforts—and his incentive is the love of Lady Mary.

The idea of this evolution is most entrancingly carried out in perfect realism by the Lasky players. Seated on a throne, the vision reveals a Babylonian king, erstwhile Crichton-Meighan. It's the face of a leader, but it becomes ineffably tender when the king gazes on the Christian slave's beauty.

With regal stride and deft handling of the cumbersome train, the Babylonian monarch finally ordered the girl to become a prey for the lions. His tenderness changed to fury, a wish to purvey luxury was metamorphosed into revengeful desire for the humiliation of the haughty slave. In a moment, Tommy Meighan had risen from the servility of a Crichton to the majesty and dignity of a war lord, to whom countless negro slaves did homage and carried loot.

The vision fades. Again Crichton, governor of a small island, is making love to Lady Mary. Cries from a distance apprise them of the fact that at last a ship is nigh. With superb sacrifice, Crichton touches signals. Great beacon fires blaze up on the shores. They are saved, return to England, and once again the Admirable Crichton faces the throes of evolution.

Arrived in England, Lady Mary once more realizes the difference in caste, and to save Lady Mary from the gossiping tongue of an old peeress, the Admirable Crichton, in summing up his evolution, makes the supreme sacrifice demanded of a perfect butler, even to the marrying beneath his station. A butler may wed a lady's maid, as did his parents, but that a Crichton should espouse a "tweeny"—a between maid who helps other servants—is the final crucifixion.

They dont call Thomas Meighan a star. Yet the shining spirit of his Crichton is stardom. He says he prefers to remain a leading man, unless, indeed, he may some day be a star of the first water thru further evolution. To be an exploited star supported by mediocre talent would hold no attraction for him. Like Crichton, Meighan holds firmly that that "which is *natural*—is *right!*"

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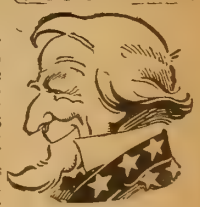
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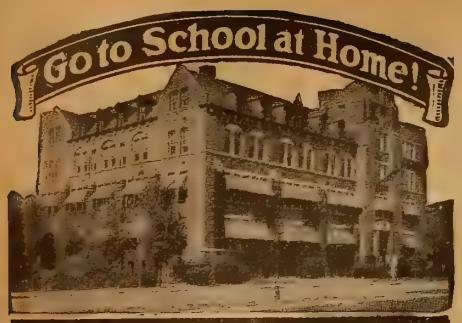
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Motion Pictures and the Church

(*Continued from page* 112)

judgment, why religious pictures have been more or less failures.

There are, however, other factors, apart from the pictures themselves, which have helped to build prejudice against all pictures and make it hard to work in religious circles with any, however good.

One of these has been the appearance at times of objectionable pictures in the regular service. The prominence of liquor and the sex element in many pictures.

The appearance in the newspapers of stories which are damaging to the reputations of prominent screen stars has had a bad influence in religious circles, as have also the accounts in which desperadoes have been reported as saying that they obtained their ideas from moving pictures. One bad report or picture does more harm to the picture industry than a half-dozen good pictures can overcome.

Producers realize this today, and are almost, if not entirely, universal in their efforts to do away with the objectionable and make their pictures uplifting. This attitude upon their part has helped religious leaders to see the potential value of pictures and done much toward breaking down prejudice against them until the time has come when the church will act and make pictures a definite, positive factor in its working forces.

The future work of the church will be more educational than that of the past has been, and more attention will be paid to the children. It has been demonstrated conclusively that it is far easier to form than reform. For this reason the value of pictures with children makes it an imperative necessity that they should be used to aid in correctly impressing upon their minds the principles of honesty, integrity and life in general. A definite program in which this factor is employed to the fullest extent of its usefulness should and will soon be planned and executed in every progressive Sunday school.

All of the dramatic work could and should be done by those who are trained and equipped for it. The regular service at the theaters, thru the exercise of a little care, could be placed above all criticism and be made to furnish amusement and recreation. The Biblical and educational pictures for propaganda and Sunday school work could also be handled by the regular producers in cooperation with religious leaders who thoroly understood the requirements of the situation. Even the educational picture work touching the religious situation thruout the world could be under the direction of producers who specialized in the production of educational pictures.

Two situations would result from this program which would be of considerable importance and are worthy of mention. The story would be featured instead of the star; and there would be less speculation in films. Perhaps producers would not make as much on single pictures as they sometimes do now, but they would be more certain of their returns, for many pictures would be made under contract and paid for when finished. Then, too, the increased amount of business would tend to stabilize the industry.

The idea of the church, as I understand it, is not to injure the motion picture industry by using pictures in its work but to make this great means of education count for all it can in the great struggle of making life more worth while.

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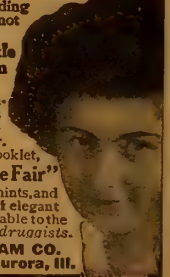
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Bebe, the Oriental

(*Continued from page 33*)

Mille has made for me, for I am to have some great rôles and I hope to become a really *big* emotional actress—some day."

This young girl comes rightly by her love of dramatic art, for she grew up in a theatrical atmosphere, her father having a stock company in which her mother was the leading woman, and at the age of ten weeks, Bebe made her first appearance on the stage in the comedy, "Jane."

At three she had her first speaking rôle in "The Confederate Spy," and at four played the child Duke of York in "Richard III." At five she came to Los Angeles to play in the repertoire presented by the old Burbank stock company. Her last stage appearance was in "The Squaw-man," with Lewis Stone, at the age of eight. When this run was over Bebe joined the Selig company to play child leads in pictures.

During her stage career, she had the advantage of playing in the dramas of Shakespeare, Maeterlinck, Ibsen and D'Annunzio, which in itself is something of a record.

"I was fourteen when I went with the Rolin-Pathé comedies to play opposite Harold Lloyd, and I think this was the best possible training during my 'growing up' years, for comedy has taught me the values of lights and shades of emotional work that I probably would not have gained had I done only serious dramas. I loved it, too; it was a happy experience, for everyone in the company was so fine and we were like a big family.

"Aren't my costumes in this picture wonderful?" exclaimed Bebe, as she kicked off her jeweled sandals and surveyed her pretty bare feet stained pink after the fashion of the East. "I seem to feel the colors—they are so intense—and I wish the camera could catch them. Lots of people have asked me if I was Egyptian; isn't that a joke? I am crazy to visit Egypt and India, and, of course, Spain. Grandmother was born in Castile, Spain, mother was born in South America, while I was born in Dallas, Texas, so you see, I am just a Texan, not an Oriental at all, but I love, *love* everything Oriental." And the dark eyes, big as dollars, gazed earnestly at the tiger lilies as if finding in their strange beauty a sympathetic response.

Bebe Daniels can do other things besides act, for she has made some clever pen and ink sketches that reveal a decided talent, and she showed me her own pretty bedroom set of ivory which she has decorated with clusters and garlands of roses. She swims like the proverbial duck and bemoans the hard fate that even when she has a vacation from the studio she dare not indulge in this sport, for the midsummer sun has a way of leaving a coat of tan which she cannot hide from the camera, and the Favorite of the King of Babylon cannot have rings of brown showing thru the tissue robes.

She loves to dance and ride horse-back, and drives her own car,—in short she is a jolly, normal little girl, unspoiled and sweet, who wins friends from every one, for she believes sincerely that we get out of life just what we give and that the theories of the brotherhood of man can be a present reality.

But it is as the Oriental maid—the child of the East—amid splendid luxuries and vivid backgrounds, soft laces and rich fabrics, sparkling jewels and splashing colors, and blue curling incense, that Bebe Daniels lures our imagination!

Millions of People Can Write Stories and Photoplays and Don't Know It!

THIS is the startling assertion recently made by E. B. Davison of New York, one of the highest paid writers in the world. Is his astonishing statement true? Can it be possible there are countless thousands of people yearning to write, who really *can* and simply *haven't found it out?* Well, come to think of it, most anybody can *tell* a story. Why can't most anybody *write* a story? Why is writing supposed to be a rare gift that few possess? Isn't this only another of the Mistaken Ideas the past has handed down to us? Yesterday nobody dreamed man could fly. To-day he dives like a swallow ten thousand feet above the earth and laughs down at the tiny mortal atoms of his fellow-men below! So Yesterday's "impossibility" is a reality to-day.

"The time will come," writes the same authority, "when millions of people will be writers—there will be countless thousands of playwrights, novelists, scenario, magazine and newspaper writers—they are coming, coming—a whole new world of them!" And do you know what these writers-to-be are doing now? Why, they are the men—armies of them—young and old, now doing mere clerical work, in offices, keeping books, selling merchandise, or even driving trucks, running elevators, street cars, waiting on tables, working at barber chairs, following the plow, or teaching schools in the rural districts; and women, young and old, by scores, now pounding typewriters, or standing behind counters, or running spindles in factories, bending over sewing machines, or doing housework. Yes—you may laugh—but these are The Writers of To-morrow.



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Miss Helene Chadwick, versatile screen star, now leading lady for Tom Moore of Goldwyn Film Company, says: *"Any man or woman who will learn this New Method of Writing ought to sell stories and plays with ease."*

For writing isn't only for geniuses as most people think. *Don't you believe the Creator gave you a story-writing faculty just as he did the greatest writer?* Only maybe you are simply "bluffed" by the thought that you "haven't the gift." Many people are simply afraid to try. Or if they do try, and their first efforts don't satisfy, they simply give up in despair, and that ends it. They're through. They never try again. Yet if, by some lucky chance they had first learned the simple rules of writing, and then given the Imagination free rein, they might have astonished the world!

LETTERS LIKE THIS ARE POURING IN!

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"I sold my first play in less than three weeks after getting your book."--Thelma Almer, Helena, Mont.

"Mr. Irving has so simplified story and photoplay writing that anyone with ordinary intelligence ought to master it quickly. I am having no trouble in selling my stories and plays now."--B. M. James, Dallas, Tex.

"I have already sold a synopsis --written according to Mr. Irving's instructions--for $500.00, and some short sketches for smaller sums."--David Clark, Portland Ore.

"Your book opened my eyes to great possibilities. I received my first check to-day -- $175.00." --H. Barlow, Louisville, Ky.

"It is the most complete and practical book ever written on the subject of writing."--Harry Schultz, Kitchener, Ont.

"The book is all, and more, than you claim it to be."--W.T. Watson, Whitehall, N. Y.

"I am delighted with the book beyond the power of words to express."--Laura Davis, Wenatchee, Wash.

But two things are essential in order to become a writer. First, to learn the ordinary principles of writing. Second, to learn to exercise your faculty of Thinking. By exercising a thing you develop it. Your Imagination is something like your right arm. The more you use it the stronger it gets. The principles of writing are no more complex than the principles of spelling, arithmetic, or any other simple thing that anybody knows. Writers learn to piece together a story as easily as a child sets up a miniature house with his toy blocks. It is amazingly easy after the mind grasps the simple "know how." A little study, a little patience, a little confidence, and the thing that looks hard turns out to be just as easy as it seemed difficult.

Thousands of people imagine they need a fine education in order to write. Nothing is farther from the truth. The greatest writers were the poorest scholars. People rarely learn to write at schools. They may get the principles there, but they *really learn to write* from the great, wide, open, boundless Book of Humanity! Yes, seething all around you, every day, every hour, every minute, in the whirling vortex—the flotsam and jetsam of Life—even in your own home, at work or play, are endless incidents for stories and plays—a wealth of material, a world of things happening. Every one of these has the seed of a story or play in it. Think! If you went to a fire, or saw an accident, you could come home and tell the folks all about it. Unconsciously you would describe it all very realistically. And if somebody stood by and wrote down exactly what you said, you'd be amazed to find your story would sound just as interesting as many you've read in magazines or seen on the screen. Now, you will naturally say, "Well, if Writing is as simple as you say it is, why can't *I* learn to write?" *Who says you can't?*

Listen! A wonderful *free* book has recently been written on this very subject—a book that tells all about a Startling New Easy Method of Writing Stories and Photoplays. This amazing book, called *"The Wonder Book for Writers,"* shows how easily stories and plays are conceived, written, perfected, sold. How many who don't *dream* they can write, suddenly find it out. How the Scenario Kings and the Story Queens live and work. How bright men and women, without any special experience, learn to their own amazement that their simplest ideas may furnish brilliant plots for Plays and Stories. How one's own Imagination may provide an endless gold-mine of ideas that bring Happy Success and Handsome Cash Royalties. How new writers get their names into print. How to tell if you *are* a writer. How to develop your "story fancy," weave clever word-pictures and unique, thrilling, realistic plots. How your friends may be your worst judges. How to avoid discouragement and the pitfalls of Failure. How to *win!*

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Rosemary—That's for Remembrance

(*Continued from page* 109)

acterization. She is mentally colorful—she likes heavy shadings in emotion. She is one of the half dozen recognized heavies of the screen.

"In the part of the young stepmother I'm now doing, there is just a characterization at first which fills in and rounds out the work of other actors. Later, when things begin to happen, I am 'heavy'—but you cant term it a heavy's part in its entirety . . . it's a good part, tho," confessed Miss Theby.

Probably Rosemary has reached her present safe pedestal more thru her sincerity, concentration and amiable disposition than any other traits she possesses, outside of her early recognized emotionality. She is an intense nature, an intelligent thinker, and while she works on the stage you wont find her frivolous or scatter-brained. Off-stage, she is happy and light-hearted, a normal, healthy bachelor girl who enjoys managing her own pocketbook, one which she very successfully fills by her clever screen portrayals. As to marriage—she confesses she loves home and family but that her soul-mate must still be in hiding. Meantime, she's not worrying about the delay and is spending her time profitably and happily.

THE LEVELER

By Richard Willis

It's no matter how you holds your knife
these days, no matter how you finger
spoon or fork;
Drinkin' tea from out your saucer, eatin'
how you will; of course yer got to
go it light on sugar, wheat and pork.
A cane it dont mean nuthin' not no more,
your toes dont have to turn out as you
walk,
An' you can keep your H's droppin' and
your grammer gone a-shoppin', jest so
long as it's *American* you talk.

It dont signerfy what cut of coat you
wear, if your trousers fit too tight or
got a cuff;
An' color schemes dont worry in the
bustle and the hurry, tho' the leanin' is
to khaki or to buff.
Your collar may be celluloid or not, your
underwear jest any kind of stuff,
If your rig from boots to bonnet have
some labels sewed upon it, marked
"U. S. A."; b'gosh! that's quite enough.

It dont matter what your looks is like at
all, no matter if you're farm or gentle
bred;
If you're six foot tall or shorter, if
you've lived on land or water or you're
workin' with your hands or with your
head.
If you're fightin' or are aimin' jest for
freedom, your eyes are on the flag, your
blood runs red.
Then no one cares a dam, sir; for you're
out for *Uncle Sam*, sir; an' suppose
you ain't, you'd jest as well be dead.

No matter if you're colonel or a cop, or
if you use a sabre or a gun,
Or are makin' of munitions or are servin'
in positions jest to keep things goin'
till the war is won;
You may be a Roman Catholic or a Jew,
or to Methodists your favor it may
run,
So you're fightin' or are savin' and you
keep Old Glory wavin' an' we wipe the
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A toilet preparation of merit.
Helps to eradicate dandruff.
For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair.
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In From 4 to 8 Days



Science has discovered the way for restoring gray hair to its natural color. It is offered to women in Mary T. Goldman's Scientific Hair Color Restorer. And women use this scientific hair color restorer with the same freedom they do powder. Simply comb Mary Goldman's through the hair. In from 4 to 6 days every gray hair will be gone.

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Accept no Imitations—Sold by Druggists Everywhere

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black---- jet black---- dark brown----
medium brown---- light brown----
Name ----------
Street---------- Town----------
Co.---------- State----------

The Master of Mystery

(Continued from page 37)

not experienced. I have been, perhaps—well, no Sunday-school boy, and yet after seventeen years my marriage is a success. Why? Because my wife is a marvel. She has not been satisfied to settle down into plain wife. She has remained sweetheart as well as best friend; but, greatest of all, she has retained her lure. She has never let her novelty wear off.

"Anything that has become placed or well-known becomes monotonous, a gown you wear for a week, a restaurant you frequent for a month, that crystal figure there that graces my desk. I am no longer even conscious of its presence, because it has sat in that precise place for months. When I first purchased it, I thought it very charming; now it is forgotten. Because it is placed! Its novelty has worn off. But should some one lift it to the top of that bookcase, where the sunlight gleams, I would again notice it and say, 'What a pretty thing,' and if the next day it were lying on that table amid those dark trophies, I'd say, 'Why, that crystal statue of mine is beautiful!' So it is with wives. They should never settle, never give all; there should be a reserve, a surprise, an uncertainty, for man must have mystery, and, above all, lure, and if his wife doesn't retain hers, he'll find it elsewhere, and that's plain, unvarnished truth. It is the look of mystery, of passion, of love, in a woman's eyes that a man never forgets."

"That," I exclaimed, "is the very thing you have captured in your pictures—lure, love, life, but above all, a haunting mystery."

"Appeal, the appeal of softly scented women, of silken robes, of velvety rose-petals and rich textures, that is the effect that I have spent thousands upon thousands of dollars to bring to the silver-sheet. Erté, in order to create his desired impression, gives one masterful, colorful sweep of his painter's brush. He doesn't carefully outline each detail. And that is what we have been doing too long in pictures. We have worried too much about the correctness of trifles, as to whether a costume should have exactly three buttons in a certain place, because that was the custom. I now have my costumes designed to create an impression. I want to make my audience *feel* what I am telling."

The purr of the telephone interrupted our theorizing. I contemplated the sweetness of murdering the person at the other end. An assistant director tiptoed in with eager-eyed questions as to whether he should use a two-inch lens or a three-inch one in taking close-ups of six monkeys. An apologetical secretary peeped in to beg that the chief would not forget the three lawyers waiting with contracts to be signed.

Thus we were recalled to the busy world where the sweat of one's brow is necessary to success.

For a moment I lingered. I, too, must be businesslike. "Born?" I queried.

Mr. De Mille laughed, patiently. "Not such a prosaic question as you feared," he said. "I'll venture to say that I am the only man who was ever born in two places. You see, for generations it had been the family custom for a De Mille to be born in a certain room in a certain home in North Carolina. It was a custom which should not be broken. So my mother, who was visiting in Massachusetts, prepared for a hasty journey to Carolina for my coming. I, however, as usual intent upon kicking over the universe, arrived ahead of time, and so a De Mille was born in Massachusetts, while theoretically North Carolina was the proper birthplace."

"Pictures," I queried, hurriedly, "how did you happen to go into them?"

"It's a long story, but rather interesting. I was directing a stage production for Louis Selwyn, when he came to me one day and said, 'I'm sorry, C. B., but you wont do. You haven't enough'—he hammered his chest dramatically—'in you here.' (I had been directing according to my usual quiet method of suggestion, instead of raving and ranting.) 'Very, well,' said I and left.

"I sought the Claridge grill for solace, and who should come in but Jesse Lasky. We were real friends—such friends as are only formed by tramping the woods together and shooting your daily meal side by side. 'What's the matter, old man?' he said. 'I'm going to Mexico,' said I, 'to become President. Dont you want to come along?' 'Why?' said he. 'It would be easier to hold down than any job in New York,' I answered.

"Lasky, always ready to help a friend, on the spur of the moment suggested, 'Let's start a picture company and you direct.' 'I know nothing of pictures,' said I. 'You can learn,' said Lasky. Then and there we formed the Lasky Co., on the back of a Claridge menu. We were each to put in five thousand dollars. Just as we had the agreement drawn up, who should walk in but Sam Goldfish. 'What are you up to?' he demanded. We told him, with the result that he put in an additional five thousand dollars. That was the beginning of the Lasky Corporation. The next day I visited a Yonkers studio and honestly learnt all they knew in one day . . . anybody could have. Then we bought the rights to 'The Squaw Man' for fifteen thousand dollars. With much scraping we procured another fifteen thousand additional capital. I came out here, and just a few yards from this very spot produced the old 'Squaw Man,' the very first Lasky picture, six and a half years ago, and look at the place today.

"And now good-by, and dont forget to tell the American women to keep the lure in their eyes."

As I departed from our confessional, I carried with me the sense of the red, red heart of the roses on Cecil B. De Mille's desk and the longing to solve the mystery of life that no one ever wants really solved.

ON JESTER ROW

By Fra Guido

On Jester Row, the players mask
Their souls in garbs of clownish hue;
Their own hearts still, when comes the cue
To start again their merry task.

Who knows the anguish, sighs and tears
Concealed in sad and grieving mind,
When on their souls they draw the blind,
And laugh—till burst applause and cheers?

And we? We smile, our hearts content,
And often mock their idle zest,
Forgetting that but for their jest
Our own hearts oft were sorrow rent.

But I, who also play, I know,
In life, a part, like that of clown,
Beneath the motley mask and gown
I see a soul—in Jester Row.

Widow by Proxy

(*Continued from page* 119)

softened and their eyes dimmed with tears, some memoried of old sorrows and old joys akin . . .

Down in the garden, Stephen Pennington smiled, too, and stole upstairs to where Gloria awaited him, afraid . . .

"I deceived you," she reminded him, as he strode over to her, and the little aunts, insubstantial in the midst of so much thoro joy, stole palpitantly out. "I deceived you . . . too . . ."

"Out of your love for your friend, little Greatheart," he said, as he took her again, "a lovely flower of deceit with its roots in truth," and he kist her with his lips, from which her hand had brushed away all lingering bitterness.

M'sieur Le Guere

(*Continued from page* 78)

actress, and married her, I would give up my own career. I think the lesser should be subservient to the greater. I do not believe there can be two in the same family, unless the husband is not a husband at all and expects nothing of domesticity, nothing of real home life. I would.

"My ideal would be, roughly, a clinging vine with a brain. One may have a brain and not crave public life.

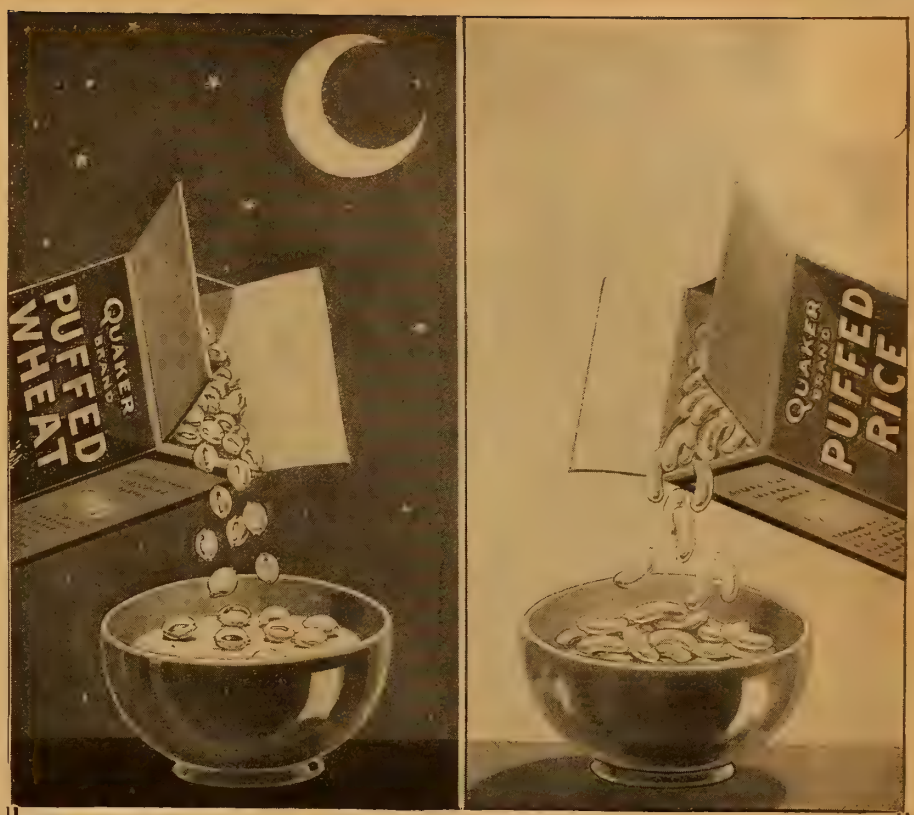
"I like the conservative in a woman. I prefer to be the stronger of the two. I dont believe in upsetting fundamentals. I believe, too, that there is just one love . . . other states are merely mental, which is not being in love.

"Smoking a cigaret, taking a cocktail . . . I would never object to a woman doing these things. They are not fundamentals. . . . The only objection there would be is that women are almost always extremists. They carry things to excess . . . their careers, for example. They are more emotional than men and more easily led to great lengths. I suppose it's the influence of the South with me . . ." and he sighed.

We walked down Broadway together, and almost all the way George Le Guere's hat was off in response to some more than friendly hail. He is tremendously well known and well liked. And he is both of these things not by reason of anything other than his own essential personality with its reserve and lack of assumption. His mode of living is quiet rather than the reverse. "Almost every other night," he told me, "I spend at home with my mother, reading, or taking in a movie. I used to do a great deal of reading in my collegiate days for love of the doing. I find that the screen has spoiled that for me. I read now with one eye on the book and one eye on production purposes. We're both exceedingly fond of seeing Charles Ray. And this year I have gone absolutely nowhere."

It is this quiet force, unostentatious, but unavoidable, too, which is the artist in him. One sees him musing in dim, old libraries, dreaming over the pale green dripped absinthe in some dim café on some dim southern street, wandering about the old French Quarter with that dream in his eyes, that smile on his lips and that mantle of perpetual youth which seems to be about him. "They call me the male Fannie Ward," he told me, with an appreciative grin.

Irish and French . . . N' Orleans and N' York . . . a paradox come to judgment!



At Night

Puffed Wheat—thin, toasted whole-wheat bubbles—in a bowl of milk.

Mornings

Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs with cream and sugar or mixed with any fruit.

Toasted Bubble Grains

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Puffed Wheat in milk forms practically a complete food. All the needed elements, including minerals and vitamines, are there.

All are steam exploded—puffed to 8 times normal size. In fact, a hundred million steam explosions occur in every kernel. Every atom is fitted to digest.

There are scores of ways to serve them. One is to crisp and butter for children to eat dry. Use like nut meats in home candy making—scatter in your soups.

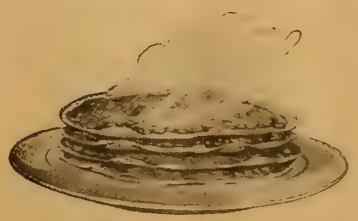
As breakfast dainties they hold premier place. And nothing makes the milk dish so attractive.

Don't make them occasional foods. The three kinds offer variety.

The more children eat the better. The less they eat the more they want of something not so good.

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Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour



Nutty, Fluffy Pancakes

Made with Puffed Rice Pancake Flour Mixture

Now we offer another delight in pancake flour containing ground Puffed Rice. It makes such pancakes as you've never tasted. Try it. The flour is self-raising, so you simply add milk or water. Our experts worked for two years to secure this ideal blend.

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Beauty at Your Finger Tips

THESE days when women are workers and not drones finger nails receive rough treatment. Hyglo Manicure Preparations quickly repair the damage done in housework or at business, keep the cuticle smooth and give the nails a beautiful lustre that is waterproof and lasting. Just get

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HYGLO Cuticle Remover and Nail Bleach, which keeps your cuticle smooth and firm, without the use of the harmful scissors. It removes all stains and discolorations. Larger size sold separately at 35c.

HYGLO Nail Polish, in cake form, gives a quick polish and lasting lustre and is waterproof. Sold separately at 25c and 50c.

HYGLO Nail Polish Paste (Pink), a jar of fine rouge that gives the so desirable pink polish to the nails. Sold separately at 35c.

HYGLO Nail White, in a handy jar; for whitening under the nails. Sold separately at 35c. This complete HYGLO Outfit also contains a flexible nail file, emery board, orange stick and cotton.

HYGLO Mascarine, for stiffening eyelashes and darkening eyebrows, can be readily washed off with water. Complete outfit with brush and mirror, 50c.; black, brown and blonde.

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To enable you to try HYGLO Nail Polish (Powder) and HYGLO Cuticle Remover and Nail Bleach, we will mail you a small outfit, including emery board, orange stick and cotton, upon receipt of 10c in coin or stamps.



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HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO. Inc., Selling Agents
171 Madison Avenue New York

Kathleen o' the Screen

(*Continued from page* 56)

afraid of jealousy. I think all that's gone out of style anyway. I think jealousy and temperament are horrid.

"Tell me how you broke in."

She laughed.

"Why, that's a rather short story. You see, when I finished at the Notre Dame Academy in Cleveland I went to work in the telephone exchange.

"One of the newspapers in town offered a prize of fifty dollars for the most popular and prettiest girl of all the different professions. My brother-in-law came in the office one day and informed me he had entered my picture and name in the contest.

"Well, it all turned out that I won the prize as the most popular telephone operator.

"Mr. R. V. Day with the Essanay Company then offered me a chance in pictures.

A year later I cut loose and made a bee-line for Los Angeles. Here I haunted the studios and finally got in at the Keystone. They soon put me on the three-day guarantee list.

"One day I picked up a paper and read that Toto the Clown was to make pictures for Rolin. I went out and was taken on as his leading lady. I made three pictures with him and then had a small part in 'Missing' under the direction of J. Stuart Blackton. Then I was offered a contract with Universal, after doing several pictures with Tom Mix. So, here I am.

"What do you think of the local strike of the telephone girls?" I asked.

"I think they're entirely right," Miss O'Connor's Irish eyes snapped. "And that reminds me I've made it up to take some of the girls out to ride every afternoon during the strike. They need it, poor dears. Want to ride with me down to the Labor Temple?"

"You bet."

"Well you just glance over a few of these poses of me outside, while I slip on some things. And mind you, no peekin'."

Miss O'Connor is charmingly natural, I reflected as I sat on one of the property man's trunks. There is not a trace of affectation or false pride about her. The day before I had seen her chatting with perfect camaraderie with the lowliest extras in her new serial, the "Midnight Man" with Jim Corbett.

Soon she appeared, a dream in lavender, a sailor hat trimmed in baby blue, looking as if she were off to attend a day at Donnybrook Fair.

Before I knew it our car, in charge of its skilful driver, had flashed from country and ranch scenery to that of skyscraper and asphalt, and we were in front of the Los Angeles Labor Temple, a tall brick edifice on the east side of town.

Soon the car was surrounded by a laughing, jostling bunch of hello girls, resplendent in their strike regalia of ribbons, buttons and banners. Almost instantly the crowd surged into the tonneau, jammed the running board, while happy salutations were shouted at Miss O'Connor.

I was clearly in the minority and decided to withdraw.

"Good-bye, Mr. Hammond," she said, "I am so glad to have met you. I'd give anything to be able to write. It must require a lot of brains."

All of which leads me to assert emphatically that Miss O'Connor is the most sensible young lady I've ever met.

At Christmas Time

Your friends can buy
anything you can give
them—
except your photograph.

There's a Photographer in Your Town.

(And he's not as busy now as he will be in December.)

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King Solomon
and
Shadowland

"There was never a king like Solomon,
Not since the world began;
But Solomon talked to a butterfly
As a man might talk to a man."

There were no magazines in Solomon's day. The wisest man in the world was too wise. "Much study," he cried, "is a weariness and of the making of books there is no end!"

He didn't need books—he needed a MAGAZINE. He talked to butterflies because he was tired of books.

Solomon would have enjoyed SHADOWLAND. He would have found it as beautiful as a butterfly.

Solomon never went to the Movies. There were no screen stars B. C.—only Queen Sheba, who preferred one SMALL KISS from a FOOL to all the WISDOM of the UNIVERSE.

Solomon would have liked the screen people of the present day. MARY PICKFORD and DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, LILLIAN GISH and little BEN ALEXANDER would have made a hit with him.

He would have subscribed to SHADOWLAND for the sake of hearing about them.

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—back to the

Good Old Card Game

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Now's the time to get back to those good old days, and you'll need some new cards to start the game rolling again—your only pack is probably past recognition. Therefore—as long as you have to buy a new pack, let us furnish it. We have on hand cards we call the STAGE PLAYING CARDS, each card bearing the photograph of some popular player on its back. There are 52 cards and joker, tinted in pastel shades of pink, cream, green and gold, gold-edged; flexible, highly finished, lively and durable, at 65c. a pack.

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A Helpful Hint to Amateur Writers

The amateur photoplaywright is coming into his own again. The scenario editor of Universal says he wants new stories by new authors; Cecil B. DeMille says the scenario field is ever waiting for a fresh plot, consistently handled; and the Triangle Film Corporation is noted for its ability to pick budding talent and foster it.

Have you written plays and wondered why they haven't sold? Are you sure your ideas were original? Why not send us 25c. and let us send you "Here Lies," a little book that will tell you about plots long abused and worn threadbare?

Or, if you wish to learn the fundamental facts of scenario writing, send us 50c. and let us send you "The Photoplaywright's Primer," a booklet that tells you in the very simplest English how to construct your photoplay.

There are some who will doubtless desire both books, and because we are anxious to aid aspiring writers, we have arranged to sell both copies for 65c. If you feel that you can and must write, mail us 65c. today—let us help you.

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The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 93)

FRANCIS J. B.—No hopes. Your logic is like a flea; it jumps around lively enough, but you can never put your finger on it. Try something else.

TRIX.—So you have cast your affections upon Percy Marmont. He is with Vitagraph yet. Nope, not interested in politics, and am neither a Democrat nor a Republican, because party spirit is the madness of many for the gain of a few. Marguerite Clark is playing in the West.

MISS CHICAGO.—You've got it all wrong. Emily Stevens, and not Pauline Frederick, in "A Man's World." Metro produced it. Yes, Conrad Nagel is married. Oh yes, the stars come to see us and I go to see them. I think you did pretty well.

R. G.—No, the Lee children didn't die of the flu.

NANCY LEE.—I take off my chapeau to you. I shall never believe that I am really great until I have had a cigar named after me. Robert Burns, Napoleon, Daniel Webster and all the other great men have had cigars named after them, and Henry Clay even had a pipe named after him. Why, Richard Barthelmess in "I'll Get Him Yet."

E. E.—There is a Milton Claypoole—somewhere. Dont like to advise you one way or the other. Some theories do not work, also some theorists. Marguerite Courtot played in "Bound and Gagged" (Pathé).

JOHN HANCOCK.—Surely I remember you. Of course, you in Australia may obtain the 80 portraits by subscribing. Just send in a money order. That was Kate Lester and Franklyn Hanna in "Doing Their Bit." Ruby de Remer and William Pike in "We Should Worry." That's it, people who used to go home when they couldn't go anywhere else, now go to the motion pictures.

PATRICIA B.—Yes, I admit that the word "thanks," which I frequently use, is wrong, and that I should say, "Thank you," instead. I once heard a little newsboy unconsciously rebuke a lady on Fifth Avenue for using the word, "thanks," when he picked up her pocketbook and handed it to her. "Welks," said he. Violet Mersereau and Harry Benham in "Path of Happiness."

T. J. S., QUEENSLAND.—Florence Reed in "A Woman's Law." But you should always be "out" to the man who only comes to borrow money and then you will be in. Gadzooks! Must I swear?

CHARLES RAY ADMIRER.—Right, but all homes must be warmed by affection, lighted up with cheerfulness and upholstered with tidiness. And, of course, mine was ever thus. Frank Morgan in "The Knife." Yes, write to him.

N. S. D.—You say you are looking for your brother, Norman Dabous, who said he was going into the movies. Perhaps he has changed his name. Norman, Norman, where art thou?

KATHRYN C.—No, I dont ever expect to submit to a decline. You want to know all about Lewis Cody. Just watch for an interview. Yes, I love to travel. Dont you know the world is a great book, of which they that never stir from home read only a page?

JERSEY CYCLONE.—And your letter was some cyclone. Bert Lytell, Eileen Percy and Helen Dunbar in "Hitting the High Spots." "Daring Hearts" is the first Vitagraph to be released with Beverly Bayne and Francis Bushman.

TEXAS LASSIE.—You talk too much. Works, and not words, are the proof of

(*Continued on page* 133)

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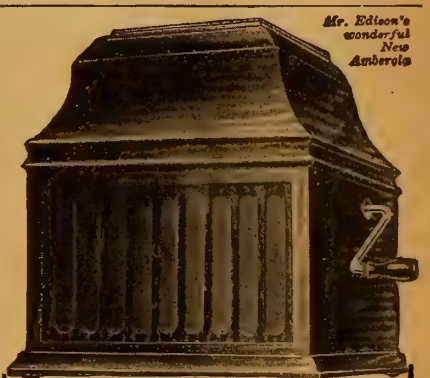
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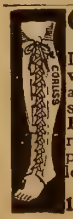
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The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 131)

love. Lewis Cody was Rolin in "For Husbands Only." Ruth Clifford was Rhoda in "The Red, Red Heart." Kenneth Harlan was Joe in "Her Body in Bond." Theodore Roberts was Anton in "Anton the Terrible."

ANDREW B. J.—Well, I dont hope some day to be wealthy—how could I?—but I do hope to be comfortable. Were it not for hope, the heart would break. Thanks for your good wishes. Yes, James K. Hackett in a screen drama entitled "The Greater Sinner."

MADALEE.—Harry Myers is doing little directing nowadays.

ERMA C.—Thanks for sending me the picture of a box of Uneedas and Nabiscos, but why didn't you send the real thing? Clara K. Young played in "Eyes of Youth" under the Equity Pictures.

THU JAYS.—What, again? You say, "May Allah continue thy light." Not by a long shot. If I dont have the wherewithal the gas meter dont work. Allah nothing! Your letters are about as clever as anything I have read.

VALIANT VIV.—Have her join one of the correspondence clubs. You refer to Mme. De Stael, who gave the most practical and simple recipe for keeping young. She said, "To resist with success the frigidity of old age, one must keep the body, the mind and heart in parallel vigor —which requires exercise, study and love." Dorothy Dalton played in "The Market of Souls."

SPARKS.—Shake! You write a clever letter, too. When you come to New York, stop in.

IRENE B. O.—You can reach Norma Talmadge at 318 E. 48th Street, New York City.

NORMA, SYDNEY.—Be courteous to all, but intimate with few; and let those few be well tried before you give them your confidence. If there is any sting to my answers, use Sloan's Home Liniment. But I try not to be sarcastic. Pathé produced "The Thirteenth Chair" with Yvonne Delva and Creighton Hale.

YOURS TRULY.—That's an ending and not a beginning. No, never been to the Rockies. The narrowest width from base to base is about three hundred miles. Humph! Promises may get friends, but performances keep them. Get busy!

MRS. REJECTED GLOOGOOS.—You say I am as encouraging as a mummy. Thanks for the compliment. Elsie Janis with Myron Selznick now. Cant be done. Send for a list of the clubs. Just remember that love does much, but money does more.

MAUD A. D.—You want more news of Robert Harron. Billie Burke played in "The Misleading Widow." It was an old French doctor who first said that "An orange is gold in the morning, silver at noon and lead at night."

EVERYBODY'S FAVORITE.—So you liked "Peggy Does Her Darndest." And you laughed until your belt slipped two cogs! Tee, hee! It must be fine to be able to laugh like that. Fritzi Brunette in "Playing the Game" (Universal).

BILLY, HALFBACK.—Yes, that player has a fine figure, but sometimes figures lie. Platonic love is the friendship of man and woman without mixture of what is usually called love. Plato strongly advocated this pure affection, hence its distinctive name. Madge Kennedy in "Thru the Wrong Door," for Goldwyn.

LINCOLN C. P.—Never published that story.

(*Continued on page* 134)

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The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 133)

TERRACE TOP.—Owen Moore, yes, with Selznick. So you live in the house E. H. Sothern used to live in. Ought to be inspiring.

EVERYBODY'S FAVORITE.—Be patient and May Allison will write to you. Well, I have never heard of the Indian Hair Restorer. It is not the kind I have been using. Anyway, whoever heard of an Indian restoring hair? They are better at removing it. Walla! walla!

MARJORIE D.—Sorry, Madge, but I haven't his name.

WOODROW WILSON WORSHIPPER.—You ask why Mr. Hearst insists on booming Marion Davies. I dont know, maybe because he likes her acting. I understand that Beverly Bayne Bushman has an infant.

M. E. S.—Very seldom go to banquets. I have often observed that while the cards of invitation to public banquets are elegantly gotten up, the food itself is quite vulgarly put down. I dont believe in stuffing. Montagu Love was interviewed in CLASSIC. He and Kitty Gordon in "Stolen Orders."

SIZZIZILIKYLIKYINK.—Yes, try and pronounce it. Sounds like somebody sneezing. You say you hail from a little prairie town where everybody minds one another's business and where you are free from excitement. You'll probably live to be an old lady. Yes, Elsie Janis is joining Myron Selznick's company.

KATHLYN WILLIAMS FOREVER.—Thank you for the card. Yes, Earle Williams and Anita Stewart in "From Headquarters," but it's an old one. How funny! No, I have never seen an Arab without teeth, and I dont know what they use to preserve them. If they didn't preserve their teeth they would probably speak gum Arabic. Oh, Susie, bring on the fan!

LONESOME LUKE.—Catherine Calvert was born in Baltimore, Md. She has dark-brown hair and brown eyes, weighs 125, and stands 5 feet 6 inches. Alfred Whitman has signed up with Morosco for the stage.

PEGGY.—Yes, Peggy Hyland is English, unmarried, and about 23 years young.

ME, ONLY EDDIE.—Yours was very interesting. It's all right for you to say that you will go thru fire and water for the little girl of your choice, but be sure you dont go thru your bank account for her. Fred Stone and Mary Anderson in "Johnny, Get Your Gun." Adolphe Lestina and Carol Dempster in "The Girl Who Stayed at Home." Surely, trip in again some time.

DES MOINES.—With young boys and girls, love is usually only a passing fancy. They catch the disease quickly, but are quickly cured. So dont be too sure. Address Lois Weber, Los Angeles, Cal. There's really no particular company.

JOE C., CLEVELAND.—You say you have written about a hundred scenarios, from musical comedies to heart-gripping dramas, but they all managed to come back.

FRANCES C. M.—Yes, your letter was a gem. Howard Elmer Cole is not listed on my records. You ask me if I have lived in Brooklyn all of my life. My answer is, not yet.

ANNIE P.—Oh, I prefer diamonds to opals, but I put no stock in the superstition that they are unlucky. When first taken from mines opals are so soft that they can be broken with the finger-nail. The cutters started the superstition because they were charged with breakage. Percy Marmont is going to be Alice Joyce's leading man.



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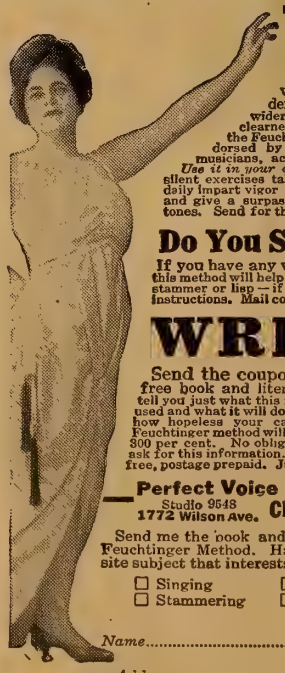
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WHAT THEY DID IN OMAHA

By Grace M. Hulst

As the Overland Limited drew into the station yards, Douglas Fairbanks, in a heavy overcoat buttoned up to his chin, made for the observation car platform and registered patriotism. Mary Pickford wore a peacock-blue coat, heavily braided, and large beaver collar and cuffs, black pumps and white spats, and her curls were hid by a small turban with tiny little bows of ribbon, and she wore a long, flowing veil. A very slight, attractive, correctly garbed young figure stood behind her, and our wildest dreams had never pictured Charlie Chaplin as this slim, modest, radiant young man.

Newspaper reporters, boy scouts, campfire girls, cadets from the flying school, canteen workers from the post, travelers, society buds, "newsies," old ladies, high-school girls and youths all cheered.

Mr. Fairbanks made a "snappy" speech, an appeal for Liberty Bonds. Miss Pickford said, "Oh, where is mother?" Then Mr. Chaplin drew a sweet lady from inside the car and said, in a low voice, "This is Mrs. Pickford." A photographer got busy with a camera, and they got off the train. Mrs. Pickford brought out a great big bouquet, and Mary threw the flowers and there was a mad scramble. A little girl piped up, "Oh, Mary, you are just as sweet as your pictures!" Mary laughed and said, quickly, "Which one do you like the best?" "'The Little American!'" cried out a newsboy, and "America's Sweetheart" looked right at him and threw him a kiss. Mr. Chaplin picked up a little boy who was crawling up the side of the car and talked to him. Douglas Fairbanks climbed back on the car, and several men helped Miss Pickford back, and Mr. Chaplin vaulted over the railing. The engine tooted and Miss Pickford threw a big box of candy out of the window, and every one tried to get a piece of the box for a souvenir.

Her director, George D. Baker, the camera-man, the many assistants and stage hands, all stood about wondering what had happened to lovely May Allison. It was Monday morning, and everything was ready for one of the scenes of "Orchestra D-2." Everything but the star. She had not yet appeared.

The door of the big studio opened and in walked May. Mr. Baker smiled pleasantly, as usual, and May felt the red creeping into the roots of her hair.

"I'm so sorry, Mr. Baker," she explained, "but you see I was out to my ranch over the week-end and when I started to the studio this morning I missed something."

"Well," soothed Baker, "that's too bad. I'm sorry, too, but I hope everything is all comfy now and that you didn't discover your loss too late."

"Oh, but I did," giggled Miss Allison, "and that's what made me late. It was the regular train I missed."

William Duncan, director and star of Vitagraph serials, is back at the Hollywood studio after a short trip to New York, where he visited relatives and met the officials of the Vitagraph Company. "Bill" says New York is all right, but it is still far from finished.

"My last previous peep at Broadway was twelve years ago," he said, "and at that time they had finished tearing up the town as far north as Forty-second Street. On this trip I stopped at the Claridge, Forty-fourth and Broadway, and so far as I could see they had only moved two blocks, because the torn-up center was at Forty-fourth Street."

A NIGHT IN A MOVIE SHOW

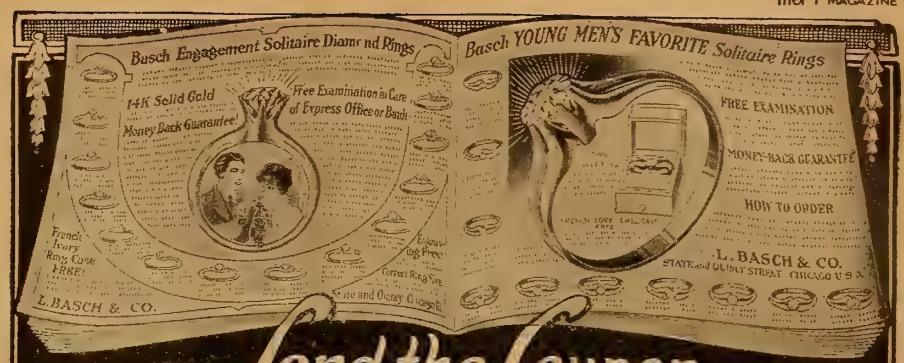
(With Apologies)

By WILHELMINA MORRISS

'Twas a night in a movie show—all thru the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.
The hats were placed under the benches with care.
In hopes that no stranger would step on them there.
My gum, it was nestled all snug in my jaw;
My peaceful contentment was minus a flaw.
And I, with my feet propped up on a seat,
Had just settled down to enjoy the treat.
When out in the aisle there arose such a clatter.
I sprang to my feet to see what was the matter.
Tho the light was so dim, it was quite plain to see
That the cause of the noise was headed toward me.
For what to my wondering eye now appears,
But a mother so fond and her eight little dears.
More rapid than eagles, the children they came.
The lady remonstrated; called them by name—
"Now Harry, now Henry, and Mabel and May,
Now Myrtle and Johnny and Lillie and Fay,
Dont make so much noise, you'll all get a seat,
Dont push past the people and step on their feet!"
"As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky,"
So over the bundles the children they flew
And last, but not least, came the fat lady, too!
She knocked my umbrella, she stepped on my toes,
A blow of her elbow demolished my nose
As I drew back my head and was turning around
The fat lady stepped on my hat with a bound.
By nature I'm gentle and meek as a lamb,
I never use cuss words—I never say—*darn!*
But anger rose up as I thought of my woes—
My trampled umbrella, my battered up toes.
I picked up my bundles and then up I rose
And shook my fist under the fat lady's nose.
"You Movie Pest, you should be shut out of sight,
You spoiled all my pleasure, I bid you good night!"

Every breakfast is a jazz-fest for Gladys Leslie, the Vitagraph débutante, since she returned from a "shooting" expedition down Savannah way and brought back with her the irrepressible colored mammie, Emma Robinson, who appeared with her in the Southern picture "Miss Dulcie from Dixie." Emma's favorite dish is gelatine, and one day Miss Leslie asked the exuberant cullud lady the reason for her preference. The smiling mammie from below the Mason-Dixon line did a few steps around the floor and then turned to her li'l' missus:

"Miss Gladys," she said, "Ah sho does love 'at gelateen, 'cause he sho can do 'at shimmie dance."



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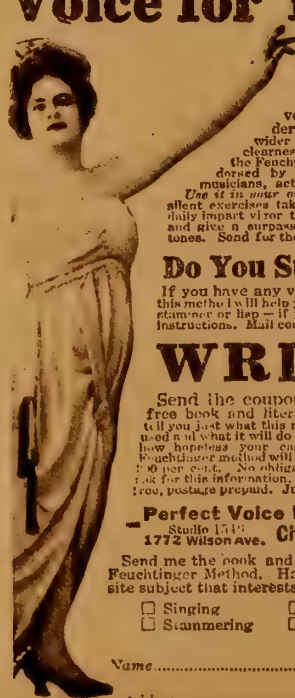
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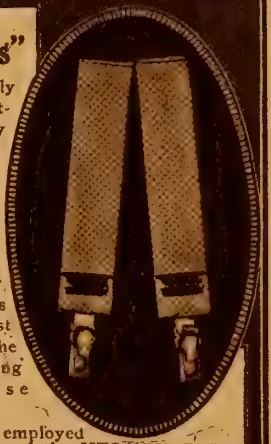
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The vast opportunities open to us in every field; our freedom of Government, which prevents no one from reaching the highest goal, economically, politically and socially, is the incentive that has led us to develop our nerves to super-keenness and alertness, for in the present day high tension life a dull and slow nerved person cannot succeed.

Our high nerve tension has not been without its grave dangers and serious consequences. Neurologists agree that we are more subject to nervous disorders than any other nation. Our "Mile a Minute Life" is tearing our nerves to shreds and we are deteriorating into a nation of Neurasthenics (Nerve Exhaustion).

Since the Nervous System generates the mysterious power we term Nerve Force, that controls and gives life and energy to every muscle, every vital organ, every drop of blood and bodily cell, nerve exhaustion necessarily must result in a long train of ailments and weaknesses.

The noted British authority on the nerves, Alfred T. Schofield, says, "It is my belief that the greatest single factor in the maintenance of health is that the nerves should be in order."

How often do we hear of people running from doctor to doctor, seeking relief from a mysterious "something-the-matter" with them, though repeated examinations fail to indicate that any particular organ is weak or diseased. In nearly every case it is Nerve Exhaustion —Lack of Nerve Force.

The symptoms of nerve exhaustion vary according to individual characteristics, but the development is usually as follows:

FIRST STAGE: Lack of energy and endurance; that "tired feeling," especially in the back and knees.

SECOND STAGE: Nervousness; sleeplessness; irritability; decline in sex force; loss of hair; nervous indigestion; sour stomach; gas in bowels; constipation; irregular heart; poor memory; lack of mental endurance; dizziness; headaches; backaches; neuritis; rheumatism, and other pains.

THIRD STAGE: Serious mental disturbances; fear; undue worry; melancholia; dangerous organic disturbances; suicidal tendencies, and, in extreme cases, insanity.

If only a few of the symptoms mentioned apply to you, especially those indicating mental instability, you may be sure your nerves are at fault—that you have exhausted your Nerve Force.

Nerve Force is the most precious gift of Nature. It means everything—your happiness, your health, your success in life. You should know all there is to learn about your nerves; how to relax, calm and soothe your nerves, so that after a severe nerve strain you can rebuild your lost Nerve Force, and keep yourself physically and mentally fit.

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You should send for this book today. The following are extracts from people who have read the book and were greatly benefited by the teachings set forth therein.

It is for you, whether you have had trouble with your nerves or not. Your nerves are the most precious possession you have. Through them you experience all that makes life worth living; for to be dull nerved, means to be dull brained, insensible to the higher phases of life—love, moral courage, ambition and temperament. The finer your brain is, the finer and more delicate is your nervous system, and the more imperative it is that you care for your nerves. The book is especially important to those who have "high strung" nerves, and those who must tax their nerves to the limit.

"I have gained 12 pounds since reading your book, and I feel so energetic. I had about given up hope of ever finding the cause of my low weight."

"Your book did more for me for indigestion than two courses in dieting."

"My heart is now regular again and my nerves are fine. I thought I had heart trouble, but it was simply a case of abused nerves. I have re-read your book at least ten times."

A woman writes: "Your book has helped my nerves wonderfully. I am sleeping so well, and in the morning I feel so rested."

"The advice given in your book on relaxation and calming of nerves has cleared my brain. Before I was half dizzy all the time."

A physician says: "Your book shows you have a scientific and profound knowledge of the nerves and nervous people. I am recommending your book to my patients."

A prominent lawyer in Ansonia, Conn., says: "Your book saved me from a nervous collapse, such as I had three years ago. I now sleep soundly and am gaining weight. I can again do a real day's work."

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(Continued on page 15)

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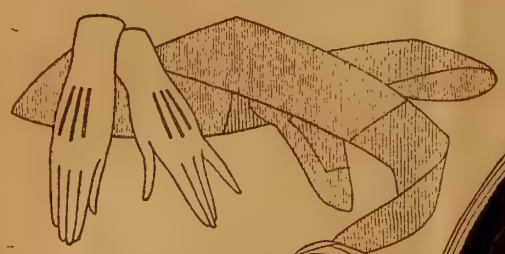
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WILLIAM S. HART

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

Wm. S. Hart is not to depart from "Western stuff," so 'tis said. He has tried to do so again and again, but the public wont let him. And "Bill" admits he's just as well pleased.



ALICE BRADY Photograph by Maurice Goldberg, N. Y.

Alice Brady is another screen star who added to her laurels recently by her work before the footlights. "Forever After," in which she stars, is going on tour—and Miss Brady, or Mrs. Frank Crane, as she is known to her friends, is going too. She'll make features for Realart at the same time, her studio being located in the same city in which she is appearing.



MARY MILES MINTER Photograph by Edward Thayer, Monroe, N. Y.

In the future Mary Miles Minter's golden hair and blue eyes will adorn Realart Productions. The first offering in which she will appear is "Anne of Green Gables," which Frances Marion is adapting from the "Anne" books of L. M. Montgomery.



Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston, N. Y.

SYLVIA BREAMER

Miss Breamer is a star who has come rapidly to the fore in the last year. Her dark beauty and excellent photographic qualities won the attention of Commodore J. Stuart Blackton, who has featured her in the majority of his recent productions. She will soon be seen in "Dawn."



CORINNE GRIFFITH Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston, N. Y.

Corinne Griffith has never been with any other company than Vitagraph. Rollin S. Sturgeon discovered her at the New Orleans Mardi Gras and offered her an engagement at the Western studios. Recently she has been working at the Eastern studios, where she came first to play with Earle Williams. Now, however, she is starring alone.



VIOLET HEMING Photograph by Hartsook, L. A.

Violet Heming is another English actress who has won success in America. Her wealth of blonde hair and blue eyes first attracted the attention of the Selig company, where she made her screen début in "The Danger Trail." She will also be remembered as the feminine lead in the J. Stuart Blackton production, "The Judgment House," from the novel of Sir Gilbert Parker.



VANGIE VALENTINE Photograph by Apeda, N. Y.

Ever since she was five years old Vangie Valentine has belonged to the great public. She frolicked under Ziegfeld's guidance at the "Midnight Frolic" and then transferred her talents to the Century Roof. She will be remembered as appearing in "Her Uncle's Wish," "Velvet and Rags," and many others.



Photograph by Evans, L. A.

ENID BENNETT

Miss Bennett is an "Ince find." A native of Western Australia, she has forsaken her native heath for California, where she is starring in Paramount features. In private life, Miss Bennett is Mrs. Fred Niblo.



JUNE ELVIDGE Photograph by Geisler and Andrews

June Elvidge made her first public appearance in a village choir—from there she jumped to the Winter Garden. After that came the movies—with six months' experience before the camera she reached stardom and she is a World star today with many fine characterizations to her credit.



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Every day the right treatment for your skin

See how it will help to make it clear, lovely in color

YOUR complexion, too, can be lovely! If you would have that most potent of all charms —a clear, fresh complexion, lovely in color—look to the daily care of your skin!

Look to its tissues! Their texture can make your complexion coarse or fine, rough or smooth! Look to its millions of pores! They can breathe and give your skin freshness and life! Look to its little blood vessels! They can cause the delicate color to come and go.

You cannot have a clear, smooth skin unless you are giving your skin *every day* the treatment that will stimulate the small muscular fibres, bring the blood to the surface of the skin, keep its millions of pores fine, its tissues soft and smooth as a baby's.

Every day, as old skin dies, new skin is forming to take its place. The right daily care will keep this skin fine in texture, lovely in color.

Begin tonight the following famous Woodbury treatment:

Lather your washcloth well with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap. Apply it to your face and distribute the lather thoroughly. Now with the tips of your fingers work this cleansing, antiseptic lather into your skin, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse first with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. Finish by rubbing your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice. Always be careful to dry the skin thoroughly.

The very first time you use it, you will feel the glow this treatment leaves on your skin. Use it day after day. Notice the steady improvement it makes in your skin. See how soft and lovely just the right daily care keeps your skin!

You will find Woodbury's Facial Soap on sale at any drug store or toilet goods counter in the United States or Canada. Get a cake today and begin tonight this treatment. A 25-cent cake will last a month or six weeks.

Sample cake of soap, booklet of famous treatments, samples of Woodbury's Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream sent to you for 15c.

For 6c we will send you a trial size cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury facial treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love To Touch." Or for 15c we will send you the booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1312 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1312 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

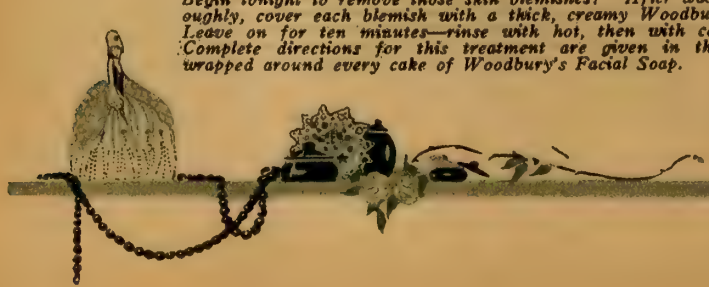
"A SKIN YOU LOVE TO TOUCH"

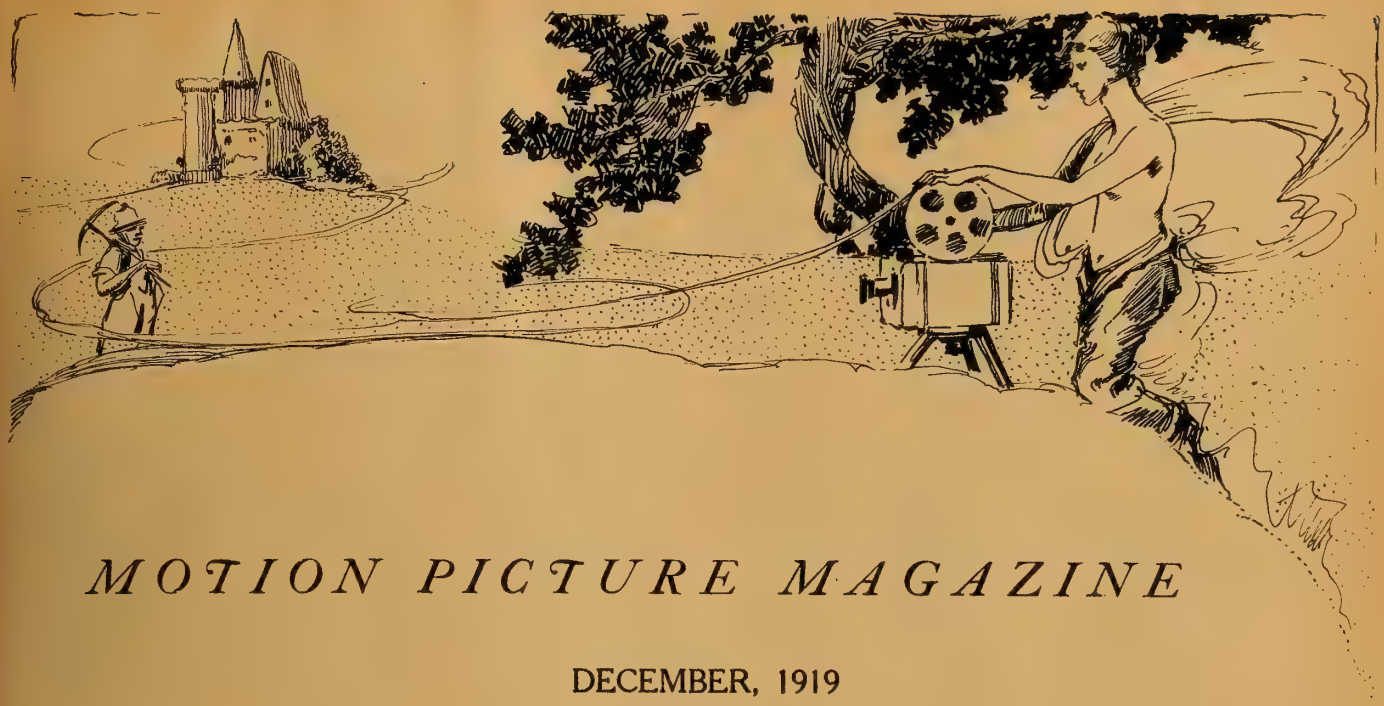
The booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, contains successful treatments for:

Skin Blemishes
Conspicuous Nose Pores
Blackheads
Oily Skin and Shiny Nose
Coarsened Skin
Sluggish Skin
Pale, Sallow Skin, etc.



Begin tonight to remove those skin blemishes! After washing thoroughly, cover each blemish with a thick, creamy Woodbury lather! Leave on for ten minutes—rinse with hot, then with cold water. Complete directions for this treatment are given in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.





MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

DECEMBER, 1919

The Leveler

ONCE upon a time there lived a very rich man. He had a beautiful home, a lovely wife and children. He bought them everything their hearts desired . . . because he was interested in their welfare and in close sympathy with their needs.

Now it so happened that this rich man had also many poor employees toiling day after day in his place of business. To the rich man, they were no more than so many machines, machines which should be in place and running properly at the appointed hour. Machines which ceased to exist so far as he was concerned when the hour struck which custom had decreed should put an end to daily toil. If the rich man thought of his employees at all during the hours when they were not of service to him, it was, perhaps, to imagine them making for the nearest corner saloon like a bunch of moles, or shooting craps on the sidewalk as a means of recreation.

On the other hand, the working men never thought of their rich boss as anything but an ogre, or perhaps a hated giant who held the keys to an enchanted castle thru which they could never penetrate. They vizualized him as a tyrant, untroubled, unworried, taking life easily, eating, drinking and making merry with money obtained from their efforts.

To-day all that is being changed!

For the rich man and his employees both go to the movies. Probably in diverse sections of their great city, but they both see picture plays and they are beginning to understand one another better thru the medium of the dramatized shadows of life.

Because, motion pictures not only excel in the truthful presentation of life in every class, and age and country but they are within the reach of the pocketbook of all . . . while their appeal is universal.

And so I call motion pictures . . . the leveler!

Thru their medium the rich man and the poor man are learning to understand one another, thru their enlightening influence the growing tendency to that faulty creed of Bolshevism can be stamped out.

For in viewing the plays of the silversheet, the rich man has learned that his employee has a home, a heart, a soul; longings and dreams of bettering his little family's life, the same as every other person. The rich man is learning that the working man is a creature of high ideals and morals, and he is becoming vitally interested in helping him along.

On the other hand the poor man is discovering that the lives of rich men are not all pleasure. He is beginning to learn what it means to his employer to have thousands of dollars invested in a business which he is struggling to keep on a paying basis. The poor man is gradually finding out that the rich man too, has heartaches and that life is not solely a bed of roses for him.

Sympathy and understanding between the two classes is springing up and in time, with a more skillful production and more constant attendance at the picture palaces thruout the land, this leveler of class gradings will teach each individual that everybody, rich or poor, high or lowly, hated or beloved, has his full share of trouble, worry, suspense, heartache and sickness.

Many a castle hides more unhappy souls than the tiniest hamlet. . . .

And so we look to the motion picture to do one more good turn in the round of her wheels of advancement:

STAMP OUT BOLSHEVISM AND LEVEL THE DIFFICULT GRADES OF CLASS ANTAGONISM.



Photographs by Bangs, N. Y.

From Sanctimony to Serials

It is easy to picture the small Tony running with bare feet and swift, brown legs thru his childhood in Spain. "There is nothing at all extraordinary about me," he said, "unless it is my Spanish birth certificate. My father was just a—well, what you would call here an ordinary soldier, sergeant, perhaps, or something of the kind. He died when I was about ten or eleven and my mother and I moved away from the town, far out into the country, and lived there alone. She used to pray that I would be a priest. That was her great ambition

Tony Moreno is friendly and without affectation. He is truthful and eager, and like a child who stands before a shop window filled with goodies—not knowing just which one to choose. He is rather self-depreciatory than the reverse, for he is amazingly unspoiled



THE other day something vivid happened, here in my office. The "something vivid" was Tony Moreno, newly arrived from the coast and here for the purpose, he said, of acquiring a new derby and such like essentials. The derby had been achieved and was handled with great reverence and considerable admiration by its owner. One appreciates that for which one makes a transcontinental trip. "They dont grow them like this in California," he said, referring to the derby, and then he tried it on and demonstrated its exceeding originality and chic. There was about him, wholly, the air of the proud small boy who exhibits to an admiring crony a shiny new bat or a "bike" just acquired. He is distinctly, refreshingly ingenuous.

He is friendly and without affectation.

He is truthful and eager and like a child who stands before a shop window filled with goodies, knows they are obtainable, yet does not know just which one to choose, just how to go about it.

He is rather self-depreciatory than the reverse. For all the feminine adulation he receives, he has a healthy viewpoint. He is quite amazingly unspoiled.

He has an equally healthy distaste for New York or any other sort of night life, cabaret life, etc. "I duck whenever I can," he said. "I dont know why, but it all just bores me. Bores me horribly. I never have a good time."

By
GLADYS HALL



Photograph by Bangs, N. Y.

Picture the picturesque Tony strumming at an old guitar under some latticed jalousie where a face, framed in a dark mantilla, shone with the glow of a pale young moon. For Moreno has the spirit of old romance

for me. In the evenings we would sit together and she would picture me as a very *great* priest and picture, too, her own pride in me. I dont think *I* ever took to it very kindly. I dont think I would have been a very good priest."

Rather a breath-taking thought, it occurred to the appreciative interviewer—the vivid Tony in the sacerdotal garments doling out penances—penitence were paradise, enow——

"Were you ever sanctimonious?" I asked.

"Oh, at intervals. I still am. But mostly, mostly now, I am *serial*. From sanctimony to serials—that's a far hail, isn't it?"

"How about the serials? Like 'em?"

Tony looked rarely grave. "I should like to do Spanish things," he said. "I feel sort of lost in serials. I have the atmosphere of Spain, her traditions, her mannerisms and language and romance soaked into my blood and bones. I could give it again on the screen. And then, I am the type . . . I could make the real spirit of Spain live here, in America. It seems to be the thing for me to do . . . I know Marseilles . . . Barcelona . . . Castile . . . Yes, I know my country."

Another breath-taking thought . . . Tony, Spanish Tony . . . strumming away at an old guitar under some latticed jalousie, where a face, framed in a dark mantilla, shone with the glow of a pale young moon . . . and a rose dropped down . . .

There is something paradoxical about Tony. He has the dark face of some dream of old romance . . . one would expect of him soft whisperings in some bewitched retreat . . . one would picture him as dreaming of some remote "Elaine," lily-white and crowned with distant stars. And one finds—the friendly heart of a singularly truthful child—direct and rather unvarnished utterances—the same camaraderie of some lovable, usual brother and very succinct opinions on the sort of a woman he would marry . . .

"I'd want some one who *knows* something, first of all," he told me, "because I dont. I dont know a thing. I'm just a mutt. I'd want a woman who could teach me a thing or two, who had brains and a little experience. None of the ingénue variety. Gosh, how I hate 'em—in real life. I'd like to do this to 'em." And he extended a powerful and no doubt bronzed right arm and made a thoroly eliminating gesture. "I dont care how old she is. I dont care how she *looks*. Looks matter very little to me. The main qualification would be—brains. Some one who would talk to me, who would read to me and tell me what to read. Some one who would educate me, as it were. That's the kind of a woman *I* want. That's the only kind I could love—the kind I could look up to. I'd be bored to death with the clinging

(*Continued on page* 77)

The Strenuous Warwick



Robert Warwick, who was a Major in the United States Army, keeps in rigorous training now that he is engaged in the less strenuous labors of a screen star

Herewith are glimpses of Warwick engaged in his daily exercises with Norman Selby, the Kid McCoy of the prize ring. Selby himself appeared as the defeated boxer in "Broken Blossoms"





Gloria Swanson Talks on Divorce

by Elizabeth Peltret

GLORIA SWANSON typifies "high life" to countless thousands. This not because Gloria herself lives a useless, parasitical life. (On the contrary, her life is one of earnest effort, the social part of it being more or less incidental to the long days of sincere work under the direction of "C. B.") But because Mr. De Mille has chosen her to represent the typical society woman in his exquisite satires—satires that are doing their share towards forming a literature of the screen.

Gloria is five feet two inches tall. Her hair is reddish-brown, and she has large blue eyes. She is twenty years old. Her father is Swedish and Italian. Her mother is French, Polish and German, and she looks to be Irish and seems Irish, too, in her moods.

Her father was a captain in the A. E. F., having been sent over to France at the beginning of the war. He has been connected with the service, tho in a civil capacity, almost ever since Gloria can remember. So she looks back on her childhood as just a series of moves from one army post to another, remembering most vividly Key West, Florida, and San Juan, Porto Rico. (She left Porto Rico about five years ago, after one of the worst hurricanes that island has ever known. Her family was marooned upstairs for several days, because the stairway, on the outside of the house, was blown away.)

So when Gloria speaks on divorce, it is from the observation of a restless society in tropical lands, where everything is vividly colored and life is too easily earned to be entirely worth while.

"I not only believe in divorce," said Gloria, (only half serious, however), "but I sometimes think that I dont believe in marriage at all."

(This did not sound



A glimpse of Miss Swanson in "Male and Female." "I not only believe in divorce," says Gloria, "but I sometimes think that I dont believe in marriage at all"



foolish young people from running off together because one fancied the way the other's hair was dressed, or something of that sort!

"No, if marriage were no more binding than, say a business partnership, then husband and wife would exert some effort to be tactful and pleasing to one another. But as it is—well, you never chase a street car after you have caught it. The divorce courts are crowded because of this very fact."

There was a moment's pause. We turned our attention to the set where Tommy Meighan, dressed in a leopard's skin, sat at a rough table reading. ("Another half hour shot to hell!") Mr. De Mille snapped his fingers for the

(*Continued on page 74*)

Two more views of Miss Swanson as the primitive charmer of "Male and Female." "Love is always one-sided," says Gloria, "and it is ridiculous to say that it is always the woman who pays! Sometimes a man gives all he has"



like Gloria. Those who know her best think of her as demure and quiet; a little girl who used to sit on the edge of a Mack Sennett set and watch everything that went on with wide eyes. Nelson Evans, the photographer, told me of how, some two or three years ago, he received an assignment to make some rather daring photographs of her. It seems that she protested earnestly and sincerely, finally bursting into tears when her director insisted. He was touched and amused and the pictures were never taken. Sometimes, out on location, members of the company would have a "Dutch lunch"—sausage, sandwiches and beer. On such occasions, Gloria invariably ordered soda-pop. Yet here she was, sitting on the edge of a set at Lasky's, talking about free love!)

"That is," she added, "I would not believe in marriage if society did not believe in it either. In other words, if two people could live together because they loved one another and still be perfectly free, their children the only necessary tie between them and, at the same time, be respected by family and friends, then I believe that they would be happier and that there would be fewer broken families."

"But unscrupulous men could repudiate their responsibilities——"

"But dont they under present conditions?" asked Miss Swanson.

"And, anyway, if there were no marriage there would have to be some sort of arrangement which would protect the children and prevent



Courtesy Mack Sennett Comedies

That's Out

By TAMAR LANE

FAMOUS SAYINGS AND FAMOUS INDIVIDUALS

Charlie Chaplin—The bigger they come, the harder they fall.

Tallulah Bankhead—What's in a name?

Vivian Martin—Molasses catches more flies than vinegar.

"Smiling Bill" Parsons—A hair on the head is worth two in the brush.

Mack Sennett—The play's the thing.

Earle Williams—You can fool some of the people all the time.

Francis X. Bushman—You can fool all of the people some of the time.

William Fox—You can fool all of the people all the time.

EXTRA! EXTRA!

A supreme court justice has just decided that the child labor law does not apply to the film business.

The motion picture industry is no longer in its infancy!

How can we hope for a clean screen when the present tendency in titles is like this:

"Sinners."
"The Solitary Sin."
"The Splendid Sin."
"Splendid Sinners."
"The Unpardonable Sin."
"Those Without Sin."

Totaling up makes "Seven Deadly Sins."

JUST AS CLEAR AS MUD

"Mabel Normand's eyes are brown, and resemble autumn leaves seen thru quiet waters," says the Goldwyn publicity department. It sounds pretty, but it doesn't mean anything. Even the leaves wont fall for that.

A woman out West is suing a theater for $1,000,000 for damages received in stumbling over a keg in the aisle.

Now the proprietor of the theater will probably have to sell the keg to cover the cost of the damages.

Mary Garden says that her favorite rôle is Thais. That is in grand opera. After her experience in the silent drama, the only rôle Mary probably cares for is the bank-roll.

WHAT COULD BE SWEETER?

Than Theda Bara playing the part of an Irish colleen in "Kathleen Mavourneen"?

PRIZE BONE OF THE MONTH

Goes to the typesetter who got mixed up and made the copy read, "Eugene O'Brien coming soon in 'A Perfect Liver.'"

BEST LAUGH OF THE MONTH

According to the latest announcement, classes in the art and technique of photoplay writing will be conducted in the Fox studio.

WANTED

A screen star who has never been photographed in her new twin six Fierce Barrow.

A screen star who has never been operated on for the purpose of breaking into print.

Elsie Ferguson, according to an interview, says that the shopgirls of today get sufficient salaries and are well off. We sympathize with Elsie, then, in the great trouble she must have in getting rid of the hundred thousand or so she makes a year.





Kathlyn's New Chapeau

When Kathlyn Williams appeared in one of the scenes of "A Girl Named Mary" in a beautiful new hat, direct from gay Paree, the whole company had to examine it. Marguerite Clark thought it "too adorable." The lower picture shows—from left to right: Cameraman Billy Marshall, Wallace MacDonald, Kathlyn Williams, Director Walter Edwards and Marguerite Clark





The Country Cousin

By GRACE LAMB

NANCY PRICE had been born with a clear perspective. She never remembered the time, and neither did any one about her, when she had not seen things clearly, herself included. She knew what she wanted. She went after what she wanted and, speaking generally, she got what she wanted.

There was none of the clinging vine to Nancy. She stood alone, self-reliant and rather splendid. She had shaken from her petticoats the old traditions as an energetic housewife shakes down cobwebs. Her economic independence she wore like a crown of glory and carried like a torch. She saw to it, on her way, that it lighted more pathways than her own.

There had never been a man in her life, mainly because she had never had the time to dally along the way, and also because she would have none of the half-gods. She had a great gift to give and, being a shrewd bargainer, she expected the like in return. Outside of that, she could wait . . . years did not wither her; rather they expanded.

She had been interested in farming scientifically ever since her earliest remembrance of her father, who farmed, but *not* scientifically. When, at his death, he had all but depleted the plenitude of the Price original fortune, Nancy gathered up the remnants and betook herself to an agricultural college. Her mother thought it a whim and deplored the extravaganza of the young. The small Ohioan village agreed with mother, but there were other terms than extravaganza . . . When, after her mother's death, Nancy returned, strong-willed, optimistic and energetic, and began tremendous renovations and inaugurated new methods and bought fortunes in new machinery, the village turned up its hand to a thumbnail and rejoiced in the fact that poor, dear Petie Price had been spared the weird phenomena of his daughter's diabolic farming methods.

When Nancy's bank account began to swell, when her output trebled and then quadrupled the output of half a dozen of the other farms, when she incorporated and did all kinds of shrewd business things and finally made of the farm one of the places one went to see when one visited the village, the opprobrious terms began to fade into a distance gone and also forgotten.

Nancy plunged thru it all. Her vision as clear, her gait as steady, her purpose as secure. She was one of those rare souls who manage to avoid impediments.

Of course, there were relations . . . women like Nancy always have relations . . . generally, the relations lean, in one form or another. Nancy's relations leaned spiritually. Still, even a spirit like Nancy's needs the softer things, the little, lesser ties, the hurt, if need be, of more inadequate hands . . .

Specifically, there were Cousin Laura Howitt and her pretty, silly daughter, Eleanor.

Cousin Laura had lost her husband, or rather, *he* had lost *her* by the simple expedient of deserting her, years past. Subsequently he had remarried and had thereafter preserved an aloof silence broken occasionally by trifling Xmas gifts to Eleanor. Cousin Laura had used the desertion as a widow used weeds. She had adopted the lachrymose air of one tragically bereaved and her "wrongs" proved thenceforth to be the sum and substance of her heretofore somewhat insubstantial talk. Nancy was never able to discover whether Cousin Laura got



Nancy plunged thru it all. Her vision clear, her gait steady, her purpose secure. She was one of those rare souls who manage to avoid impediments

more grief or more vicarious bliss from her "desertion." Cousin Laura held forth with acumen on the "man question." What she didn't know about the untrustworthiness, the infidelity, the base and black ingratitude and the general deplorability of that lauded sex was a-plenty. Had not she been deserted, who had been wife and mother? Oh, the in-grat-i-tude of *man!* Thus Cousin Laura.

She had made Nancy a habit. Nancy was the eminently fitting person to take one's woes to. Nancy had a faculty of complete understanding. Nancy had a clear vision, too. She had the knack of removing fogs.

She came to Nancy a week or more before Eleanor was to become of age and "inherit" from an uncle. The deserting Howitt, it seemed, had written Eleanor a letter. In the letter he had reminded her that she was to become of age, that he had never forgotten her in the dreary years of his absence from her, that her baby prattle, her pattering feet, the way she lisped her prayers at eventide, etc., etc., ad nauseam, were still more precious to him than the social baubles with which he, disillusioned man of the world that he was, whiled away his time. He bade her make her choice of residence with him in the great city or with her mother, who had had *all* of her, in far-away Ohio.

It was a touching letter . . . not the less so in view of the uncle's impending half-million legacy. Young Eleanor would have disclaimed the crude suggestion. "Father" had ever been a mythical figure to her. Any man, she had vaguely felt, who could inspire so many tears as her mother had shed, must be a veritable Charming, even if iron-grey, which he must necessarily be. Then, too, the letter reached her. It was meant to. It put "father" into a new, a lonely, a romantic light. And the great city . . . and pictures in the Sunday supplement . . . and light and laughter and excitement, day and night . . . . Father loomed large in the rather dull scheme of things. When one has lived in small-town Ohio for all of one's near-eighteen years, when one has had but one Lothario, and that one with a penchant for Daniel Webster and Shakespeare rather than Robert W. Chambers and jazz bands, and when one has been wept over with Saint Swithinish persistency, one welcomes a deserting parent who has appeared, from time to time, jauntily, with a new wife, in a Sunday supplement.

Cousin Laura, accompanied by Eleanor and the loquacious Sammy, drove out to Nancy's farm to seek counsel.

"I'd let her go, for a time, Laura," advised the practical Nancy, who, being young herself, had her finger on the pulse of youth. "She'll chafe like a young colt if you dont . . . and I believe in Eleanor's final practicality. I"—Nancy gave one of her free laughs—"I think she has some of *me* in her," she said. "I know she'll come back and help me till the soil and load the trucks and experiment with the flowers . . . and to you, dear . . . and to Sammy . . . "

Cousin Laura sighed and made her characteristic gesture of dabbing at her eyes. "How have you come by such sense, Nancy," she inquired, "at twenty-two?"

"The soil, Laurakin. The good brown earth from which we have sprung and to which we shall blessedly return. I've just found out the worth-while things . . . that's luck . . . and I've known enough to stick by them . . . that's . . . ." She tapped her forehead and laughed again. "Call it business sense," she said.

Cousin Laura sighed again. She had prodigious sighs, had Cousin Laura. "She doesn't know anything of the world and its ways," she sighed.

"She'll learn," said Nancy, "with him."

"Not in the right way," lamented her mother.

"We've got to buck the devil some time, dearie. And, after all, he's her father. He's a rotter, but not an absolute one. Even the devil will have a hedge around him for Eleanor. Besides, what is more to the point, she wants to go, and if she wants to go, she has the law to back her up. It's hard, but she'll always want to go until she *has* gone and eaten her pie and sickened of it once and for all."

"And if she doesn't sicken?" fearfully.

"But she will."

"But if she *shouldn't?*"

Nancy rose and struck an attitude. "Then I'll go after her," she said, "in Amazonian fashion."

Precisely upon the day of Eleanor's eighteenth year her absent parent motored resoundingly into town. He had with him one George Tewksberry Randolph, Third, whom Nancy described to the more than usually tearful Mrs. Howitt first as his "advance agent."

"I thought he was the chauffeur first," she told her quavering relative, "and told him so. He's a delicious snob. You should have seen his expression when I told him to run along and get Eleanor's papa. It was pathetic in the extremity of its surprise. He gave me a few airy remarks anent savagery in far Ohio and was gone. Odd, too, he has a face that ought to go with a soul, not sawdust."

Eleanor decided with rather unflattering decision. She wanted, she told her mother, her chance. It was only right that she should give her father a wee *bit* of her time. Her mother shouldn't want to keep her back from seeing life. She was getting into a rut . . . she wanted the bigger things . . . she wanted to know the world she was living in and the people in that world. She wanted to try her wings . . . they were cramped, she said.

When the foreign-looking car and Howitt, père, and the bored fellow traveler embarked again for the great city, Eleanor was radiantly with them.

Only the dust of their speeding car blew back to choke a bit the three who stood to wave their parting hands, Nancy and her mother and Sammy, dumb of oratory for once, so great was the choke in his throat.

Nancy followed, with Amazonian intent, even as she had predicted, three months later. Eleanor's letters had come to have a strange tinge to them. They spoke frequently of champagne suppers, of free dances and free people, of jewels she was buying "Maud, poppa's second wife and a bully old dear," and frequently, too, of George T. Randolph, Third.

"You dont suppose, do you, Nancy," lamented Cousin Laura, "that my child would wish this *last* affliction upon me?"

"Heaven forefend!" groaned back Nancy. "I couldn't stand him even as a by-marriage, Laura dear."

It was the appalling thought of George T., Third, that took Nancy to the rescue.

There was something pathetic to her in the thought of Eleanor running with the rabble. Eleanor, who had never had other standards than the simple ones of the small village. Eleanor, who must be, by now, utterly confounded, utterly rudderless, scudding about on who could tell how bilious-green a sea.

After all, she was a child . . . a silly child



Nancy rose and struck an attitude. "Then I'll go after her," she said, "in Amazonian fashion"



George Tewksberry, Third, set the pace by indignantly narrating the fact that he, he, you know, had literally had a wicker suit-case foisted upon him. And had been told, not asked, to carry it

somewhere, if only it wasn't

Nancy found things worse than even her healthy imagination had pictured them. The first offense was encountering the immaculate George, Third, on the Pullman going down. For a while he was an amusing spectacle to watch. Nancy would have described him as a tailor's dummy entirely surrounded by magazines . . . all unopened and uncut. His bored eyes roved about the aisles, roved to the windows again, closed and finally stayed closed. Nancy smiled to herself. He had forgotten her and the small Ohio village. He had forgotten the discomforts of the one hotel and her own scathing remarks. He would forget anything and all things, she decided. He had frittered away the days of his youth and splendor. He *had* youth, she decided, watching him, and there could be a sort of a splendor. She found herself wondering what he might be like, in overalls, close to the soil, his immaculate hair ruffled by little, adventurous winds, his white and perfect hands stained and calloused, his face free of the bruising hand of the pace he was going. She wondered and a thrill shook her . . . she had worked and he had played . . . and whither were both of them tending? What was either of them getting? To what goal was each of them reaching?

Then she yawned and turned to the woman who occupied the next seat to her. There was a baby crying, an immediate need, and she tended the tired baby while the gilded George the Third slept heavily on.

The tired woman elected to alight at the same station. Thus Fate. If it had been otherwise George Tewksberry, Third, might never have descended from his self-appointed pedestal to carry Nancy Price's wicker suitcase. There would have been nothing for the Howitt house-party to discuss that evening. Nancy's own advent might have been more fortuitous.

It was for Nancy to learn that she could not foist a wicker suitcase upon one of *the* Randolphs without expecting some sort of penance to fall upon her.

Randolph doled out the penance by making an amusing tale of it. It went to the accompaniment of the cocktails and the wine. It went better when the "country cousin" came into the room before dinner and heard it all, with blazing cheeks and hurt, affronted eyes.

It went especially well, because the second Mrs. Howitt resented her arrival at best. The little step-daughter, with the half-million legacy was proving too rich a bonanza for interference. Not every season did Maud Howitt acquire a Long Island country place wherein to entertain who had imbibed too many frivolous confections in the way of books and sodas, who had been wept over too often, who had dreamed too flightily. But there was Sammy, waiting . . . and there was a soul there bartered away for her.

THE COUNTRY COUSIN

Fictionized by permission from the scenario by R. Cecil Smith, based on the play of Booth Tarkington and Julian Street. Produced by Selznick and directed by Alan Crosland. The cast:

Cousin Nancy	ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN
George Tewksberry Reynolds, 3d	Walter McGrail
Cyril Kinney	Gilbert Rooney
Maude Howitt	Helene Montrose
Mr. Howitt	Bigelow Cooper
Sammy	Reginald Sheffield
Eleanor Howitt	Genevieve Tobin
Mrs. Howitt	Marguerite Siddon
Archie Gore	Lumsden Hare

such desirables as *the* Randolph, not to mention Archie Gore, her husband's office superior, a notable in the Sore Hundred and long a secret amour of her own. Eleanor, green from Ohio, was simple material for Maud Howitt to work upon. Country cousins with college educations and well-known business faculties were not desirables in such a close family affair as the step-daughter and the legacy. Maud Howitt resented Nancy.

She wanted the rest of her guests to share the resentment. Open resentment would be the most expedient method of making for a short visit. George Tewksberry, Third, set the pace by indignantly narrating the fact that he, *he*, you know, had literally had a wicker suitcase foisted upon him by the country cousin and been told, not asked, *told* to carry it. He added, with the air of a wit, that there were two distinct classes of people inhabiting this planetary system and one class carried wicker suitcases.

It was hard upon the heels of this remark that Nancy came into the room. George Tewksberry, Third, went to bed that night with a head aching from more than overwining. He had a somehow lessened glow of self-esteem and he couldn't seem to put from his uneasy mind the flame that had swept the steady, sweetly steady face of the cousin from Ohio. He went to sleep and dreamed a lot of things, things that disturbed him, bitterly, sweetly, neither and both. He woke up and went out early and wandered about and wondered what it was all about, anyway, and what *he* was all about . . . . and that was the farthest call George Tewksberry had ever made.

Nancy found things very bad indeed. She found Eleanor thoroly initiated into cocktails and champagne, and scandal . . . and worse. She found Maud Howitt bleeding her for all she was worth, the latest being a brooch worth $25,000 which Maud had ordered from a jeweler and told Eleanor was merely $5,000. Eleanor had agreeably given the woman a blank check.

She found that the Long Island place was run on the most exorbitant scale—on Eleanor's money. She found the most parasitic sort of people running about the place—on Eleanor's money. She found Eleanor wandering about with a figurative blindfold, believing and deceived.

She found Archie Gore paying Howitt for—his wife's illicit affection and chafing him openly about his business lacks. She found all sorts of forced and hothouse things that made her long for the cool Ohio mornings and the flowers and the rarely sweet smell of the newly turned fields. She wondered how people managed to live at all in such a moral stench . . . and she thought of Cousin Laura waiting for the girl who was buying brooches for Maud Howitt.

It took a great many things to tear the blindfold from Eleanor's eyes. She had been too rosily deceived. This bright house, with its laughing parrot guests, the men who took you and told you extravagant things, the women who petted you and made much of you, the motor-cars, the costly food, the wine that excited you and made you seem so very self-important . . . it fed something in the girl that had long been hungry. It fed her falsely, but she did not know the difference. These people were nice and amusing; they said funny things and did funnier things; they never wept nor were sad; there was always plenty to see and plenty to do. Nobody ever made her go to bed or harped at her about her health or suggested that she study this or study that. She could play and that was all that seemed to be expected of her. She was glad to see Nancy, of course. Nancy had always been kind and sweet. But this Nancy, Nancy-up-here, was somehow different. She looked grim and, mostly, she looked as tho somebody had hurt her. She made Eleanor uncomfortable, and Eleanor had grown out of the habit of being uncomfortable. She had come to resenting discomfort.

Nancy was making Maud act rather nasty, too. That Archie Gore Maud talked so much about was doing a great deal of talking

(*Continued on page* 80)



Nancy sparred for time against the upsurging in her tumultuous heart, against the riot of her gorgeous disbelief. "And that is?"—"Marry you," said the man, "I could marry you, Nancy, perfectly . . . dear"

Across the

A Review of

By HAZEL SIMP





Above, Enid Bennett in "Stepping Out," and below, Charles Ray in "Bill Henry"

MOTION picture criticism is largely a matter of personal opinion. It can never be otherwise. We who study the cinema drama seriously month after month may pick technical flaws which the average audience will pass unnoticed. On the other hand, one bit of artistry will often cause us to condone silverscreen episodes which the audiences hiss mentally and, at times, orally.

It has interested me to hear baas and bleatings along the great White Way concerning the downfall of the supremacy of Paramount Pictures. Rumor said that all the great stars were leaving the fold, that Paramount couldn't live without Mary and Doug. It interests me to report that in a tour which has embraced practically every city across the United States, I have found the Paramount program, or the Famous Players-Lasky releases, as they now seem to prefer being called, the standard attraction. The Famous Players-Lasky trademark remains, in spite of many promising new upstarts, the most reliable drawing-card for the exhibitor in the medium-sized cities of the United States. It is interesting to note the deep-dyed confidence that the public places in the Famous Players-Lasky trademark.

THE HOODLUM—FIRST NATIONAL

It is as sweet to sing the praises of Mary Pickford as to play the melody of "Home, Sweet Home." For both come from the heart and both reach deep down where that fine thing they call our soul is hidden and bring to light the best in us. In my opinion, "The Hoodlum" is the greatest work Mary Pickford has ever done, which is indeed high praise. The story is that of the birth of a girl's soul and a man's conscience. Mary Pickford unfolds the blossoming of the young girl's soul, with its consequent growing pains, with an artistry which I doubt will ever be precisely equalled on the screen again. She takes the part—I should say, she *is* a young petted darling of a millionaire granddad. From babyhood he has indulged her every whim. Her temper is that of the autocrat who pleases only himself and, like all autocrats, she is peevishly discontented and doesn't know why. Pleasing one's self is not an entirely satisfying existence. And so the little girl stamps and pouts and whines her days away in extravagant indulgence. Suddenly, upon the very eve of a planned trip to Europe with her granddad, she gets the whim to remain at home with her father, a novelist of the slums. The consequent clash of tempers between her and her

Silversheet

Current Offerings

SON NAYLOR

granddad results in their separation. She accompanies her father to the slums, while her grandfather undertakes his lonely voyage. The slums are the most difficult lesson that the spoiled little girl has ever had to solve. Torn from a spoiled existence of luxury, she is thrust into a human pigsty. Never shall I forget her amazement when her father's old servant demands that she pare the potatoes. She dashes out—anywhere to get away from the insult to her pride, and gets lost and caught in a storm. Nothing ever had seemed quite so good to her as her consequent restoration to the safety of the old servant's arms. And so, in time, she becomes externally one of the slum children and her heart responds slowly to the awful agony of humanity unprotected by money. She finds more happiness in helping than she did before in demanding—and in the slums, her grandfather, assuming a disguise, is shocked to find the flesh of his flesh associating and enjoying associating with small ragamuffins, Jewish peddlers, Italian street players and a poverty-stricken artist. But at length her example reaches his heart and he, too, becomes a power for betterment. But our sins will always find us out, they say, and Alexander Guthrie's find him. The young artist is none other than one whom Guthrie has railroaded to prison to hide his own nefarious schemes. Mary, in order to prove the young man's innocence, breaks into her grandfather's house. She is caught by a burglar alarm and the grandfather finds himself in the peculiar position of not trying to forgive his little girl but of begging her and the young artist's forgiveness. Of course, all ends happily with wedding-bells. Altho the picture has been given the most perfect production that money can buy, it is Mary Pickford's remarkable characterization that makes "The Hoodlum" an event in picture history. Miss Pickford has indeed not rested on her laurels. She is, in this, a more splendid artist than ever before. I can scarcely believe that the slum scenes were taken in California. They are a true slice of New York's East Side.





Above, Wallace Reid in "The Valley of the Giants," and below, Elsie Ferguson in "A Society Exile"

THE MIRACLE MAN—PARAMOUNT

While "The Miracle Man" is not as deftly produced as "The Hoodlum," it is, in a way, more inspiring. Told from the play of George M. Cohan, which was based on a story by Frank Packard, it was directed by George Loane Tucker, who lives up to his billboarding of "The new genius of the screen," in this,

(*Continued on page* 84)

The Brimming Cup



Photo by Bradley Studios

"I'm prouder of my American birth than of anything I can ever do—anything I may ever be"

THERE are various people who do one thing superlatively well. There are various people who do various things comparatively well. There are a few, oh, a very few persons who do many things superlatively well.

Arthur Guy Empey is one of the very few.

One thinks of Arthur Guy Empey and "Over the Top" and the great war—and one generally stops thinking at that point. As a matter of fact, at that point Empey just about *begins*.

"People insist upon thinking of me as all soldier," he told me; "*I* think of *myself* as a writer first of all."

"Had you rather go down to posterity," I wanted to know, "as a soldier or as a writer?"

"As a writer," he told me, emphatically and at once, "but even more as just an *American*—first, last and all the time. I'm for America, right or wrong—and she's never wrong—thru thick and thin—thru fire and water. I'm prouder of my American birth than of anything I can ever do, anything I may ever be."

There is something reminiscent of the beloved "Teddy" in Guy Empey.

He has the same type of superabundant energy and vitality. He has the same smashing way of going about things, getting things *done*. He has the same indefatigability. He has the same brand of fierce Americanism. He has been a soldier. He is a writer. He has immense capacities for work and for many interests. He is an athlete. He has hunted big game. He has seen fighting in many parts. He sleeps about three to five hours out of the twenty-four. "Sleep," he says, "is such a waste of time, and time is precious." He has a twinkle in his eye, and he grips your hand like—well, *like*, you know.

He has a magazine called "Treat 'Em Rough."

He has a baseball team called the same.

He is in his office at the Candler Building every morning at eight-thirty and works there like fury until five-thirty at night. After his dinner he works in his apartment, writing his "stuff" until two or three in the morning. "I expect to be requested to vacate," he said, "or to give my typewriter a rest."

He writes his own stories, finances them, produces them, acts in them and assists with their direction.

"I'll only live about twenty years more, I figure," he told me, cheerily—he is essentially the cheerful optimist. "I dont want to live longer than that. Going as I go now, my pep will be gone by then—and once that's gone, what's left? You cant drive a machine at top speed and expect it to have the same endurance you might expect of one you deliberately conserved. But it's so much more worth while this way. One might as well really live while one is about it and then rest will be welcome and well deserved. I wouldn't have it different and I couldn't. I have to follow my natural bent, and my natural bent is work and then more work."

"Where do you get your material for your stories and books?" I asked him.

By GLADYS HALL



He lives along with you—he lives hardily, fully, enthusiastically. He writes and fights and fights and writes and there isn't time for it all

All photos by Bradley Studios



He tapped his head. "From what I've seen and from what I've done," he told me. "I dont write a single thing I haven't actually experienced. That's why it's so easy for me. I've seen and done a lot of things, and all I have to do is to put them down on paper in plain English. I'm just telling things that happened. I'm not attempting anything more than that. I write like I talk and I couldn't stop doing either and I haven't time enough for either. Time's the only complaint I've got to make about things—or the lack of it. There's so much to be done.

"Every one thinks my screen plays must necessarily be war plays," he went on; "it's hard for people to dissociate me from the war. They're not going to be war plays at all, not necessarily. First of all, they're going to be clean. They're going to be real—real things around real people. And they're going to be humanly understandable. Every one in them—in the cast—is going to have a fair and equal chance. Personally, I dont care anything about the acting end of it. I wont stay in that for long. I know myself and my limitations. It's the writing and the producing I want.

"Over there, for instance, the most worth-while time I had was when I wrote my play in a dug-out and produced it in the trenches under fire. When I wrote it I never knew whether we would put it over or not—whether any part of us would be there to put it over. The writing of that was a real thrill. I wrote some for the London papers around that time, too. 'Over the Top' is simply a record of real things I saw going on about me every day. If there is any greatness to it, it is simply because I hit upon some details the great mass of people wanted to *know*—call it a news sense, perhaps."

"Did the war change you, do you think?" I wanted to know.

He laughed. "No," he said, "except to make me a little livelier."

We spoke about God and the mass of spiritualistic matter which has come forth, ostensibly, from the war.

"You know," Empey said, "when a

(*Continued on page 77*)



Our Animated Monthly of Movie News and Views

By SALLY ROBERTS

THE first of September ushered in a genuine surprise, for it set the whole of Los Angeles filmland agog over "The Miracle Man," but chiefly over Betty Compson, former target for slapstick. Dear "old man Dowling" needed no heralding—whatever he does is superb, and he had the audience in weeps and laughs right along; but Betty, the little girl whose name reminds one of that homey pudding of the long ago, "brown Betty"—Betty Compson, whose very mouth makes every other mouth water, has taken this town by storm.

Pretty soon there wont be any Sennett, Rolin or Parsons comedy maids if



Above, "Love me, love my dog," says "Bill" Hart, and right, Ten Feet of Drama, from left to right, Julia Faye, Lila Lee, Gloria Swanson, Bebe Daniels and Mildred Reardon



Why she Failed to Pass the Test of Critical Eyes

A dozen times a day some little unconscious movement of the hands betrays you

CAREFULLY gowned, pretty, attractive—yet she failed to pass the test of the other woman's scrutiny.

In the one small index to good breeding that never escapes the eyes of a critical person the girl was deficient. Her hands were not well-groomed.

How often, without our knowledge, each one of us is judged by this test!

A well known social leader said, "I can overlook shabby clothes, but ragged looking nails and cuticle are something that I cannot forgive anyone. They prove a lack of personal fastidiousness which simply means vulgarity to me."

Yet most of us have learned from sad experience how impossible it is to keep our own nails well-groomed by the old-fashioned cuticle cutting method. The cuticle only seems to grow up faster, to get thicker and rougher.

This is because cuticle, like hair, is coarsened and thickened by constant cutting.

It is very easy, though, by the proper softening method, to keep always a lovely unbroken nail margin. The Cutex method of caring for the nails and cuticle—the most popular method in America—will keep your nails always charming. With Cutex you just soften the cuticle and wash it off instead of ruthlessly cutting.

Regularly once or twice a week give yourself a Cutex manicure. You will never again be embarrassed when you feel eyes upon your hands. Your nails and cuticle will always be one of your chief charms.

Cutex, the cuticle remover, comes in 35c and 65c bottles. Cutex Nail White and Nail Polish are each 35c.



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Above, Director Robert Z. Leonard, Marion Davies and Assistant Director Deassear inspecting some film from their latest production, center, Matt Moore registers dismay at Eugene O'Brien acting "the perfect lover" to Elsie Janis, and below, Pauline Frederick and her director, Frank Lloyd, snapped between scenes



this exodus to the serious side of life keeps on. Those who have evolved already are firmly established in public favor, and Betty's chum, Mildred Reardon, is a Lasky-made now instead of a maid in farceland.

The audience at the Kinema, they tell me, gave way to rapturous patting of palms after each showing of "The Miracle Man." All of which goes to show that people like plays with sugar coated moral-pills after all. Lewis Stone packed the Majestic with his stage version of "The House Next Door." Medical propaganda plays have been a-plenty, advertised in lurid lights, with "No Children Admitted" signs to whet the public appetite, but never have they drawn in Los Angeles such crowds as "The Turn in the Road" or "The Miracle Man," both based on the redeeming power of love.

With all the wild-catting being done by new stars and producers, with society folk putting up their money and business men falling hard for the possibilities of fortunes in films, there is need for new studio space. The Brunton lot is well leased out, and Mr. Brunton has just built upon it a home for himself and his spouse, a one-story structure of Italian architecture, but containing a Spanish patio upon which every room opens.

There is to be a new leasing plant which has been formerly known as "De Mille Field No. 1" and used by an aviation company, and on which there will be erected many studios, each with its administration building, a departure from the Brunton lot methods. Whittington and Kahn, New York brokers, are interested in this proposition, together with Emil Fossler, a Hollywood builder, and R. C. Millard, formerly comptroller of the Universal Film Co. About twenty acres of ground will be covered.

A new child star is just born—a surprise, too. He's the son of an English duke and lives incognito. He will be featured in plays of "The Miracle Man" type, uplifting, joyous dramas. The boy is nine years old and extremely handsome. I dont know that I ever saw so stunning a specimen on the screen. Every line shows *race*—distinguished lineage—caste!

You should see the tam Billy Garwood is wearing! Mr. Garwood is doing personal publicity, I'm advised, and sports a green suit pinched in about his rather rotund waist and the aforesaid huge brown tam-o'-shanter cocked over one ear. He's as handsome as when featured on screen and Morosco stage, tho getting grey about the temples.

The things you must watch for in caring for your skin

FIVE SPITEFUL LITTLE FOES ARE WORKING, WORKING ALL THE TIME TO MAR YOUR BEAUTY

One's skin has enemies on every side! They are Cold, Wind, Dust, Fatigue, Time. All of them are working, working, to mar one's beauty. Luckily, with the right knowledge, each of these spiteful little foes can be downed.

WIND and Time refuse to permit your face to *stay* powdered. Between them both the finest of powders soon floats airily away from your face and leaves it as shiny as ever!

You can *make* the powder stay on two or three times as long as ever before! Before you powder, rub just the least bit of Pond's Vanishing Cream into your face. Instantly it disappears. Then see how smoothly the powder goes on, how natural it looks. This cream contains no oil, so it cannot reappear in a shine. Skin specialists say that the use of a powder base is a great protection to the skin itself.

WATCH, too, for a deeper injury from Wind and Cold! The way to prevent this is to rub a little Pond's Vanishing Cream on your face and hands before you go out. This *keeps* them soft and smooth all winter.



Wind dries your skin; cold roughens and chaps it. Pond's Vanishing *Cream will protect your skin. It will not reappear in a shine.*

BEWARE of going out in the evening with a *tired* looking skin. When you want to look especially charming, take the tired look out of your complexion. Just rub a little Pond's Vanishing Cream over your face. Your skin will drink in the fragrant cooling freshness. The tense look around your mouth and eyes will relax. Your complexion will take on new freshness, new transparency.

GUARD against a *dull look* in your skin. This look means that your face needs a thorough cleansing, not just a freshening up. Not Vanishing Cream for this—but a *cold cream bath.* Before you go to bed, and in the daytime after a dusty trip, rub Pond's Cold Cream into your face. Wipe it off with a soft cloth. You will wonder where so much dirt could have come from—you will delight in the clearness of your skin, its thoroughly clean sensation. Pond's Cold Cream is also especially effective for massage.



Dust lurks deep in every pore and continues to lurk unless you cleanse your face with Pond's Cold *Cream.*

Remember your skin needs two creams

Your many daytime and evening needs require a cream that will not glisten. For this purpose Pond's *Vanishing* Cream was formulated. Use it for a powder base, to protect your skin from chapping and roughness, to freshen it at a moment's notice. *It has no oil* and will not reappear in a shine. On the other hand, the cream you should use for cleansing and massage must have an oil base. Pond's *Cold* Cream is made especially for this purpose. It contains *just the amount of oil required* to give a proper cleansing. Neither cream will encourage the growth of hair on the face. Get these two creams at any drug or department store today.



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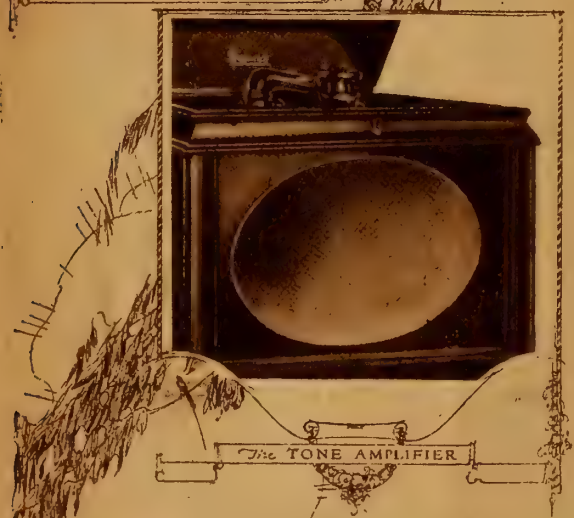


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Birdman Ince

Thomas H. Ince, like Cecil De Mille, is intensely interested in aviation. Here he is about to make a flight. Below is a glimpse of the Ince Culver City, Cal., "lot" from an airplane







The Dynamic Allan Dwan



Photograph by Woodbury, L. A.

I MET Allan Dwan in Singapore.

We shook hands as we stood in the entrance of the hotel lobby, where the picturesque natives of the East and the tourists of the West touched elbows.

To the left, up a few steps, was a charming breakfast-room, while on the other side was a little flower shop with giggling Japanese girls arranging the gay blossoms. Thru the great doorway at the back could be seen the narrow, crowded street, while beyond that was a fascinating curio bazaar. Tourists, venders and street urchins lounged about waiting for the scene to begin, for this was an interesting set in Mr. Dwan's new picture, "The Luck of the Irish."

After talking with us for a moment, he took up the megaphone and, seating himself in his little camp chair, he turned keen, appraising eyes on every detail of the scene before him.

His coming seemed to send an electrical current across the stage, for every one, from principals to property men, turned to immediate action.

Mr. Dwan thinks fast and gives quick judgment, and there is not a second lost. The lights were tested, the grouping of the extras arranged, the actors ready and, after two rehearsals, he pressed a tiny electric bell at his side, which was the signal for absolute quiet, and with the call of "Action!" the set became an animated bit of life which the camera faithfully registered.

It was a colorful glimpse of Eastern splendor, even fulfilling our dreams of the Orient, and it carried us far from the studio in Hollywood.

From some invisible corner came the strains of sweet music that set the pulses throbbing, for Mr. Dwan being highly susceptible to the influence of music himself, realizes its tremendous power in arousing the emotions and he never makes a scene without it.

Now that he has organized his own company and is an independ-



Allan Dwan believes that too frequently the story has been written to fit the star, thus removing every stimulus to effort and the incentive toward character building. Below, Mr. Dwan directing James Kirkwood and Anna Q. Nilsson in "Soldiers of Fortune"

By MAUDE S. CHEATHAM

ent producer, he has the joy of following out some of his pet theories. He believes that too frequently the story has been written to fit the star, thus removing every stimulus to effort and the incentive toward character-building. His plan is to select a well-balanced cast of capable actors and give equal attention to all.

"The ideal actor in motion pictures is the one who is alive to direction and at the same time possesses imagination and initiative," remarked Mr. Dwan, at the close of the scene. "I favor the filming of well-known books and plays, for the simple reason that the supply of good, original stories suitable for the screen has not kept up with the rapid growth of the demand.

"Our system of titling is all wrong, too," he continued, with a whimsical smile. "When the ideal vehicle comes along we will not require the printed title. Some new means of communication that will take their place is on the way, tho as yet we do not apprehend it. For example, set ourselves back fifty years. Suppose I told you I was going to San Francisco, that I was not going by land or sea, but thru the air, and also that during the journey I would talk with you! Tho all this was impossible fifty years ago, it would be a simple experience today. So, I say, there are still many marvelous things yet to be discovered.

"The critic[illegible] pictures [illegible] true, for it has no form of expression entirely its own, as, [illegible]ance, have





Photograph by Woodbury, L. A.

Mr. Dwan is remembered as the greatest quarterback, foremost wrestler and best all-around athlete the Notre Dame University has known. Center and below, Mr. Dwan directing scenes from "Soldiers of Fortune"



Above, Bebe Daniels as "Vice" with Irving Cummings as "Passion." Below, Violet Heming in the title rôle of "Everywoman"

White Wings That Sometimes Grew Weary



It was an odd coincidence that made Kenneth Harlan play his first engagement upon his return with the "Little Godmother" of the regiment in which he went to France

JUST because some colonel said that a soldier never was any good until he had spent at least three vacations in the guardhouse, Kenneth Harlan is tempted to think he was a good soldier. But if you catch him off guard, he's quite likely to admit that he was the worst soldier in the A. E. F.

He was in good company, tho, for his pal, George Chesebrough, roughed it beside him, and it was so thoroly understood that the twain were one that when one committed a misdemeanor to his discredit, both were punished. So you may know that, between one thing and another, Kenneth, the exquisite, found himself spending a good deal of time doing K. P. or staring at the unpapered walls of the guardhouse.

There was a horrid time, too, when he never had a chance to wash his face for two and one-half weeks. It was worse than keeping make-up on for twenty-four hours—he admits it. Think of leaving a studio where one might order tidbits brought in between shots — the daintiest, most mouth-watering, out-of-season tidbits—for the discomforts of camp life, not to mention overseas service.

The first sad experience happened to Mr. Harlan when he was "stopping" at Camp Mills, New York. That was the embarkation camp, and much latitude was allowed the men for a time. If they reported back promptly at midnight, they were permitted to *do* the metropolis. Of course, most of them *did*.

The night before the sailing date, nobody was allowed out of camp, but things were easy—and when Kenneth heard that Gertrude Hoffman and a lot of his friends were to be at Castles-by-the-Sea for a farewell dance, and when he remembered that he never expected to get back alive, he decided to sneak down to the dance and treat the young ladies to a hobnailed fox-trot which they'd remember for the rest of their lives. Shreds of tulle and chiffon might thereafter serve for mementoes! He cared nothing about the future. This one night he meant to live!

Everything happened to aid the dark deed. Friends awaited his escape and the elopement was a success. Kenneth dances well—his solo work with Miss Hoffman on the Orpheum and Keith circuits is still recalled—so all his friends wanted a final one-step, hobnails and all.

The hours drifted by. Midnight came and went. Finally gray dawn interrupted the party. There was a wild scramble, a witch's ride back to camp and a hurried court-martial before the troops embarked.

So instead of a pleasant little sea voyage on deck, with the wide Atlantic for a back drop, Kenneth sat out seven of the thirteen days' trip in the black hole of a camouflaged transport.

So far Mr. Harlan had been anything but favorably

By DORIS DELVIGNE

impressed by the possibilities suggested by the chorus, "All for glory, the soldier's life!" But he decided to be good and to learn all he could about the noble profession of arms. When the transport arrived in England, the men were taken across the Channel in rough weather on the old boat *Harvard*, which had formerly operated between San Francisco and Los Angeles and which, under a slight load, had often been thought unsafe.

"With thousands of men aboard, you should have heard the old tub creak and wheeze, poor thing," said Mr. Harlan, gayly. "We never knew whether she had hiccough or croup. When we arrived in Havre everybody felt relieved."

"Was traveling easier by rail?" we asked.

"Easier? Why, we had cattle-cars—little box-cars, half the size of the American variety—and forty-two men were allowed to a car. We had to stand up two days and nights. We had extra rations along, but of course, no chance for a hot cup of coffee even, unless the train stopped and one wished to buy a drink—a thing almost impossible, considering the state of our pocketbooks.

"Later we lived at a little town, and I had a misunderstanding with the sergeant, so they put me in jail. George, my chum, was standing around, and they saw him and said, 'We might as well put him up, too. If he's not been into something already, he probably *will* be.'

"Then they set us to work cleaning streets—regular white-wings stuff. You ought to see how I learnt to sling a broom! I bet I can land a job in New York any day on the asphalt.

"Sometimes we did kitchen police, and that was fine. All the men tried to do something just wrong enough to be punished by kitchen duty. I'd make a fine husband—want to recommend me to anybody?" he laughed, mischievously. "I can cook almost anything, and as for peeling potatoes and onions, it would fairly make your eyes water to see the way I can undress those little things and put them to sleep in a stewpot.

"You see, when you did K. P., you had a chance to *snitch* a steak or other goodies, such as the officers got. They lived well, and we hungry devils would sit around trying to invent something which would win kitchen punishment. I certainly did close my jaws on a *few* good meals," finished Mr. Harlan, with a pious roll of his beautiful black eyes.

"Yes, I guess you did, you're so much heavier than when you entered the army," we told him.

"I gained thirty pounds in eight months—with all the hard work thrown in. That was in spite of the flu, too, and you ought to have seen the fun I had while laid up in the hospital. There was just one remedy for most of our ailments—compound cathartic pills. You got those for everything. The officers thought whenever a man complained that he was 'gold-bricking,' so he'd try us out with a few pills first. If one had

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Above, "Talk about jobs for returned soldiers!" says Kenneth Harlan. "I've had a few, but I'm still awaiting the arrival of some wealthy nut who may think me worthy of stardom." Center, a snap of Mr. Harlan on a vacation trip and, below, in "My Unmarried Wife" with Carmel Myers



A Week-End With Temperament





Peggy and Madlaine in three unconventional poses —snapped upon a jolly week-end away from studios, hotels and all the de luxe things a modern star finds necessary

WHEN Peggy Hyland and Madlaine Traverse invited me to spend a week-end with them in the beautiful house way up in the mountains which they had borrowed from a friend who had left Los Angeles, I was tickled to death. So I threw some rough outing clothes into my worthy bag and was waiting when Peggy honked the horn of her sedan outside my door.

"Madlaine will meet us at the corner," she explained, as we started off at a million miles an hour. Peggy was arrested for speeding not long ago, but the heavy fine has not lessened her speed.

"Servants and chauffeurs are taboo this time," she continued, "so we drive our own cars. The food is in the back and jolly good it'll taste, too, in those wonderful hills."

Madlaine was at the corner. To be sure, some new law had been passed overnight which she hadn't heard about, and when we drove up she was paying a fine for driving too near a "tram," as English Peggy calls our street cars. But the guardian of the law, satisfied by the greenbacks in his hand, soon permitted us to depart and in a half hour we arrived at our destination.

Then the fun started. Madlaine, William Fox's statuesque beauty, carried logs from the outhouse to the huge fireplace in the living-room, and soon a merry blaze was crackling on the hearth. In the kitchen Peggy reigned supreme, bending her little body as she carried the huge baskets of provisions from the car to the kitchen, but despite this she found time to "boss the roost," telling us what to do and when to do it. And we usually found that Peg's way was best.

There was a steak which Peggy broiled, while Madlaine, determined to be plebeian to her heart's content, fried onions. Choosing the remaining task, I set the table on the stone platform outside the house, which overlooked the wild gardens and woodlands below.

"We shall eat all the onions we like," ejaculated Miss Traverse. "I love rusticating. We couldn't do this at a hotel."

"You jolly well do enjoy rusticating when it means good food, dont you, darling?" sang Peggy, who never ceases ragging her pal about her love for good things to eat. Then, by the aid of



By
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER



some temperamental intuition, she darted towards the broiler and rescued the steak from burning. The relieved expression on her face when she discovered that the steak was safe caused me to believe that she too was enjoying the party a little more because of the dinner.

After we had enjoyed our repast, despite the fact that the grocer had neglected to include one or two sundries usually considered necessary, Mistress Peg declared it to be dishwashing time.

"I'll be 'Rebecca at the well,'" she said, "while you, Madlaine, will look majestic to the best of your ability flourishing the dish-towel while Fletch is kindly putting the things away and setting the table for our morning meal. We'll have an extra wink in the morning and breakfast here, providing there's any food left!"

After things were whipped into shape we sat before the burning logs

> And talked of many things,
> Of shoes, and ships, and sealing wax,
> Of cabbages and kings.

Later in the evening, Madlaine discovered a theatrical paper. Immediately there was a wild dash for it, and the two stars devoured the news in silence for the next few minutes.

"I say, Madlaine," came Peggy's voice from the recesses of a chaise longue, "here's something about you! They say you are one of the finest emotional stars. What silly things some papers do print," and then she hid behind the paper, expecting a pillow to travel in her direction.

But instead, Madlaine answered, "Yes, they do say foolish things. Here is a criticism of your latest picture. And just imagine! They say you are good to look upon!"

Then there was much laughter, for Peggy thinks Madlaine quite all right and vice versa. In fact, they are eligible for charter members of a mutual admiration society.

At eleven o'clock we decided to retire, and there was much controversy as to whether we should sleep in the pink room or the blue room. We had all decided to sleep in the same room, one in the bed with Peggy, who is little and doesn't take up much room, and the other on a couch. As Madlaine said, it was too lonely to hanker after privacy. One declared that pink was her color, while the other said blue had a soothing effect.

"If we were being interviewed," burst forth Peggy, between laughs, "the title of the story would be 'A Week-End with Temperament,' I'm sure."

Finally everything was fixed for the night, and it fell to my lot to share the bed with Peggy. I learnt that temperament demands that bed-pillows be arranged in a certain way. Peggy stacked hers

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Above, Peggy in her noble Buick and, below, the two stellar friends doing "kitchen police." Cooks and their aids were taboo upon this informal week-end party

Leah of Old and New

By JANET REID



"It is heart-breaking to see the stress so many put on some tinsel goal," says Miss Baird, "and all at once they either reach the goal or do not reach it, but, either way, they find that they have missed the Little Everyday as they strained ahead"

Photographs © by Moody



THERE are names that fit people, that are like small perfectly fitting keys to personality—the name Leah fits Leah Baird (Beck). There is something sumptuous to the name, something opulent. Something vivid and colorful and strong. One gets a prismatic sense of heavy-hanging dark hair, of the strong, white flash of strong, white teeth, of gracious lines—a sense of that olden Leah, daughter of Laban and wife of Jacob—a sense of that olden Leah in the new Leah Baird. The heavy dark hair, the strong white teeth, the gracious lines—all there—all there saving only Laban and Jacob.

I talked with her one very warm day in July. I knew, gratefully, that there were dark chintzes miraculously fluttering at the windows and quite a few Maxfield Parrishes framed in dull gold on the walls and a huge grand piano and deep chairs. Also, not so gratefully, I knew that there were two toy poms which are her "loves."

Miss Baird was in cool white, and she was very gracious and gave one a strong sense of her all-pervasive capability. One could visualize her as an efficient nurse, as a lawyer, a doctor, but always well-balanced and always quite, quite capable.

She recognizes that quality in herself, too, which is still a further proof of said capability. "I try never to play anything but society drama rôles," she told me. "Immediately I come on the screen the public gets the fact that I am a capable woman. They do not want to see

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The Teeth of the Tiger

By DOROTHY DONNELL

Fictionized from the Adolph Zukor Production

YOU will believe what I shall tell you, because it is I, Arsene Lupin, who speak, and *tout la monde* knows Arsene Lupin. Was it not I who, when all failed, solved the mystery of the Countess of Vesy's death by strangulation with a red satin garter? Was it not I who discovered the missing heir to the garbage king's millions? Who—but *zut!* It is of another matter I wish to speak now, the strange, the *outré* case of Jean Vernocq, whose crippled body was a fit sheath for a deformed soul, as you shall see.

It was early in nineteen hundred and twenty when I came to Paris, after many years away from my native city—some day I will tell you of those years, for they were *trés interessants,* and contained some happenings of a curiousness—but not for Arsene Lupin, the famous, the *celebré,* wearing for my purpose the name of Perena. It was a personal matter that brought me, and it seemed better to come *unconnou,* owing to a little matter upon which the Paris police—baboons and sons of baboons!—wished to question me.

Cosmo Mornington was my reason for coming from my so tranquil home in northwestern Africa, where I was worshiped by the Moors—of a simple-mindedness how refreshing—on a journey attended with no little danger for me. It has been twelve years since I became honest and forsook the pleasant paths of wickedness, but the world is *tres stupide* and has a long memory. Well, as I was saying, Cosmo Mornington, from his friendship with me based on a little matter of saving his life in Morocco (another tale I must spin some day!) asked me to come to Paris to use my powers to discover for him, if possible, the other descendants of the Roussel sisters, of whom his mother was one, for he was suffering from a malady of the heart and wished to settle his fortune—twenty million francs, mon Dieu!—upon his cousins, having no kin of his own line.

He had made a will, so he wrote me, leaving his money to any heirs of the Roussels or of their cousin, Victor Sauverand, who could prove beyond doubting their rights, but he wished, if possible, to embrace his kinfolk before he died. *C'est bien etrange, ca!* Me, I would travel a long distance to escape meeting any of my blood, but men differ, I suppose. And so I came. It is on a Sunday I arrive at his hotel in Paris and boldly sign the name Jacques Perena on the register, for I have discovered that boldness is the best disguise.

"Inform Monsieur Mornington his friend of Morocco is burning to salute him," I tell the concierge, "or no! I will go to his apartment at once and take him by surprise. It is better that way."

Ah, how shall I tell of the *affreux,* the terrible sight that met my eyes as I opened the door of my dear friend's room? Everything was



You will believe what I shall tell you because it is I, Arsene Lupin, who speak, and tout la monde knows Arsene Lupin



Fire flamed up in the dead ashes of her eyes and she spat out, "I am glad that he is dead, glad! But I did not kill him in spite of his devil-ways with me!"

in order, there was no sign of a struggle, but at my feet lay Cosmo, stiff in death! Clasped in one hand was a hypodermic such as he often used to ease the pain of his *maladie,* but it was not a case of an overdose, for morphia leads her victims smiling happily out of life by perfumed paths, and the face of *le mort* was twisted into a snarl of agony. *Non!* I would not listen when the *maitre d'hotel* whispered, "Suicide!"

When they left me alone a moment with the body and went to summon the police—*nom d'un, nom d'un chien!* —I knelt down and, I confess it without shame, I wept. "Cosmo, *mon ami!*" I whispered, "I swear it! I will discover who did thee to death and I will avenge thee. I kiss up to God!"

And then, having my own personal reasons for not caring to meet the gentlemen of the police, I went away, and saw Cosmo Mornington no more, for the next day he was buried in Père Lachaise and the papers branded him suicide by a hypodermic poison, but I alone of the city knew that was untrue—I and one other, the thrice damned soul that conceived and brought forth his murder. From then it became my whole *raison d'etre* to hunt this one down.

First I spent long and laborious hours tracing those who would be most interested in Mornington's death, and —am I not the great Arsene Lupin?—I finally succeeded in a few days where it would have taken another months in doing that which I had come to Paris to do—namely, in finding the living heirs of the Roussel sisters. I shall not tell you how I did this. Does a baker give away the secrets of his famous *patisserie?* Does the *avocat* belittle his knowledge of the law by explaining it to fools?

Mais ce na va rien! Enough that I found that the daughter of the youngest of the Roussel sisters, Marie, lived in Paris with her husband, Hippolyte Castignac, a merchant many years older than she, which is of a pity when a woman is *tres chic, tres jeune, tres passionalle!* Already whispers connected her name with that of Gaston Sauverand, the son of Victor and therefore a distant relation, gallant, slim of thighs, with a face that would linger in any woman's memory. Tho there seemed some ground for the gossip, I managed to catch a glimpse of her as she drove in the Bois, and she did not look to me like a guilty woman, but one who was very, very sad.

With them, as one of the household, lived one Florence Lavasseur,

THE TEETH OF THE TIGER

Produced by Adolph Zukor for release thru Famous Players-Lasky. Fictionized from the scenario of Roy Sommerville, based upon the story of Maurice Le Blanc. Directed by Chet. Withey. The cast:

Louis Perena / Arsene Lupin	David Powell
Florence	Marguerite Courtot
Antoine Webber	Templar Saxe
Marie Fauville	Myrtle Stedman
Chief Detective	Charles L. MacDonald
Mazeroux	Riley Hatch
Gaston Sauverand	Charles Gerard

who had been the ward of the old Sauverand and at his death had found a position as companion and confidante to the fair Marie. How shall I describe her in cold print? Can one put the spring blossoms into syllables? Can one confine the west wind or the gay gold sunshine by the metes and bounds of the alphabet? When she rode with her patron, demure and downcast of glance in her trim blue serge, it was like seeing some gorgeous artificial flower of velvet and crimson beside a fresh violet just plucked from its nook in the Bois de Boulogne. To many the showier bloom would appeal more, but to me—ah, non!

Could it be, I asked myself, that in this little circle of people the murderer of Cosmo Mornington moved all unsuspected? It did not seem so—and yet, who else was interested in his death? It was then a very strange thing happened. Hippolyte Castignac went to the police and told them that he suspected his wife of designs upon his life! It was in all the papers, with the pictures of Marie and her husband and the handsome Gaston, who, it was hinted, was the reason for the lovely Parisienne's wishing Hippolyte out of her path. But an accusation of murder by the future victim himself—it was very remarkable, one can easily see, and all Paris, which breakfasts off scandal and dines on gossip, was fed full.

Of course, the police could do nothing, for as yet no crime had been committed. They offered to place a guard in the chamber of the unwanted husband, but Hippolyte refused, saying she would only find some other way. "Remember," he told them, with a laugh, "remember that I expect to die. And when what I am expecting comes to pass, remember whom I accuse. From the grave I shall demand the arrest and trial of *ma femme,* Marie Castignac."

Ponder over this as I might, I could get no solution, and to acquaint myself further with this situation of such an oddity—and for another reason, perhaps also, I made the acquaintance of Florence Lavasseur, which is easy for a man of my knowledge of the ladies to accomplish, even tho the lady in question be the most chaste and modest of beings. And to me she confided her fears.

"*La pauvre!*" she cried, the tears of another's grief in her blue eyes, "that horrible old man is lying, of course, when he says he fears her, yet—*Dieu pitie!*—I know that Marie does love Gaston, tho she is faithful to her marriage vows. What will come of it, Monsieur Perena? If, as you say, you are a detective, you must help us—*us,* for Marie's cause is my cause also. She has been more than a sister to me. A poor orphan has but few friends, monsieur, and Marie, Gaston and a simple old hunchback, Jean Vernocq—and perhaps—now one other," and she gazed shyly up at me under lashes the most adorable *du monde,* "are all I have."

I assured her in several ways that she could believe me her friend and that I would help her, and then questioned, half idly, for I was watching the pure moulding of her face, under its dark, shining curls, "and this old *deformé,* this Jean, who is he, *p'tit?*"

So she told me about Jean Vernocq, the hunchback, who lived in the little hamlet of Alençon, close by the city, tending his garden of herbs, feeding his doves, a simple, harmless old man who had been a friend of her guardian, Victor Sauverand, and on account of this friendship came occasionally to visit Victor's distant kin, the Castignacs, in Paris. "I call him Papa Jean," she told me, smiling. "You must see him, monsieur, and talk with him, and you will see one soul not poisoned by the calamity of handicaps."

It was two mornings later that I received frantic word from Florence to come to the Castignac house at once. Not one



The letters came from the chandelier above the table, and were released by an ingenious device, the like of which I have never seen

moment did I hesitate from the fear that mine old enemies—and the enemies of most honest men!—the police, would recognize me. Arsene Lupin is no coward, *merci à Dieu!* I went as fast as my cab could carry me, and found Florence sobbing in the salon, while servants flew about as those whose wits are touched, and a beautiful woman in a black velvet evening *toilette* sat like a statue on the divan and looked neither to the right nor left, but stared before her as tho she saw terrible things we knew not of.



The spring released such floods of hate, such diabolical ingenuity, such cunning de diable . . . somewhere a fiend incarnate was working in the dark for possession of the Mornington fortune. And Florence—I grew giddy as I thought of it—Florence stood between him and his desire!

"Hippolyte is dead, monsieur!" Florence wept. I could never bear to see a woman in tears. I remember that the notorious and evil Rosetta, who sold her lover, Armand, to his enemy, wept so bitterly when I brought about her arrest that I was almost sorry for her. But to return. I hurriedly got all the details that the terrified girl could supply.

Hippolyte had not accompanied his wife to the theater the previous evening, so Gaston had taken her, bringing her back at what hour no one knew. At any rate, the servants had entered the chamber of their master when he did not respond to knocking and found Hippolyte dead in bed, a glass of poisoned wine beside him. Marie would say nothing about what she had done on the evening previous, and that, coupled with Hippolyte's previous accusations, made her arrest certain.

Indeed, it occurred within a very few moments of my arrival, when a party of officials formally accused the distraught woman of murder and led her away. What made matters still worse for the accused woman, strange, purplish marks of teeth were found on the dead man's arm, and these corresponded exactly with the impression of Marie's front teeth—false, because of an accident in girlhood—taken later at the prison!

"She didn't do it!" Florence repeated vainly, and in her cell Marie Castignac echoed the words dully, tho once fire flamed up in the dead ashes of her eyes and she spat out, "I am glad that he is dead—glad! But I did not kill him, in spite of his devil-ways with me."

And now I was brought into the case, with the others of Cosmo Mornington's heirs. For the will of the dead man was read and it appeared that, in the absence of all other heirs, the fortune came to me—or rather to Jacques Perena, which was all the name he knew. At the reading of the will I noticed an odd little man with a monstrous hump and a face of one of the angels, who came in with Florence and sat, holding her hand and comforting *ma pauvre petite* from time to time. When the reading was over I went to them and was introduced to, as I had suspected, Monsier Jean Vernocq, who looked at me, as she named me, without any especial cordiality—even, I imagined, with a sort of suspicion in his deep-sunk eyes. *Tiens!* No doubt he was jealous of Florence's attitude toward me, was my thought.

In the days that followed I saw the ancient hunchback often, for he remained in Paris to hear the trial of Madame Castignac, and even went to the prison to see her several times. "He is so *bon!*" Florence told me; "such a kind old man. Wherever there is trouble and suffering and death, you will always find Jean."

That remark of hers returned to me afterward, when certain developments gave it a singular meaning. The developments came fast. The police discovered several letters—*lettres d'amour*—and of a fire and a passion that amazed even me, who have seen so much of what love can do to men. The curious part of these letters was that no one seemed to know where they came from. They appeared at intervals of a few days on the table of the library in the Castignac home, each one signed "Gaston" and full of the most burning assurances of love, phrases that must carry suspicion to minds not under the sway of the tender emotion. Yet Gaston Sauverand was never admitted to the house, and the servants professed complete ignorance.

It was mainly on the strength of these letters and the teeth marks on the murdered man's arms that Marie Castignac was convicted of murder and sentenced to be hung, a sentence she carried out herself on the same day by hanging herself with a sheet to the bars of her cell, after leaving a note protesting her entire innocence of *"un charge, enorme et cruel."* This left Gaston Sauverand the sole heir to the Mornington millions.

That week Gaston Sauverand shot himself dead in his club on the Champs Elysées.

I saw now that there was a purpose, devilish and malign, working somewhere behind this sinister tapestry of murder and suicide. Coincidence does not work in such a systematic way.

"Monsieur, I am frightened! Monsieur, there is a fate

in all this—it is of a strangeness unbelievable!" Florence trembled. "All my friends—dead! All save you and old Jean. What will come next—I dare not think."

Me, I wondered, *même chose.* Whoever was plotting to get control of Cosmo Mornington's fortune was not likely to stop as long as I was alive, his sole heir. Moreover, it seemed that I alone could be a possible object of suspicion, since I was to inherit such vast sums that had seemed removed from me by so many with greater claims. I have been a bad man, monsieurs et mesdames, but I have never dipped these hands in blood for selfish reasons. I burned to think that suspicion might fall upon me.

And then I burned still more to find upon whom suspicion did rest. For old Jean Vernocq came forward now with a strange tale that Florence was a Roussel, the natural daughter of the elder of the three sisters, who had won her cousin Victor's sympathy and persuaded him to adopt the child as his ward. "Victor told me the whole tale," the hunchback related, in his shrill, womanish whine, to the authorities, "and he gave me the papers proving her birth to use when the right time came. I have kept silent to save her name, but now I speak to save her fortune."

The papers that he gave as proof were genuine—I saw them with these eyes, and I gladly relinquished my claim to my beloved. For such was the case. At last the wild Arsene Lupin, the uncaught, the *libre,* was in love, enmeshed by the sweeping lashes of a pair of blue, blue eyes. But I would not speak of my devotion until I had once and for all stopped the tongue of scandal from wagging over the murders and suicides of the other heirs.

With an acquaintance, Depuis, not too bright a man, one understands, and the purchased aid of the Castignac servants, I commenced an investigation, trying to find some loose end at which to begin unwinding the snarl. I resolved to solve the mystery of the letters that still appeared with ghostly regularity on the library table, as tho written by a dead hand for dead eyes to read. Arsene Lupin solved the mystery in precisely one hour! Arsene Lupin, who is I, Perena!

The letters came from the chandelier above the table and were released by an ingenious device the like of which I have never seen, tho I have come across many odd machines in my time—some day you shall hear. And with the device was a small object that stirred the roots of the hair with horror—three teeth, fastened in a rubber plate, stained with blood! You see it? They were the teeth that had hung Marie Castignac! Her husband had had an impression made of her front plate and had deliberately pressed the damning marks into his arm before he took the poison which the journal he had hidden with the rest in the chandelier showed him to have done.

"He tells me that she is false to me—he knows," the writing ran, crazily. "Of course, I could kill her, but that would be too easy for her—for her and that accursed, thrice damned Gaston. He has suggested a better way—I am tired of living—but when I die she shall follow and not live to mock me with her lover—she shall be tried for my death—*he* has planned everything . . ."

Who the "he" was there was no way of telling, but I felt sure that it was the same brain that had substituted a poisoned hypodermic for the one Mornington would use. The spring that I had touched releasing the infernal device hidden in the chandelier had released such floods of hate, such diabolical ingenuity, such cunning *de diable* as I had never confronted in my many years of the hounding of crime. Somewhere was a fiend incarnate who was working in the dark for the possession of the Mornington fortune. And Florence—I grew giddy as I thought it—Florence stood between him and his desire!

I could neither eat nor sleep until I knew that she was safe—until, indeed, I clasped her in my arms and held her against all the strange and subtle dangers that compassed her. I tried to laugh at my folly, dressed and went to my club, where I ordered a dinner of a choiceness that yet tasted like straw. Suddenly, in the midst of the *appertif,* an overwhelming conviction came over me that unless I went to her at once, I should never behold my Florence again. I sprang from the table, called a cab and, hatless, dashed to her house.

By the time I reached it the conviction was so strong that I did not ring, but, whipping out my revolver, entered the house. The hall was deserted, so was the salon—that salon where, two months ago, *hélas!* I watched the unfortunate Marie Castignac dragged away to her doom. My wild shouts brought the servants, who fell back at sight of my ghastly face. "Where!" I screamed like a mad-

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I slashed frantically at the bonds which held her and at last had her in my arms, trembling, unable to speak, ma brave p'tite

Winter Furs

Alice Brady, Realart star, and some of her new winter furs. The muff in the lower picture is alone valued at $10,000. No wonder everyone wants to be a cinema favorite







Photographs © by
Ira L. Hill Studios, N. Y.

GREEN ROOM JOTTINGS

Director Howard Hickman and his star **Bessie Barriscale**, have gone in for baseball as a recreation from the grind of picture making. The B. B. Feature baseball club has been organized, with Mr. Hickman as second baseman and Miss Barriscale as mascot.

Not every star has the distinction that was conferred upon **Louise Huff** recently. She "appeared" in the Saturday Evening Post. That is, her picture was used to illustrate a Rob Wagner story.

Eugene O'Brien has been seriously ill with an abscess of the ear. His brother, Dr. George O'Brien, a famous Chicago specialist, was called to New York to operate on him.

Harry T. Morey is to appear in a series of detective melodramas written by Frederick Van Rensselaer Dey, creator of the Nick Carter stories.

Bessie Love holds the altitude record among lady high-flyers west of the Mississippi. Miss Love with her driver ascended in an airplane from the De Mille field near Hollywood to a height of 11,500 feet.

Antonio Moreno is another flighty one at the De Mille aviation field. He has made several flights and says that by the first of the year he may fly over to Spain and visit his mother.

Winifred Kingston will return to the screen in "The Light of Western Stars" with Dustin Farnum. Miss Kingston has contracted to make at least four pictures a year with Mr. Farnum.

David Butler is doing his fourth picture with Mary Maclaren, the working title of which is "No Experience Required."

Elinor Fair is working hard at her French lessons because she has had a hint that she and Al Ray will go to France to make one or two films. This would be a change but not a novelty to Elinor who studied music in both France and England.

"Old Lady 31," the whimsical story of plain folk beloved by all theatergoers, will be picturized under the personal supervision of Maxwell Karger, director-general of Screen Classics.

Thomas Jefferson, son of late Joseph Jefferson, is to be seen in Bert Lytell's latest picture, "Lombardi, Ltd."

Dorothy Phillips' next starring vehicle will be "Ambition." Allen Holubar wrote the story and will direct it.



Photo Hartsook

MARGUERITE CLARK

Betty Blythe writes enthusiastically from Los Angeles: "I should like to move all the real people I know who wish to live and expand and stretch out, into this place of golden days and silver nights—a veritable garden of flowers and peace and smiles."

Otis Skinner is to create in pictures the rôle that he made famous in the original production of "Kismet," Edward Knobloch's illustrious stage play.

Mary Miles Minter has a new and rather unusual pet—a skunk which is used in her first Realart picture "Anne of Green Gables."

Elsie Ferguson will make two pictures in England during the autumn season. Following this she will again take her place in the glare of the Broadway footlights.

Cecil B. De Mille will film the biblical play, "The Wanderers." Prominent in the cast will be Gloria Swanson and Bebe Daniels.

Maxine Elliott and **William Faversham** have formed their own organization for moving pictures. George D. Baker will direct the first two films.

Ruby de Remer will play the leading rôle opposite E. K. Lincoln in the forthcoming Lincoln production, "The Crucible."

Niles Welch has begun work on his first starring vehicle called "The Lincoln Highwayman."

Doris Kenyon is returning to the stage in farce comedy. She will also begin work shortly on a new picture, probably another Joseph Louis Vance story.

Doris May and **Douglas MacLean** are co-starring for the third time. This time it is a screen version of the popular stage play, "Mary's Ankle."

George Walsh has a new leading woman in the diminutive person of Miss Regina Quinn, an actress of decided charm and talent.

Peggy Hyland had not read detective stories until she was given a leading part in "The Web of Chance," a detective picture. Since then, she has hardly slept nor eaten, so engrossed has she become in studying detection.

Edward J. Connelly, one of the distinguished character artists of the screen, will appear as the old model-maker in the Japanese fantasy, "The Willow Tree," in which Viola Dana will play the rôle of the beautiful Japanese image carved from the heart of the willow tree and also the rôle of the American girl.

Kathryn Adams will enact the feminine lead in "The Best of Luck," a spectacular drama picturized by Screen Classics.

It is whispered about that **Dorothy Davenport** (Mrs. Wallace Reid) is to return to the Kliegs and grease-paint shortly.

Milton Sills and **Naomi Childers** will play leading rôles in Basil King's story, "The Street Called Straight."

Burton King of Travelogue fame is now in the occupied Rhineland making both stills and motion pictures not only of the shattered cities, towns and villages, but also showing what the people are doing to "come back" in the devastated areas of Belgium, Northern France and such parts of Germany as are at present dominated by the Allied Forces.

Marguerite Clarke is back in New York and working in the first of her new series to be produced in the East.

Cecil De Mille is producing a picture called "Why Change Your Husband?" Thomas Meighan and Gloria Swanson will demonstrate "why."

J. Stuart Blackton has taken possession of his reconstructed studio in Brooklyn, where he is now making his personally directed productions for Pathé productions.

Bert Lytell says that it is a case of one mustache after another with him. Following his work in "Lombardi, Ltd." as an eccentric Italian male modiste in which he wears a beautiful lip-adornment with up-turning points, he is going to do "Beauty Steele" in Gilbert Parker's "The Right of Way" and will wear not only his Lombardi mustache but an artistic Vandyke as well.

Frank Mayo, the star with the British accent acquired by a prolonged residence in London, has lost his identity. He is playing the rôle of a Spanish cattle-baron in "Lasca," a Universal photodrama.

Lucille Stewart, who gave Eugene O'Brien such excellent support in "The Perfect Lover," is again seen opposite him in "Sealed Hearts."

LITTLE WHISPERINGS FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERDOM

Lillian Biron, who was formerly connected with Mack Sennett comedies, will play leads with George Ovey in the new series of Gaiety comedies under the direction of Craig Hutchinson.

Ruth Roland, popular serial star, is executive head of her own producing company, Ruth Roland Serials, Inc., and producer, supervising director, author and star of her new Pathé serial, "The Adventures of Ruth."

Universal is to produce "Oats and the Woman," one of Fannie Hurst's human interest tales, with Francelia Billington as the featured player.

It is rumored that **Margarita Fischer** is soon to become the wife of her business manager, Lt. W. F. Heltzen, late of the aviation service.

Frances Marion is writing the continuity for Mary Pickford's first picture to be made for the United Artists, which will be a film version of "Pollyanna."

Maurice Tourneur will produce "Treasure Island." Shirley Mason is cast for the rôle of "Jim."

Florence Turner, universally known as "The Vitagraph Girl," and the first recognized motion picture star, is now at Universal City, directing and acting in one-reel comedies.

The Rialto Theater in New York had a distinguished visitor recently in the person of **General John J. Pershing,** who came there especially to see "Pershing, the Weapon of Destiny," the International special which graphically outlined the general's life from the time he was a boy up to the moment when he won his decisive victory over the Hun.

Madame Rose Dione, who plays the heavy in Geraldine Farrar's picture "The World and the Woman," is a former Parisian stage star who was forced to come to America on account of the war.

Sam Polo, brother of Eddie, will make his bow under the Vitagraph banner as a daredevil player in Antonio Moreno's new serial.

"The Cross Bearer," in which **Montagu Love** is the star, is closely associated with the famous Belgian, Cardinal Mercier, and the struggle he made to protect women and children from the brutal treatment of the German soldiers.



Photo by Hoover, L. A.
ZA ZU PITTS

Bettina, the Italian emotional actress, who has made some two-score pictures with the Caesar film company in Rome, has been signed as a star for Metro Pictures.

Fannie Ward will appear in an original film play written for her by the great Belgian poet, Macterlinck. The production will be filmed in Paris.

Robert Ellis, popular leading man in "Upstairs and Down," "The Spite Bride," and many other productions, has become a director for Selznick pictures.

Bryant Washburn will star in "It Pays to Advertise." Donald Crisp will direct.

Following "Mothers of Men," Edward Jose will produce "The Way of a Man" from Thomas Dixon's latest novel. It has been announced that the rôle of the piece is to be played by Natalie Talmadge.

Alice Brady was the guest of honor at the New York state fair recently, also the honor guest at the Mayor's luncheon, where she was presented with a handsome hand-painted sash by Mabel Ingalls, a local artist.

Jack Dillon will direct Bert Lytell in his next picture, "The Right of Way," by Gilbert Parker.

Walter McEwen, actor, producer and manager, appears in a dual rôle in the mystery play "The Bandbox," starring Doris Kenyon.

Monte M. Katterjohn was in New York recently concluding arrangements with Eastern financiers for the filming of the big Alaskan play based on his book "Hearts of the Stampede."

H. H. Van Loan has written a story of the Orient entitled "Far East" for **Earle Williams** in which, it is said, he will portray a rôle entirely different from any he has essayed in the past.

It was announced recently that **Douglas Fairbanks** and **Charles Chaplin** were planning to make a picture or two in South America and now Douglas comes forth with the statement that he is to visit Europe, and South America can wait. One never knows just where Douglas will land athletically or otherwise.

It is being demonstrated that a woman can direct a he-vamp. **Ida May Parks** is directing Lew Cody's second production.

Louise Glaum has purchased a very beautiful home in the foot-hill section of Beverly Hills, Cal.

Mary Alden will play the leading feminine rôle supporting **House Peters in** "Love, Honor and Obey," Monte M. Katterjohn's first screen play.

Pauline Frederick, who left the speaking stage four years ago, will play this season with her husband Willard Mack in his new melodrama, "Lady Tony."

The fans will welcome **Jack Pickford** in another boy part. He will be seen as the little mountain boy in "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come."

Harold Lloyd, the comedian, who was injured in a bomb explosion, is mending nicely and the surgeons assure him of complete recovery. Mildred Davis will rejoin him in studio work.

Agnes Ayers will appear opposite William Russell his first Fox picture, "Sacred Silence."

Marjorie Daw, who spent a month in New York recently buying new bonnets and whole trunkfuls of clothes, is hard at work in "The Eternal Three" with Mahlon Hamilton and Lewis Stone.

Claire Mersereau, sister of Violet Mersereau, is supporting Dorothy Dalton in "Black Is White," one of George Barr McCutcheon's romances.

Carmel Myers is leaving the screen for a stage career.

Sidney Chaplin is back from France with 30,000 feet of film for his first Paramount comedy.

Marian Davies has $19,500 worth of fur cape which is to be seen in her new feature, the working title of which has not yet been announced.

Thomas Meighan's many friends will be grieved to learn of the death of his mother at the Meighan home in Pittsburg. At the conclusion of the production work of "Male and Female" some weeks ago, Mr. Meighan made a hurried trip to the bedside of his mother and spent several weeks with her.



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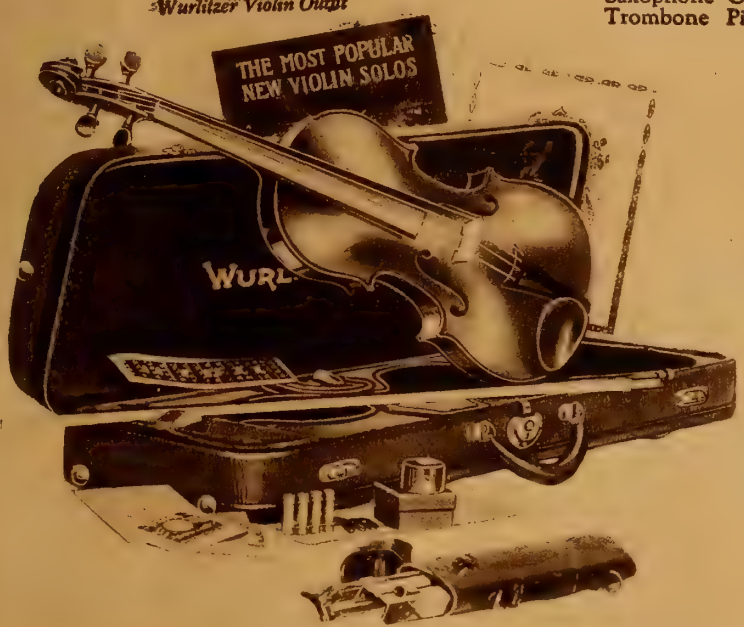


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The Answer Man

This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to The Answer Man, using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopaedia in existence. If the answer is to appear in the Classic, write "Classic" at top of letter.

GREETINGS! Furs and fall overcoats! You'd scarce expect one of my age to be exact in every word; and if I chance to fall below Socrates in my wisdom and Diogenes in my wit, dont view me with a critic's eye, but pass my imperfections by. Large streams from little fountains flow, tall oaks from little acorns grow. I may yet become real smart.

RITA.—Rave on, pretty creature; it sounds good to the ear. No, James Cruze and Marguerite Snow in that Thanhouser. Join one of the correspondence clubs.

ECILA Y.—May Allison in "Almost Married." Mme. Petrova is in vaudeville now, but I think she will return to the screen. Dr. Cyrus Townsend Brady wrote "Smashing Barriers," in which William Duncan, of Western Vitagraph, played.

FRANKIE.—Story? Bless you, I have none to tell you. No, Canadian stamps haven't a great deal of value here. Elsie Ferguson played in "The Avalanche." William Desmond in "Bare-Fisted Gallagher."

MERCHANT S.—Heap much thanks for the moccasins. That was a happy thought. With the high cost of leather, I now feel like a millionaire. Oh, yes, I smoke a pipe all day long, and once in a while some one comes in and gives me a cigar. Francis Ford is directing, and Grace Cunard is playing in California, but not together.

PUSSY.—You're out of order. Minta Durfee is Arbuckle's wife. Speaking of order—there's nothing like it. Be methodical, orderly and systematic and success will fall into the trap. Certainly I always know where to find my suits of clothes. I have a suit for every day in the week and evenings and Sunday-school. It's the one I have on as I write this. Oh, yes, I also have two other suits for late evenings—pajamas.

GRACE N.—Remember that it is always refreshing to be in the presence of a cheerful person, just as it is always depressing to be in the presence of a sour one. Sweeten up! Ethel Clayton is in California. Evelyn Greely in New York. Elinor Fair in "Be a Little Sport." Griffith is going to produce in and around New York.

H. G. F.—You say you have heard a great many tales of how players conduct themselves on Sunday. Well, whose business is it what they do? But I think most of them behave themselves like other people. Marseilles is pronounced *mar sayie*. Cissy Fitzgerald, with her famous wink, is back with us, playing for World. Remember when she played in "How Cissy Made Good," the picture in which I made my début on the screen?

VIOLET M.—Miriam Cooper was born in Baltimore. Bessie Barriscale is 5 ft. 2 in. Yes, indeedy, I have been able to get buttermilk. I also eat over twenty pounds of dirt every day. Tom Moore and Seena Owen in "The City of Comrades."

JOHNNY & FRITZI.—That's a hot one. Keep your head down, Fritzi boy! Consult Beatrice Fairfax's "Advice to the Lovelorn." Run in some time with a movie question. You want to be the first to sprinkle flowers on my grave? Oh, thanks—but pray dont be in any hurry about it!

LILLIAN C.—It must have been answered by now, because I'm caught up with my work to this point. Much too much, much, up to now, and now Richard is himself again.

JEANNE F.—You're right, Jeanne; there's no place like home, but I'll say that the next best place is a moving picture show. Jack Pickford was Buddy and Gloria Hope was Martha in "Bill Apperson's Boy."

HYDROPHOBIA.—No, we had no scenario contest. There is mighty little chance to sell a scenario these days. Jazz? Some. It seems that the negroes of Atlanta, Ga., thirty years ago had jazz music, the saxophone being imitated by a negro humming in a lard can. Wallace MacDermott was Bruce in "Cupid Forecloses."

M. R. W.—Well, I just dont know whether you would call me a "rounder" or not, but I know that you cannot judge rightly of human affairs unless you have first felt the blows. Yours was a compliment, I take it. Look at Tom Mix. You think Ethel Clayton deserves better stories than "Vicky Van."

PEGGY.—I never neglect an opportunity of improvement, so I read your letter thru. Robert Elliott was Pulke in "A Woman There Was."

DOT FROM OHIO.—Your letter was more than a dot. You say this is your maiden voyage to the answer department. Welcome, fair maiden. Guess there are a few reading this magazine. Circulation last month, 400,000. So you want Richard Barthelmess back with Marguerite Clark. Nay, child; that can never be.

F. P. M.—Her husband, of course. Yours was a James Dandy. I think it was Bacon who said, "In the theater of man's life, God and angel should only be lookers on." Shirley Mason played Nora in "The Final Close-up." Oh, yes, I like Shirley.

RUTH FAN.—Oh, yes, Ruth Roland Co., Los Angeles, Cal. Ruth is some girl—full of life and a big heart. What do you mean—married? I dont know who first said "A stitch in time saves exposure." It might have been said to Cleopatra, only she didn't take the stitch nor the time.

GLADYS B.—Thanks for the pressed daisies. Hope you progress with your art, and always think of what George Sand said, "Art is not the study of positive reality, but the search for ideal truth." Constance Talmadge in "Happiness à la Mode." Dont know whether that's served with ice-cream or not.

MARJORE M.—You list up 46 names and ask me to give the addresses. Have a heart! If you have no heart, I have no time, so we'll call it quits.

MRS. A. P. WOLF.—Enough is better than too much. Stop. I thank you for sending me all the clippings on the subject, but when I said Ann Little was not married, I meant at that time. Since then she and Allan Forrest have—they just have.

(*Continued on page* 76)



Kathleen Clifford

in "Who is Number One?"

Kathleen has always had divers admirers.

Whoever "number one" may be, he is a lucky sea dog.

The versatility of Kathleen is indicated by the contrast between her rather masculine appearance in the scene herewith and her decidedly feminine pose below.

Paramount Picture



PHOTO BY HARTSOOK

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Gloria Swanson Talks on Divorce

(*Continued from page 34*)

cut. "Tommy, Gloria and Lila," he said.

"Excuse me a moment," said Gloria. She and Lila Lee walked towards the set. The moment lengthened itself into an hour while Mr. De Mille directed the eternal quarrel of two women over a man. The same action repeated over and over again. Variations of it tried, found wanting and thrown out; lights experimented with. You would have found it fascinating, monotonous or both, depending on your temperament. At last the scene was finished. We walked slowly towards Gloria's dressing-room. It was about one o'clock in the afternoon, and the day was sickeningly warm. There, at last, Miss Swanson stretched her arms over her head and, sighing with weariness, let them drop suddenly into her lap. Then she clasped her hands over one bare knee. Her costume for the moment was very scanty. Mr. DeMille was making a scene for the desert island portion of "Male and Female Created He Them" from Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton."

"I'll tell you a story," she remarked, "that you might use." (For lunch, her maid had just brought sandwiches, melon and ice-cream.)

It seems that there was a great, big Yorkshireman whose devotion to his wife was the talk of the community. She was very small and very frail, but every few days she would give him a thoro beating. Neighbors would rush in to find her pounding him with all her small might, without his lifting a hand to defend himself. This was, to say the least, unusual, as most of his friends beat their wives unmercifully. At last one among them was courageous enough to go and ask the big fellow why he stood for it.

"I'll tell yer," the giant drawled, "it dont hurt I and it pleases she."

"If more husbands—yes, and wives, too—felt like that," Miss Swanson went on, when the laughter had subsided, "there would be fewer divorces and more happy homes. But they dont! Love is always one-sided, it seems to me, and it is ridiculous to say that it is always the woman who pays! Sometimes a man will give all he has and—well, you know what I said about not chasing a street car. The woman knows that she has caught him, so she doesn't run after him any more. She spends his money, orders him about and, finally, bored to death, leaves him for new worlds to conquer. So he wakes up to find that she doesn't love him, and because he has spent the best years of his life working for her, his objective is gone; he has nothing more to live for!

"I think that of all the scenes Elliott Dexter ever played, his best was in 'Dont Change Your Husband.' You remember—the scene where he realizes that I have left him? He looks stunned, absolutely miserable! I love that scene; I could see it over and over again without tiring of it at all.

"So it is in life when two people get a divorce. It seems impossible for two people to fall out of love as simultaneously as they fell into it. One or both of them must suffer; somebody must be unhappy. So it is that sometimes people will go thru anything rather than consent to a separation. This is especially so of women. They are willing to endure anything on earth; they will sacrifice anything! I know of one case where a husband tried to kill his wife three times, and every time she hushed the matter up and went back to him. It all depends on how deeply one can love.

"But all marriages are not love marriages. When two people stand before the church altar, it is not always God who is joining them together. More often it is expediency, or a desire for social position, or money, or even curiosity. Again, a young girl may rush into marriage because she is attracted by some mannerism her lover has or by his handsome face. Then, after a year or two, she finds that he has no depth, nothing else to attract her, and she has become so tired of the mannerism and the handsome face that she feels she cannot possibly endure it any longer.

"Such marriages should not last. No mistake should be irretrievable.

"After all, marriage is just a game. The more elastic the rules, the less temptation there is for cheating. I think that divorce should be made more easy, instead of more difficult. Then the wife, knowing that she might lose her husband at any time, would appreciate his good qualities and exert herself to hold him. And, instead of just deciding that he 'had her hooked,' the husband would go on paying attentions to his wife, bringing her flowers and candy, taking her to theaters, giving her more than an occasional good time himself instead of letting her find it by herself or in the company of some other man!

"Yes, I believe in divorce as an institution! It has formed the foundation of many a good plot for a moving picture. Without it we would go back to the same old milk-and-water 'hokum' again."

THE SCHOOL-CHILD'S MILLENNIUM

By Fra Guido

When their lessons they can master
In a single fleeting hour,
When if they can grasp them faster,
They may play 'mid sun and flower;
When we throw upon the screen
What is now on text-book page,
Why it's easy to be seen—
That's the kiddies' golden age.

When instead of lengthy sessions,
Spent in talking history,
We can show the marching Hessians,
Fighting those who would be free;
When geography will cease,
'Stead we'll throw upon the screen,
France and Egypt, Rome and Greece,
That's the golden age, they ween.

When instead of tedious lectures,
On the hero's deeds, that thrill,
We can reproduce in pictures
Valley Forge and Bunker Hill;
Make them sail with Drake, the ocean,
And with Pershing cross the Rhine—
That, according to their notion,
Is the kiddies' age, divine.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS

By Vara Macbeth Jones

"A Life of Strife," I mused aloud,
"Is a coming photoplay,
But whether a drama or comedy,
The announcement doesn't say."

"To judge the type by the title
Is simple," retorted my wife;
"You may rest assured the picture
Is a play of married life!"



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No.7A1410
This solid gold solitaire is the most popular ladies' ring in the world. Beautifully finished, the essence of good taste. Setting is a flashing Lachnite Gem weighing about 1 carat.
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Don't send us a penny. Just put your name and address in the coupon and tell us which ring you prefer. Be sure to us your finger size. To get it cut a strip of paper that will just meet around the middle knuckle of your ring finger. Be sure to send this strip. Send the coupon now. You will be under no obligations to buy.

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Dept. 1549 Chicago, Ill.

Send me prepaid Ladies' / Men's Ring on 10 days free trial. When it comes I will deposit $4.75 with the postman. After 10 days I will either return the ring or send you $2.50 a month until the balance has been paid. Title not to pass to me. $18.75. If I return the ring you will refund me $4.75 immediately. I enclose my finger size.

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The Answer Man

CHU CHIN CHOW.—No, there's nothing new under the sun, but there are new ways of expressing it. You liked Nazimova in "The Red Lantern." You say your husband never gets cross. Maybe he loses his temper when he is about to use it. Enid Bennett's last "The Haunted Bedroom."

CALICO NABS.—Jack Mulhall is to play in Peggy Hyland's next picture, "The Merry-Go-Round." Arthur Ashley is in New York. Do I think Petrova can "come back"? Certainly. Why not?

WALTER B., JR.—Thank you, good sir. I owe you one. Dont believe all you hear. Mary Fuller has deserted the screen. You will find the right one some day. What man seeks in love is woman, but what woman seeks in man is love. The right one will come along.

PEGGY L.—You say you have been presented with a black ostrich fan, and that a fan is indispensable to a woman who can no longer blush. A fan to a fan! Peggy, I have me doots! Address Mary Pickkford, Los Angeles, Cal.

EVERYBODY'S FAN.—Oh, yes, I have kist many a lady's fair hand, but it is like looking into a confectioner's window. Our Fame and Fortune Contest went over BIG. But we were all fooled on some of the photos sent in. All is not gold that glitters, we found. Some of the "Tearing Beauties" turned out to be nothing but paint and powder, beautifully arranged by the photographers. When these supposed beauties appeared in real life, many of them were not even good-looking. However, we managed to find a half-dozen real good ones, as you will see later.

MARIESON.—From what I understand, cats' eyes glow in the dark because they catch and concentrate every little glimmer of light that may be about, but scientific men recently made experiments to see if there may not be some other explanation. Dorothy Davenport is not playing just now. Run in again some time.

SAM PEPY'S SISTER.—My, how you dislike Marion Davies! Why is this thus? Yes, indeed, there is more joy upon earth for one sin found out than for ninety and nine forsaken. William Farnum was Steele in "The Lone Star Ranger."

NASTERBON.—Have handed yours to the editor. Tom Moore in "Piccadilly Jim." You say that "It was first known that hogs were good to eat when Jephet Ham. It would be a Shem not to Noah thing was good after trying it." Wonderful!

VALMAR.—You ask whether the seeds of tomatoes are as harmful as the seeds in grapes. I think they are both equally harmless and equally healthful. Harry T. Morey was Christopher, Maurice Costello was Henry and Betty Blythe was Barbara in "The Man Who Won." Fear I cannot advise on how to get thin. Consult Roscoe Arbuckle.

BORONA.—Yours was fine. Right again—also write again.

ANNA.—All right, stop in and beard the lion in his den. Or, lionize the beard and its pen.

F. F., TOKYO, JAPAN.—Thanks for the pictures. Yes, I'd like to be out there seeing your country. Glad you like our American films. Some fillums!

FLORINE.—Well, if you would be wealthy, think of saving as well as of getting. Thanks for the invitation. Olive Thomas in "Prudence on Broadway." Be happy with what you have. A contented mind is the greatest blessing a person can enjoy in this world. "Putting One Over" was George Walsh's play.

STINGAREE.—You refer to True Boardman. You want a list of De Wolf Hopper's wives. Wait till I have more space. Certainly I like music, and all kinds, too, even the German. Italian music is probably the finest because it is ground so much on the streets. (Isn't that clever?)

BESS.—Blonde hair, of course, for Mary Pickford. By the way, wait till you see Blanche McGarrity!

SILVER SPURS.—Hello, there, fair one! Niles Welch, you say, looked older in "The Law of Men." Well, he *was* older. Yes, that player is like but oh! how different.

HOPEFUL.—So you are going to California to act. May good luck go with you. You've chosen a good name for yourself—always keep it and you will win.

DESSIE.—Ha, ha, poor child! "Fatty" Arbuckle's wife is professional. You say you picture me as wearing good clothes and taking my lunch at the cafés. In my time I have been to about all the cafés in Brooklyn, but they have abolished the free lunches. Claire Whitney in "Mothers of Men," with Lumsden Hare.

LOLA.—William Duncan out West. You're wrong, Lola; men are sometimes the cause of women's dislike for each other. Wallace Reid and Wanda Hawley in "You're Fired."

GRACE ST. P.—William Farnum's children? I have no record of them. Whew! But you are cross today. No, I dont take you for a phool—who said I did? At this writing the Fame and Fortune winners haven't been selected.

MARY C.—Be not so swift to take offense, Mary. Ethel Clayton is about 5 ft. 5½ in. high. You ask of what religion is Mary Pickford and Ethel Clayton. Democrats, I think.

MARGARET B.—Yes, I find it hard to get servants. They seem to require more money than I do. We call them domestics, but they are usually foreigners. Ruth Chatterton is on the stage now and not in pictures. Florence Reed in "The Woman Under Oath." No, I dont wear a hair net over my beard. When it rains, I always fold them up and tuck them in. Dont ask me to get fat—consult Dr. Sunbeam, in SHADOWLAND, or Anita Stewart.

IOWNA HUDSON.—Good! Iona Ford. This summer, when I was driving thru the rough roads, I was in the air more than on the ground, so I thought I would take out an aviator's license. No, I write nothing for SHADOWLAND. The Sage got the job away from me. Now let's see if he can hold it down!

MABEL R. W.—Yes, Ella Hall is married. Why not? So is Dot Kelley, and I guess she is still working at it. Tom Chatterton was directing last. Dorothy Bernard is in pictures.

CLARISSA C.—Horrors, no! Character is power, also influence—and it makes friends and creates funds. Yes, Theda Bara in "A Woman There Was."

DAPHNE.—Of course I can keep a secret, not being a woman. From a confidence to an indiscretion there is only the distance between the ear and the tongue. Dorothy Dalton is about 5 ft. 3 in. tall.

LAURA F.—No, James Young and Clara Young are not brother and sister. No relation now, but they were once closely related. The man who can govern a woman can govern a nation. I have never tried either. No, never been married. Mary MacLaren was Abby in "The Weaker Vessel."

BUSHMAN FOREVER.—Last I heard of him he was going abroad. No, he doesn't let us hear from him any more. Yes, you're right; when a person dies, his friends ask, "What property has he left?" but the angels ask, "What good deeds has he sent before him." May Allison was Hortense in "The Uplifters" Yes, Metro are coming right along.

MIDDY.—Doris Kenyon is working on a series of productions for the new Dietrich-Beck combination. She is at present working in the Pathé studio on "The Band Box." Of course I like animals.

LONELY PEARL, GREAT FALLS.—Whoopee! So you herd cattle for a wealthy stockman in Montana, and only get to town once a month to get the magazine and go to a picture show. Poor child, you ought to be happy with your lambs. The editor is going to publish your letter.

BRIGHT EYES.—Hope you're feeling better. Write me some more.

PIERETTE.—All I can tell you is, judge not of men or things at first sight. Escamelo Fernandez was Pierre in "Heart of the Wild." Thanks for your illustrated letter. But the sun never sees the dark side of anything, so cheer up.

From Sanctimony to Serials

(*Continued from page* 31)

vine before she'd have half a chance to cling. I'd hate to think I could say to a woman, 'Come here!' and have her toddle over, lisping, 'Yes, dearie!' I like superiority in a woman. I like to feel it."

After he had gone, rather forcibly escorted by his P. A., who informed me, not without misgivings, that he knew Tony was easy to interview because he always told the truth, the sense of something vivid having happened persisted. There was a jolly, healthy sort of a glow, a sense of color, of uplift. More than the Vitagraph screen hero I seemed to see the soldier's son running about the streets of Barcelona (I *think* he said Barcelona) with his bronzed legs and his night-shade hair—or the widow's small son listening, wide-eyed, to the pious dreams of himself as a godly priest—the man who, almost universally pursued, speaking feministically, says that he is "a mutt" and that he wants some one he can "look up to."

One might say many things of Tony—of how he was "discovered" in Spain—and brought over here—and educated at Northampton—of his being a protégé of Mrs. Carter—of his various successes—and still one would not be saying so complete a thing as simply to say that he has the face of a thousand dreams and the heart of a little boy.

The Brimming Cup

(*Continued from page* 45)

great part of your daily routine is seeing men shovelled into the ground or carried past you in wooden boxes; when, at sunset, on a small familiar hill you see a little row of wooden crosses, your mind naturally wants to press on *beyond* all that—wants to insist on something beyond—*does* insist—that's about the size of it. It's all natural."

"Were you afraid of death?" I wanted to know of this man who has seemed to court it, who bears the passing of its fingertips in the scar on his cheek where a bullet lodged and in the wounding of his shoulder and back.

"No," he said; "I figured it this way. I'd seen my pals after they were dead—many of them. If they could die—so could I. I'd seen some of them with smiles on their faces as tho they were at peace. If they could smile like that, I could too. I'd seen some of them with their faces twisted into tortures. Well, if they suffered that way, so could I. I'd lived along with them, and, if need be, I could die along with them."

That's about the size of Empey. He lives along with you—right along *with* you—he lives hardily, fully, enthusiastically. He writes and fights and fights and writes and there isn't nearly enough time for it all. He holds the cup of living to his lips and the cup is brimming over.

CALIFORNIA CHATTER

And, by the way, I must tell you about Ralph Graves. Out here it is predicted that he has the brightest future ahead of him of any of the youngsters. He is going to be the next great star, they say, and they more than hint that the reason is his Sir Galahad attitude in real life as well as in make-believe land.



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That film holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

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Pepsodent is delightful. This ten-day test will be simple and pleasant and free. And it has brought to countless homes a new era in teeth cleaning.

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Pepsin long seemed impossible. It must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But science discovered a harmless activating method. And that new method, combined with other agents, gives to Pepsodent its power to fight this film.

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YOU know she'll be happy if this is a Day Dream Christmas.

No gift she receives will be more appreciated than her favorite Day Dream Boudoir Creations in a beautiful, soft toned Belgian Blue Box—the gift that expresses daintiness, charm and refinement.

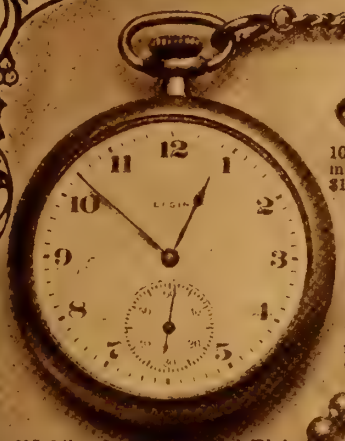
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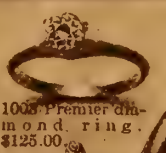
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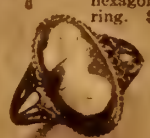


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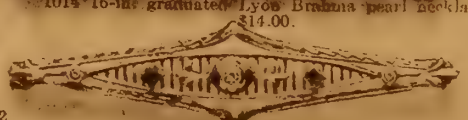
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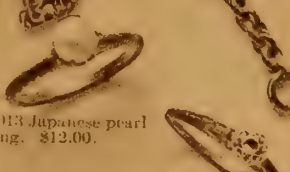
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The Country Cousin

(*Continued from page 41*)

to Nancy. He was doing a great deal of talking about her. It was said of Gore by all of the house guests that he had not been so taken with any woman in many years. "A woman of spirit," he described her, "a woman of fire and spirit."

George Tewksberry, Third, too, had been caught listening to her while she sang and played simple old melodies in a sweet unprofessional voice. He did not say much, after his first day there, and nothing, the guests all noted, about himself.

The climax came on board Archie Gore's yacht. It came because Nancy had been manoeuvred into staying home by Maud, and because Gore had expressly arranged the party and sent for his yacht for Nancy. He created a scene and demanded that she be sent for. "She wont come . . . now," vouchsafed one of the guests; "only wanted to come to play guard over baby Eleanor anyway."

"She'll come for that reason, then," said Gore, and sent word ashore that Eleanor was ill.

Eleanor always liked to think the best of human nature even when human nature seemed to like to show its worst. She liked to believe ever after that pandemonium on the yacht that the wine was wholly responsible and that these tired, sated people turned to the wine because they *were* tired and sated and somehow defrauded of the better things.

She wanted to believe there was something better in Archie Gore than the sensualist who tried to kiss her in the stateroom . . . and who made surreptitious love to Howitt's silly wife. She wanted to forget her horrid scene with Howitt when she refused to give up the brooch to them, it having been delivered to her just before leaving for the yacht.

Howitt and Maud had begun to suspect that their game with Eleanor was nearly up. That brooch might be the last thing they could come by. It might well mean more than ornamentation to them eventually. When Nancy told them the brooch must be delivered to Eleanor and Eleanor apprised of the true cost Howitt threatened her with the police.

"We'll settle this entire thing tomorrow," said Nancy, "or in the presence of all of us."

When she managed to get ashore she found that George Randolph, Third, had accompanied her. "I . . . I want to tell you," he said when he left her at her door, "that I'm . . . I'm ashamed . . . of us. All of us."

The flowers were blooming, late flowers, in Nancy's garden early in that following September. She wondered why they seemed to have lost their fragrance . . . why their bright colors had a dimmer look . . . Was she growing older? Less keen? Was there some hurt in her that had not healed? Who could have hurt her? When? Because a silly inconsequential person had remarked to a group of sillier people that there were two distinct classes and one carried wicker suit-cases? Because that same person had heard her sing "Absent" and had bent his head to hide his shame-faced tears?

Had that hideous morning on Long Island bruised her when she fought like an animal at bay for the young girl they were tossing about like a shuttle-cock, and staining irreparably as they played? Because she had demanded that they cease deceiving the child, that they remove baneful influence from her? Because, just at the finish, the bewildered girl had run to her and hidden in her arms and begged to be taken home . . . "home and mother"?

Did she care, meanly, because that very morning Eleanor and Sammy had come to "tell her something," with the miraculous something blooming on their faces more exuberant than her own late roses?

Was it also Autumn with her?

She thought of the old saying, "It is not good for man to live alone" . . . and thought that it was still less good for woman. She thought of the song "Absent" . . . and laughed at her long self-sufficiency. The need of her kind had descended upon her at last . . . it was Autumn and the air was growing chill . . .

Her eyes took in her men working the tractors in the fields. No pride kindled. The salt of the earth had lost its savour. She was groping now for a farther meaning.

One of the new men was bumping one of the new tractors. She couldn't afford inefficiency. She raised up her voice and gave him a clear call. He called back and came across the fields to her, flannel-shirted, bare-headed. Her foreman had engaged him, she supposed. He must be more careful.

Then she saw that the inefficient new man was George Tewksberry Randolph, Third.

There was a long moment of sheer disbelief. Then there was a weak little laugh and she said, ineffectually, putting her hand on his arm to steady herself, "I . . . I might have known . . . w-hen I . . . I saw you *doing* it. You . . . of course you *would* do it . . . just that way."

Randolph flushed under his apparently new tan . . . Something, she perceived, had fallen away from him. Something in its place had descended upon him. Something fundamentally great, she knew . . .

"There is one thing," he was saying, plaintively, "only one thing in the world I know I could do well, *really* well."

Nancy sparred for time against the upsurging in her tumultuous heart, against the riot of her gorgeous disbelief. "And that is?"

"Marry you," said the man, "I could marry you, Nancy, perfectly . . . dear."

Nancy looked at the mud-clods on his boots, the stains upon his hands, the truant winds daring with his hair, the drop mask of his face. Her strong hands sought his arms.

"Oh, you *have* come a long way," she told him, paradoxically, with a sob in her voice, "you have come a long, long trip, my Dear, my Dear . . ."

THE ANSWER MAN
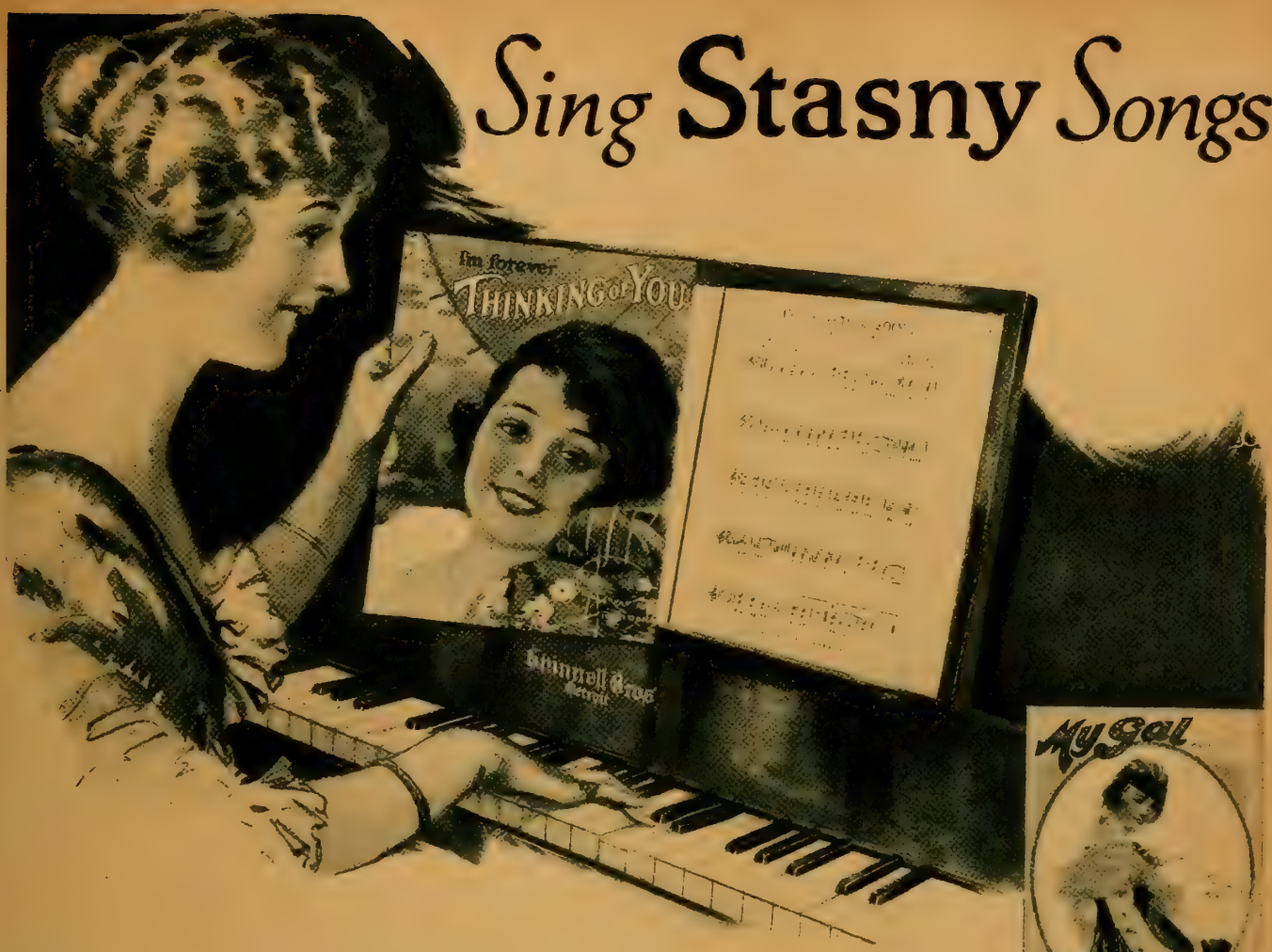
By Helen Parkinson

Have you ever heard of the Answer Man,
The chief of the Seven Wonders?
He answers all questions as fast as he can
And he never makes any blunders.

He knows all there is about movies,
Each detail of each smallest star.
And the fees of the wonderful Answer
Man couldn't
Be smaller than they are.

And so if there's something you'd like to know,
About love, or business, or movie fan,
Dont rack your poor brains inside and out—
But question the marvelous Answer Man!

Sing **Stasny** *Songs*
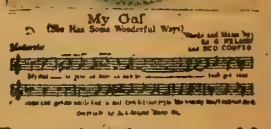


SING Stasny Songs because everybody likes to hear them. Wherever a dozen jolly young people are gathered about a piano for a "sing," you may be sure the new Stasny Song, "I'm Forever Thinking of You" is on the music rack. It's such a likable, friendly sort of song that everyone takes to it at once. Like all Stasny Songs it is clean and bright, equally good on the stage or in the home, just the sort you would like to sing to your sweetheart, or in the presence of your mother or sister.

On the stage, Blossom Seeley is making a big hit with the jazzy rag, "My Gal." Her audiences go wild over it at every performance. She wires: "Accept my congratulations on your wonderful number, 'My Gal.' It is a winner. No one can resist her. Everybody loves 'My Gal.' It is the biggest hit I have had in years."

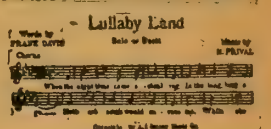
If you want a simple ballad that will touch every heart, try "Lullaby Land," for it has made a big popular hit every time it has been sung. It should be on YOUR piano with the rest of your favorite Stasny Songs. They strike an answering chord in every heart, they are so simple and appealing, the melodies are touching, the words fresh and catchy. They are on the pianos of the nation.

You are always safe in buying Stasny Music, every piece is popular, every piece is worth singing. You will see Stasny Music on pianos wherever you go. Ask your dealer to show you Stasny Song Hits



Every chap knows a girl he'd like to sing this song to, every girl knows some chap she would like to have sing it to her. Get it for your piano today.





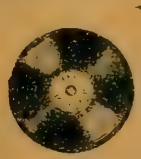
Sentimental, languorous and full of melody. "Lullaby Land" will carry you back in mind to your care-free childhood. You will be happy while you are singing it.

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"Just Like the Will o' the Wisp"
"Somebody Misses Somebody's Kisses"
"I'm Not Jealous But I Just Don't Like It"
"Sweetheart Land"

"Some Day"
"Beautiful Dixieland"
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"Dance of the Moon Birds"] (Instrumental)



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M.P.-Dec.-1919.

The Dynamic Allan Dwan

(*Continued from page* 53)

est of all games. Art in itself seldom pays many dividends, but motion pictures being a manufacturing business and art combined, have proved lucrative. The large salaries attract the best efforts and so tremendous strides are being made.

"While the printed page tells the story, the readers must visualize for themselves. In the photoplay the story is presented by showing real flesh-and-blood people in action, building up the play scene by scene, making the spectators live it with no effort on their part.

"While admitting it is an art, there is no use denying that the influence of the box-office is ever present. There is little art for art's sake—yet! Money is supreme. The big money interests back of the producing companies want the pictures to keep step with the public's demand, not experiment in creating new tastes!"

"And the *real* forte of motion pictures?" I asked.

"To amuse, absolutely, to amuse and entertain," replied Mr. Dwan, emphatically. "The whole trick of life is amusement. Children are delightful because they amuse. People strive for wealth so they may have amusement. Marriage is successful when each can amuse and entertain the other. It is the one thing that never loses its allure. To be sure, there must be a basic theme in your picture that will carry a real message, and this theme must be wholesome and clean if the appeal is lasting. Ibsen, with all his genius, had a perverted mind; otherwise he would have given classics to the waiting world.

"Motion pictures have proven the universal amusement. The multi-millionaire who owns the factory and the boys and girls who work for him all see the same picture, each seeking to find some thread of romance upon which to hang their own story. The young girl sees her lover in the hero on the screen, the boy worships the heroine as a vision of his sweetheart. The mother sees her son in the superman before her, the man beholds himself as the youth living in a world of romance and happiness. Every one yearns for romance. Even the great Napoleon, swept with ambitions and fed upon military successes, found the dominant aim of his life to be romance!"

Tho Allan Dwan was born in Toronto, Canada, he spent his boyhood in Chicago, and after being graduated from that city's high school, he attended Notre Dame University. Here he became interested in athletics, and to this day he is remembered as the greatest quarterback, the foremost wrestler and the best all-around athlete the University has ever known. Having won these honors, he settled down to hard study and went on thru a post-graduate course in electrical engineering.

This prosaic vocation, however, did not appeal to his imaginative and creative mind. Having specialized in literature, written several school plays and become fascinated with the great dramas of the world, he decided to take a fling in motion pictures, which were just beginning to attract attention.

It was at the old Bison studio in New York that he started his film career as an extra. During his first day's work he was a soldier, and in the excitement of the battle scene, the man next to him jabbed a sword into his leg as he lay on the ground, having been "killed" in the first skirmish. He endured the pain until the camera stopped, fearing that the slightest move would destroy the illusion. This incident was entirely indicative of the inherent demand for realism that was to mark his work and was like a finger pointing up the path he was to climb to fame.

Allan Dwan has written much vital photoplay history and has helped develop many stars. It was he who directed Marguerite Clark in her first picture, "Wild-flower," which instantly set her at the top. He also directed Mary Pickford's "In the Bishop's Carriage," her first signal success, as well as many later ones, and when that fine old actor, William H. Crane, decided to preserve his art by making a film of his stage triumph, "David Harum," Mr. Dwan was chosen to direct it.

He has just completed the first of his own super-all-star productions, "The Soldiers of Fortune." Demonstrating that he is strictly up-to-the-minute, he used airplanes in searching for mountain locations. Over 2,000 horses and 20,000 persons were used in some of the massive scenes, and signal corps men from the army were called in to relay the directions over the vast distances.

"It was good sport and I enjoyed every minute," declared Mr. Dwan. "I always like to use crowds of extras, for there is the chance of making a real 'find.' In this business all life and all people become vitally interesting!

"A picture evolves in the making," remarked Mr. Dwan, after we had listened, breathlessly, to the orchestra play Massenet's "Elegie." "It is written on the screen, for while it may be fairly well molded before I begin, I depend upon clothing it as I go along. New thoughts are ever being born and, as the characters move across the stage, some subtle influence may suggest a new twist, a clever situation, a gripping human touch. A set scenario is bad—you can never justly estimate action until it is acted!"

As I left the big stage with its Oriental atmosphere and walked out thru the studio's gardens, I recalled the remark he had made earlier in our chat, which was, "The best film must have pictorial as well as dramatic value, while there must be romance, adventure, comedy, and thru it all there must be suspense. While developing the poetic and romantic, the motion picture art is progressing toward its highest mark, naturalism."

Surely it is fortunate to this great industry that such men as Allan Dwan, who possess the creative ability, are today having the opportunity of embodying the elements which they consider essential to the perfect picture.

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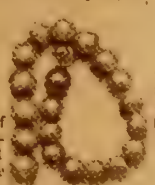
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X22—Platinum set 7-diamond cluster. $65.



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X13—One fine diamond; Tiffany style setting. $200.



X27—Twin Belcher ring; two blue-white diamonds. $100.



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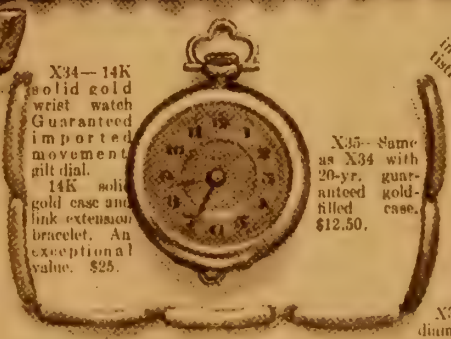


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Across the Silversheet

(*Continued from page 43*)

his' fashioning of a silent drama. He has realized that the battering down of a human heart is twice as poignant as the hammering in of a dozen doors, a thing which some directors *will* not learn. Mr. Tucker lays bare the brutal passions and the horrible ugliness of the real thoughts of four people whose regeneration he makes so beautiful that it cannot fail to have a beneficial effect on all the little you's and I's that see this picture. At the start, the tale is a horrible one of four criminals in New York's Chinatown. Tom Burke is a criminal who makes money thru Rose, a passionate girl whom he has brought down to his level. The Frog is one who gets money by a dislocation stunt—The Dope, a dope-fiend. Tom reads of The Miracle Man, an old countryman, deaf, blind and dumb, who is said to have the power of curing all terrible sicknesses. Tom decides to make great capital out of the old man and he plants The Frog as miracle No. 1. His scheme is to publicize The Miracle Man and collect moneys under the pretense of getting all suffering humanity to come to be cured. He plants Rose as the supposed niece of the old man and all is set. But the old man turns out to be the real thing, a crippled child is cured, and a girl, Claire King, who has never walked before. The fund, started by Tom and Claire's brother, becomes more enormous day by day, but unwanted by The Frog and The Dope, both of whom are cured and gradually regenerated. Rose's regeneration is slower. But in time healthy example makes her as sweet and pure as she pretended to be. Tom, after great pain and struggle, discovers that real love for Rose means more to him than all his ill-gotten gold and he places a wedding band on her finger. Words are cold and puerile indeed to express the tremendous power of the counter motives of this play. Thomas Meighan—why, once upon a time I thought of him as a phlegmatic, gentle, manly leading man. Never again! Here he runs the gamut of emotions known to man—and Betty Compson—she who once formed the background, or I should say foreground, for comedies, is positively startling in her powerful character delineation. Elinor Fair is poignantly sweet as Claire King—Lon Chaney marvelous as The Frog—J. J. Dowling inspiring as The Miracle Man. "The Miracle Man" is a sincere work, and the nearest approach to any rival of Mr. Griffith for screenic honors, falls to Mr. Tucker. It will be interesting to see what he will do next.

THE PERFECT LOVER—SELZNICK

Unfortunately, I never see Eugene O'Brien's beautiful profile but I am reminded of the afternoon he told me about the woman who took care of his hair and how worried he was over her recent prophecy that several of his sunkist hairs were falling out. I say unfortunately because it detracts seriously from my attending to the photoplay in question. I invariably get to thinking, "She has massaged well this week; Eugene's curly locks seem more perfect than ever." And so no matter how tragically beautiful his profile is I cannot give it the serious attention it deserves. Heaven molded Eugene O'Brien well and surely just to look at that profile ought to satisfy any fan. And in this his first starring vehicle, Mr. Selznick has provided him with a corking story, four handsome feminine foils: Lucille Stewart, Martha Mansfield, Marguerite Courtot and Mary Boland. If Eugene lacks dramatic passion, we girls will never notice it. Those eyes, those curls, that throat! All joking aside, "The Perfect Lover" is a darn near perfect picture.

WIDOW BY PROXY—PARAMOUNT

This is a dainty little comedy concerning a little girl who masquerades as a widow only to have her "husband" return at the very hour she is to marry the man she loves. The complications are logical and entertaining. Little Marguerite Clark is the star, while Nigel Barrie is her fascinating lover and Jack Gilbert her unwanted husband. Nothing great about the picture, but it is a pleasant hour's pastime.

A SOCIETY EXILE—ARTCRAFT

Elsie Ferguson, more beautiful, more vivid than ever before, complete mistress of screenic moods, is the bright star of this piece. The plot is built around a girl falsely slandered with being the cause of a woman's death. She marries the woman's brother ignorant of the relationship and believing that he knows her past. He is in reality unaware of it, but malignant gossips soon acquaint him with the false facts. Fearful that he will not understand her innocence but will believe the wicked newspaper slander, as is the way with most people, she runs away. But she finds that true love is capable of understanding and forgiving, for her husband searches the earth over for her until he finds her. Romantically beautiful are the scenes laid in Venice, even if the gondola does hesitate now and then in the simulated canal. Miss Ferguson's gowns are remarkably artistic.

THE SHEPHERD OF THE HILLS—WRIGHT PICTURE PLAYS

Speaking uncharitably, this is an example of what happens when an author tries to hog it all. In polite words, Harold Bell Wright has attempted to be everything in producing this picturization of his very fine book. He has tried to do everything that it has taken other men years to learn to do. Not only did he write the scenario for his picture, but he picked the cast, the locations and he directed it, the result being exactly what you would expect it to be: an amteurish piece of work. No *one* man can be everything and Harold Bell Wright is a story-teller and *not* a picture producer. In spite, however, of the weakness of the production, which has all the earmarks of amateur theatricals, the *story* holds one's attention in its illustrated form, just as it did in book form; in fact that is all the picture is: a series of illustrations, moving to be sure, of the well-loved book. I like the story of Sammy Lane and I like the wholesomeness of Catherine Curtis, an amateur discovered by Mr. Wright. The story contains such excellent action that I am sorry Mr. Wright didn't feel that he could trust its picture production to real craftsmen.

A WHITE MAN'S CHANCE—HODKINSON

J. Warren Kerrigan is the dashing hero of this romance, which occurs in Mexico if I recollect correctly. Anyway, J. Warren is dashingly handsome when he disguises himself as a Mexican

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grandee in order to determine whether his ward is engaged to a suitable party or not. Of course he himself falls in love with his ward and what could be more natural than that he should find the other man totally unsuitable? After many well-staged fights he wins the girl for *himself*. The girl being Lillian Walker, we couldn't see the attraction ourselves, but then it was all in the scenario, a speedy moving one with plenty of local color to create interest.

STEPPING OUT—PARAMOUNT

Stepping out is just exactly what Enid Bennett does in this photoplay. She steps out of the rut of mediocre plays and colorless characterizations, into an honest-to-goodness heart-throbber. Unlike most movies this does not end with the happy wedding bells, but begins with them. We have always wondered what happened *after* the golden band was securely placed and we had a feeling that all problems were not solved by that inevitable last moment movie solution. Therefore we like this story of the little wife who bravely taught her selfish husband a lesson, and after she had forgiven him his foibles and the final curtain rang down we had a real feeling that they had found happiness, the happiness of give and take. Enid Bennett is charmingly womanly and sincere in the part of the wife, Niles Welch has the rôle of husband.

BE A LITTLE SPORT—FOX

Here is a droll little comedy starring those two new Fox stellar youngsters, Albert Ray and Elinor Fair. It concerns the complications which follow when a young lad gets a girl to go thru a mock marriage with him in order to obtain a certain sum of money from a rich relative. The plan being of course to separate at the altar, but a real minister officiates by mistake . . . For which they are thankful in the end. A good clean comedy that made the whole house laugh when I saw it.

THE VEILED ADVENTURE—SELZNICK

Altho this is not an especially new release of the fair Constance Talmadge, it has not received mention in these columns before. For that reason I wish to give it favorable mention here, for it is one of those breezy delightful tales of real girls such as we seldom see on the screen. Connie does more, in my mind, for rights for women than all the harangues shouted by toothless dames. In this play she outwits everybody and brings a delicious prig of a man to her feet just as she had made a bet she would. Harrison Forde is the delicious man in question and it is pleasant to see Vera Sisson's pretty face in the cast.

THE VALLEY OF THE GIANTS—PARAMOUNT

Screened from the novel of Peter B. Kyne I scarcely think it necessary to repeat the detailed plot of this story in the small space I have left. The star of the piece is Wallace Reid, who has long since graduated from the ranks of merely handsome leading man, into those of the real actor. He does some subtle and pleasing work as the young giant who gets the best of an unscrupulous financier. He is beautifully assisted by Grace Darmond while Kay Laurel also graces the cast.

HEARTSEASE—GOLDWYN

"Heartsease" . . . the title has a romantic sound and the play lives up to it, also the star, Tom Moore. Moore is a clever actor who always gets into the spirit of the thing, therefore I am glad to see him.



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A Week-End With Temperament

(*Continued from page* 59)

one way and Madlaine another. We found only two sheets in the house and made our bed with them before we discovered that there were no others. Madlaine, therefore, had to sleep between blankets.

But, as I said before, everything was finally arranged, even to the flashlight which was placed on the table between the couch and bed so that it might be quickly reached if there was any disturbance in the night. Madlaine had seen a tramp in the afternoon and Peggy had taken a gun from the wall, hoping that if we did have a visitor he might take one look at it and depart.

"Oh-h-h-h, listen to the wind blowing thru those trees," came a voice from the couch, and Peggy sat up quickly to make sure the noise was the wind and not a tramp. As she did so I turned over and we had a collision.

"Put out your hand the next time you turn, Sis Hopkins," said Peggy, "then I'll know what you're going to do. The name "Sis Hopkins" was applied because my hair was up in curlers. I am not blessed with naturally wavy hair, and I had to look presentable on the journey back to Hollywood the next afternoon.

"Why spoil the weird moaning of the wind by the gestures of the traffic cop?" questioned Madlaine, always able to find beauty in the things about her.

"All right, Madie, I forgot that such things appealed to your emotional temperament. I prefer something less terrifying myself and I'm not quite sure that noise is the wind. However, I'm going to sleep," and Peggy flopped back on the pillow, but did not sleep until she told us both, in a most suggestive manner, what she had done, while at boarding-school, to a roommate who snored.

The next morning we drew straws to see who'd have a bath first, and it was Madlaine's lucky day, for the hot water heater went on a strike after she had helped herself, and both Peggy and I had to pretend we enjoyed a cold plunge.

While we did this Madlaine walked about, imploring Peggy to hurry and prepare some food. It was eleven o'clock and she is accustomed to breakfasting at seven-thirty. But an inspection of the larder told us there was only food enough for one more meal, so we dined at eleven-thirty on a "brunch," or breakfast-luncheon.

After "brunch," Peggy and Madlaine said how envious the other players would be when they heard about our rustic week-end, and I promptly declared they'd never believe servants had been left behind unless we took some photographs to prove the story. So Madlaine and Peggy posed without any preparation of any kind, thinking the pictures were for their own albums only.

Before climbing into the "noble Buicks," thus christened by the stars who drive them and ought to know, which were to take us back to civilization, we gathered some wild flowers on the mountainside and ran away from some harmless snakes —mostly ran away from snakes!

"Peg" and "Madie" are now congratulating themselves on the way they stole their week-end away from everything, even magazine writers. Imagine their feelings when they see this magazine!

But, as to my feelings, I never had any idea that temperament was such a human —and delightful—thing.

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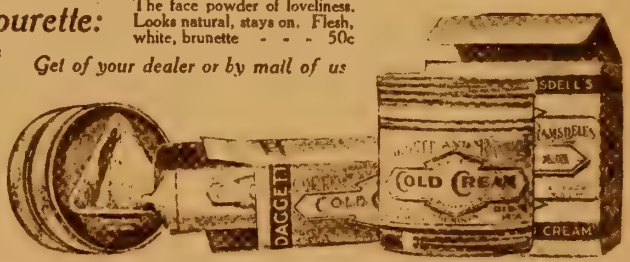
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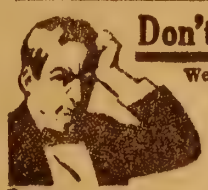
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White Wings That Sometimes Grew Weary

(*Continued from page 57*)

a broken or sprained leg it was a case for iodine. I had had my pills and been in bed with flu two days, when George Chesebrough and Buck Andrews came to visit me and said they were going to town to get 'boco likker'—the term for 'beaucoup' wine. They thought it would cure me to have a good drink, too, so they sneaked me out safely. I came back satisfied.

"Next day the doctor said I was well enough to get up and had me back at quarters in no time. It was the boco that helped—and really, I did stay well.

"But after that I got to be the colonel's orderly and one day they put me elsewhere and sent George on as orderly, and as the colonel liked us both, we got our chance. I began to study the radio service and was fortunate enough to take the message which declared cessation of hostilities.

"I had been working on the two-hour shift, and just five minutes before I was to leave the message came in. It read:

"'First. *The hostilities will be stopped on the entire front on the 11th day of November, 1918, at eleven A. M., French time.*

"'Second. *Allied troops will not, until further order, go beyond the lines they have reached at this time.*

(*Signed*) MARSHAL FOCH.'

"When we got back to quarters and were allowed to go into town, we kist every man, woman and child we met—and they kist us. I'm glad now that I did not miss all those experiences abroad and while people say that those who did not actually fight were not real soldiers, I believe that the hardships and inconveniences we went thru will be valuable to most of us as character-developers. Anyway, I came back a first-class private and that's better than the Kenneth Harlan that went over."

We wondered what would be the next move of the leading man who has just finished a picture with Mary Pickford, soon to be released and called "The Hoodlum." It was an odd coincidence that made Kenneth Harlan play his first engagement upon his return with the "Little Godmother" of the regiment in which he went to France.

Before his soldiering days began, he played a lead with Viola Dana in "The Microbe." Will he play with her again? Will he be a Goldwyn stock player? We've seen Kenneth hovering around Culver City, but he says nothing.

I asked him what he intended to do, however, as befitted an interviewer.

"When a man's been out of sight for eight months," he said, "it takes the public a certain length of time to recover interest in him. Talk about jobs for returned soldiers! I've had a few, but I'm still awaiting the arrival of some wealthy nut who may think me worthy of stardom. So in the meantime, I shall play leads, since one must live, you know, but——"

The word "but" plays a big part in Kenneth Harlan's life. He loves good clothes, sports, riding, driving and dancing. He has exquisite tastes. He wants to make everybody happy and all this is a program that runs into money. Meanwhile our young man has just taken a vacation at Catalina and caught his first tuna and is telling a great fish story, but not to us, for we are wise—and ancient!—and no longer believe in tales of fish and fairies.



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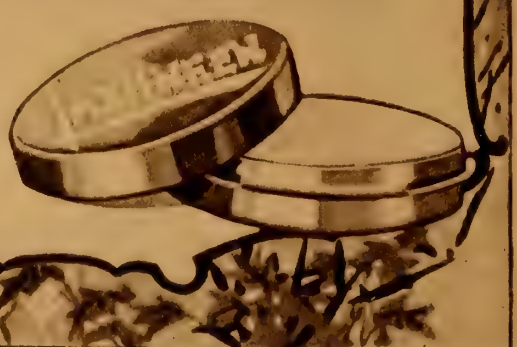
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Leah of Old and New

(*Continued from page* 60)

me pouting and pulling at a curl. They do not want to see me in rags and tatters. They want to see me in the costume of society, in a ballroom, in a drawing-room. They want the clever woman of the world. That is what I want to give them. Occasionally, of course, one has to make a compromise, but whenever I can I try to suit my role to my type—which I know perfectly. I feel that that is something—knowing one's self."

Miss Baird was enthusiastic about her new pictures. Her husband, Mr. Beck, is producing them, Augustus Thomas is writing, or has written them, and Miss Baird and Doris Kenyon are starring in them. The combination is rich with promise.

Other than her work, she was very modernly engaged in the throes of apartment hunting, and told me, with some plaintiveness, of the shoes she had worn out and the inner tubes she had demolished on her unromantic but necessary quest. "I have just managed to get Ina Claire's apartment," she told me, "after searching and *searching* and considerable complication."

Apartments and one thing and another led us to talk of the little everydays of life—and vice versa. I asked her what she thought the big thing in life was, and she answered me, very promptly, "Love—of the *little* things. Just love."

She expatiated. "I dont mean just the love of woman for man," she said, "nor the love of man for woman, sacred and beautiful tho that may be. I mean the love of home, of my poms here, of the view from my windows, of my vases and flowers and tables and chairs. I mean *service*, too. I dearly love to get tea for my husband, for instance. I love to brew it and fix it just as he likes it and then hang over him and fix it for him. I love the little things, the little, happy things that really are the happiest of all. We never discuss shop in our home, Mr. Beck and I. Once we close the door against the outside wall we forget it—professionally. We keep home *home*.

"Of course, I want to succeed. If fame came to me without too much sacrifice of the smaller things of content, I should like fame, but I shall not break my heart over it, nor live in that terrible state which thinks, with the rising sun, 'Now what can I do for Leah Baird *today*?' and is still thinking the same thing, feverishly, when the sun sets. My husband often says to me, 'Leah, if you only had more ambition!' and I laugh at him and tell him that he should be glad that I can find content along the way as I go. Sometimes he will tell me that he is going to make Leah Baird the greatest thing in the world, and I tell him to go ahead and God bless him, but that I shall not mind if he does not succeed. It is heart-breaking to see the stress so many put on some tinsel goal, and all at once they either reach the goal or they do not reach it, but either way they find that they have missed the little everyday as they shoved and strained ahead. I want to succeed and to feel that I am getting and giving my fullest self-expression, but I do not believe you either get that or give it by the do or die slogan. Development is more natural, more simple and much more beautiful."

The Leah of new has not forgotten nor foregone the beautiful, simple precepts of the olden Leah, as she has not foregone the hair like ebony and the teeth like ivory.



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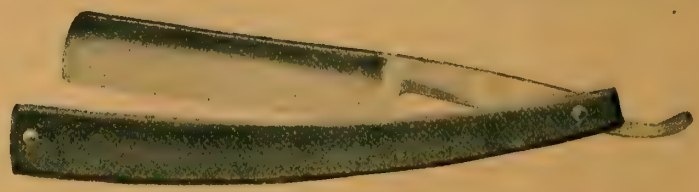
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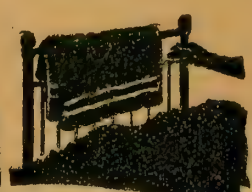
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The Teeth of the Tiger

(*Continued from page* 65)

man—I, Arsene Lupin who have snapped my fingers in the face of death a thousand times, "where is Florence Lavasseur? When did you see her last?"

"Only an hour ago, Monsieur," the butler trembled, "the kind old man, Jean Vernocq was with her. They went out together and got into a taxicab and I heard him say—Gare du Nord——"

And then I knew. The devil who had conceived the ghastly scheme of getting his victims to kill themselves, the black soul who was wading to his desired goal of gold thru the blood of so many slaughtered innocents was none other than the little, kindly hunchback with the face *d'un ange du ciel!*

I will only weary you a little further, Mesdames and Messieurs. How I followed that twisted soul in his twisted body and his unsuspecting victim to the Gare du Nord and was lucky enough to find one who remembered whither the odd pair had gone, how I arrived at Alençon only to find that they were not there, how I stumbled on the clue that led me at length to the grotto in the clay bank by the river, these matters are even yet not clear to my mind—as you may imagine *peut-etre*, for yourselves. I suppose when I got there I looked like a madman myself, for Florence screamed at the sight of me, and then screamed again as she pointed to the ropes that cut her arms.

"He will return! He will return!" was all she could moan, as I slashed frantically at her bonds and at last held her in my arms, trembling, unable to speak. But she soon controlled herself and pointed toward the opening of the cave, which was walled like a room, and was no doubt the workshop where this devil-man hid himself to concoct his schemes of hell. "He tried to make me promise to marry him," she shudered, "he—he was not the Jean Vernocq I have always known. His eyes were like flames, his figures,—his long crooked arms—" she swayed, but went on, *ma brave p'tit!* "He told me that if I did not marry him and share my fortune, he would get it all anyway. He promised that he would return after an hour, in which I could decide and if I still was obstinate he would pull the bank down, burying the cave forever——"

When Jean Vernocq returned he peered into the dimness of the cave room evilly, then called—dreadful threats, obscene things that made my dear one, crouched with me in the underbrush above, shudder to hear and creep closer. And then, growing furious at her silence, he entered the cave—and then—

Never say, *mon ami*, that there is no God above who punishes men's sins. For not a human hand touched that bank of clay, and yet it trembled, moved—and with a hoarse roar slid down, wiping out the cave, burying its master fathoms deep under the smothering clay.

Florence and I? Ah, that is our story, and ours alone! We neither of us had any appetite for those blood-rusted millions and turned them over to the government to spend for the little orphans of the Great War. And my Paris forgave me for the old days, so I go now proudly under my own name, and have given it to another, a wondrous small one, a tiny Arsene with his mother's eyes who will bear it more worthily, I hope, than ever his father before him.

And so with me it is as your English poet says: "God's in His *ciel*, all is *bon* with the world."

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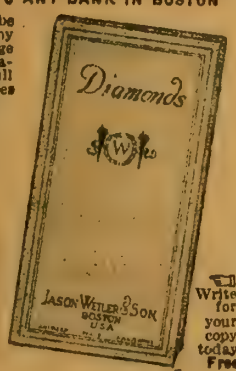
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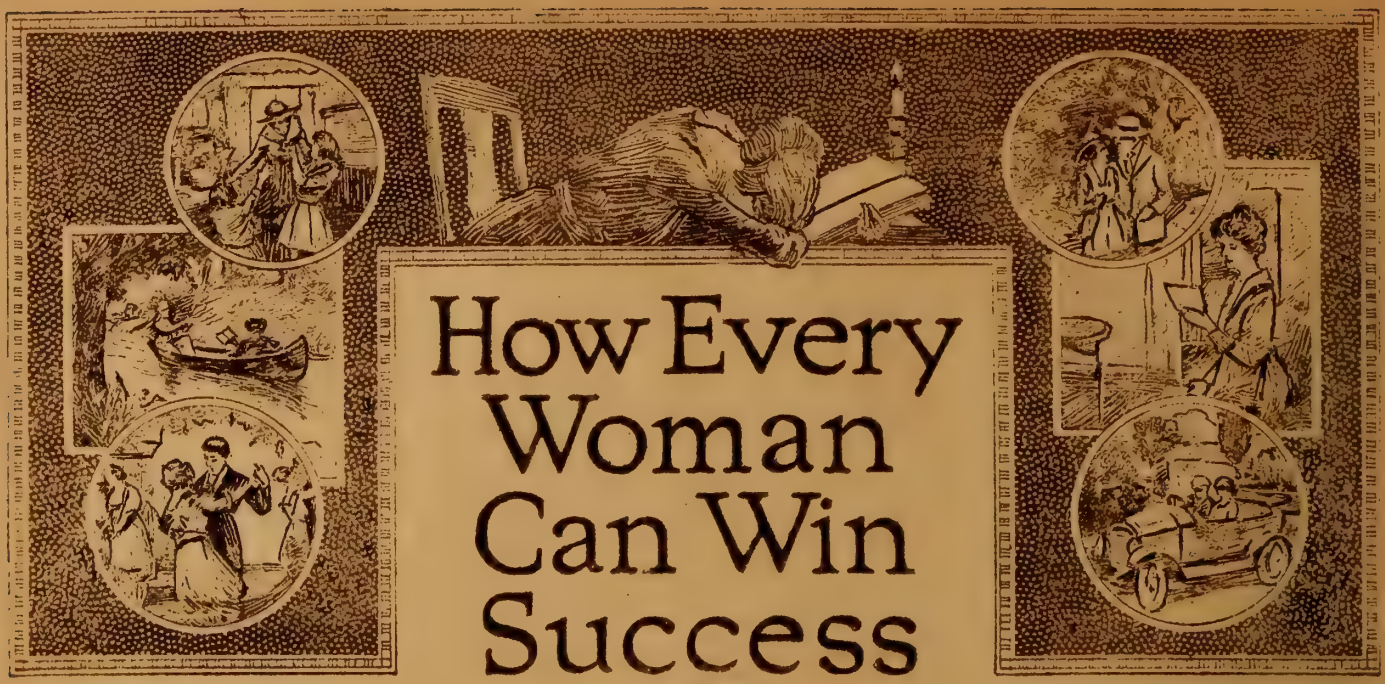
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My Message to You:

What a wonderful thing it is to be liked by everybody, to feel that your friends are legion and to be sought out in business and social life.

Of all persons who are ordained to struggle through life the lot of the woman without charm is the hardest. How often must she give up love and happiness and settle down to a drab, grey life of broken-hearted lonesomeness, her heart's fondest desires denied her.

Do You Know Yourself?

Oh, so many times have I noticed women—young, middle-aged and old—under the spell of what is only a simple little misunderstanding about themselves, one little weakness in their personality warping the whole fabric of their own glorious beings.

It is true—the woman without personality is doomed to failure. Oh! the pity of it all—the shame of it—for there is hardly a woman in this wide, wide world but who could be charming, lovable, fascinating and successful if she so wills it—and IF SHE ONLY KNEW THE SECRET.

Magnetism of Attractive Personality

You probably know that I spent many years in France and have been privileged as few other women ever have been before, to study feminine secrets of fascination.

I have observed women possessing the face and form of a Venus, yet who were the most abject, pathetic failures imaginable. I have seen women whom you would consider anything but beautiful surrounded with love, luxury and all the other beautiful things there are in this life.

Right here let me say that I am speaking solely of those women who are modest and otherwise refined; for respectability is in itself a valuable part of a winning personality of the kind that truly succeeds. Cleverness, forwardness and illiberal use of cosmetics never were reasons why women possessed charming, magnetic personalities.

Many of the women I studied had passed into the late thirties, forties—and quite a few knew a life of over fifty years. They enjoyed success and happiness and still grew more winsome as the years stole over their heads.

You have wished that you, too, could be like them, that you could put others at ease in your presence, feeling that you naturally love everybody, demanding in return the love and esteem which you know is **your rightful heritage.**

French Secrets of Fascination

"Ah, **these French women!**" says the world, and the world knows. "How charming they are, what bewitching grace!" Is it no wonder that so many of our fine soldier boys took unto themselves French wives?



Juliette Fara

And yet as a rule, our French sisters are far less beautiful of feature than the average American girl. Now comes the secret. **With them, personality is an art.** They acquire it, learn it just as you would learn to sew or to cook. And it has been for me, Juliette Fara, to delve deeply into the mysteries of an attractive personality. It has been for me first to learn these wonderful secrets of charming femininity. I must tell to you the things you should know if you are to win the men of your heart, gain business success, shine in society or succeed otherwise in your chosen career.



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Your Personality Can Be Developed

Doubtless you may say, "Ah, me! I was born to be a failure! I am never to have the self-confidence, the charm and personality of my more fortunate friend." Yes, I have heard just such expressions from the lips of women I have met and right down deep in my heart I've felt like giving them a good friendly shaking.

Now don't you think it is ridiculous? I am sure you will, when you know a few of the little things I can tell you to do if you really want to be as charmingly attractive as the most fascinating women you ever knew or saw.

Overcoming Your Handicaps

So successful have I been in using the secrets of personality that I do not hesitate a single moment to assure you, dear Friend, that I can take a girl of rather timid, retiring character and make her over into one who will be **so charmingly and yet discreetly daring,** so perfectly and adorably natural, that she can have the most desirable of men at her feet. **If you are frail and listless,** lacking the vigor of a perfect womanhood, I can show you how to become gracious, inspiring, and strong. I can "whisper into your ear" secrets that will let sunshine into your heart and into the lives of all who come in contact with you. **I can make you worshipped and adored** for the very loveliness of your character. So everyone who knows you may say, "Is she not wonderful!" **"What a wonderful woman!"** "What a charming girl!" "How becomingly she dresses!" and a host of other things every girl or woman wants to have said about her.

But I don't want you to think that I would take all the credit for such a transformation. It is due almost entirely to the secrets of personality I have acquired, and compiled into what I think is the most wonderful set of facts, methods and formulas a woman could possess. THIS INCLUDES YOU.

For Married Women

Ah! You who are married! Are you doing everything you should to keep and deepen the love of your husband? Are you living as happily as you might? Or are you neglecting the many little things which could make you **beloved beyond your dreams?**

I have seen the French friends of our own sex actually perform wonders with selfish, overbearing husbands. I have watched the ungenerous spirits of their men undergo subtle and amazing changes when they have brought to bear those wonderful ways, the secrets of which I would like to tell you more.

And it is so simple and yet so wonderful. If you are happy I can show you how to be happier. If your married life is unhappy, the greatest joy of my life will be to show you how, quietly and without anybody ever knowing, to change to the rosy-hued happiness that you can awaken in yourself, in your husband or in your children.

Joy Is Coming To You!

I feel that already you know Juliette Fara. My work for the magazines, translations of French literature and plays are so well known that you will feel that I do not come to you entirely as a stranger.

And so you know me and have confidence in what I say, C'est Bien? Out of my dear France I serve my beloved America. To YOU I bring the secrets of a winning personality and would tell you more.

So I ask you, ma chere ami, to know that my course of study is no idle experiment. It has helped many, many of my sisters to achieve the big things of a woman's life. It cannot but help YOU.

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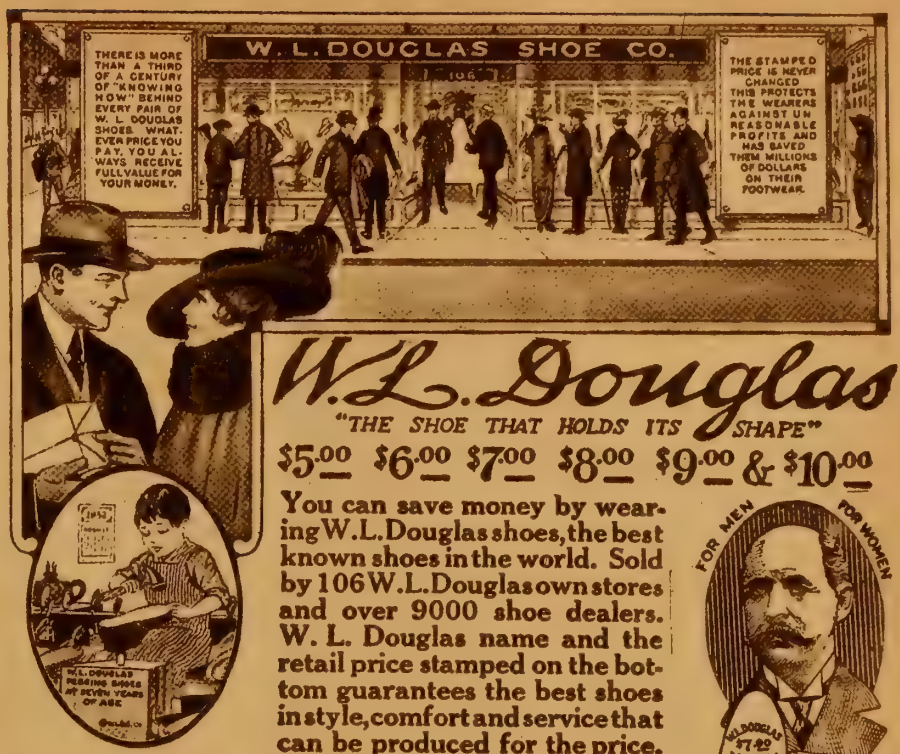
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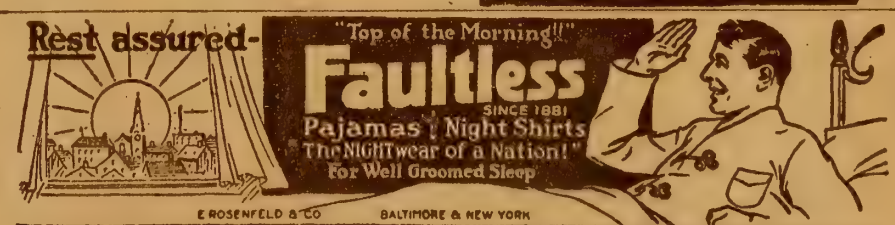
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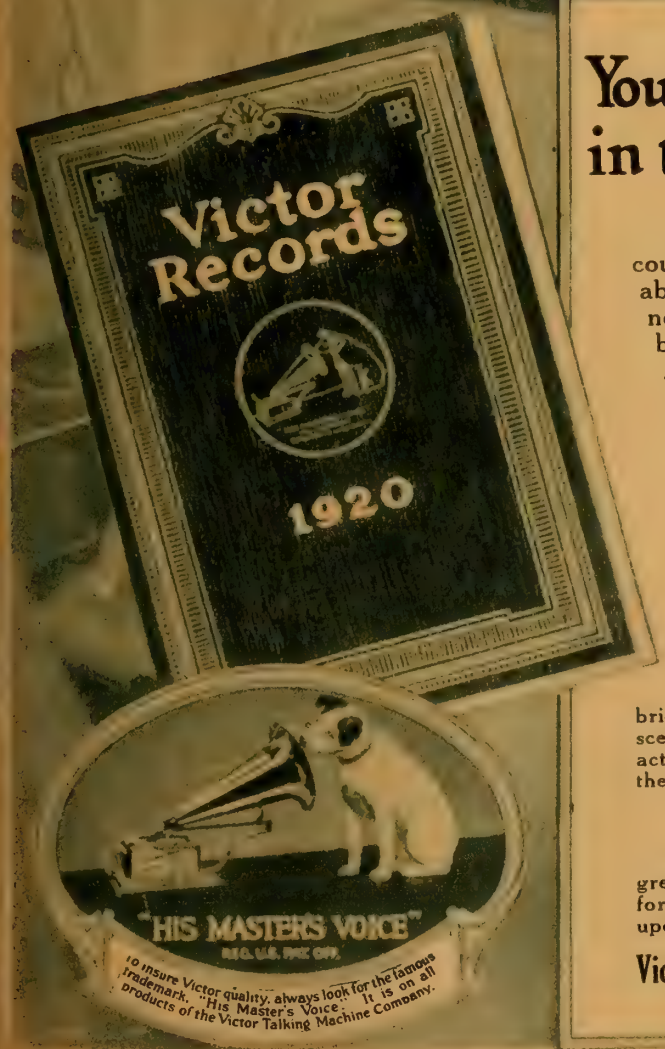
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Motion Picture Magazine

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Vol. XVIII JANUARY, 1920 No. 12

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Almost a decade ago, when the art of the screen was first pronounced worthy of depicting life's dramas, this Magazine was founded. From the first, it aimed to be the voice of the Silent Drama—the friend of those in front, and of the shadowed players. It has always been ready to encourage all that is good, and eager to wield its power against all that is unworthy. Every word, every picture in this Magazine is printed for you, the reader; hence it is your magazine, and the official organ of the Motion Picture public.

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Letters to the Editor

The mail bag of the last month has contained so many letters, from Australians, Canadians, Americans, French, Belgian and other allied countrymen, prompted by the letter of our Canadian correspondent in the August magazine who resented the idea conveyed in many films that America won the war, that it would be impossible to print them all.

That such a question should arise seems a pity. For years people all over the world anxiously awaited the day that Right would conquer Might—for the day that the mailed fist of Germany would cease to threaten civilization and humanity. And now that that day has come—now that the dove of peace has enfolded the suffering, bleeding, old world in its wings, brushing away all strife and hatred, let us not err in seeking undue credit. The glory of victory belongs to no nation individually, but rather to America and the Allies. When it is said "America won the war," it is meant that the entrance of a nation as powerful as America at that psychological time broke the German morale—that the millions given to Ally war industries and the hundreds and hundreds of thousands of American soldiers joining the fighting forces gave the Allied soldiery hope and courage anew. Surely the thousands of crude crosses marking the graves of Americans who "went west" means something, and surely the years before Old Glory took her place on the firing line when the Allied forces kept the march to Paris a German myth through the terrible onslaught of the Hun hordes means something—no one will ever forget Verdun and the immortal words "They shall not pass!"

Together we won the war, by planning together, fighting together and dying together. Keep alive the spirit of camaraderie—let us carry on—*together!*

Another good scenario writer gone wrong:

DEAR SIR—I see some have been finding fault with directors—now a scenarioist has gone wrong. In the recent Norma Talmadge picture, "The Heart of Wetona," it was stated that the Indian girl had been educated at a young ladies' seminary, and yet she talked horribly broken English. That is certainly not the kind of a seminary I would like to have attended.

May I suggest that you interview the Lee children? They were here in person this Spring, and I found them so bright and interesting.

Sincerely,

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Richmond, Va



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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE published MONTHLY at 175 DUFFIELD ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y., for OCTOBER 1, 1919. State of NEW YORK, County of KINGS. Before me, a NOTARY PUBLIC in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared EUGENE V. BREWSTER, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the PRESIDENT of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, THE M. P. PUBLISHING CO., 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Editor, EUGENE V. BREWSTER, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Managing Editor, FREDERICK J. SMITH, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Business Manager, GUY L. HARRINGTON, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y. 2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock) EUGENE V. BREWSTER, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; EDWIN M. LA ROCHE, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; ALBERT E. SMITH, E. 15th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; ELIZABETH M. HEINEMANN, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; ELEANOR V. BREWSTER, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; WM. ROCK, E. 15th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; GASTON MELIES, 326 Lexington Ave., New York City. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state) NONE. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is—(This information is required from daily publications only). EUGENE V. BREWSTER, (Signature of editor, publisher, business manager, or owner). Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1919. E. M. HEINEMANN. (My commission expires March 30, 1920.)

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THE JANUARY SHADOWLAND

With its holiday issue, "the Magazine of Magazines" will be more beautiful than ever. A joyous riot of colors, it will be—in keeping with the season.

There will be color plates galore, many sections in tone colors and whole sections in striking rotogravure.

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to be had the world over are gathered for Shadowland.

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A striking article by **Kenneth Macgowan** will be devoted to Lee Simonson, the creator of stage settings of the new school.

The newest **plays** and the newest **books** will be discussed interestingly.

The **screen** will be represented by many pictures and articles.

My lady's fashions of the moment will be graphically presented.

SHADOWLAND

175 DUFFIELD ST. BROOKLYN
NEW YORK

Will Mrs. Delaney, whose letter about Alice Brady appeared in the October MAGAZINE, be good enough to communicate with the Editor? A letter has been sent to her via the MAGAZINE, which we are holding and which, we feel sure, will interest her.

Here is a prayer for relief from the custom-made movie plot:

EDITOR:—With more or "less" interest I have digested some of the letters to the Editor; this man Finnerty in his epistle to you about "Bolshevism on Trial" is telling us only his impression. While to six readers he may be correct in his criticism, half a dozen will be just as sincere in the praise of the picture in question.

One has his favorites, his likes and dislikes. But honestly, can you point out one screen picture, may it be tragedy, drama, comedy, slapstick, Charlie Chaplinese or "Fatty" Arbuckling, which does not always end where one finds the heroine fading out in the respective star's arms?

Seems to me the so-called movie writer-authors should put on skid chains, get out of the rut, go into "high" gear and strike the highway of entertainment as well as education. It can be done; if I remember correctly, it has been done once or twice. This everlasting falling in love at first sight, fighting overwhelming odds, and coming out on top—it's not done nowadays. Take Harry Morey in "Beauty Proof." Can you, even under the influence of 2.75% beverages, imagine a N. W. mounted policeman following a female—no matter how beautiful—"up north" without his coat and gauntlets? Silly. Good luck and success.

Sincerely,
RICHARD HARDEN.
14 Southern Ave.,
Dorchester Centre, Mass.

A word of praise for those players whose characterizations do not receive the credit which is their due, in which the editor heartily joins:

DEAR EDITOR—Just a few words in appreciation of some of the players who are so necessary in many of the photoplays, but who are never mentioned—and they are the dear old people.

The younger actors and actresses get so much praise, with never a word for the older ones that I think it is time a little was said of them. There is fine, gentle Alec B. Francis, kindly Frank Losee, Herbert Standing, Spottiswood Aitken (not always kindly), Edward Kimball,—also Robert Brower, Mr. Kent and others whom I cannot recall just now. As for the old ladies, there is Gertrude Claire, Edythe Chapman, Kate Lester and several others that mean as much to the play and who are not mentioned.

I think that I am an average movie fan, going five nights out of seven, and sometimes more, and these players get to be like friends, and it is only natural that I should be interested in their life story. I would like to see a write-up in an early number of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, which is the best ever.

Sincerely,
A MOVIE FAN.
Everett, Washington.

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With the assistance of famous directors and motion picture stars we have prepared a printed guide, just off the press, which tells you what to do and gives full directions.

It also contains endorsements of our service from famous people, statements from directors, history and portraits of celebrated stars and direct advice to you from Mollie King.

Remember that salaries in this profession are big—that beauty plays but a small part—that experience is not necessary—and that thousands of all types will be needed to meet the tremendously growing demand. Send ten cents (Postage or Coin) to cover postage and wrapping this new guide. Get it at once—it may start you on the road to fame and fortune. Address:

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A word in behalf of the often criticized serial:

DEAR EDITOR—I am an ardent reader of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and CLASSIC and I take great interest in your department, having read it for two years.

Every one seems to have certain stars whom they either praise or criticise without any regard for the stars' feelings. I have just received the May magazine in which I see that Mr. Thomas Finnerty again visits your columns and I dont agree with him about the deadly epidemic of serial thrillers one bit—in fact, we, in South America, cannot get enough serial plays and want more and more of them.

I have many favorites, but the star I select for praise is Marie Walcamp—truly, she is an actress the movie world can be proud of—the way in which she plays with her life is marvelous. I dont see how any one could see her in such plays as "The Red Ace," and "The Lion's Claw," in all of her moods and then not have a feeling of admiration and sympathy for her. I, for one, hope Marie Walcamp will make many more serials and that Pearl White and Ruth Roland will do the same, for we know them very well here.

I wish every future success to the movie stars, one and all, and also to the publisher of THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and CLASSIC.

Sincerely,
GRACE EDWARDES.

Valparaiso, Chile.

It is doubtless encouraging to the stars to know that those who have benefited by their generosity in connection with the distribution of their photographs come forward with a word in their behalf when it is necessary for them to do so. In the heavy mail of the players there are sure to be letters which get at the bottom of the heap and which are seemingly neglected. Six months seems a long while to wait for an answer to one's request, but if pictures are eventually sent, even after that elapse of time, it would appear to show that considerable care and attention is given these requests from their friends among the public, and that the interest which prompted the letter is duly appreciated.

DEAR EDITOR—With great surprise and not a little indignation, I read M. S.'s letter in a recent edition of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. Miss Stuart names three of our most popular stars who she contends will not send photographs to their admirers. Yet I've received beautiful photos from these stars. Partly because Miss Stuart is my favorite, I will try to hasten to my idol's vindication. Anita certainly is nothing if not generous with her pretty pictures. My friend recently received four pictures of her in one big envelope, and they were large ones, too. I, too, have been the proud recipient of pictures from my Anita. Have a heart, Marion! Anita has been away for so long—and if I were afflicted with illness and contracts, I certainly would find it practically impossible to bother about pictures. Just imagine how much mail she has accumulated And

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Shadowland

it is quite evident that Anita is endeavoring to get rid of it as soon as possible. But all this takes time and I certainly have been rewarded for my patience. If Miss Stuart will write to "The Goddess," in care of her own company at 2 West 45th Street, N. Y., I'm sure the desired photograph will reach her before long.

Norma Talmadge sent me a small photograph,—but it took over six months to send it at that. And while speaking about Norma Talmadge—she certainly is in need of good stories. "The Way of a Woman," and "The New Moon," were frightfully mediocre.

But to go back to photos—Alice Joyce sent me a dream. I hear, however, that Miss Joyce now asks the sum of a quarter for her likeness and turns the proceeds over to some fund. It is a very good idea indeed, and those who admire Miss Joyce will be only too glad to send her the money because of the good it will undeniably do.

Now that I've written about "my trio" I want to congratulate you and your staff for this wonderful magazine.

Very truly,
(Miss) Jessamine Levit.
New York City, N. Y.

A friend of long standing writes us:

Dear Editor—I have been a most ardent reader of your most interesting magazine for a number of years. Now, for the first time, I am writing to you of my appreciation and it is high time that I was doing it. To me your magazine stands first and foremost among screen magazines because it has developed, improved and advanced with the advancement of the motion picture itself. Since the publication of The Classic, I find myself wandering around to the magazine stand twice a month for both of the publications are full of interesting articles.

Now for a few of my ideas concerning motion pictures and actors. I believe that some of the greatest actors are not classed as stars. For example, to me Tully Marshall is a far greater actor than Bill Hart. I have seen Mr. Marshall do more real acting. It takes more strength than ability to ride a horse and look (hard) to be a good actor.

The reason that Mary Pickford holds the throne lies in the fact that she can really act, she has true dramatic ability. And too, she is very careful to pick a good plot, a strong cast, and last but not least a most efficient director. But the public thinks the whole charm lies in Mary's curls!

I could write pages upon pages but I know it would be useless. I will mention a few of my favorite actors and then close—Alice Joyce, Geraldine Farrar, the Gish girls, Nazimova, and, of course, Mary Pickford. And as for the men—Harry Morey, House Peters, Doug. Fairbanks, Wallie Reed, Raymond Hatton, Jack Holt, Theodore Roberts, Elliot Dexter, and Tully Marshall. I have named my favorites in their respective types.

Yours truly,
Alfred P. Moore.
Chehalis, Washington.

A correspondent on a farm in Minnesota wishes to hear from some readers:

Dear Editor—I have read your two splendid magazines for some time and certainly enjoy them very much. Of

(*Continued on page* 14.)



"We Must Fly To-Night!"

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Life's All Love—Our beautiful new waltz hit—catchy and tuneful. Postpaid 30c. Harmony Music Company, 63 Thayer Hall, Cambridge, Mass.

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Patents Procured—Trade-Marks Registered—A comprehensive, experienced, prompt service for the protection and development of your ideas. Preliminary advice gladly furnished without charge. Booklet of information and form for disclosing idea free on request. Richard B. Owen, 121 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C., or 2278-S Woolworth Bldg., New York.

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How to Write Photoplays. Our book tells how; also where to sell. Contains model scenario, list of 50 buyers, and all information necessary; price 25c. Photoplay Book Company, 4838 Champlain Ave., Chicago.

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Send Me Your Ideas, Plots, etc., for photoplays! Submit in any form. I will arrange in photoplay form, typewrite and help you sell! Details free. H. L. Hursh, Dept. 2, 123 So. Third St., Harrisburg, Pa.

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Free to Writers—A wonderful little book of money-making hints, suggestions, ideas; the A B C of successful story and play writing. Absolutely free. Just address Authors' Press, Dept. 8, Auburn, N. Y.

Write the Words for a Song. We revise poems, write music and guarantee to secure publication. Submit poems on any subject. Broadway Studios, 105H Fitzgerald Bldg., New York.

Write photoplays! $50 to $300 each. Our plan tells you how; free to beginners; write for it to-day! Los Angeles Photoplay Co., 123 N. Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

"The Exploitation of Photoplay Writing and Selling." Most practical book on above subject ever published. Endorsed by film companies. Send for free "Pointers." McConnell Publishing Co., 1250 E. 13th St., Des Moines, Ia.

SHORT STORIES

Writers—Have you a song-poem, story or photoplay to sell? Submit Mss. now. Music Sales Co., 42 St. Louis.

SONG POEMS

Do you want your song poems accepted? Send your poems to-day for best offer, immediate publication and free examination. Song writing booklet on request. Authors & Composers Service Co., Suite 505, 1431 Broadway, New York.

Write the Words for a Song. We revise poems, compose music for them and guarantee to secure publication on royalty basis by New York music publisher. Our Chief Composer is a song-writer of national reputation and has written many big song-hits. Submit poems on any subject. Broadway Studios, 105-B Fitzgerald Bldg., New York.

Write a Song—Love, mother, home, childhood, patriotic or any subject. I compose music and guarantee publication. Send words to-day. Thomas Merlin, 231 Reaper Block, Chicago.

Your manuscripts are very valuable and if properly handled mean money to you. Write us before submitting them to any one. Send for reading matter. Correspondence solicited. The Union Music Co., 432 Sycamore St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

THEATRICALS

Are you contemplating a theatrical career? Do not enter your chosen profession uninformed. Authentic, reliable information upon request. New York Theatrical Advisory Bureau, 250 Broadway, New York City.

SONG WRITERS

You write words for a song—We write the music, publish, and secure a copyright. Submit poems on any subject. The Metropolitan Studios, 914 S. Michigan Avenue, Room 103, Chicago, Illinois.

SONG WRITERS

Song Writers' Manual and Guide sent free! Contains valuable instructions and advice. Submit song-poems for examination. We will furnish music, copyright and facilitate publication or sale. Knickerbocker Studios, 309 Gaiety Bldg., New York.

Write the Words for a Song. We revise poems, compose music for them and guarantee to secure publication on royalty basis by New York music publisher. Our Chief Composer is a song-writer of national reputation and has written many big song-hits. Submit poems on any subject. Broadway Studios, 105-A Fitzgerald Bldg., New York.

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Inventors—Write for our free illustrated guide book, "How to Obtain a Patent." Send model or sketch and description of your invention for our opinion of its patentable nature free. Highest references. Prompt attention. Reasonable terms. Victor J. Evans & Co., 833 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

STORIES WANTED

Stories, Poems, Plays, etc., are wanted for publication. Good ideas bring big money. Submit MSS. or write Literary Bureau, 134, Hannibal, Mo.

Earn $25 Weekly, spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details free. Press Syndicate, 560 St. Louis, Mo.

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Earn $50 to $200 weekly

Fascinating work taking you to all parts of the world

E. BRUNEL COLLEGE of Photography

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Day or night classes. 3 months' course complete instruction in *General Photography* and *Motion Pictures* operating all standard cameras. Expert instructors. Installments taken. *Emile Brunel* operates 20 studios in New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Detroit, Pittsburgh.

Call or send to-day for Booklet M.

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Reconstruction Period

The foundations of many future fortunes are being laid through the judicious purchase of dependable securities at prevailing low prices. Every indication points to higher levels for meritorious stocks and bonds.

A twenty page publication issued fortnightly citing unusual opportunities in the stock market, free upon request. Write, for 4-MA, including our copyrighted booklet describing "The Twenty Payment Plan," the original easy-payment method of acquiring good values.

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Investment Securities

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ONE MILLION DOLLARS A YEAR

is being made by several persons in the Motion Picture Industry.

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS A WEEK

is being made by thousands of persons in the Motion Picture Industry.

Hundreds of Thousands of People are asking every day such questions as these:

How can I get into the Motion Picture business?
Can I become a photoplayer?
Have I sufficient talent?
Have I the necessary personality?
How can I become a Motion Picture Director?
Can I become financially interested in Motion Pictures?
Can I write for Motion Pictures?
Have I a "Motion Picture face"?
Can I train myself for any branch of the business?
If I have the talent and ability to become a picture star, how can I get a start?

These are questions that have long remained unanswered. But they can be answered. There have been schools that pretend to teach Motion Picture acting, but they are generally frowned upon by the profession. Personality, charm, winsomeness and beauty are God-given gifts. They can be cultivated and improved, but not created. Acting is a natural talent. Some have it, others acquire it, but most people who haven't it never will learn it. Grace is natural to some, but most people can acquire it. There is no rule about beauty, grace, charm, etc., and some may win without any one of the supposedly necessary requirements. Here are a few very successful stars:

Chaplin	**Pickford**	**Fairbanks**
Hart	**Nazimova**	**Drew**
Arbuckle	**Keenan**	

How different they are! Not one of them is noted for grace or form, and hardly one for beauty, and dozens of others might be added to this list.

And in the various other branches of the Motion Picture business startling deductions can be made. **The Motion Picture Institute** was organized to analyze the conditions of the Motion Picture Industry, to inform the public of these conditions, and to show how and why some people can get in and why others cannot.

A competent and experienced staff of experts have been secured to carry on this much needed work.

Not only do we guarantee to tell the whole truth, even if it be discouraging to the applicants, but we undertake to render valuable assistance to all who are deemed worthy.

If you want to try to win a place in the great Motion Picture Industry, send five cents in stamps for this booklet,

"Who Can and Who Cannot Get Into the Pictures and Why?"

Address it to

The National Motion Picture Institute

173-175-177 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE NATIONAL MOTION PICTURE INSTITUTE
173-175-177 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of your booklet, "Who Can and Who Cannot Get Into the Pictures and Why?" Enclosed is 5 cents in stamps for mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Fame and Fortune Contest for 1920

The first Fame and Fortune Contest having come to a happy and successful end, and several prospective stars of the first magnitude having been selected and started on their careers, it is with pleasure that we announce a similar contest for the year 1920,

Motion Picture Magazine, Classic and Shadowland

Once more we shall go thru America with a fine tooth comb, as it were, in search for budding beauties with Motion Picture ambitions. No longer can any young lady or girl say that she has not had a chance. We shall give them all a chance—that is, every one that appears to have sufficient personality, charm, beauty and winsomeness. The first test is the photograph. If that gives promise, we publish it and ask for more. If the others are equally promising, we secure a personal interview, and finally we make a "test" Moving Picture and send it broadcast thru the theaters. Many of the girls whose pictures appeared in the honor rolls of our magazines, received many flattering offers from producing companies, and this proves that we are doing a good thing for ambitious American beauties, even tho we might err in our final judgment in selecting the winners. The Honor Rolls will continue each month in all of our publications, thus giving something like **two hundred** girls **honorable** mention, including a published photo. One or more of these, we promise, will be made

Stars of International Fame

Just think of what a prize this is! The contest just closed attracted nation-wide attention. The newspapers everywhere published illustrated accounts of our final test, and several of the News Weeklies of Current Events showed scenes of the happy party at Roslyn, which were flashed on nearly every screen thruout the United States.

What an opportunity! If it does not interest **you**, tell your neighbor about it or your distant friend—they may have a daughter just looking for a chance of this kind.

One thing we want to impress upon all aspirants—be careful in the choice of the photograph you submit. Post card photos will not do. Poorly printed photos, and small ones, cannot be considered. We feel that many beautiful girls lost out in the last contest just because they did not go to the trouble of consulting a good photographer. Furthermore, dont submit **photos that lie!** They may get you on the honor roll but they will never see you thru. We recall in the last contest several young ladies who submitted wonderful pictures, and succeeded in getting on the honor roll, but when they appeared on the scene, alas, we found that the **camera had lied.** We want pictures that do you full justice, even flattering ones, but not dishonest ones. If you are a giant or a midget, if you have an impossible profile, or an ugly nose, or some other defect, dont let the photographer conceal these things—it will be to your loss and disadvantage in the end. Your features may not be perfect, but you may win in spite of that—only, we want to know **all.** Hence, please do not try to deceive us. Make yourself appear to the best advantage, but do not overdo it.

Rules and date of Contest opening to be announced in next issue. Select your photographs now.

NERVE EXHAUSTION

How We Become Shell-Shocked in Every-Day Life

By PAUL VON BOECKMANN

Lecturer and Author of numerous books and treatises on Mental and Physical Energy, Respiration, Psychology, Sexual Science and Nerve Culture

THERE is but one malady more terrible than Nerve Exhaustion, and that is its kin, Insanity. Only those who has passed through a siege of Nerve Exhaustion can understand the true meaning of this statement. It is HELL; no other word can express it. At first, the victim is afraid he will die, and as it grips him deeper, he is afraid he will not die; so great is his mental torture. He becomes panic-stricken and irresolute. A sickening sensation of weakness and helplessness overcomes him. He becomes obsessed with the thought of self-destruction.

Nerve Exhaustion means Nerve Bankruptcy. The wonderful organ we term the Nervous System consists of countless millions of cells. These cells are reservoirs which store a mysterious energy we term Nerve Force. The amount stored represents our Nerve Capital. Every organ works with all its might to keep the supply of Nerve Force in these cells at a high level, for Life itself depends more upon Nerve Force than on the food we eat or even the air we breathe.

If we unduly tax the nerves through overwork, worry, excitement or grief, or if we subject the muscular system to excessive strain, we consume more Nerve Force than the organs produce, and the natural result must be Nerve Exhaustion.

Nerve Exhaustion is not a malady that comes suddenly. It may be years in developing and the decline is accompanied by unmistakable symptoms, which, unfortunately, cannot readily be recognized. The average person thinks that when his hands do not tremble and his muscles do not twitch, he cannot possibly be nervous. This is a dangerous assumption, for people with hands as solid as a rock and who appear to be in perfect health may be dangerously near Nerve Collapse.

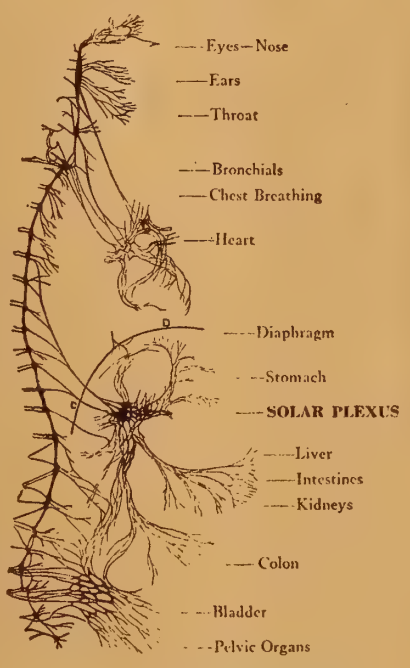
One of the first symptoms of Nerve Exhaustion is the derangement of the Sympathetic Nervous System, the nerve branch which governs the vital organ (see diagram). In other words, the vital organs become sluggish because of insufficient supply of Nerve Energy. This is manifested by a cycle of weakness and disturbances in digestion, constipation, poor blood circulation and general muscular lassitude usually being the first to be noticed.

I have for more than thirty years studied the health problem from every angle. My investigations and deductions always brought me back to the immutable truth that Nerve Derangement and Nerve Weakness is the basic cause of nearly every bodily ailment, pain or disorder. I agree with the noted British authority on the nerves, Alfred T. Schofield, M.D., the author of numerous works on the subject, who says: "It is my belief that the greatest single factor in the maintenance of health is that the nerves be in order."

The great war has taught us how frail the nervous system is, and how sensitive it is to strain, especially mental and emotional strain. Shell Shock, it was proved, does not injure the nerve fibres in themselves. The effect is entirely mental. Thousands lost their reason thereby, over 135 cases from New York alone being in asylums for the insane. Many more thousands became nervous wrecks. The strongest men became paralyzed so that they could not stand, eat or even speak. One-third of all the hospital cases were "nerve cases," all due to excessive strain of the Sympathetic Nervous System.

The mile-a-minute life of to-day, with its worry, hurry, grief and mental tension, is exactly the same as Shell Shock, except that the shock is less forcible, but more prolonged, and in the end just as disastrous. Our crowded insane asylums bear witness to the truth of this statement. Nine people out of ten you meet have "frazzled nerves."

Perhaps you have chased from doctor to doctor, seeking relief for a mysterious "something the matter with you." Each doctor tells you that there is nothing the matter with you; that every organ is perfect. But you know there *is* something the matter. You feel it, and you act it. You are tired, dizzy, cannot sleep, cannot digest your food and you have pains here and there. You are told you are "run down" and need a rest. Or the doctor may give you a tonic. Leave nerve tonics alone. It is like making a tired horse run by towing him behind an automobile.



The Sympathetic Nervous System

Showing how Every Vital Organ is governed by the Nervous System, and how the Solar Plexus, commonly known as the Abdominal Brain, is the Great Central Station for the distribution of Nerve Force.

Our Health, Happiness and Success in life demands that we face these facts understandingly. I have written a 64-page book on this subject which teaches how to protect the nerves from every day Shell Shock. It teaches how to soothe, calm and care for the nerves; how to nourish them through proper breathing and other means. The cost of the book is only 25 cents. Bound in cloth, 50 cents. Remit in coin or stamps. See address at the bottom of page. If the book does not meet your fullest expectations, your money will be refunded, plus your outlay of postage.

The book "Nerve Force" solves the problem for you and will enable you to diagnose your troubles understandingly. The facts presented will prove a revelation to you, and the advice given will be of incalculable value to you.

You should send for this book to-day. It is for you, whether you have had trouble with your nerves or not. Your nerves are the most precious possession you have. Through them you experience all that makes life worth living, for to be dull nerved means to be dull brained, insensible to the higher phases of life—love, moral courage, ambition and temperament. The finer your brain is, the finer and more delicate is your nervous system, and the more imperative it is that you care for your nerves. The book is especially important to those who have "high strung" nerves, and those who must tax their nerves to the limit.

The following are extracts from letters from people who have read the book and were greatly benefited by the teachings set forth therein:

"I have gained 12 pounds since reading your book, and I feel so energetic. I had about given up hope of ever finding the cause of my low weight."

"I have been treated by a number of nerve specialists, and have traveled from country to country in an endeavor to restore my nerves to normal. Your little book has done more for me than all other methods combined."

"Your book did more for me for indigestion than two courses in dieting."

"My heart is now regular again and my nerves are fine. I thought I had heart trouble, but it was simply a case of abused nerves. I have reread your book at least ten times."

A woman writes: "Your book has helped my nerves wonderfully. I am sleeping so well and in the morning I feel so rested."

"The advice given in your book on relaxation and calming of nerves has cleared my brain. Before I was half dizzy all the time."

A physician says: "Your book shows you have a scientific and profound knowledge of the nerves and nervous people. I am recommending your book to my patients."

A prominent lawyer in Ansonia, Conn., says: "Your book saved me from a nervous collapse, such as I had three years ago. I now sleep soundly and am gaining weight. I can again do a real day's work."

The "FLU" Coming Again

A warning has been sent forth by the Board of Health of various cities that the Spanish Influenza will break out again this winter. Dr. Royal S. Copeland, the Health Commissioner of New York, is especially emphatic in this warning.

The "Flu" killed more than twice as many people during the few months that it raged than were killed in the war during the entire four years, and those who recovered from the disease were left seriously weakened in constitutional power. Over 6,000,000 died of the "Flu" in India alone.

The real cause of the "Flu" is not known. We know that it is a disease involving the respiratory tracts, therefore, by making these tracts healthier through breathing deeply, a great step will be made toward immunity. The proper method of breathing is described by diagrams in the book "Nerve Force."

Clothing the body scientifically is another important factor in the prevention of the "Flu." This subject and other important points are clearly and exhaustively discussed in a special 16-page booklet I have written on the Prevention of Colds. I shall agree to send a copy of this booklet free to purchasers of the book "Nerve Force," mentioned above. Address:

PAUL VON BOECKMANN,
Studio 118, 110 West 40th St., New York

13
PAGL

Tint Gray Hair a Lovely Brown



"Look Young at Forty"

To retain through advancing years not only the spirit but the charm and attractiveness of Youth is held in society and the business world to be the highest obligation of every woman to herself, her family and her friends.

Simple and easy is this pleasant duty when "BROWNATONE" is used to tint streaky, gray or faded hair a lovely brown of the exact shade to harmonize with the eyes and complexion.

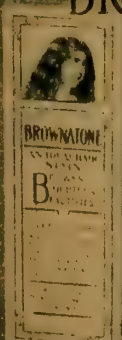
Thousands of refined and particular women use and endorse this safe and harmless preparation that tints gray, faded or bleached hair instantly to any shade from light golden to medium, dark brown or black. It does not rub off, cannot be detected and can be applied in a few moments. "BROWNATONE" must not be confused with ordinary and unsatisfactory hair "dyes."

Send 11 cents for Trial Bottle of

BROWNATONE

and valuable booklet on the care of the hair.

Leading druggists everywhere, sell "BROWNATONE" Two colors: "Light to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black." Two sizes, 35 cents and $1.15 in United States.



The Kenton Pharmacal Co.
CANADA
COVINGTON, KY., U.S.A.

Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page 9.*)

course there are magazines and magazines, but the MAGAZINE and CLASSIC beat them all.

I am eighteen years old and live on a farm about ten miles from town, so I dont see a great many pictures and I get very lonesome and would like to hear from some of the readers of the MAGAZINE.

What has become of Curtis Pierce, Mary Morton and Evelyn Bayless?

Norma Talmadge is my favorite actress but she hasn't had a good story for months and months. I think she's the best little actress on the screen when she has the right kind of plays and she certainly is beautiful. "De Luxe Annie" was her best picture in my opinion.

I also love Lillian Gish. She is indeed a pure white lily. I will never forget her remarkable portrayal of "Lucy" in "Broken Blossoms." It has been equalled by nothing unless it was Mary Pickford's "Unity" in "Stella Maris."

At last! Eugene O'Brien is a star. He certainly deserves it if anyone does. I only wish he might have remained with Norma Talmadge. They were, to my mind, the best team under the "Cooper Hewitts." Charles Ray is coming right along, too. I like his screen characters because they are common folk, "even as you and I."

Whoever couldn't see why people went wild over Dorothy Gish should know now if they've seen any of her late pictures.

With best wishes,

Sincerely yours,

JAMES E. FINNEGAN.

Frazee, Minnesota.

A plea for pictures of the Southland which will ring true:

DEAR EDITOR—Being a movie fan with interest in the advancement of pictures, I wonder if I could try to correct a mistake which directors are constantly making. That is the wrong use of Southern expressions.

First "you all" is used. It is used at times in the South, but never in speaking to or of one person. It is used only when speaking to more than one person and then it is spoken as one word, as "yo'll," the "u" being silent.

In "Bill Apperson's Boy," all kinds of mistakes were made, but when Jack Pickford spoke to the girl and asked her if "you all" will marry me—I left. I couldn't stand any more absurdities of speech.

The dropping of "g's," such expressions as "thar" for there, "do'" for door and many others are never used except in cases of extreme illiteracy.

If the directors would only look up these Southern expressions they would find the Southern people far from the ignorant folk they portray in their pictures.

Sincerely,

MRS. J. REDWINE.

160 Strathmore Rd., Boston, Mass.

THE CLASSIC

The Motion Picture CLASSIC has a tremendous vogue among Motion Picture players and their friends.

If you like Picture plays and players THE CLASSIC will suit you to a "T"

It carries the cream of the news.

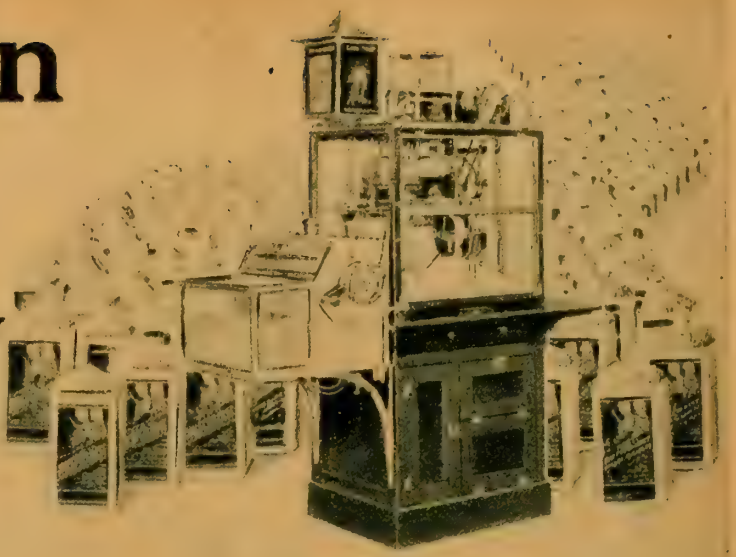
It finds the most beautiful pictures.

It has the brightest text going.

When you buy THE CLASSIC you buy at least ONE crowded hour of HAPPINESS.

THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC
175 Duffield Street
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Stores Earn $600 to $3120 Yearly From a Little Waste Space



Took in $10,000
"Have had our machine over 3 years and have taken in more than $10,000 on pop corn and peanuts."—Bloomington, Ill., population 26,850.

Bought Him a Car
"Profits derived from Butter-Kist machine first 12 months paid for machine and bought me a $1,200 automobile besides." — Electra, Tex., population 640.

Paid For Itself
"Paid for machine out of profits in less than year."—Mt. Pleasant, Ia., population 3,874.

Increased Other Sales 97%
"Made 49,015 sales of Butter-Kist pop corn and peanuts first year and it increased my sale of magazines 97 per cent."—Evansville, Ind., population 76,078.

The Greatest Payer
That a Store or Theatre Can Have

Do you realize that America is on the threshold of her greatest business era? Every day we are getting letters from Druggists, Confectioners, Grocers, Bakers, Department and Variety Stores and Film Exhibitors who want the Butter-Kist Pop Corn Machine to attract and expand the enormous retail trade set loose by the ending of war.

What are you doing to seize this life-time opportunity? Will you start right now by sending for our much discussed Butter-Kist book and see the sales records and photographic proof of the hundreds of stores and theaters earning from $60 to $250 clear profit per month, AND MORE, from a little waste floor space 26 by 32 inches?

Pays 4 Ways— *Look!*
1—Motion makes people stop and look.
2—Coaxing fragrance makes them buy.
3—Toasty flavor brings trade for blocks.
4—Stimulates all store sales or theatre attendance.

BUTTER-KIST Pop Corn and Peanut Machine

Pay From Your Profits

Our Easy Payment Plan gives every buyer a chance to pay right out of his Butter-Kist sales as thousands have done.

Don't think you have to be located in a busy center to make this machine pay. The beauty of the Butter-Kist is the way it draws trade to you. Many a business that never succeeded without this machine has been put on its feet.

An average of only 85 nickel bags a day means $1,000 a year profit.

Everybody loves pop corn and Butter-Kist ranks in highest favor because of Butter-Kist's exclusive toasty flavor, made under our patent process.

Valuable ☛

This coupon has started many a business man on the road to new profits.

Each read an advertisement like this and had the good horse-sense to know that it doesn't cost anything but a postage stamp to investigate.

If this machine pays big profits in towns of 300 and 400 population as well as in the largest cities, then no man in business can afford to ignore it. Mail the coupon now for full facts and amazing success records.

HOLCOMB & HOKE MFG. CO.
284 Van Buren Street **Indianapolis, Indiana**
394

For PROOFS, PHOTOS and PRICES

HOLCOMB & HOKE MFG. CO.,
284 Van Buren St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Without obligation, send me your free Butter-Kist book — "America's New Industry" — with photos, sales records, and estimate of how much I can make with your machine.

Name .....

Business .....

Address .....



Times have changed since Shakespeare

SHAKESPEARE thought of all the world as a stage.

Motion pictures have made that thought a fact.

When the olden plays were first put on at that queer little cockpit in London called the Globe Theatre, the audience had to imagine suitable settings to the action of the drama.

How the old playwrights would have been amazed and delighted by Paramount Artcraft Pictures, in which are supplied all the living realities of romance—scenery, climate, conditions, tall forests, salty oceans and the very flesh and blood of men and women!

"The play's the thing" still, but think what has happened to the motion picture theatre also, the comfort of the audience, the luxury of the presentation.

Hardly a community anywhere that lacks a theatre worthy to show Paramount Artcraft Pictures.

Hardly a community anywhere that does not know enough to demand them.

Watch the theatres' announcements and know before you pay.

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Billie Burke *in*	"Sadie Love"
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Ethel Clayton *in*	"A Sporting Chance"
Marguerite Clark *in*	"Luck in Pawn"
Cecil B. DeMille's Production	"Male and Female"
Elsie Ferguson *in*	"Counterfeit"
Dorothy Gish *in*	"Turning the Tables"
D. W. Griffith's Production	"Scarlet Days"
* Wm. S. Hart *in*	"Wagon Tracks"
Houdini *in*	"The Grim Game"
Lila Lee *in*	"Heart of Youth"
Vivian Martin *in*	"His Official Fiancee"
Wallace Reid *in*	"The Lottery Man"
Maurice Tourneur's Production	"The Life Line"
George Loane Tucker's Production	"The Miracle Man"
Robert Warwick *in*	"In Mizzoura"
Bryant Washburn *in*	"It Pays to Advertise"
"The Teeth of the Tiger"	With a Star Cast
"The Miracle of Love"	A Cosmopolitan Production
"The Dark Star"	A Cosmopolitan Production

* Supervision Thomas H. Ince.

Thomas H. Ince Productions

Enid Bennett *in*	"What Every Woman Learns"
Dorothy Dalton *in*	"L'Apache"
Douglas MacLean & Doris May *in*	"23½ Hours Leave"
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Paramount-Burlingham Adventure Pictures	*every other week*
Paramount-Briggs Comedies	*one each week*

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THE GIRL ON THE COVER

Cover portrait of Mae Murray, by Leo Sielke, after a copyright photograph by Ira L. Hill Studios.

Elusive—like an April day—a delightful combination of sunshine and showers. And one might go on indefinitely and yet not more adequately describe piquant Mae Murray of fair hair, blue eyes and shell pink skin, for it is her very elusiveness which makes her so fascinating. Educated in a Chicago convent, she forsook the secluded cloisters for the light fantastic and tripped gaily to success in the Follies. Then came the siren call of the screen and for a time she played before the cameras of Famous Players and Universal. However, the stage has been loath to lose this little lass and for some time it was dubious whether or not she would remain in pictures. But the movies have won the day—Miss Murray has taken her make-up box over to the International studios and will soon be seen in her first production under that banner.

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READ

"From Camera to Screen in Six Hours," an interesting story about the making of the news reel.

WATCH FOR

Hazel Simpson Naylor's chat with Richard Barthelmess.



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Photo by Hoover Art Co.

BLANCHE SWEET.

A constant star—shining brightly yet not obtrusively—is Blanche Sweet. "The Biograph Girl," held her own niche in public favor even thru a long retirement but is once again appearing on the screen. Her latest release is "The Hushed Hour."



PRISCILLA DEAN.

A native of Emerald Isle is Priscilla Dean tho her name breathes a memory of Plymouth Rock and the first settlers. Also a pupil of the old Biograph, she is now pleasing her friends by her characterizations under the Universal banner.



MABEL BALLIN.

Mabel Ballin made her stellar debut in Maurice Tourneur's "The White Heather," after proving her ability in the support of Jane Cowl, Mae Marsh and other silversheet favorites. Miss Ballin is now working in Goldwyn productions.



Photo by Lumiere

ROD LA ROCQUE.

Youth and ability have made Rod La Rocque one of screenland's most popular leading men. Tho he has had many offers of stardom he prefers to continue playing with different stars, thus deriving a wide and varied experience. He will next be seen in a Famous Players-Lasky production starring Marguerite Clark.



HARRY MOREY.

Harry Morey attempted Shakespearean roles behind the footlights but not to his own satisfaction. Then after a short time in musical comedy he joined the silent drama, and soon after that the Vitagraph, where he has remained. He is essentially of the virile type and excels in stories of the great out-of-doors.



COLLEEN MOORE.

Colleen Moore, who formerly appeared under the guidance of D. W. Griffith and more recently in Universal feature productions, has done some of her best work opposite Charles Ray. She acts as an admirable foil for this very human star.



Photo by Evans, L. A.

ANNA MAY.

Anna May is a Metro discovery and is now appearing in "Lombardi, Ltd.," the screen production of the popular stage play in which Bert. Lytell is starred.



Photo by Evans, L. A.

MILDRED DAVIS.

Mildred Davis bears the distinction of being a direct lineal descendant of the famous Philadelphian, William ...enn. But recently Mildred has been able to claim a distinction all her own for she is a successor to Bebe ...aniels as leading lady for Harold Lloyd in the Pathe-Rolin comedies.



Photo by Hoover Art Co.

MILDRED HARRIS CHAPLIN.

Born in Cheyenne, Wyoming, not very many years ago, Mildred Harris Chaplin has led an eventful life. At the age of twelve her dramatic ability was discovered—then came movies, then stardom—then she became the wife of the world's renowned funmaker, Charles Spencer Chaplin, and now she's starring in feature productions for the First National.

If you long for more color, use this famous treatment for rousing sluggish skin.

Just before retiring, wash your face and neck with plenty of Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. If your skin has been badly neglected, rub a generous lather thoroughly into the pores, using an upward and outward motion. Do this until the skin feels somewhat sensitive. Rinse well in warm water, then in cold. Whenever possible, rub your skin for five minutes with a piece of ice and dry carefully.

For pale, sallow skins requiring greater stimulation, use the new steam treatment. You will find it in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.



To make your skin noticeably lovely—

Give it the regular care it had when you were a baby

WHEN you were a baby your skin was exquisitely soft, clear, delicate—daintily rose-pink and white.

People loved to touch your rose-petal cheeks, your soft smooth, little hands.

Do you ever stop to think what kept your skin so fine and soft? What is keeping it now from being as fine and soft as it can be?

No matter how you may have neglected your skin, you *can* make it exquisite in texture. You *can* have the glorious color of youth. You must begin at once to give your skin the tender, regular care it received when you were a baby.

Every night before retiring, cleanse it thoroughly—just as thoroughly as a baby's skin is cleaned every night. If your skin has lost its delicacy and cleanness, use the particular Woodbury treatment indicated for its needs.

Do you want more color? Are the pores enlarged? Have you disfiguring blemishes or blackheads? These conditions are the result of neglect and the constant exposure to which your skin is subjected. The right Woodbury treatment, used nightly, will correct them.

Get a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and have your first treatment to-night. The feeling the first two or three treatments leave on your skin will tell you how much good its regular use is doing to you. In a week or ten days you will begin to notice a decided improvement — the greater clearness, smoothness, fineness and color you long for.

Woodbury's is for sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada. A 25-cent cake will last a month or six weeks.

Sample cake of soap, booklet of famous treatments, samples of Woodbury's Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream, sent to you for 15 cents.

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Wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch." It contains scientific advice on the skin and full directions for all the famous Woodbury treatments.



MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

JANUARY, 1920

DREAMS!

HAVE you ever wondered what it is that makes LIFE a series of rosy dawnings?

Haven't you often marveled, after having trailed into the valley of depression where all the world seemed black and drear, *why* a white, blinding ray of hope has suddenly penetrated the depravity of your drab dullness and you find yourself again looking ahead, again planning and building and creating—in your mind?

In spite of yourself you are again dreaming bright dreams and it is in comparison with your ability to dream in your *soul* that your greatness is measured.

The man or woman without a soul doesn't dream! He is content with his mediocre bread and butter existence of to-day, to-morrow and the next day.

But the fine person, the sensitive soul, the genius, the creator, the successful man or woman is the one who possesses the great power of dreaming. For in the dreams of the soul, all great impulses are born.

And—*motion pictures* are helping people to dream!

They are teaching the *roué* to dream of the love of a pure woman and kiddies, they are teaching sophisticated women to dream once more of the high impulses that marked their youth, they are teaching people to dream of helping mankind; but best of all, they bring each day to soul-hungry multitudes, rosy dreams of *hope*, hope and happiness without which existence is a stiflingly impossible affair.

So, *dream*, you who can; and—all ye that are heavy-laden and dispirited, spend a quarter on the movies and *learn* to dream *again*.



By Lamplight



Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston.

IT is most awfully pleasant for an interviewer if a star has temperament—particularly a sort of a Greenwich Village species of temperament—and demonstrates it lavishly and in copy-full fashion. That is, it's pleasant when the knell tolls for said interview to be written up. Pet llamas, y'know, or New Thought, or an I. W. W. philosophy, or vegetarianism, or *some* ism or ology.

Of course the star, taking her as a norm, as just another person to confab with amicably, is probably pleasanter without the aforementioned tendencies, but I have been speaking coldly and professionally and with an eye to copy.

Zena Keefe, not to complain unduly, has none of the isms.

She is sheerly a girl. With a wholesome laugh and a quiet manner and a quiet taste in dress and a mother and a charming apartment and ambitions and desires all nicely proportioned, balanced and equipoised. There is nothing of the radical in Miss Keefe—or mine eyes and mine ears deceive me.

I had a charming afternoon with her—one of those afternoons on which nothing revolutionary occurs, but which, when you come to leave, you wish might be more frequently repeated. Whether, which is the consideration, it be possible to interpret the said evanescent charm into cold print is quite another matter. Otherwise, you'll have to take my word for it.

It was a cold, damp afternoon, without doors, and she gave me a glass of rarely flavored sherry and told me as we sipped that she had been making jelly and conserve all the afternoon. I mentioned domesticity . . . trailing off

She is sheerly a girl . . . with a wholesome laugh and a quiet manner. There is nothing radical in Zena Keefe. Below, Miss Keefe at a hurried luncheon between scenes.



By JANET REID



Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston.

. . . A pale girl with dark eyes and hair and a dazzling laugh . . . lighting lamps in the twilight.

into a faint interrogative at the sentence's end.

"Yes, I do love it," she agreed, "and my love of it is a large factor with me in my love of pictures, as against the stage. I've been a stage child all my life, you know, and always on the road, mother and I. I'm the only child and we never have been able to have a home unless you can dignify passing hotel rooms by that name . . . but they always passed. Now I have a home for the first time in my life and I'm making the best and most of it."

We concurred heartily and appreciatively in that last There was a delightful sense of space and restfulness. Polished floors, cream-tinted walls, with here and there a very good picture, chairs and a huge roomy couch really made for repose and, most distinctive of all, probably half a dozen lamps, floor lamps and table lamps, beautifully conceived as to color and exquisitely made.

I spoke of the lamps . . . one would . . . and Zena's dark eyes lighted up as eyes have a habit of doing when something pertinent is touched upon.

"I made them all myself," she said, 'designed them and then made them. Let me light them for you . . . they are a dearly loved hobby of mine."

She lit them . . . one by one . . . with something like deference in her manner . . . and they blent into a subtly shaded fairy land of color and of form. They were a real art taken singly and collectively.

In view, perhaps, of my evident appreciation she indicated various finely upholstered chairs and odd cushions and embroidered table-runners . . . all made by her skilled hands and beauty-loving touch.

"I love to fuss about," she said, with her sudden gay laugh; "and make pretty things . . . I've wanted to do just these things all my life and I never believe in permitting an opportunity to pass me by . . . for anything."

(*Continued on page* 126.)

His Wife's Director





Above and below, Mr. and Mrs. (Lucille Stewart) Ralph Ince in the sunparlor of their pretty Brightwaters home, and center, a view of the house from the lake.

DIRECTING one's wife is a precarious undertaking at best, even though she may have nodded her consent to "obey" when the parson spoke his famous words. Therefore, to be able to order a wife about and have her promptly and willingly obey without so much as a mere grumble is not only quite an accomplishment, but so remarkable as to be worthy of investigation. Ralph Ince, having achieved a reputation for doing just that thing, it was only natural that the curiosity that killed the cat should lead someone to inquire after his "system."

Now Ralph Ince is a mighty hard man to see around a studio. He hates to be interrupted. When the Curious One arrived at the Selznick domain after a long trip up the Palisades to Fort Lee, Mr. Ince was busy directing Eugene O'Brien in some important scenes with Lucille Stewart, who, it should be added right here, is the aforesaid Mrs. Ralph Ince herself. It was only after I announced that a world of suffering and incredulous benedicts were waiting to hear how he maintained this unbelievable state of affairs that he consented to speak.

"How does it feel to be able to order your wife about and still sleep soundly at night?" was our first query. "Also, how do you do it?"

Mr. Ince took a puff on one of his w. k. (well-known) big black cigars and smiled with amusement.

"It's just what I like! It's the original grand and glorious feeling all right. It gives me a chance to get



By TAMAR LANE



Photo by Bangs, N. Y.

Ralph Ince is a student of art and makes the plans and sketches of the sets used in his productions.

even. Directing gives me the only chance I'll ever have to do any of the ordering. I dont care how long it keeps up."

"But to be serious, how do you manage to get along so well together? Facts show that as a rule married couples find it much better to work apart."

"Well," said Mr. Ince, thoughtfully, "I dont know about others, but Lou and I have always managed as well together in business as we have in our home life and I have directed practically every picture she was ever in, at least for the last few years. Perhaps it is because we have agreed to forget our relationship during business. When we arrive at the studio ready for work all home ties are for the time being forgotten. We are two different individuals. We make a plain business proposition out of it because that is the only intelligent way to handle the matter. To do otherwise would probably mean a lot of nonsense and waste of time; the effect on the rest of the players would be bad and the results would show in the production."

"Then Mrs. Ince isn't granted any special favors simply because she is your wife?"

"Decidedly not! On the contrary, not only does she have to toe the mark as well as the others but if anything I am more strict with her because of the fact that I am conscious that people will expect me to be lenient."

Many an actor-husband is forced to watch his better half "making love" for the screen but Mr. Ince has a more uncomfortable job than that—he not only has to watch her; he has to direct the scenes and see that they are made properly realistic. But he doesn't mind it a bit.

"No such thing as jealousy ever enters my mind," says Ralph, "because I realize that it is only a matter of business. It's got to be done and that is all there is to it. It would reflect upon me if the scenes were not right. When Lou started in, however, I guess she was a little doubtful as to how I might feel about it because she was very backward in her love scenes. I had to keep prompting and urging her to put more action into them. 'Shine up to him, Lou, he wont bite you,' I used to tell her. Of course, she is all over her backwardness and is quite used to having me watch her now. But it was probably harder on her than it was on me."

Mr. Ince likes to direct his wife even apart from the satisfaction of being able to give her orders. He

(*Continued on page* 106.)

A Wee "Jackie"



Just at the very first—when the wonder of it was so new—Jacqueline Saunders Horkheimer refused to leave Jacqueline the Second, even for the movies. But recently she signed a contract with World and, "while her little one, while her pretty one sleeps," "Jackie" will again play in stories for the silver-sheet



The Fame and Fortune Four

By

ALEXANDER LOWELL

OVER a year ago the International Fame and Fortune Contest of the Big Three, Motion Picture Magazine, Motion Picture Classic and Shadowland, had its inception. The contest has drawn to a close and—but wait!—a good story teller, so the text-books say, should always *hold the suspense*, so I'll hold mine, which is a quadruplicate announcement, until I have done with giving you the details of conduct of said contest:

From all over the globe, from every nook and cranny of these United States the contesting photographs poured in, in dozens and bakers' dozens, by the hundred and the thousand, until, at the final, 50,000 were totaled. With so astounding a number from which to choose, the judges had need to be possessed of a thoro sense of balance and proportion; a nice discrimination and the necessary patience to eliminate and then eliminate again. The official judges were: Miss Mary Pickford, Cecil de Mille, Maurice Tourneur, Commodore J. Stuart Blackton, Howard Chandler Christy, James Montgomery Flagg, Samuel Lumiere and Eugene V. Brewster. Madame Petrova and Richard Barthelmess were associate judges and were pres-



Photo by Lumiere.



Above, Blanche McGarity, the winsome Southern beauty who it is believed the public will make their own thru love of a lovable personality as well as love of a lovely face; and left, a scene showing the preparations being made for filming "A Dream of Fair Women."

ent during the tests made of the contestants.

It was the policy thruout the contest to publish, each month, in issues of the *Magazine and Classic*, honor rolls of seven. Upon the close of the contest the honor rolls were minutely re-examined and five super-leaders were selected. The five were: Miss Blanche McGarity, Miss Anetha Getwell, Miss Helen Lee Worthing, Miss Toots Sandell and Miss Marcia Law.

To make sure past all possibility of fallacy twenty extra leaders were selected—accordingly—Miss Anita Booth, Miss Bobbie Delys, Miss Lucille Kle Bold, Miss Vera B. Hulme, Miss Shirley Brackshaw, Miss Fay Brennan, Miss Melanie Gordon, Miss Carolyn Brooks, Miss Isabelle Falconer, Miss Margaret Falconer, Miss Dorothy Reynolds, Miss Virginia Brown, Miss Ethel Mae Chadburne, Miss Evelyn Jewel Poutch and Miss Josephine Stadler.

These super-selected twenty-five were invited to come on from their respective nooks and crannies on the map and be filmed in a one reel picture written especially for them by Gladys Hall, directed under the supervision of Wilfrid North and staged in and about Chalet des Lacs, the Long Island estate of Mr. Brewster, President and Editor-in-Chief of the three magazines.



Photo by Albin, N. Y.

Above, Virginia Brown, the little New York girl whom artists pronounce, with one breath, close to perfection, and below, Miss Brown as "Carmen," in "A Dream of Fair Women."









Top, Russell Ball who plays the artist in the picture with Miss Brown as "Carmen," in a studio scene; above, the "Mysterious Unknown" who appears in the film, and left, Margaret Falconer, one of the Honor Roll girls who also appears in the film.

Of the twenty-five, twenty accepted and appeared.

Automobiles equipped with a chaperone (and a chauffeur) met the girls at the offices of the magazines on the fortuitously clear and cloudless morning of August 21st, and conveyed them Rosylnward.

Immediately upon their arrival Director North and his camera man and make-up man "fell to," and with Madame Petrova, Richard Barthelmess and Mr. Brewster as close onlookers a series of extended tests were made, individually and in groups. After which the filming of the actual story was begun.

The story was suggested by Tennyson's "Dream of Fair Women," and had to do with the search of a young artist, Mr. Russell E. Ball, for the One Woman. The search adroitly introduces the various leaders into the film in various ways. Two days were devoted to the making of this film and upon completion it was obvious that four of the young women stood evidently and strongly unanimously forth—I am coming to the point of suspense! ---and that contending closely with the four were Miss Poutch, Miss Marguerite Falconer and Miss Brennan.

In view of the even matching of the four and the close running of others, Mr. Brewster decided to have another reel of story written and filmed, further cost notwithstanding. He determined that before final decision was made every possibility in the way of a contestant should have every opportunity. Misses McGarity, Getwell, Worthing, Booth, Kle Bold,



Photo by Gibson, Sykes & Fowler.

Anetha Getwell of Chicago who has remarkable poise of beauty and poise of mentality—also an unusual ability to depict the passing shades of moods and thoughts.







Above, Evelyn Jewel Poutch; center, Anetha Getwell, and below, Fay Brennan



Photo by Lumiere, N. Y.

Brennan, Poutch and Brown were invited to be present for the filming of the second reel, and, with the exception of Miss Getwell and Miss Brennan, they *were* present. Three new candidates were Miss E. R. Celle, of West Virginia, Miss Marian Thomas of New York and Miss Esther Elmendorf of New York. Tests were made of the two latter, Miss Celle being unable to accept.

Two more days were devoted to the second filming, again with Mr. North and staff officiating. The second part of the picture endeavored to give the picked leaders roles entirely variant from those they had assumed in the first reel, thus giving them—and the judges—an all around version of their versatility as well as mere facial beauty.

(*Cont'd on page* 122.)





Photo by Lumiere, N. Y.

Upper left, Anita Booth of New York, who is a typical American girl—wholesome, daring and original—and who is decidedly what New Yorkers call "smart." Lower left, an informal picture of Miss Booth, and above, Madame Petrova, an associate judge, snapped at Mr. Brewster's Long Island estate during the filming of "A Dream of Fair Women."

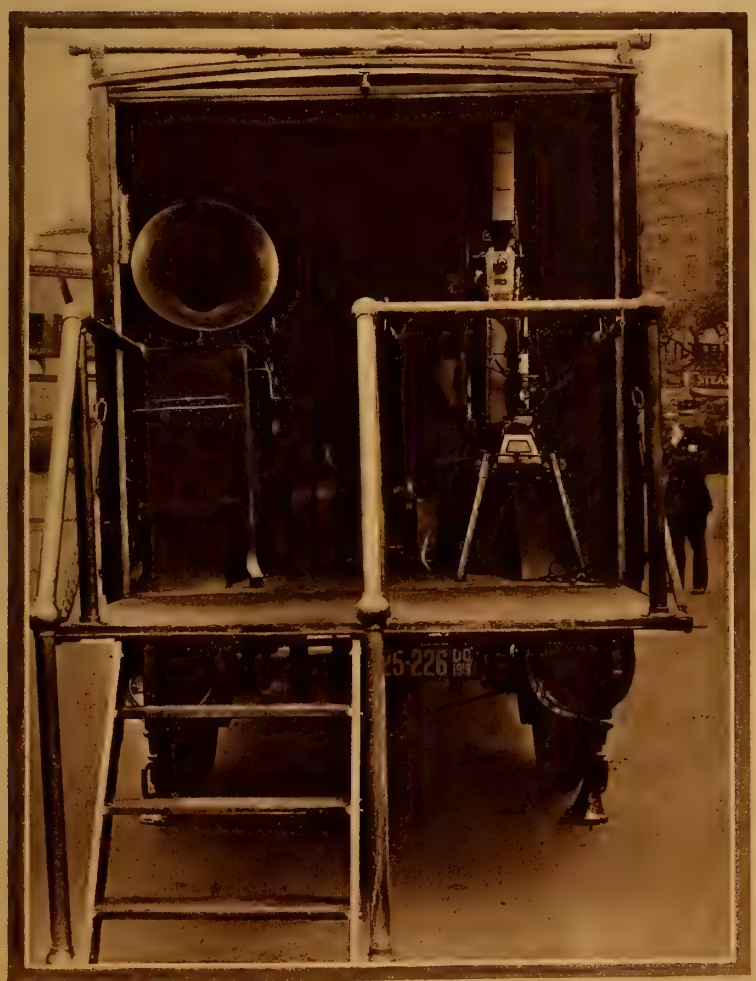
Photo by Press Illustrating Service.



One of the huge trucks used by Dr. Francis Holley in his projection of pictures thruout the world. This truck carries the machine, a phonograph, films and all the other necessary paraphernalia

Teaching the World to See

By DONALD H. WALK



A rear view of above truck showing phonograph and projection machine

A BLIND man raised his hands to heaven. In his heart at that moment surged an emotion so tense, so vital, that the words he repeated were like those of a priest's vow. These were his words:

"In a vision I have beheld myself with sight restored. I have learnt afresh of the joys and beauties of the world. I vow that if this dream comes true, in gratitude I will spend the remainder of my life teaching the world how wonderful are its eyes."

The vision has come to pass! The vow has been kept!

One of the baneful influences of the ravaging plagues that sweep periodically over the East Indian provinces was that which reaped a horrible harvest among the babies of those countries. Millions of helpless infants, with parents ignorant in the ways of cleanliness and sanitation, died—died because no one had ever taken the trouble to teach their mothers and fathers that lives could be saved in the simple following of the laws of nature.

When Dr. Francis Holley, who is now director of the Bureau of Commercial Economics, Washington, D. C., said to be the largest organization in the world dedicated to the free exhibition of motion pictures, visited the Indian provinces, he saw the need of education among the people. The



One of Dr. Francis Holley's trucks at busy Columbus Circle, New York City, with one of the typical crowds which gather to view the exhibition. Thru this medium thousands of people are reached yearly

established the first educational organization which used as its medium the motion picture, exhibited free.

At last, after eighteen years, his search was rewarded. He found an electrical treatment which restored his sight. The treatment consisted of electric applications upon the base of his brain, three hours a day for one year. In his gratitude he remembered the vow that he had made years before: "I will teach the world how wonderful are its eyes."

scourge of the plague and the high rate of infant mortality which resulted impressed him as no incident had ever done before.

When he returned to America, he directed that motion picture films which presented in easily understandable scenes the value of cleanliness and sanitation be sent to India. Before they left America all titles and printed sections were translated into the languages of the East Indian provinces. From that time to this day, films are sent to India, combating the evil effects of the plagues. These all are sent under the supervision of Dr. Holley.

Dr. Holley has but to refer to the printed reports which come from India to find his recompense. These reports tell him that thru the teachings of his motion pictures, the infant mortality rate has been materially lessened, and this is his gratification.

The same is true of the Eskimos in the Arctic regions, thousands of whom had died every year from tuberculosis because no one had ever shown them how to combat it. The Bureau of Commercial Economics sends films every year for these children of the north to see and to obtain therefrom the essentials of sanitation and cleanliness.

From the South Seas to the waters of the frozen north does this great organization supply motion pictures, upon every conceivable theme, chosen from a library which contains nearly 20,000,000 feet of film and which is being augmented every month by two millions more.

Dr. Holley was the blind man. For years he had sought that which would make him see again. At last, impatient at the indolence which his handicap developed within him, he decided to make others see even if he himself could not see. He obtained a few films and, with his own personal fortune, began to show them. He

His first step was the organization of the Bureau of Commercial Economics. This was in 1912, when motion pictures in America were as yet enwrapped in the glamor of novelty. With only a few hundred films, he started an organization which today is an influence in every industrial and educational community of America and the scope of which has been felt from the wild trails of the Bechuana lands in South Africa to the frozen wastes of the Yukon territory in Alaska. He has transported his films on the backs of camels over the African deserts, on the backs of llamas over the mountains of the Andes, on dog sleds in the frozen north.

He has traveled all over the world, and his cameramen have photographed every scientific, vocational, educational, industrial and historic happening which might prove of interest to "the people," who are his children. He furnishes these pictures free to any organization which will exhibit them free to its audiences. He offers the wealth of subjects which make up his library on this condition—that they are shown absolutely free of charge to their audiences.

And now, after seven years, in which the bureau has grown by leaps and bounds, until its activities are amazingly varied and influential, he is taking another telling step forward.

He plans to bring the movies to your back door and to mine!

He has organized a fleet of motor trucks, each of which is a veritable motion picture theater on wheels. To date there are seven of these available for service in various sections of the United States. Each is equipped with a standard Powers Six-B projection machine, a complete Delco power generation plant which develops 65 volts and operates independently of the truck engine. Each truck carries a portable screen which, when the truck is ready for an exhibition, is mounted upon a steel frame. It provides a projection space 18 x 24 feet.

Nearly 30,000 feet of film can be conveniently carried in each truck in specially constructed cases. Each truck will carry films from which programs particularly adaptable to the territory in which it operates can be chosen.

Dr. Holley's latest project is an extensive public service campaign, the effects of which will be felt thruout the United States. During this great nation-wide movement, which industrial leaders and business men declare will graduate into the largest and most extensive educational campaign ever undertaken in this country, every city of importance will be visited and, under the auspices of chambers of commerce, industrial organizations and executives of corporations, picture programs will be presented illustrating the industrial revival into which the country has entered after two years of war conditions.

The first truck will soon enter New England, where films showing the industrial trend of the West and Middle West will be shown, as well as films the themes of which will tend to stifle labor unrest and dissensions between employers and employees. A camera-man will accompany the truck on its New England tour, to film the industries of that section, and these will be used in the programs offered in other tours.

The Bureau of Commercial Economics is not a government bureau. It's operation, however, is not hampered by this fact; it is, in fact, enhanced, since, as Dr. Holley has said:

"If it were a government bureau, it could not show its films in foreign countries, foreign films in this country or foreign films in foreign countries, all of which it is now doing. The bureau is an altruistic association, using the facilities and instrumentalities of governments, manufacturers and educational institutions in the dissemination of useful information by the graphic method of motion pictures displayed invariably to audiences admitted free.

"The bureau has upwards of 100 exchanges and a staff of more than 200 giving its undivided attention to the care and circulation of films. These exchanges

(*Continued on page 112*)



May Collins, the girl of Dr. Holley's films, who is called "The Mary Pickford of Industrial Pictures"



A scene from "The Open Road to Greater America," a picture used in exploiting good roads



Keeping the Ray Focused

his nice brown eyes looked rather hopelessly into space. "Everybody knows all there is to know about me, everybody knows that I have a motor car and a home at Beverly Hills, and that I dance for recreation. What more can I tell you?"

The utter weariness in his tones, the lack of enthusiasm, the total absence of the zest of sheer living, in one who has attained fame and its monetary rewards so early in life, struck me as unusual. Could it mean that success did not bring happiness?

"Tell me," I said, "about your struggle for a

Photo by Evans, L. A.



". . . If you ever see a letting down in my work I wish you'd tell me . . . it's the greatest favor you could do me," says Charles Ray.

STRANGELY enough that old propensity which all young people possess, the desire to make themselves look old, was the thing which very nearly prevented the Charles Ray spotlight from ever becoming properly focused.

Charles, better known at that time as Charlie, was gifted with a round baby face . . . and Charles didn't like his youthful look, consequently he used to hide his fresh young face beneath a derby hat and a big black cigar. He wore that derby hat and a big black cigar when he first sought Mr. Ince for a chance in pictures . . . He was given an old man's part and—but I'm ahead of my story.

Out at the Ince, Culver City studio, each star has a tiny porch and private entrance into his dressing-room which face an emerald grass courtyard.

Charles Ray held his own little screen door open for me to pass in and saw that I found a spare spot in his wicker furnished office, then slowly stretched himself like a weary pup to his full height, and after asking a drawly permission lit a huge black cigar and sat down.

"What *can* I tell you," he said punctiliously, while

By
HAZEL
SIMPSON
NAYLOR



Photo by Evans.

He looks just like he does on the screen; his hair is very fine and his eyes are deep set and brown . . . And he dislikes being gaped at by the crowds and would like to enjoy himself in public without having every movement noted.

career why, when you are so successful do you appear so weary?"

Mr. Ray evidenced interest; "That presents an interesting thought," he said. "From the time I was a youngster, there was a certain spark burning in me. It was perpetually trying to find a ray of proper expression. I worked long and hard before I won the place I now hold; and now it is work, work, work to keep that spark burning. I am so afraid I might slip back—I watch each picture anxiously, *am* I letting down I wonder, and I redouble my efforts. Oh, no, the fight isn't all in the getting of fame, it's in the keeping of it—I *am* tired—I have a tremendous schedule to keep up."

"Tell me about the spark," I pleaded.

"Well," he reminisced in his soft drawl which sank so low that at times I could barely catch his utterances, "I first remember the spark as a kid in Illinois. It manifested itself when I started to build a toy theater. I remember I made little rollers for the curtains and I cut out figures and used to give real shows with—well, you might call them puppets. As I grew older I used to stage real shows in the parlor and I had all the neighboring kids acting for me. Then my father and mother moved West. We made our home in a little town called Needles, California. I used to hang around the one and only theater all the time until I finally got a job as usher. I liked that and I used to stay after the performances watching the actors, and it seemed like I never did want to leave that theater. I was bound up in it heart and soul. Well, sir, I served as box office man and scene shifter and then they used to let me go on as a supe now and then. It just seemed as if I could only live in a theater. I studied every angle of it. Often I forgot to go home to eat—I worked later than anybody else. Finally I had a small part offered me and I toured the small cities 'till the show busted up in Los Angeles. Father wanted me to come home but I stuck it out. Day after day I trudged around trying to find even the smallest opening, but to no avail—I tell you I was pretty near down and out, but the spark still burnt. Finally I got wind that a certain producer needed men for a musical comedy. I had never attempted singing much before—but my observations came in good stead—I got the job.

"That company also busted up. Dad wrote me begging me again to give up the idea of the stage and to let him pay for my going to business college.

"Well, I stuck it out for some time longer, but hunger was Dad's ally and I finally gave in. I have always been glad that I took up that business course at Stanford even if it failed to change my way much, for after I had finished it I drifted back on the stage. I used to manage

(*Continued on page* 111.)

Irving of Many Loves



Photo by Hartsook, L. A.



There have been ladies fair galore in the career of Irving Cummings. Nazimova, Florence Reed, Clara Kimball Young, Pauline Frederick, Ethel Clayton and many others, too numerous to mention, have harkened to his screen wooings. Just recently he completed a heavy rôle in "Secret Service"



By GLADYS HALL

A Robert Warwick-Famous Players-Lasky Production Released Under the Title of "An Adventure in Hearts"

DIEPPE had always had alien bloods flowing in his veins. He had always had distant calls and distant urges. He had always obeyed them. Alien hates, too, and alien loves. There was something that drove him on, that tugged at him. There was something in him that could not let him be.

He adventured over the world and around the world and then back again. He used it as an immense playground and made magnificent explorations over it. He plucked thrills as a gentler person picks flowers. He made love and he made wars and his blood raced to the martial music of both. He killed a man and broke a woman with the same superb aplomb—and then there came the adventure of the principality in southern Europe. The adventure that led his daring foosteps to the ancient castle of the Dieramondi—and after that many things were different. For one thing, he knew that never again could he taste the salt savor of an adventure, having reached the greatest adventure of them all. He had reached, so to speak, an end. He had arrived at a limit, who had thought no limit existed. Never again would he challenge death with a contemptuous shout on his mouth because life had grown too sweet. Never again would he play with love, delighting in the colors of the flame, because he had lit a flame on an altar and it burned away his dross.

Life being what it is, Dieppe recalled his last adventure in the person of a girl as slender as a wand and as fragile as a lily. A girl with fair hair and sweet eyes and a heart like the first dew of a first June. And very gentle. It happened in this wise:

A small principality in southern Europe had been hard pressed for some important political information. They had been quite desperate and wholly reckless in their promise of reward. Their predicament had reached the ears of Dieppe, squandering a fortune on the Riviera, and it had sounded lusty to his ears. There was promise to it. It would take him into subterranean places and bring him into strange contacts. Death was present, too, and the risk of life and limb and honor. He traveled posthaste to the distraught principality and proffered his services for a—ah—substantial recompense. The principality had a habit of offering substantial recompenses for insubstantial deeds—there were always ways and means—and what is an adventurer more or less—an adventurer whose next adventure might well be the securing of information against them—who knew? They offered Dieppe fifty thousand francs and bade him Godspeed.

Dieppe had a way with him and a sword and a courage spawned of a combination of heaven and hell. Fear had been omitted at his christening. He secured the information and jaunted leisurely back to the feverishly impatient and perpetually seething small principality. En route he wondered why small principalities were eternally seething—he decided that he was rather weary of small principalities and the securing of blood-stained papers——

He was confirmed in his decision when he reached the council chamber and was informed by the prime minister



Across the hall from him the girl with pale gold hair and blue eyes was crooning over a cat. . . . Something had kept her from sleep this night. . . .

that he must deliver his information before he, the prime minister, would deliver the fifty thousand francs. Dieppe knew his small principality. Studying the bewhiskered and musical-comedyish prime minister, he felt that he knew his prime minister. That principality needed their fifty thousand francs—once the information was theirs, they did *not* need their Captain Dieppe.

Dieppe smiled. He could have a peculiarly terrible smile. He turned and strode from the council chamber.

The prime minister had made preparations for Dieppe's smile and his silent departure. He had posted an armed guard at the exit of the council chamber. But the guard, like the prime minister, were mostly bewhiskered and musical-comedyish. Dieppe was neither. He was seasoned by many suns, on many seas. He had cut out the heart of a lion and stolen the favorite of a Sultan's harem. A bewhiskered guard meant merely good material for his sword and, later, an apology to said sword. It was the matter of an instant to disarm the guard and less than an instant to remove from the indignant prime minister a portion of his whiskering. In the same instant Dieppe was going leisurely he knew not whither—which happened to be in the direction of Dieramondi—and his great, last adventure.

The Count of Dieramondi was an old friend of Dieppe's. Years ago they had shot big game together and tracked unknown rivers to more unknown sources and dreamed on their backs while the Indian suns scorched away their semblances to white men.

Then Dieramondi had grown slaked—and he had fallen in love. "Really, Dieppe, dear chap, *really*, this time, you know." And Dieppe had chanted a requiem mass over him and he had gone back to his ancestral castle of the Dieramondi and settled down to his ancient vintages and his very young wife.

Dieppe had forgotten him. He had a habit of forgetting.

He resuscitated him from the dim sub-cellars of memory when he learnt that he was in close proximity to the castle of the Dieramondi. He sensed a pleasurable glow. Here, with Dieramondi, would be a good place to laugh away the small principality. There might be a charming atmosphere. They could reminisce. They could conjure up the jungle again and smell the stench of a tracked tiger and feel the thrill of its lair. They could get the dank smell of the unknown river and the fierce thrill of its discovery. They could laugh together at the Indian maidens they had known, slender, dark javelins dancing for them under a terrible sun. Dieramondi was married—but these foreigners—they kept women in their places. Doubtless Dieramondi had

CAPTAIN DIEPPE

Fictionized, by permission, from the scenario of Elmer Harris, based on the novel of Anthony Hope. Produced by Famous Players-Lasky, starring Robert Warwick. Directed by James Cruze. The cast:

Captain Dieppe.....Robert Warwick
Count Dieramondi.....Juan de la Cruz
Countess Emilie Dieramondi.....Winifred Greenwood
Lucia Bonavia D'Orano.....Helene Chadwick
Guilamo Sevier.....Walter Long
Paul Sharpe.....Howard Gaye

married stupidly. The Countess would be growing stout —she would be coy—she would be jealous of the dashing Dieramondi.

The first evening ran true to form, except that when Dieramondi spoke of his Countess, who was elusively not present, Dieppe had the odd feeling he had had when he had listened to the outraged Sultan yowling for his favorite. He began to be convinced that the Countess was *not* growing stout. Dieramondi was entirely too preoccupied with something concerning her. He had known entirely too many women to let one upset his equipoise —unless—unless—suppose that the Countess were a super-upsetting person—there would be consequences—and they had been good pals. Dieppe felt uneasy in the face of falling in love with the Countess of the Dieramondi.

Very late that night, or perhaps in the first pale attempt of dawn, Dieppe awoke with a start. He reared up and sat erect, leveling his pistol at some indeterminate figures in the indeterminate tapestries shrouding his mullioned windows. Distinctly, tho he had heard a noise, the Countess came to his mind. Something had been said about her occupying this wing. Was she wandering about the corridors? Couldn't she sleep? *Why* couldn't she sleep? What ghost within her drove her forth at night to mingle with the mouldering Dieramondi ghosts?

Across the hall from him, the girl with pale gold hair and blue eyes was crooning over a cat. Something had kept her from sleep this night. And then, just now, she had heard an odd sound in the room across the corridor. Her maid had told her that a Captain Dieppe was sleeping there, a guest of the Count's. She had heard of Dieppe and his adventurings. She wondered what drove him from his slumbers at such an hour. Fear was not in him. A woman, perhaps, whose witcheries penetrated the fortressed stone of Dieramondi and nagged him, charmingly . . .

The girl with the pale hair hugged the kitten closer and, in the stillness of the room, her pulses raced like little scarlet hearts. She was wondering what it might be like to be the love of a man like Dieppe —she was wondering if it might not be the secret of desire.

An hour slid away, and the girl with the pale hair wrapped her silken robe about her and stole into the corridor. At the end the moon was coming thru the partly opened casement. All about her there was a promise.

She stood there a long while with her face turned up to the broad white glow, and there was no sound at all save the gentle sighing of her breath, the low call of a bird without, the opening and closing of Dieppe's door. He could be very gentle when he wanted to gaze upon a woman, himself unseen.

No wonder, he thought, when he had got back to bed again, no wonder Dieramondi was troubled about this woman who was his wife. His wife! She would trouble the pulse of any man were she fifty times his wife. What was she doing here in this remote wing—alone? What was the trouble agitating Dieramondi? Why didn't he come to this white butterfly and make things right with her? How could he lose an hour of her beauty this young night?

Dieppe thought for a great while that night. All at once his keen adventurings went stale with him. What had they all amounted to at that? Why had he been idiot enough to chant a requiem over Dieramondi? He, he himself, deserved the requiem. He had been making arid conquests, parlor farce love, while Dieramondi had been *living*—here in this storied place with a white butterfly whose fragile wings he had seen spread in the moonlight and had come to love.

In the early morning he came upon her in the garden. Soft things came from his heart to his lips.

"I mistook you for a rose among the roses," he said. He added: "Last night I mistook you for a butterfly who had flown down the moon-path to rest a while on the earth. Your wings seemed spread and shimmering in the moonlight, and I held my breath—I feared you would rise up on them and fly away from the earth."

There was a silence. In the silence something breathed between them. Was it rapture? Then Dieppe said, even more softly, "But I should not speak this way to the Countess Dieramondi."

When the girl looked up this time her eyes were bright with sudden nervous tears;



Before the fire Dieramondi was bending over his wife. Their voices tenderly blent, smote him on his heart. Somehow, they might have waited, might have given him a cooler picture to carry away with him . . .



Very late that night—or perhaps in the first pale of the dawn—Dieppe awoke with a start. He reared up and sat erect, levelling his pistol at some indeterminate figures in the indeterminate tapestries shrouding his mullioned windows

What had it profited him? Something of all this fought its embarrassed way to his lips; something of the momentousness he felt the occasion to be, too, and then an abrupt voice broke in upon them.

"I tell you," said the voice, directly behind the girl, "that I am thru with this fiddle-de-dee. I get the money or Dieramondi gets the information. He will know how you philandered away your time, my lady, and he will know how you philandered away your money, which is of vastly more import to—what th'—what——"

(*Continued on page* 115)

her hands, white butterflies indeed, fluttered at her breast. "I am in trouble, Captain Dieppe," she said, "in great, gr-eat trouble. Perhaps it is you who will help me. I—you see, I stayed a while at Monte Carlo in the early spring. Perhaps my—my excuse lies there, if anywhere. There was a man there, a man, Paul Sharpe. He talked a great deal with me and my husband found this out. It made him angry, the Count. He was very threatening. Worse than all, I had lost fifty thousand francs to Paul Sharpe, gambling. Oh, I was silly . . . I cannot think . . . now . . . but hélas! I did—I lost it. Now he follows me here, this Sharpe. He says intimate things to me—little, close things, which I do never permit at all. He says them because he knows I dare not openly insult him because of the money debt. My husband believes dark things and tells me so and I—I am hurt. It seems to me the Count should know me—after these years. I have been so—so much to him—too much for suspicion to rear its ugly head. We are living—apart. If, added to all this, he finds that I owe this man, Sharpe, money—" the little white hands fluttered upward and turned to pale yellow bits in the sunlight—"I do not know," she said, with a little moan—"the Dieramondi—the family vault is full—of women who have bled for marriage vows." The pale girl came closer. She laid her soft hand on Dieppe's sleeve. "Please," she whispered, "if you could help me . . . I should be so glad."

Dieppe stood quite still. He had the sinking conviction that his big moment should have arrived, the consummation of all the adventures he had sought, his triumphal acquittal. It should have arrived—and he stood there, before her, powerless; he stood there, before her, futile, inadequate, empty-handed.



The night wind sighed. "And, Dear Love?" "And . . . . . and love for you, my Love"

Corinne o' the Cinema

The silverscreen has no more beautiful star than Corinne Griffith, the Vitagraph favorite. Corinne is rapidly coming to the forefront—for, besides beauty, she has warmth and feeling. These things usually do not go hand in hand







These glimpses of Corinne are from her latest vehicle, Clyde Fitch's "The Climbers," and we submit the question: Was ever a bridal portrait more attractive than that of Miss Griffith in "The Climbers"?

Flivving With Gladden



to the studios where they were to have seen him.

He took the stairs to my office two at a time and breezed in with his frank smile and hearty manner—typical of the great out-of-doors.

"Sorry to be late but my car broke down and I had to leave it at a garage and hire another vehicle," he explained, "some day I'm going to find some nice, unsuspecting person who doesn't know anything about the importance of an engine in a car and sell him mine. It looks great but try and get it to take you somewhere!"

It was after five o'clock when he arrived and realizing the offices were fast being deserted, he hesitated.

"If you dont mind riding in the dilapidated vehicle I have parked downstairs, I'd like to drive you home."

"What is the vehicle?" I asked, "a Ford?"

"It used to be," he grinned, "but I dont think Henry himself would recognize it now."

Grateful for anything which saved me my nightly process of lurching and frantically reaching for the worn leather strap of the trolley I accepted—and was certainly not sorry.

Gladden James knows Life as only those know it who study it—as those know it who love it. He philosophizes—he is not afraid to take Life's tears with its laughter. One imagines his bookcases filled with the better things which writers have given to the world.





He philosophizes—he delves deep and is not afraid to take life's tears with its laughter. Center, with Anita Stewart in one of her first pictures, and below, with Norma Talmadge in "The Heart of Wetona."

HE had been discovered—he being that previously unheard of mortal who doesn't think the car he drives the finest on the market, for the price perhaps, but surely in some way or another the finest. Gladden James admits with the utmost candor that his very bon ton car "has nothing but its looks to brag about." Maybe he was particularly dissatisfied with his car on this rainy day but he's the sort who would say what he thought anyway. However, one didn't mind him being late in the least when they remembered he had offered to come to their office and spare them the rainy trip

PAGE

By
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER



He believes absolutely in the power of Truth—or as he expresses it, "the glory of Truth, for a lie cannot live, and it eventually reacts—it is a boomerang which returns to him in whose mind it was born. I'm not a fatalist, particularly," he continuel earnestly, "but I believe in Fate—the Fate which corners those who live their lives regardless of others, regardless of the laws, written or unwritten, which were made to protect humanity."

With the greatest sincerity he told me he was "getting old"—but his boyish face with its blue eyes and healthy glow belied his words. And has he not found it wise to grow a moustache in order to look older in his screen portrayals?

Through the streets, crowded with the home-bound populace, we crawled. The rain had stopped leaving huge puddles here and there—drops fell from the spans of the elevated structures. The danger of skidding was great for hired vehicles are not provided with skid chains and conversation necessarily was disjointed.

But when we entered the park where the road was clear the speedometer needle registered more miles per hour on the dial and we whizzed between rows of dripping trees.

"I missed the showery days when I was in California with Norma Talmadge working on 'The Heart of Wetona,' but I loved the Golden West," he explained. "People out there take time to live. I'm afraid we of the East could learn a lesson from our western brothers. Life is short at the best, and do we get the most out of it?"



"Did you like California well enough to remain there?" I sought to learn.

"Yes, I did," he admitted, "but I was glad to get home to Mrs. James and the little Jameses.

"I'm very proud of my family, and have the greatest contempt for the man who doesn't acknowledge his family ties because he is in public life. To me that man not only insults the woman of his choice but womanhood itself. I'd like you to meet Mrs. James"—this proudly.

"She's not in public life," he went on, "and I'm glad she isn't, for I try to keep my home a retreat from the world I know all day—a place where I can seek rest and mental recreation. As for the two kiddies, I want them to have the home life I missed. I've belonged to the public ever since I was six years old when I appeared in a local stock company

(*Continued on page* 117.)



He's just a big boy today and except in those rare minutes when he grows serious he makes you think of your high school hero. Center, with Alice Joyce in "The Third Degree," and below, a snap with his baby.

The Divine Spark of Kathleen



'I think disappointments are helpful," says Kathleen Kirkham, "one grows stronger thru 'knocks' if they are properly met"

NINE tailors may not be able to make a man—but they go far toward putting a beautiful girl on the list of stellar possibilities, provided—provided that girl has beauty, intelligence, charm, magnetism, histrionic ability and a few other things.

It is because she realizes the value of clothes in her work that Kathleen Kirkham is having a wardrobe room built on the back of her lovely Delaware Avenue bungalow to accommodate her countless frocks and wraps.

It was in this bungalow that I was chatting with her—one could find no more charming spot for a chat. There are low windows stretching right across the room and almost to the ground. In fact the side walls have French windows opening out into a beautiful flower garden. Her own pet table is by a front window where a small shaded lamp gives light o'nights and where the sun streams in by day. The walls are papered—a strange thing for a California house, since we incline to wainscotings and frescoes. Rugs with blue or mulberry tints are much in evidence and chairs are most inviting.

"When did it first dawn on you that you couldn't live without acting?" I asked her.

"When I was about ten years old," she smiled. "I was born on the shore of Lake Michigan, at Menominee, to be exact. We had ten, twenty and thirty-cent shows there and on Saturday afternoons I went with the other kiddies of my age to see

Photo by Lauritz Bros., L. A.



By Doris Delvigne



Photo by Witzel, L. A.

Miss Kirkham will discard the vampy, décolleté gowns and fishtail creations in her new starring venture and play real American girl parts.

the hair-raising melodramas.

"Well, grandfather had a big barn, divided by a partition wall which he allowed us to use for a theater. We cut a huge door into the partition and with the driftwood which the boys gathered from the lake, we built an arena but it looked more like a circus when I look back on it now. Of course we couldn't remember the dialog of the thirty-cent houses but we had the general idea and would make up the words as we went along.

"They voted me leading lady unanimously but—the little brother and sister who lived in the house standing on the same lot which the barn stood on refused to let us on the grounds if they couldn't play the leading roles. I didn't really care for I wanted to display emotion and the 'heavy' usually has more opportunity along that line so I thereafter played the heavy.

"At the first Saturday afternoon's performance we made a dollar and fifty cents. We only charged a penny but elderly visitors who felt kindly disposed and appreciative of our efforts were at liberty to give more."

Miss Kirkham has a charming and infectious smile. Her voice is low and well modulated and even at the early age of ten she must have made a favorable impression with it. And like her chum, Lois Wilson, she has soft, golden brown hair and, most wonderful of all, a natural complexion. But then, as she admits, she is "disgracefully healthy."

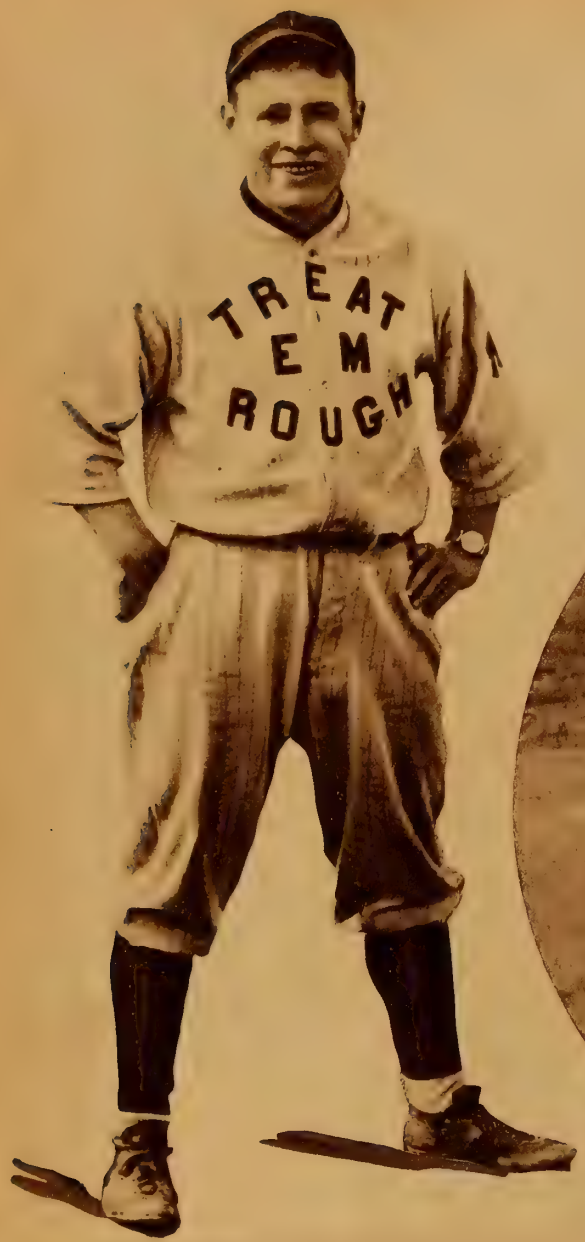
"What did you do with all that money?" we probed.

"We wanted in the worst way to buy a watermelon, but after a long discussion we decided we'd invest it in wall paper and the boys promised they would paper the scenes so that our next drama would be a real eye-stunner.

"Our mothers, generally, would not come to the shows. My mother, in particular, had no wish to see me develop into an actress. However, after much persuasion she promised to come. At that time mother was very stout and we put her up on a higher seat than the others, in what she considered a dangerous position because she did not trust the rough platform we had built—and we charged her *five* cents because she took up so much room!

(*Continued on page 92.*)

Play Ball!



"It's a great life," says Arthur Guy Empey, when he leaves the studios and gets into his baseball togs. The name of his team is "Treat 'Em Rough," as may be divined from the lettering on his uniform—and judging from said uniform the team's mascot is the black cat, made fomous by the Tank Corps.





Turning the Table



By GLADYS HALL

Doris Pennington stopped thinking of death the minute she laid her eyes upon Monty Feverill, who looked so much like it that it lost its charm for Doris. At least, so Doris named the reason to herself . . . she didn't know that it was the dawning of life. . . .

Monty sat supine within the September sunshine, swathed and swaddled, and heaving sighs so tremendous that the little adventurous birds hopped wildly away from him and even the late roses nodded in alarm.

Doris, peering at him with round eyes, from her side of the picket fence, forgot momentarily her own insult at the hands of life to ponder over his. His, she decid,ed *looked* worse than hers, at least. Her hurts were too deep and, paradoxically, too inconspicuous for swathing and swaddling, even had there been ministering hands for the service, which there were not.

On one of the September mornings Doris decided to tell Monty Feverill all about it. She had never had anyone to tell all about it to . . . saving the rag doll which had happened to her via a neighbor round about her sixth year and which had been soft but somehow inadequate . . . Leaving the swathings out of consideration, the Feverill boy looked nice . . . nice eyes and sort of a nice tentative sort of a smile — shy-like —not bold . . .

Aunt had said that he was a molly and a sissy and a fool and a few other choice anathema, but then Aunt said things of a like nature about everyone and everything saving only the spiritualistic medium who wafted perpetually about their home, invoking the dead and gone, with much mouthing and muttering.

It was about Aunt, indeed, that Doris wanted to talk. She had a feeling that the Feverill boy wouldn't "tell." He didn't look sufficiently energized to tell anything to anybody. Everybody else seemed to have the taint. In past days all of Doris' little attempts at self-revealment came back to Aunt with sundry and various and always distinctly uncomfortable results.

The Feverill boy blushed to the roots of his fair hair when Doris slithered through the fence and descended, as it were, upon him. His mother had ill prepared him for feminine company. And then, he had had the temerity to "tell" a daisy one day, with the next-door girl in mind. He had liked the next-door girl. She had jolly eyes and a nice smile . . . when her eyes weren't dull with tears and her smile all blotted out. The Feverill boy had felt sorry on those too-frequent occasions. It was as if a grim, unfriendly cloud had intruded against some twinkling star.

CAST BOX

Fictionized by permission from the original story of Lois Zellner. Produced by Famous Players-Lasky, starring Dorothy Gish. Directed by Elmer Clifton. The cast:

Doris Pennington	Dorothy Gish
Monty Feverill	Raymond Cannon
Professor Ferno Feverill	George Faucett
Mrs. Paddington Feverill	Eugenia Besserer
Erma Shirke	Kate Poncray
Doctor Spinks	Fred Warren
Ruth Strong	Rhea Haimes
Doctor Eddy	Porter Strong
Swites Pomroy	Norman McNeil

There were several strained moments. The Feverill boy fidgeted and thought, shamefacedly, that he liked the next-door girl *next door*. Doris scuffed the dirt and decided that it was going to be hard to talk through so many shawls and wrappings. Then all at once, because she was really very hurt and bruised and unhappy, she blurted it out and told him so. The floodgates were down and the barrier of seventeen was no more. . . .

"As long as I can remember," Doris rushed on, "she's been hustlin' me out of bed in the morning so's she could everlastingly clean and hustlin' me *into* it at night so's she and that spooky medium of hers could rap tables and move chairs around and moan and mumble enough to make your spine cree-eep! I dont see how I *can* stand it much longer . . ."

"I know," the Feverill boy stirred, restlessly; all his young sympathies were suddenly and almost brutally warmed to life. He could just *see* the next-door girl sitting erect in her bed while brooms whisked and ghosts walked. He *had* seen Aunt manipulating the broom with an acid grimace and the spiritualist medium with an expression sourly akin to dripped honey. He could make astute observations if he could not play baseball and football and other hilarious things.

He told Doris about that. "My mother makes me hop and jump and all but go through a ring with a trainer," he told her; "and the rest of the time I have to sit here. In the evenings she reads me medical books so I'll know all about the diseases I have. It's awful to be born with all the afflictions *I* have."

Doris gave one of her rare laughs. "Your only affliction," she said, "is your mother . . . , and she's chronic." And then she rolled over in the dirt and stuck her fist in her mouth and mumbled an apology which the Feverill boy didn't seem to need . . . he was smiling.

Out of the dust Doris began to speak again. "A month ago," she said, "I tried to kill myself. I didn't see why I should go living on. There wasn't any use. No use at all. It's stupid to do a thing when there's no use in doing it. It's . . . it's a waste of something. This . . . this living business was a waste of *me* . . . a waste of something inside me that ought to be beautiful and singing and sunny, but isn't . . . so I thought it ought to be stopped . . . stopped altogether before it . . . before it *rusts* into ugliness. I wanted to stop it. And I tried. Yes, I did. I really tried . . ."

The Feverill boy gave a little sharp exclamation.

"I tried with a rope," said Doris. "I went up to the attic. There was a big thick coil of it. It looked to me like a boa constrictor I had seen once in a zoo. I twisted it around my throat and it prickled and felt hard. I shut my eyes to shut the sunlight out, but do you know the red shine of the sun came through even when they were shut. I thought it might be like that with me; that I might not rust; that the red glow might always come through . . . even the shut-out places. I—I



Aunt and the Medium came in and sat down and began talking together silly-like, the way they always do. It'd make you sick to hear them. I rapped the table, just for fun—it was funny, you know.

couldn't do it. I just . . . just kept on."

The Feverill boy's voice was thick and shaky.

"What—what *awful* thing," he asked, "made you want to do *—that?*"

"All the awful things together, really," explained Doris, "but that afternoon I had been sitting under Aunt's table in the parlor—the one that raps so. I wanted to examine it. I dont believe in that table and I dont believe in Aunt and I dont believe one bit in Aunt's medium, but I wanted to see which one was the biggest fakir. I was sitting there examining away when Aunt and the Medium came in and sat down and began talking together silly-like, the way they always do. It'd make you sick to hear them. I rapped the table, just for fun. It *was* funny, you know, really, only Aunt never sees the fun in things. I guess she wasn't ever young and wanting to laugh and play, or else she's just forgotten. Anyway, she pulled me out from there by my ear and *gave* it to me. Oh, she did give it! She called me nasty horrid names and accused me of things, and ended up by saying that just because I had some money of my own I thought I could take advantage of *thinking* people . . . she'd *show* me, she said . . . oh, dear . . ."



"Oh . . . this . . . Well, they dragged me protestingly within the postern gate and then the M. D. thought he had done his duty as he had seen it.

Doris trailed off into a dismal silence. She had a sense that she and the Feverill boy should be finding other things to talk of on this golden day, brimming over with sunshine as a bowl might brim with some ambrosial wine.

The Feverill boy's voice came again, still shaky and indistinct. "Was that why," he began, "you . . . oh, the . . . the rope, you know . . . ?"

Doris came back to gray realities. "No," she said; "no, not exactly. You see, the next day when the . . . when the medium came he came to see *me*, he said. He . . . he put his hands on me and it made me . . . it made me sick to death. After that he came every day to see *me* and he talked such horried nonsense to me and kept . . . kept touching me until I just . . . I felt just driven. And Aunt was just absolutely *furious*. She wouldn't let up on me for one instant. She yelled at me till I should have thought you could have heard her, and told me it was my money and not my silly little face and baby ways . . . and I just got sicker and sicker. I didn't see any use in anything at all. I didn't see one bit of use in myself . . . so then . . ."

The Feverill boy's hand reached lustily out, suddenly out, and caught hold of hers. It wasn't, Doris thought, at all the hand of a swaddled invalid. "Stop!" said the Feverill boy; "I—I cant . . . well, but wont you *please* stop!"

"I'm afraid I've really made you ill now!" said Doris, and scrambled to her feet, regretfully.

"No, no;" the Feverill boy shook his head. "It isn't that at all . . . but dont you see . . . a fellow *cant* . . ."

It began, around that time, to be rumored about that



. . He had not counted upon the newly aroused Montmorencian muscles. Monty as a pugilist and general beater-up had never entered his calculus. He did now.

the Pennington girl was "queer." The townsfolk said, with varying shades of meaning, that they didn't wonder. The Aunt was queer enough, the Lord knew, what with having the house in a state as though they were just about to move and holding hands and mumbling over a rapping table with that oily looking spirit-agent.

The Feverill boy was the only one who laughed at the tales. "It isn't Doris that's queer," he told his mother, who felt his pulse and regarded him with fixed anxiety every time the Pennington girl flopped over their back fence.

There came a day when the next-door girl neglected to flop over the picket fence. She went still further. She neglected to appear at all. Later in the day the doctor's buggy appeared instead, and the Feverill boy thought, wretchedly, that no doctor's visit was ever so prolonged. He thought, with a chill at his marrow, of the attic . . . and the rope . . . and he thought of her throat like the tilted stem of a flower. He began to detest his invalidism. There was nothing invalidish in the turmoil of hot blood that pounded in his temples when he thought of the oily medium making his oily advances . . . or when he thought of Aunt . . .

There was nothing of the invalid about him next day, either, but there was something, his alarmed parent decided, very, very strange. He refused to see his trainer. He stomped vigorously up and down the garden walks, a thing he had not attempted since that day years ago when he had walked in a garden and caught his first cold. He had never known freedom since.

His mother conferred with the doctor. She said that Monty's physical condition must have gone to his brain. The doctor, knowing that any change, even that of a sanitarium, would be good for Monty, suggested one.

Monty was escorted thither that very day. When he arrived he learned that sanitarium was but a kindly name for a refuge for the mentally incompetent.

His indignation had got a bare running start when he encountered Doris, efficient and demure, in a nurse's outfit. He began to believe that his mother had been more right than she was wrong. Surely, he belonged in a home for the mentally deficient . . . a man who sees visions in the broad light of day, who strolls off with one, talking and surreptitiously pinching himself for assurance.

"You see," Doris was saying, "Aunt couldn't stand the medium oiling about me any longer. But what could she do? Being half gone herself it occurred to her to make me wholly so. She caught me up to investigating the tables and chairs again and had the doctor come in on me at the same time. It did look . . . sort of queerish, I'll admit. Aunt has a gift of gab, and she made the worthy M.D. think it *very* queerish indeed. He suggested this place . . . and forthwith a strong-armed nurse appeared and she and the M.D. bodyguarded me forth . . . "

"But how . . . ?" Monty indicated with a limp forefinger the nurse's official garb.

"Oh . . . this . . . well, they dragged me protestingly within the postern gate and then the M.D. thought

he had done his duty as he had seen it. The medium taught me once a little trick of jiu-jutsu, though what that has to do with spooks I dont know. Anyway, I managed to tack on the nurse's coat and cap, etc., and take *her* in as *my* patient. Simple when you know how. You know, I've had more peace of mind in this lunatic asylum than I ever had out beyond the gates where they say that folks are sane. I've heard some good common sense here and I never did at Aunt's. But you . . . why are you here?"

"Mother believes that my physical difficulties have attacked my brain."

"And have they?"

"Something has."

"Something serious?"

"Very serious."

"Fatal?"

"That's for you to say . . ."

"For . . . ?" Doris gave him a quick look from under the perky austerity of her cap.

Monty turned a bewildered scarlet. "I mean . . . well, you're a nurse, aren't you?" he demanded.

"Only make-believe, Monty."

"The cure I need isn't make-believe, Doris."

"Tell me about it."

The boy kicked at the gravel of the walk. "I ought to be more of a man, Doris," he said. "I . . . I'm going to be . . . now . . . if you will . . . make me well."

"What do you want me to do, Monty?"

"Love me. Dont go away, Doris. I do. Yes, I do. I want you to love me."

Doris slipped her little hand into his. "Why I do, Monty," she said, simply, "I do. I have . . . ever since . . . ever since the day you . . . you took the place of the rag doll, you know . . . ever since then."

Monty cast a quick look about him. This was a large occasion. He hadn't ever kist a girl before, and here, now he was going to kiss *the* girl. His world raced past him in eternities of rhythm and color. To love and to kiss and to become a man all in one instant . . .

He kist her . . .

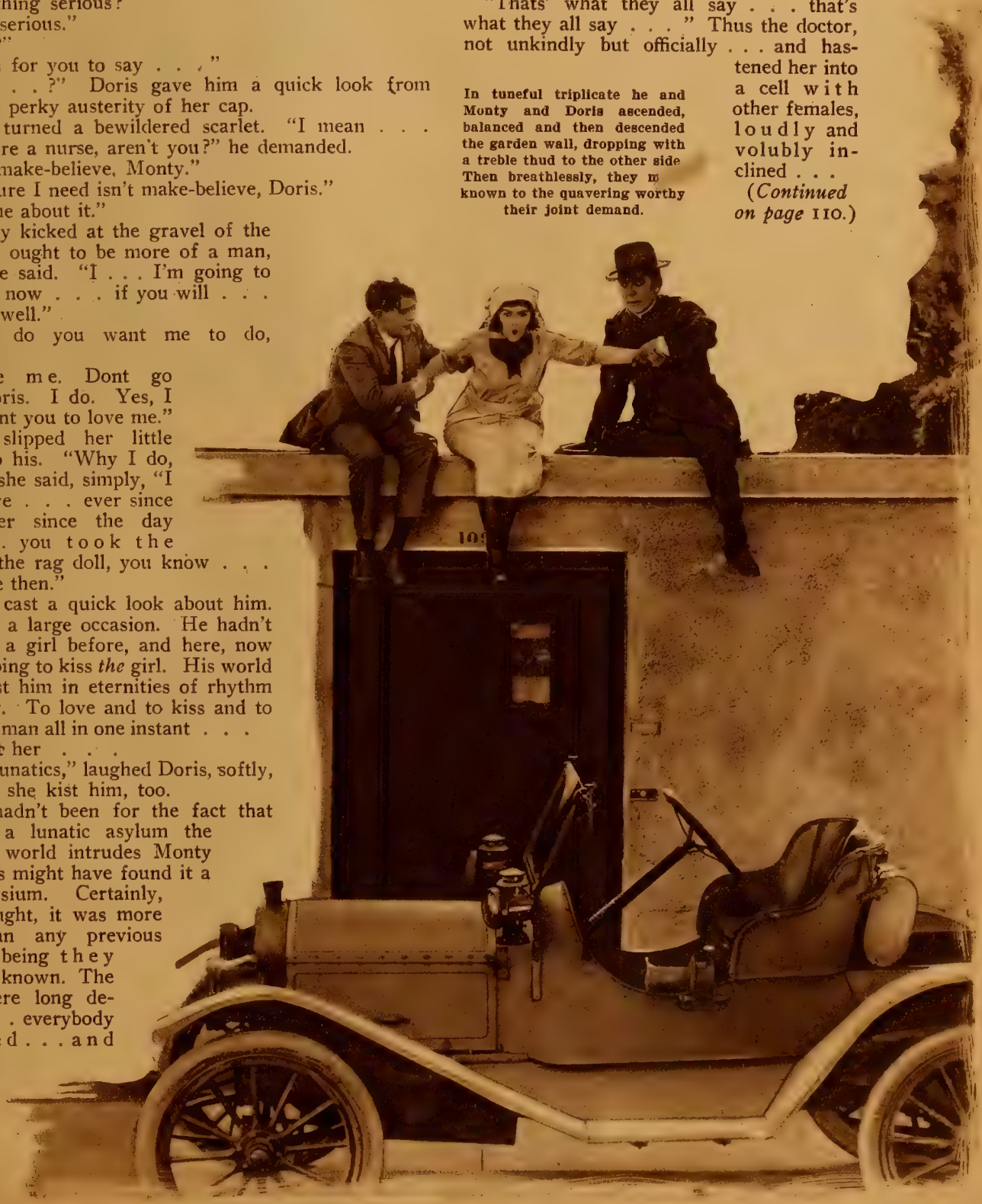
"Two lunatics," laughed Doris, softly, and then she kist him, too.

If it hadn't been for the fact that even in a lunatic asylum the grasping world intrudes Monty and Doris might have found it a new Elysium. Certainly, they thought, it was more sane than any previous state of being they had ever known. The days were long delights . . . everybody laughed . . . and those who wept wept comically over griefs too remote for deeper tears. Order had the day, and there came but seldom echoes of the world without.

Aunt was the first echo. She echoed so loudly that Doris heard her explaining divers things at the gate and knew that unless Aunt was out with the dangerously insane she would be in her stead. The insane had taught Doris promptitude of action. She met Aunt at the gate and also the newly arrived patient. It was a simple expedient to walk hastily off with the new patient and leave Aunt within to explain volubly to the receiving doctor that she was *not* insane, that she was not the patient, that she had an insane family, particularly a niece, but that she herself . . .

"Thats' what they all say . . . that's what they all say . . . " Thus the doctor, not unkindly but officially . . . and hastened her into a cell with other females, loudly and volubly inclined . . .

(*Continued on page* 110.)



In tuneful triplicate he and Monty and Doris ascended, balanced and then descended the garden wall, dropping with a treble thud to the other side Then breathlessly, they m known to the quavering worthy their joint demand.

Rollicking at Roslyn

Photo by Lumiere.





From left to right, Mrs. Eugene V. Brewster, Ruth Roland, Mr. Eugene V. Brewster, editor-in-chief of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND and Mabel Julienne Scott.

Norma Talmadge snapped with one of the lambs which gambol on the sloping lawns of the editor's country home.



Photo by Lumiere.





Ruth Roland found herself in immediate favor with the editor's dog, Corot.

Above, Corot accompanies Ruth on her visit to the pigeon roost, and below, Norma Talmadge gives Blanche McGarrity, one of the winners of the Fame and Fortune contest, a few points on make-up.

A Stellar Week-End at the Brewster Estate



Constance Talmadge volunteered to wash Ranger and relieve him of the burs he acquired rollicking thru the fields.



Above, two prize-winners, Mabel Julienne Scott and "Billy Sunday," and below, Ruth and her two canine friends, Ranger and Corot.



Ruth Roland with "Billy Sunday," a prize cock, and one of the rabbits.

Photo by Lumiere.



"Billy Sunday" interrupts a tete-à-tete between Mabel Julienne Scott and Ruth Roland.

Photo by Lumiere.



A Table d'Hote Interview



Photo by Witzel.

"Perhaps the stunts I have to do the next day dont worry me because I have only hurt myself once or twice in all of my thrilling experiences," said George o' many thrills. Below, Mr. and Mrs. Larkin on the lawn of their California home with their pet collie.

IT'S just a stone's throw from gay Broadway and its merry whirl — from the bright lights and whizzing taxis — midway, in fact, between Broadway and the fashionable Fifth avenue of expensive shops, fabulously priced motor cars and palatial homes. It is right in the heart of Manhattan's night life — this quaint little restaurant with the Italian name of "Giolettio's," "Marietoi's" or something equally typical. One stoops to pass beneath the arched doorway, and inside one finds a long low-ceilinged room with a dull red brick floor and stone walls paneled with brightly colored scenes; green latticed windows lead out into the courtyard and red wine of—prohibition strength perhaps—flows freely.

It is a rendezvous of stage folks before they hurry to the theater for the evening's performance; critics too are to be seen here and there, and now and then a well-known pianist or violinist joins the merry throng. In fact, one is so dazzled by the celebrities all about that it is hard to appreciate the justly famous dinner.

Because I had heard of this place—because I had read of it—and because I had wondered about it—because of these things—I suggested *IT* without hesitation when George Larkin asked me where I'd prefer to dine.

When we entered—we being George o' many thrills, his pretty little wife, Ollie Kirby, and myself—a waiter conducted us obsequiously to a quiet corner.

"Ollie and I find it difficult to get used to New York after the simple life of our California bungalow — but somehow or other we miss it if we dont get on once every year or so—this time 'The Lurking Peril,' the



By
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

Wistaria serial I'm doing, is responsible for our visit, but it's not unlikely that we'll do the next one at the Coast.

"You'll love the next serial—George's writing it now—" smiled Ollie from under her becoming turban-hat—Ollie is very proud of George and—George is very proud of Ollie—"it's laid in Chinatown, and last night when we drove down to Chinatown just as a sort of lark, what do you suppose? Why numbers 12 and 19 Pell street which George wrote into the plot are exactly as we pictured them—one of the houses is even on the corner—AND WE HAD NEVER BEEN TO CHINATOWN BEFORE."

Her big eyes grew bigger than ever—it's not very long ago that Ollie believed in witches and fairies.

"Dont you ever dread the next day when you know it means a dangerous feat?" I couldn't resist asking the good-looking, well-dressed man at my side.

"Not nearly as much as I dread serving the next course," he grinned boyishly as the waiter appeared with the spaghetti a la Italienne.

That's the worst of George Larkin—the most tactful, diplomatic interviewer in the world would have trouble making him talk about himself.

"Perhaps I dont worry because I've only hurt myself once or twice in all the thrilling experiences I've enjoyed," he explained.

"Oh, you're thinking of the time in Florida when you jumped from the second story to the machine going past the window with me on your back"—again little Ollie had to tell of the incident—"That was terri-

(*Continued on page* 93.)



He belongs to the great out-of-doors—to the rugged California hills. He belongs in the big armchair before the open fire in the little bungalow with Ollie bending over him or sitting at his feet. . . .

Photo by Moody.





Photo by Smith Gardner.



Florence Vidor will again brighten the shadow-screen—this time starring under the direction of her husband, King Vidor, who is to have his own company. A certain very tiny person, named Suzanne Vidor, is responsible for her mother's absence from the cinema these last few months.

That's All



By TAMAR LANE

NO film producer has yet signed the Prince of Wales or King Albert of Belgium for a series of "big special productions."

Wall Street is at last invading the picture business and the infant industry will now probably walk a few steps.

The withdrawal of Shirley Mason and Lila Lee as stars on the Paramount program tells a story.

Several thousand subdebs almost died of fright when the report reached them that Eugene O'Brien was seriously ill.

Harold Lloyd, slapstick comedian, is at last winning the place in the sun he deserves.

Film fans can prepare for still higher admission prices to picture theaters.

Film industry wonders whether George Loane Tucker scored a freak success with "The Miracle Man" or if he can continue to produce the goods.

THIS PAIR TAKES THE POT.

Charlie Chaplin's feet are his drawing cards, writes a critic. And all he has to do is shuffle his cards and the film producers deal him out a million.

THE SILENT DRAMA.

"Sacred Silence."
"The Silent Witness."
"The House of Silence."
"The Silent Menace."

Zero means nothing to most of us, but it means even less to a motion picture publicity man.

They have starred prize fighters, handcuff kings, ex-bandits and even monkeys on the screen, but now comes Pauline, the hypnotist, in a series of productions. For the love of Mike, what next? Pretty soon they'll star an actor.

THEY DO IT IN THE MOVIES.

In "The Country Cousin," Elaine Hammerstein goes to the telephone and actually gets the number she asked for.

Poor direction, very poor.

AND THEY SHOT LINCOLN.

The Mayor of Harrison, New Jersey, succeeded in putting through an ordinance that prevents the showing of motion pictures in the town. This makes it the only town in the country that has no movie theater. No picture of the mayor was published, but we wager he wears a 17 collar, a 6¼ hat, and has to have his shoes made to order.

"WHO PAYS?"

"Someone Must Pay."
"The Woman Pays."
"The Children Pay."

THEY ALL FLOP SOONER OR LATER.

After all, Myron Selznick has decided to have a studio on the Pacific Coast along with the bunch.

It is rumored that William Brady is coming back to World, says a news item. It's about time he came back to Earth, we think.

A new company has been organized that intends to picturize the most interesting parts of the Bible. But how will they get by the censors?

Hints to scenario writers are very valuable. Read them carefully and follow them closely, and some day you will be a good scenario writer. Of course, good scenario writers dont sell scenarios, but nevertheless you'll be a good scenario writer. There's some satisfaction in that.

Vampires aren't as bad as they're painted. A vampire gets anywheres from $1,000 to $5,000 a week, and that isn't so bad.

Eugene O'Brien may be a perfectly good actor but we are now firmly convinced that he is a Ham, because Gene says his greatest ambition is to play the role of Hamlet.

Twinkle Twinkle Little Star



Virginia Lee Corbin, that little sprite person with her sun kist locks and big blue eyes, will soon twinkle in her own producing company. We welcome her back to the shadow-screen and hope for more "Babes in the Woods," "Jack and the Beanstalks," and "Treasure Islands."

Photos by Hoover Art Co., L. A.





The Daredevil

By
GRACE LAMB

TIMOTHY ATKINSON was born with a gold spoon in his mouth, a huge fortune one day to be his and certain traditions to maintain. The Atkinsons, y'know . . . As soon as physically possible he ejected the gold spoon, spoofed at the fortune conscientiously amassed by his progenitors and demolished most of the traditions.

The Atkinsons had never had a good time, as seen by Timothy. Not that the inclination was lacking, but the time had been. Not so many generations ago the Atkinsons had been exceedingly obscure. They had had to toil mightily for subsistence. Then, an enterprising son, old Timothy First, had struck it in iron. He had gone into railroading. With the adventitious advent of the present Timothy the one-time obscurity was all but forgot. Indeed the present family glory was quite sufficient to cover up all past deficiencies.

Timothy had a royal good time. He took huge paint brushes and amazing garbs of paint, all vivid scarlet, and splashed joyously about the town. When he grew weary of the one town he crossed a sea or two and painted up another.



Timothy Third knew, the day he arrived at Coyote, that he was going to make good. He knew, at one and the same time, that the tremendous thing he had been vaguely expecting had come to pass.



It was Alice. . . . She was standing there, holding on to her father, her face pleading and almost timorous. He couldn't bear that. . . .

He loved and was loved, broke hearts and mended them, broke his own and then forgot about it, laughed at pain and caressed pleasure. Life was a carousal and he was perpetually winning the golden ring.

Then, when things were going most merrily, the elder Timothy acquired a paternal outlook on things. He began to remember his own youthful practicability and the inelegant practicability of his father before him. He began to feel slightly aggrieved. Why should this young spindling come along and forsake the righteous pathways marked ahead of him? Why should he squander where others had saved? More than all, what was he getting out of life with it all? He was young . . . but soon would come satiety and then disgust and then ennui.

Timonthy Senior had his first "scene" with his only son. He told him what he thought of him and his soft ways. He told him in detail and in full what the first Timothy had done; what he, the second, had done and what the third, the disgraceful third, distinctly had *not* done. He asked him, without consideration, to be ashamed of himself. He hammered on his solid mahogany desk and bellowed very loud. He felt that this was the eminently proper way for parents . . . rich parents . . . to act with worthless sons who spent time and money and forgot that "life was earnest, life was real." . . . Ridiculously, tho, he *couldn't* forget that Timothy was that same little boy on whom, at Christmas time and birthday time and all the times in between he, the doting second Timothy, had showered the prodigal largess of Toyland. It had been his deeply thrilling pleasure so to do. Now, he felt, ridiculously too, he was taking these same toys, grown older, sadder, too, away from him. That laughing mouth, like a cherubim's his mother had been wont to say, those amazed and gladdened eyes, those lean strong hands, chubby no longer. . . . Lord help him, he was an old fool, a driveling sentimentalist, a damned tenderfoot. . . . "Get th' hell out of here!" he bellowed, in profane finality, "you're going to the Campbell ranch to do some honest work or you're not Timothy Atkinson, Third."

Timothy felt a sort of a belated justice in his parent's excitable mandate. He realized that it *was* belated. The old boy had been too mightily fond of him. It was sort of up to him now to make good on a few things. There had been college . . . and the trips abroad . . . and the tremendous splashings of very scarlet paint . . . he was sort of in moral debt. . . .

There was a lot of work to be done on the Campbell Ranch . . . but it was such jolly fun shooting things up. Timothy Third discovered in himself an expert shot. He let off all his surplus energy in shooting. He had the ranchmen jumping about like huge and very animated grasshoppers. It was, he felt, sport, and still, a man's sport. It didn't hurt his conscience like the . . . oh, well, like the paint pots often had . . . not that he hadn't always tried to play cricket after his code and creed . . . because he had. No one was very much the worse for his pleasure

THE DAREDEVIL

Fictionized by permission from the scenario of J. Anthony Roach, based on an original story by Tom Mix. Produced by Fox with Tom Mix in the title role. Directed by Tom Mix. The cast:

Timothy Atkinson.....Tom Mix
Alice Spencer.....Eva Novak
Ralph Spencer, her father,
Charles K. French
Gilroy Blake.....L. C. Shumway
"Black" Donlin.....Sid Jordan
"Mazie," a brunette.....Lucille Young
Sheriff, Coyote Flats.....R. S. McKee
Mexican Heavy.....Pat Chrisman
Buchanan Atkinson, father of Timothy,
George Herdandez
Ranch Owner.....Harry Dunkinson

jaunts . . . but he, he himself . . . there was something he felt, something awfully tremendous that he had missed . . . for which he was waiting. . .

Also, he had a lot of trouble in one way or another with the other ranchmen. They infringed upon him, and he wasn't constituted to brook much infringing. For instance, he wore pajamas . . . blue ones . . . even pink, occasionally. He liked to wear them. It was a habit, more, a custom, and three generations begin to breed a veneration for custom. The other boys resented the blue affectations and showed it. They resented various other habits, too. One morning the resentment took on another aspect. Timothy Third, clad in the reviled garments, began to shoot up the place. His ire was aroused. Old Campbell, drinking from his flask under the rising lazy sun, inquired the trouble. Timothy told him, without measure, what he thought of Campbell's Ranch and the roughnecks that labored thereon. He added that he would wear pajamas if he d— pleased and the rest of the place could go to — for all of him. Campbell had had too much whiskey and the "boys" had had too much shooting. They combined forces, strapped Timothy to the ranch wagon, loaded up his trunks about him and drove him to the nearest station. Along with him went a telegram to his father from old Campbell. It informed the second Timothy that his son was a "damned play-boy. No good. Wont work, sorry, etc." The telegram anticipated Timothy Third's wholly inauspicious arrival. Timothy Second was beginning to fear the worst. A play-boy . . . that was horrible. It couldn't be true. There was iron in the strain and it hadn't petered out . . . not yet. There was nerve and sinew . . . man-stuff, he knew it. What did the kid mean by this soda-fountain stuff anyway? He'd show him. He'd out him on the Coyote Division of one of his own roads. That would be a training for him. He'd do there . . . or he'd die. One got along on the Coyote according to the stuff that was in one's bone and sinew. One was measured there and the standards were tried and true, not to say stern.

Timothy was refused admittance to his father's sanctum. He had never been refused anything before, certainly not admittance. This time he gained it by his own initiative. He leaped, with aim and agility, thru the transom. Squarely before the old gentleman he was told that it was the Coyote Division for his and the last the second Timothy wanted of him if he didn't make good.

Timothy Third knew, the day he arrived at Coyote, that he was going to make good. He knew, at one and the same time, that the tremendous thing he had been vaguely expecting, had come to pass.

Odd, he thought, how fragilely, how delicately, the enormous things transpire . . . the decisive things . . . the things that turn a . . . well, honestly with himself at last, a play-boy in deed if not in fact, into a crusader, a fighter, a force.

The actual fact was the presence at the station of Ralph Spencer, the superintendent of the Coyote Division and his daughter Alice.

It was rather unexpected of a railroad superintendent, Timothy thought, to have a daughter like a prairie flower, just as delicately sweet, more appealing, more unforgetable. Timothy found himself closing his eyes against this penetrating sweetness even while he held her hand in formal greeting. When he opened his eyes it was to meet the startled sweetness of hers . . . aware, too, of a sentient thing between them, compelled by it, afraid of it, meeting it, withdrawing from it . . . then the meeting was over, and half-faint as tho from some actual stunning, almost unearthly impact, Timothy turned to meet her father and a man named Blake who had been standing sullenly in the background. With a sharpened perception Timothy sensed that this man in the background had been resentful of him, of this meeting. His perception told him, too, that there wouldn't be fair play. It was going to be a duel, maybe more than a duel, and it was going to be largely in ambush. . . .

It, too, was fun, tho, just at the beginning. The telegraph office, where Spencer installed him, wasn't too serious to allow a considerable amount of gunplay and lassoing and things on the side. Blake scowled and lowered about, but didn't seem to be taking any drastic measures to oust the newcomer. Of course, Timothy didn't know what Blake did evenings, now that he no longer came to the Spencer house to talk with Alice . . . he didn't know about "Black" Donlon, either, nor the conferences in the room off the saloon. Actually, evenings he didn't know about much of anything, save the soft whispering night all about him and the girl in her white frock sitting above him like a silver stripling bit of moon come down to earth, a tender miracle, for him. . . . He felt very hushed, on these nights, very much set apart, he felt raised up and mysteriously happy. He knew, reverently, that he was in love. This *was* love. This that he felt for the white girl on the whispering nights. He tried to tell her so, but no words would come fit to frame the pure ecstasy welling in his heart. No fit words would come. Still, the beauty of it was, she seemed to understand . . . she seemed to know, too. . . .

He began to feel that he could go on like this, always—



Of course . . . just at first . . . he had to throw up his hands and reel off a few explanations, but on the whole they were children and easily satisfied.

shooting about and riding and attending, now and then, to the telegraph office. What more? It was serene and it was enough. He was getting positively expert as a gunman. He could even shoot an egg thrown into the air, hit is quite fairly and squarely. He knew, because he had had Alice throw one and he had hit it. . . .

Then there came the trouble with the wire thru which the Limited had been held up by a band of marauding outlaws and 3,000 pounds of gold bullion removed.

It was one of quite a few such happenings. Immediately afterward the elder Timothy wired from the East that Spencer would have to be removed. Too many similar occurrences were taking place on the Coyote Division.

At the same time Spencer fired the elder Timothy's son. "It's largely your damned fault," he told him, "fooling around here with your damned gunplay as you have—you've demoralized the place. Last night, for example, smashing the telegraph instrument itself. It's no go. I've got to go and so have you. I'm wiring your president father to that effect to-day."

Timothy stared ahead of him, with a stare in his eyes. It was not that he took Spencer's enforced defection seriously. He knew that his father would retract that. He was just scaring Spen. He liked him and he trusted him. It wasn't either, that he cared especially about his own requested abdication. The "boys" had decided to run him for sheriff and that, he felt, was in his line. He cared about that. He would make gloriously good at that. The riding and the shooting . . . and all that. . . .

But it was Alice. She was standing there, holding on to her father, her face pleading and almost timorous. He couldn't bear that. Thru him, too . . . a play-boy . . . bringing pain where pain should never rear its ugly head . . . He was tragically sorry for that. . . .

He tried to console the irate Spencer. He told him he knew the old man . . . he didn't mean a thing by his nasty wire . . . just his way . . . didn't count . . . Spencer would see . . . Alice would see . . . they musn't be alarmed, no, not even upset, he knew he could speak for the president. As for himself, he would go at once. The boys were going to run him for sheriff, anyway, and maybe . . . maybe . . . he could catch those outlaws. Then just so much nasty trouble would be wiped out.

Spencer was beguiled. He told the president's son that he didn't care a damn *where* he went so long as he *went* and that on the double quick.

Alice followed him out. Timothy felt, poetically, that she was, in truth as in dreams, a prairie flower and that he had crushed her with an uncouth heel. . . . He told her so, inadequately as always. His throat always ached so and things hammered in his wrists and head. Odd, she was so slender, too, so seemingly inconsequential . . .

Alice held on to his sleeve quite eagerly. She told him she thought it splendid, heroic, really, his idea of catching the outlaws. She felt thrilled by it. She . . . she had an idea about it, too, she said. Did Timothy want her to tell? Timothy did. It was this . . . Timothy looked terribly like the leader of the band who had escaped and vanished . . . he could rejoin the band in the guise of their departed leader . . . make them believe him to be the departed and so capture them. She read him quite a detailed description of the erstwhile Slim Higgings, cow-puncher and desperado. She told him some facts about him she had gleaned, here and there, from Blake and others . . . She begged him to be very careful.

Timothy asked her why he should be careful. What special reason had he?

She whispered, "for me." It was very gentle. Like the softest of the winds stirring among the appealing prairie flowers.

Timothy was inexpressibly stirred. He told her that he would get them, part and parcel, by the almighty and all-conquering gods. Just as he was going, brandishing his six-shooter, he bent gently over her,

(*Cont'd on page* 120.)

He was greatly more interested in telling his father of their marriage, of their last days on the ranch, of the evenings on the old bench outdoors, planning the future. . . .



America's First Endowed Screen Theater

By L. B. SKEFFINGTON

HOW many of you to whom the screen daily unfolds romance and drama have ever given a thought to the romance and drama of the screen itself? Perhaps your thoughts have never strayed beyond the picture on the screen before you. You have never visualized the actual story of the screen. But what a dramatic story it is! No movie was ever so romantic.

You remember your first movie show. You remember the eager expectancy which filled your mind when you set forth to the picture theater newly opened in your town. A few days before the same theater had been a vacant store, but wooden benches, a projection machine and a white sheet had transformed it into a theater.

As the pictures flashed and flickered on the screen, you forgot the hardness of the bench in the wonder of it all. This was something new! Suddenly there was a pause, the picture ceased and you twisted your neck and craned your head to get a glimpse of the wonderful machine. When the picture flashed on again you were spellbound. The lure of the screen entered you then and you became a movie fan!



GEORGE EASTMAN

The creator of the movies, the pioneer in the manufacture of film, the head of the great Eastman Kodak Company, who is first, last and all the time a motion picture fan

Since those days many things have happened. The loosely hung white sheet, the flickering and the flashing, the streaky and indistinct pictures are things of the past. The vacant store has given way to a picture palace!

Who is the hero of this story of the screen? In whose brain was the idea of the silent drama born? Everybody knows the answer, but few people know the man. He does not court publicity. Even in his home town, he is seldom seen. Many players who, but for him, might have spent their lives playing melodrama in *repertoire* companies, are better known to the general public than he is. But sometimes, in the early evening, people who live at Rochester, New York, catch a glimpse of a small, grey-haired man driving his car homeward thru the crowded streets, and occasionally, when the traffic is heavy and automobiles are forced to halt, the man on the curb gets a good close-up of George Eastman, the great American inventor, the man who popularized photography by means of the kodak and, by his discovery of photographic film, set free one of the mightiest agencies on earth for the enlightenment and entertainment of man.

The creator of the movies, the pioneer in the manufacture of film, the head of the great Eastman Kodak Company, is first, last and all the time a motion picture fan! He has been a close student of the screen from the beginning and his life is wrapped up in its higher development. Most of his waking hours are spent on the sixteenth floor of the Kodak Building in Rochester. He has become rich, but he has little love for money except as a means to an end. He is a bachelor and lives unostentatiously. Having no children of his own, he has become a kind of father to his home city. In Rochester, at every turn, one comes across evidences of his generosity and public spirit. A great park and a score or more of buildings erected by him for the common good are some of his enduring monuments.

When a man like George Eastman has a dream and the dream becomes real, the result is usually a gift to humanity. Motion pictures have already revolutionized the world, but the full possibilities of photographic film are as yet hardly imagined. As a step in the further development of the industry his inventions made possible, Mr. Eastman has lately given more than three and one-half million dollars for the building and endowment of a theater which will be devoted to the achievement of an alliance of music and the screen.

A lover of music, he has done much to bring musical culture within the reach of his fellow citizens, and, knowing the devotion of music lovers to music and the love of movie fans for the screen, he hit upon a happy idea of linking the two, placing each on a par with the other, and striving to make the alliance a boon to followers of both music and pictures. By this alliance Mr. Eastman plans

to establish a new art that will overshadow the older separate arts and be to the silent screen what opera has long been to the speaking stage.

These aims will be developed in the Eastman School of Music, a branch of the University of Rochester. The school will be housed in a great building which will be divided into two main parts, the school proper and the theater. The two departments will be conducted in harmony, one for education and the other for exhibition purposes, the broad thought back of each being the same —to create a love for the best in music and pictures and then to place both within the reach of the public.

Land for the site of the school has been purchased in Rochester by Mr. Eastman at a cost of $381,000. This site is in the center of the city, at the corner of Main and Gibbs streets. For the erection of the building he has set aside $1,000,000 and for its maintenance has created an endowment fund of $2,139,000. In brief, Mr. Eastman has provided $3,520,000 for the alliance of music and motion pictures.

Plans have been partially worked out for the building, and some idea of its size and scope may be gained from the fact that it will house twelve pipe organs and as many more pianos, and will contain two separate auditoriums. The larger auditorium will have a seating capacity of about 3,100 and the smaller one will seat about 500. In design, acoustic properties, lighting, heating, ventilation, safety and in all other respects, the Eastman Auditorium will be the finest that good taste and scientific ingenuity can produce.

The musical interpretation of the pictures, which will be shown daily in the larger auditorium, will be in striking contrast to the old piano music of the days when film was cranked by hand in the movies. A complete symphony orchestra of about one hundred pieces will be engaged and, needless to say, this orchestra will be one of the best that skill and money can assemble.

The alliance between music and motion pictures is not new, having been worked out on a definite scale in a number of large theaters in the big cities. The success of those theaters has demonstrated the fact that not only is the enjoyment of pictures enhanced by carefully interpreted music, but also that movie fans have found their interest in music notably increased.

People who are attracted by the screen will learn the joys of good music in Mr. Eastman's theater, while the musically inclined will learn the possibilities for entertainment and instruction offered by the screen. Mr. Eastman's theater will not be a commercial enterprise. Musical interpretation of pictures will be carried out regardless of the receipts. Popular prices will be charged for admission and whatever proceeds accrue in this way will be turned back to the school fund.

Perhaps the following comment of Dr. Rush Rhees, president of the University of Rochester, may throw further light on the school and the endowed theater. Dr. Rhees, as president of the Rochester University, will be the official head of the Eastman School of Music.

"The project which is being fathered by Mr. Eastman works in two ways," says Dr. Rhees. "The number of people who respond to the screen is legion. The motion picture theater attracts a public which the lovers of music would fain secure. I regard it as a happy suggestion that there should be a wedding of the screen and orchestral music. Music will not be bait; music under proper supervision will become an ally and adjunct to the art of the motion picture.

"Just as music wedded to the drama has made opera, which is probably one of the drama's highest forms, the time may come when the alliance of music and the motion picture will carry in its train compositions to accompany certain significant pictures and pictures that are adapted to certain musical compositions. So there may come in the development of motion pictures something similar to the development of the opera. Mr. Eastman's school and theater would be the natural home for such a development. Since the institution will be non-commercial, it may be practicable to make in it experiments that a commercial theater could not and would not undertake."

The smaller hall of the Eastman school will be known as Kilbourn Hall, in memory of Mr. Eastman's mother. This hall will be given over to school work, recitals and special concerts. It is authoritatively stated that it will be one of the most beautiful music-halls in the country.

From a humble beginning in a vacant store, the rise of the screen has been rapid. The motion picture is a power in the land. The climax in a screen story is usually reached when the wedding bells ring. Perhaps the wedding of music and motion pictures in George Eastman's endowed theater will mark a climax in the story of the screen.

THE MOVIE CURE

By Milo Ray Phelps

Look at me close and believe if you can
That I was once rated a very sick man—
Dyspepsia, Insomnia, Grip and D. T.
With death on the brain, H2-O on the knee;
Possessed of a carcass the docs couldn't save,
One arm in a sling and one foot in the grave.

I traveled all over the globe for my health
Till I'd lost all my hope and most of my wealth,
I tried every poultice and lotion and aid,
Every pill and prescription that ever was made,
I visited doctors from Shanghai to Rome,
But I had to give up in the end and come home.

They told me my sonnet was just about sung,
That tuberculosis had claimed my left lung,
That my pulses were listed at six beats behind,
And in a matter of days I'd be totally blind,
And they'd ordered a box for a fast dying man
When I woke up one day and became a screen fan!

Well, six reels of Fairbanks brought back my left lung,
And when I saw Theda my last fling was flung,
My voice was restored (it had thinned to a squeak)
By doses of Arbuckle—three times a week,
Dot Gish got my poor circulation to start,
And a big Griffith love scene remodeled my heart.

Annette Kellermann put my eyes back in shape,
With the first dose of Glaum my chills made their escape,
My interest returned with a Hart Western play,
And Chaplin repaired my knee joints right away,
The Mack Sennett "squabs" fixed my bum appetite,
And the insomnia left with Petrova one night.

So look at me now—a completely well man,
And all just because I became a screen fan—
All of my ailments entirely lost
And no good time wasted and no excess cost.
So I claim there's more health stored in one reel of thrills
Than in all the quack doctors and all the pink pills!

The Art of Being Floored

By MAUDE S. CHEATHAM



WEDGWOOD NOWELL picked himself up from the rich rug where he had landed during the fistic fight with Dustin Farnum over the card-table. Carefully shaking a few particles of dust from his immaculate evening clothes, he observed, "One might say that being cast as 'heavy,' in the modern motion picture is synonymous with the little art of being—floored!

"It is the fate of the actor who plays such a rôle to bear the brunt of the hero's wrath, and I assure you I have had the opportunity of viewing the floor from every angle, as in each picture I am either stabbed, shot, knocked or thrown down—the manner of going down is of small importance. The result is the same—the floor and I *meet*.

"Odd," Mr. Nowell continued, with an amused smile, "how often these disagreeable feats must be rehearsed—quite often enough to ruin one's clothes, while I have noticed that a nice little scene where I have the chance of strolling in the garden with the pretty star, or holding her hand in the moonlight—one short rehearsal suffices!" The jolly laugh belied his villainies.



Left, Wedgwood Nowell and Kitty Gordon in a dramatic moment of "Adele." Nowell spent fifteen years on the stage before the films won him over. He is also a composer of merit and an orchestra leader

"Seriously, tho," he went on, "an outsider can never realize the difference there is in playing these rôles with the actor trained on the stage, where the art of simulation is perfected, and playing with one whose entire experience has been before the camera, where absolute realism is necessary with a big R.

"The stage teaches the actor how to stab and strike without endangering the life or limb of the opponent, for the hand is quicker than the eye, and at the right instant the weapon is deftly turned aside, giving the effect



ing has made him an adept at simulated blows. It was the same with Kitty Gordon. In 'Adele' we had several spirited fights, but she used her knowledge of stagecraft to feign a roughness her womanly gentleness made impossible and, in fact, all during our scenes I kept whispering to her to *strike* and *hit* as if she really meant it.

"There have been *times* . . ." and Mr. Nowell spoke solemnly. "I recall an experience I had while working with a young Italian who had never been on the stage. In the picture he was to discover his sweetheart dining in a café with me, and during the rehearsal he worked himself up to such an intense frenzy that both the director and I cautioned him against losing sight of the fact that it was mere acting. When we finally came to making the scenes, the fellow was like a tiger, with blazing eyes and muscles taut. I was so occupied in watching him that (*Continued on page* 121)

"The stage teaches an actor how to strike or stab without endangering the life or limb of the opponent," says Nowell. "To try the same thing with an amateur is dangerous." At the right, Nowell is giving the hero, Dustin Farnum, a taste of his own medicine



of striking, but in reality missing the person by a safe margin. In motion pictures, where the camera is relentlessly registering each movement, there is little chance for such deception.

"Now, tho there is no denying that when Dustin Farnum engages in an encounter such as you just witnessed, he mixes in a generous supply of ginger and pep and all other ingredients to produce a fiery aspect, yet there is never a cause for a moment's uneasiness, as his stage train-



Morning Noon and Night



When five uncles, all members of the English clergy, discovered their niece had determined upon a theatrical career, they raised their hands in horror. So little Gladys Hutchinson decided to take a nom de plume—and she became Peggy Hyland.

To-day, after five years in America, dainty Peggy o' England has won a firm place in the ranks of celluloid favorites and despite many offers which come from cinema companies of her native heath, she plans to continue playing under the waving folds of Old Glory.



Across the Silversheet





Above, Nazimova in "The Brat," and center, Elsie Ferguson in "The Witness for the Defense."

MOTION pictures have now reached an average of production pleasing to the majority of audiences. It seems as if the cinema manufacturer is indeed producing with his finger on the pulse of the public. He knows just when to inject a thrill, a tear, a laugh. Movies have reached a material era. They are as perfectly manufactured as any other ware to be sold on the market. Consequently, we find few pictures that are not in one way or another good entertainment, nor do we find many artistic experiments. D. W. Griffith alone still follows the will-o'-the-wisp called Art in preference to assured monetary gains. Cecil B. deMille succeeds in producing artistic photodramas which are as popular as any best seller in the novel field. George Loane Tucker seems to hold forth the promise of adding new artistic endeavors to the screen. But for the rest, photoplay production has reached a point where it fits the public as perfectly and mechanically as the proverbial glove.

THE BRAT—METRO.

Not since "Revelation" have I seen Nazimova in such a series of fascinating moods as in this her latest portrayal, "The Brat." The Brat is a child of the streets who fights with all the alert vigor of her keen mind and deft body to protect her honor. In consequence, she loses job after job until even prison fare and a prison roof look good to her. However, in the night court, where she is landed on a trumped up charge, she is discovered by a wealthy novelist, who takes her to his home as food for his new novel. Surrounded by luxury the Brat blossoms into a witty, inspiring comrade, who instils jealous fear into the heart of the novelist's fiancée, one of those hot-house parasites who knows no other than the code of selfishness. She attempts to break off all friendship between the Brat and the novelist, but fortunately her schemes and those of a younger brother go awry, and all ends happily with the Brat destined to be the life partner of the author. Into this tale Nazimova has injected her personality with all the punch of the dreamer's needle. One is carried on waves of self-forgetful mirth during her delightful slangy moments, while at the same time she never quite lets go of her



Priscilla Dean in "Pretty Smooth."

By HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR

audience's heart-strings. Because of its universally human appeal, "The Brat" ranks as nearly the best of Nazimova's screen portrayals. Charles Bryant is perfectly satisfactory as the novelist, and one of the few husbands of famous women who is a complete success opposite his wife on the screen.

WOLVES OF THE NIGHT—FOX

Nobody loves a fat man—and yet William Farnum goes on climbing steadily in popularity. One of the reasons for this is the perfectly fitting stories with which Fox provides him. They conceal his coming age and his obvious avoirdupois as successfully as his tailors do his figure. Why Fox spends *all* the money on Farnum scenarios when he has younger masculine stars ready to rise instead of set will ever be a mystery to me, but—I suppose—the continued punch of Farnum proves Mr. Fox's business sagacity. "Wolves of the Night" opens with the fleshy William as a ranch Romeo wooing and winning a very lovely girl from a far wealthier suitor. They are married—and at once the former suitor plots against William's life while his partner plots to obtain his ranch. Bill walks into their double-barreled trap by going to survey their mines in Chili, leaving his wife at home. There follows in rapid succession a premeditated mine explosion, the reported death of Bill, the annexation of his ranch, and—after his son is born—the marriage of his wife to his former rival. From this point Farnum's greatness stands forth supreme. His fight to get out of the mine, his three years' madness, his return home, his despair, anguish, renunciation and final fight for all that is his own is superbly done. In the role of an adventurer or a tender-hearted husband and father William Farnum is at his best; as a lover—he leaves too much to the imagination. "Wolves of the Night" is mighty well produced, and will thrill the most jaded movie fan. Louise Lovely is beautiful and dresses very pleasingly, while Irene Rich gives an excellent character portrayal.

TOLD IN THE HILLS—FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY

Robert Warwick, although intensely homely, is an intensely fascinating screen adventurer. In this, his latest celluloid escapade, the spark of his personality strikes fire to the imagination of his audience. He is the type of hero we women like to admire—cant help admiring. The supporting cast for this tale of the outdoors is remarkable even in these days when capable all-around casts are the rule. Here we find Wanda Hawley as the woman to whom he gives the protection of his name, Ann Little as the girl he really loves, Tom Forman as his erring brother, Monte Blue as an Indian chief, and Eileen Percy as Ann's cousin. The picture abounds in exterior shots of bewildering grandeur. It is a romantically inspiring piece of camera work.

THE WITNESS FOR THE DEFENSE—ARTCRAFT

Another in the optically satisfying trend of Ferguson silent dramas. Fragilely beautiful as beloved memories is Elsie Ferguson. She is the personification of all girlhood dreams—of everything a woman has ever been or wanted to be. In "The Witness for the Defense" she is the victim of a selfish father and a drunkard husband. Seared in the crucible of domestic torture, her spirit untouched emerges at last to its birthright of love and happiness. Miss Ferguson as always is mistress of subtle screenic moods, and (*Continued on page 118.*)



Above, Robert Warwick in "Told in the Hills," and below, Charles Ray in "The Egg Crate Wallop."





Filmdom holds no characterization dearer to our hearts than Mrs. Sidney Drew's human and lovable "Polly."

With the passing of Sidney Drew, we lost that real, understandable, everyday sort of person, "Henry," but Mrs. Drew will carry on alone. Already she is making new plans in which she will continue to write, direct and play in the comedies which have such a wide appeal. It is very likely that her "Polly" will live for us on the silversheet for some time to come.

THE RIGHT WAY TO KEEP YOUR NAILS ALWAYS PERFECTLY MANICURED



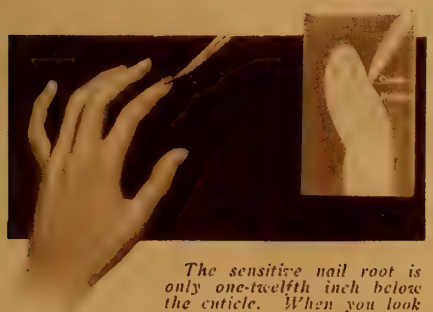


JUST a little regular care makes your hands beautiful.

Nails like rosy pearl inlaid in a delicate setting—a setting of smooth, unbroken cuticle, a perfect curve which repeats the curve of the nail tips.

It is easy for anyone nowadays to have this alluring grace of perfect nails and cuticle—so easy that people no longer excuse the lack of it.

To-day ill kept nails are as unpardonable as ill kept teeth. For it takes but a few minutes of regular



The sensitive nail root is only one-twelfth inch below the cuticle. When you look through a magnifying glass you see the unpleasant results of cuticle cutting.

care each week to keep your finger nails always perfect, your cuticle smooth, thin, unbroken.

Make some day of the week your regular day for manicuring. Then regularly on this day give your nails the care they need.

Do not forget that the most important item in the appearance of one's nails is the care of the cuticle. Broken cuticle is like a broken setting to a jewel. Coarse overgrown cuticle is equally unsuitable.

Yet many people ruin the cuticle through ignorance of the proper method of caring for it. *Never cut it.* This is ruinous. The nail root is only 1/12 of an inch below the cuticle. When the cuticle is cut, it is next to impossible to avoid exposing the nail root at the corners or in some other little place. The root of the nail is so sensitive that Nature will not permit it to remain uncovered. The moment a tiny bit is exposed, new skin grows very quickly in that place to cover it. It grows much more rapidly than the rest of the cuticle. This spoils the symmetry of the curve at the base of the nails. It causes uneven cuticle and hangnails. It gives a coarse ragged appearance to the border of your nails.

Realizing this, an expert set himself to the task of discovering a safe, effective way to remove overgrown cuticle. After years of study he worked out the formula of a liquid, which gently, harmlessly softens and removes the surplus cuticle. This he called Cutex.

Wrap a little cotton around the end of an orange stick (both come in the Cutex package), dip it into the bottle of Cutex and work it around the base of the nails, gently pushing back the cuticle. Instantly the dry cuticle is softened. Wash the hands, pushing back the cuticle with a towel. The surplus cuticle will disappear, leaving a firm, even, slender nail base.

If you like snowy white nail tips apply a little Cutez Nail White underneath the nails directly from its convenient tube. Finish your manicure with Cutex Nail Polish. For an especially brilliant lasting polish, use Cutez Paste Polish first, then the Cutex Cake or Powder Polish.

If your cuticle has a tendency to dry and grow coarses, apply a bit of Cutez Cold Cream each night. This cream was especially prepared to keep the hands and cuticle soft and fine.

It takes only about fifteen minutes a week to give your nails this complete manicure. Do this regularly and your hands will always have that peculiar attractiveness which adds a subtle appeal to one's whole appearance.

A complete manicure set for only 20 cents.

Mail this coupon below with two dimes and we will send you a complete Midget Manicure Set, which contains enough of each of the Cutex



To keep your cuticle a perfect frame for your nails, you must use the right softening method.

products to give you at least six manicures. Send for it to-day. Address:

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Our Animated Monthly of Movie News and Views

By Sally Roberts





Above, Maurice Tourneur and Shirley Mason snapped between scenes while filming beloved "Treasure Island," and center, an informal picture of Ethel Clayton.



Mary Roberts Rinehart about to make a flight to San Diego from the Hollywood studios, where she is supervising the adaptation of her stories to the screen in Goldwyn-Eminent Authors productions.

THE most exciting news just now is that of the two million dollar theater Sid Graumann is giving the Los Angeles movie public. The theater will have comforts in it not now seen in any theater in the WORLD! Imagine that! It will seat over four thousand persons.

The other afternoon, at the California theater, I noticed for the first time the cunning nursery for the kiddies, in charge of a trained nurse. That is like the old-time creche in New Orleans, where mothers might feel perfectly satisfied to leave the babes—in TOYLAND! There are cribs, playthings, comfy blankets to put the children "seepy-bye," and lots of low chairs and tables.

But what we really need in this town is a playhouse for children. There are really no plays nowadays for the youngsters. The few two-reel comedies are shown only at houses where high-priced seats are the rule, and where five-reel dramas, world's news and educational features are also the rule.

The question for parents to decide is, "Shall we allow our growing boys and girls to see the exotic love dramas, detective stories and tragedies now shown?" One afternoon, as I sauntered thru Hollywood, I heard cries of terror, and got there just in time to comfort two very small girls who were being "held up" by a lad of fourteen, masked with a handkerchief, squirting a water-pistol, and threatening them with all sorts of things. That's not a safe sort of game for any youngsters to play, for it allows them to confuse roguery with bravery; dont you think so?

We had quite an exciting time at the Vitagraph the other day, for William Duncan was doing a marvelous tank stunt. The tank was on the enclosed stage, glass-fronted, about eleven feet wide, and was arranged so that the glass faced an improvised camera room, tented in completely. Two cameras were trained on the tank, the day was cold and windy, and William had a terrible cold; he was game though he shivered enough to warm himself by *shivering*.



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Resinol Shaving Stick soothes tender skins.

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To the left, Jesse Lasky of the Famous Players-Lasky outside of the Western studios, and center, Louis Bennison, the Betzwood-Goldwyn star and his daughter, Marion, on their favorite mounts.





"Camer-r-r-a!" shouted the director and Mabel Normand proceeded to enact one of the scenes of her latest Goldwyn production, "Verdi Ranch."

The camera man told us a comforting story. He said that twice before when they shot tank scenes the glass had broken in the middle and sent splinters two feet long right out among the onlookers, not to mention eleven tons of water. He surmised, very cheerfully, that we might never eat another dinner—in case a similar break occurred. Fortunately, this glass was about one and a quarter inches thick, whereas the last had been only five-eighths inch, so we were saved a drenching, not to mention "cutting." For an hour Mr. Duncan rehearsed, and finally Miss Johnson, tied hand and foot, was thrown overboard and he saved her from a watery grave. It was a very difficult trick to turn, believe me!

George Periolat is well settled at the Engstrum, where his magnificent collection of Chinese and Japanese art objects and embroideries make his apartment the envy of the other inhabitants. He has started in a good part with Bessie Barriscale, and is decidedly happy to live in a town larger than Santa Barbara once more.

I saw Fred Raymond play for the last time in the Virginia Brissac stock company, San Diego, for he is entering pictures. He was the handsomest and most popular leading man yet engaged for the Savoy Theater there, and it's predicted that he will make a great hit in pictures. His last engagement with stock was in "The Heart of Wetona," in which he played the role made famous by Tommy Meighan—with Norma Talmadge in the title role.

Bobbed hair is the rage in Los Angeles. The Studio Club girls have gone wild over its possibilities. About the only one to HANG onto her locks is Helen Eddy, and she cant afford to use the shears because George Beban has just engaged her for leading woman. They'll produce at the Katherine MacDonald studios. Shirley Mason succumbed long ago, and Jean Copeland, of scenario and story fame, has just laid her tresses away in a candy box.

The long expected visit of Mrs. Milton Sills is an accomplished fact. Mrs. Sills was Gladys Wynne, well known to the English stage. Her mother arrived from England with her. Mary Miles Minter is arriving also, and will produce at the Morosco studios, where Ethel Clayton is finishing a picture now. Another visitor her is Lucille Lee Stewart, Anita's sister, who will play a lead with William Russell.

Kathlyn Williams (Eyton) is to have the prettiest home she ever lived in, for Mr. Eyton has bought a lot on top of Vine Street hill, where they will over-

(*Cont'd on page 96.*)



"$1,000 Saved!"

"Last night I came home with great news! Our savings account had passed the $1,000 mark!

"I remember reading one time that your first thousand saved is the most important money you will ever have, for in saving it you have laid a true foundation for success in life. And I remember how remote and impossible it seemed then to save such a sum of money.

"I was making $15 a week and every penny of it was needed just to keep us going. It went on that way for several years—two or three small increases, but not enough to keep up with the rising cost of living. Then one day I woke up! I found I was not getting ahead simply because I had never learned to do anything in particular. As a result whenever an important promotion was to be made, I was passed by.

"I made up my mind right then to invest an hour after supper each night in my own future, so I wrote to Scranton and arranged for a course that would give me special training for our business. I can't understand why I never realized before that this was the thing to do. Why, in a few months I had a whole new vision of my work! The general manager was about the first to note the change. An opening came and he gave me my first real chance—with an increase. A little later another promotion came with enough money so that we could save $25 a month. Then another increase—I could put aside $50 each pay day. And so it went.

"Today I am manager of my department—with two increases this year. We have a thousand dollars saved! And this is only the beginning. We are planning now for a home of our own. There will be new comforts for Rose, little enjoyments we have had to deny ourselves up to now. And there is a real future ahead with more money than I used to dare dream that I could make. What wonderful hours they are—those hours after supper!"

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All we ask is the chance to prove it—without obligation on your part or a penny of cost. That's fair, isn't it? Then mark and mail this coupon.

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- ☐ STATIONARY ENGINEER
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The Modern Health Crusade

What the Red Cross Christmas Seals do to stamp out the growing menace of the white plague



"I'm thist a little cripple boy,
Ain't never goin' to grow."

THUS does one of the beloved children of the poet Riley's imagination apologize for his condition. Which one of us to whom has come the blessing of parenthood or who has dreamed that one day parenthood would be his, but has had a sudden clutch at the heart-strings at the sight of one of these little fellows with wasted limbs swinging along from crutches, handicapped at the outset for the battle of life?

The majority of these little "crutch cases" are the results of tuberculosis of the bone, one of the prevalent forms of the disease amongst children of tender years. According to an exhaustive survey made by the National Tuberculosis Association, that disease takes its greatest toll among workers between 16 and 45, while nearly all of the infectious come in childhood—before the age of 16. *Among the 150,000 deaths yearly from the disease in the United States, 12,000 are little children, mere babies, under five!*

These 12,000 do not inherit the disease. Science has disproved that once accepted theory but through exposure to the bacillus (perhaps through a kiss) and through lack of sufficient vital resistance to withstand the ravages of the germ, these little children are victimized—sacrificed at the expense of the future citizenship of the country. Some of them are badly housed, many of them are under-nourished, others in well-to-do families have inherited frail constitutions and been coddled instead of strengthened by their well-meaning but unwise parents.

In the campaign for education along preventive lines which is being pushed by the National Tuberculosis Association, emphasis is constantly being made upon the hopeful side of the issue, for the disease is both preventable and curable. But the nation must be awake to the danger and familiar with the methods of prevention. The public must know that sunshine, fresh air, good food, deep breathing, recreation are necessary factors in the lives of every man, woman and child, if the insidious foe is to be kept at bay.

While a nation-wide campaign of education is being launched, it is interesting to know that already three million children are lined up in battle array to fight the health fight. They belong to the Modern Health Crusade and it is the proud aim of every boy and girl of the dauntless three million that they are "fit to fight." They keep fit by doing the eleven health chores each day, among which same chores are those *betes noires* of childhood: "brushing the teeth," "washing behind the ears," "keeping finger nails clean."

All of this magnificent work for health that is being done among the children, as well as the broad work done in every section of the country for adults, including examinations of suspected cases and of well persons, legislation providing for dispensaries, clinics, nurses, welfare workers, sanitoria, etc., is financed by the sale of those little penny stickers sold each year in December and known as the Red Cross Christmas seals.

This year it will be necessary to sell more than $6,500,000 worth of the seals if the growing menace of the White Plague is to be stamped out and the campaign of education carried through. The individual expenditure amongst the total population of one hundred million need not be large but each must do his share. And in buying these gay little bits of paper, with their good cheer and good health messages upon them, it will be just as well to exceed one's rightful "share." Be generous and buy a health bond for some of these 12,000 who otherwise next year may become one of the little cripples that "ain't never goin to grow." You'd gladly put a dollar into his Christmas stocking, just to see his eyes shine. Lacking the specific cripple with his stocking—though he may be just around your own corner, invest that dollar in Red Cross Seals. You'll enjoy your own Christmas the better for it.

Miss Christmas

By La Touche Hancock

Miss Christmas preparing to visit was seen,
And choosing what suited her quite;
She was weary of wearing her mantle of green,
So she put on her mantle of white,
And I'm perfectly sure that she would have been
By furious anger impassioned,
Had she heard what was said, when she came on the scene—
That the mantle she wore was old-fashioned!

GREEN ROOM JOTTINGS

Robert Warwick will star in a screen adaptation of Maugham's famous play, "Jack Straw," John Drew's former starring vehicle.

Paul Scardon has left Vitagraph to direct Edith Day in Crest productions.

Lillian Walker again heads a notable cast in a J. Warren Kerrigan production, "The Joyous Liar." Joseph J. Dowling and Alfred Hollingsworth are also notable acquisitions to Mr. Kerrigan's company.

Donald Hall, one of the oldest screen favorites, is playing a prominent part in "The Broken Melody," with Eugene O'Brien.

Louise Lowell, the woman "cameraman" who has traveled to the four corners of the earth in search of adventure and motion pictures, has been signed to cover the country for **Fox News.**

John Hines, popularly known as "Johnny," is supporting William Russel in "Eastward Ho."

The **Dustin Farnum** production, temporarily titled, "The Honor of the Family," is a screen adaptation of "The Corsican Brothers," the famous Alexander Dumas story. Mr. Farnum is seen in the roles of the two brothers, and is supported by a notable cast, including Winifred Kingston and Wedgwood Nowell.

Lewis Stone is one of "The Eternal Three" in Marshall Neilan's initial work as an independent producer.

Marie Pavis, "English vampire," has one of the outstanding roles opposite Ben Wilson in "The Trail of the Octopus."

Eric Stroheim, who has figured in a score of the most famous screen productions, is directing a special feature under the Universal banner called "The Woman in the Plot."

Jean Paige, the young actress who had appeared in many Vitagraph pictures, especially the two-reel versions of the O. Henry stories, makes her first appearance as leading woman in "The Darkest Hour," starring Harry Morey.

Ernest Truex is playing the star role in the Paramount-Truex Comedies, and is also appearing in a stage play, "The Bashful Hero."

Zena Keefe is playing the principal feminine role in support of Owen Moore in his first Selznick picture, "Piccadilly Jim."



Photo by Wuzel, L. A.

MADGE KENNEDY

Marcia Manon was married recently to J. L. Frothingham, general manager of the Bessie Barriscale Company. The wedding took place at the home of the Frank Huttons, in Beverly Hills.

D. W. Griffith is back in New York making pictures, but Hollywoodites on the Coast are still of the opinion that Mr. Griffith will be back after taking a fling in the East and finding it lacks much that he must have for his productions.

Alan Forest has signed with Metro and is playing opposite May Allison in "The Walk-Offs."

The entire film world was shocked to learn of the sudden death of **William** (Smiling Bill) **Parsons.** Mr. Parsons first entered the motion picture field as "Smiling Bill" in a series of comedies that were clean, wholesome and of wide appeal. Exploiting Billie Rhodes, who became his wife less than a year ago, has been his great mission in life. He was also the founder and president of the National Film Corporation.

Bessie Love is to have her own company. It will be called the Bessie **Love** producing company, and has, it is said, a volume of Chicago capital back of it.

Tom Mix has signed up for five more years with Mr. Fox. An expansion of Mixville is under way in preparation for elaborate productions.

Frank Mayo will portray the title role in "The Peddler of Lies," by Henry C. Rowland. Ora Carew plays opposite him and William C. Dowlan is the director.

Antonio Moreno is looking for a Spanish photoplay suitable for a feature production. If anyone has a story in which bull fights, chile con carne, hot tamales or senoritas figure prominently, Tony would like to see it.

For her forthcoming production of "Pollyanna," Mary Pickford has engaged **Louise Depre,** the ingenue, whose screen work has earned for her the name of the "cinema cameo."

Marshall Neilan has created a special character for little **Wesley Barry,** the freckle-faced young artist in "The Eternal Three," for the purpose of enhancing the human appeal of the story.

It is announced that **Ethel Clayton** is to appear in "More Deadly Than the Male," a Paramount-Artcraft surprise picture. Anything more deadly than the male would be a surprise, we'll say.

When Lieutenant Roosevelt visited Los Angeles recently he visited the Lasky studio where he watched Cecil De Mille film a scene in "Why Change Your Wife"—visited the Wallace Reid set where "Hawthorne of the U. S. A." was having a mob scene all its own, saw Bryant Washburn in a scene in "It Pays to Advertise," and was photographed with the star, finally locating Major Robert Warwick who was working in a scene for "The Tree of Knowledge"—whereupon the two war veterans settled down to renew acquaintance made in France and to indulge in reminiscences of the world war.

The first picture to be made of Mildred Harris Chaplin will be entitled "Old Dad," from a story by Elinor Abbott.

It has been decided that **Viola Dana** will play only the role of the willow girl in the screen version of "The Willow Tree," and will not "double" as the English sweetheart of the artist in the story as was heretofore announced.

Peggy Shanor's services are in such insistent demand that she is working for two companies. In Burton King's serial, "The Lurking Peril" she is performing sensational stunts and is also appearing in Sidney Reynold's serial "Brewster's Mysterious Million," featuring Dr. Pauline, the hypnotist.

James Morrison, former Vitagraph star, returns to the screen as leading man for Gladys Leslie in "The Midnight Bride."

J. Warren Kerrigan has received a request from Emilo Francois Despard, the famous French sculptor and painter, to pose for the male figure of a life-size marble to be called "Romance." Kerrigan has wired acceptance and will begin work with the sculptor immediately following the completion of his current production.

Lucy Cotton, well known on stage and screen, will play opposite Eugene O'Brien in "The Broken Melody."

F. Eugene Farnsworth, well known picture director and producer, is in Porto Rico.

F. Eugene Farnsworth, well known picture director, is managing director of the Porto Rico Motion Picture Productions and is turning that tropical isle into a happy hunting ground for the motion picture producer.

LITTLE WHISPERINGS FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERDOM

Rodney La Rocque will appear opposite Marguerite Clark in a forthcoming release.

Kitty Gordon is now Lady Gordon. She was married to the son of Lord Beresford, whose death in England recently transmits the title to Kitty's husband.

Irene Castle intends to start the fashion again in coach and driving horses and has made the first move toward filling her stables in Ithaca by buying Sir Roderick Doone, a saddle horse and blue ribbon winner.

J. A. McGill, a wealthy theater manager of the Northwest, has formed a company to film the Bible, in fifty-two two-reel episodes, for exhibition in the churches of the country. The work will be directed by Raymond Wells and will be done on a scale of considerable grandeur.

After much skirmishing about for two leading women for his productions, **Douglas Fairbanks** has at last found just the types he wants in Kathleen Clifford, known to all of us, and Chas. Herenden, a newcomer to the theatrical world.

King Vidor has come into his own, and is to lead a company bearing his name. It is understood that Mrs. Vidor will be the star of her husband's productions.

Lillian Langdon, who mothered Douglas Fairbanks in six pictures, has changed her style and is mothering Margerita Fisher in "The Hellion."

Following "The Regular Girl," **Elsie Janis** has decided to make another picture. It will be called "The Imp," and Robert Ellis, lately appointed director, will try his hand at directing it.

Emily Stevens returns to the screen after an absence of several months in "The Sacred Flame," Abraham S. Schoner's latest offering as author and producer. This picture is also in the way of a return to the screen for Muriel Ostriche, who plays a leading part.

Marshall Neillan has purchased the motion picture rights to Booth Tarkington's "Penrod" stories. Wesley Barry will play the part of Penrod.

Edward Jose has written a scenario from Thomas Dixon's newest novel and is directing it. Natalie Talmadge is to appear in the production, it being her second appearance under the direction of the Belgian director.

Pedro De Corba will appear as leading man for June Caprice in a series of four pictures which George Archinbaud is directing for Capellani Productions.

A beautiful portrait of **Constance Talmadge** is being painted by the well known portrait artist and will be exhibited in a coming exhibition of that artist's on Fifth avenue.

Ruth Stonehouse had a birthday recently and it was the occasion for an old-fashioned surprise party at her cosy bungalow home in Hollywood, Cal. Among those present were almost all of the Who's Who class in the movie colony.

Albert, of Belgium, became hopelessly behind his kingly schedule while at Culver City recently. A luncheon arranged by the city grew cold, the escort of officials and vast crowds waited for hours while the royal party stayed at the Thomas Ince studio watching every detail of picture making. As a result, the king omitted all other activities and drove directly to his train.

A genuine Stradivarius violin presented to **William Farnum** by a collector several years ago, is being used by the famous actor in his newest screen production, "Pierre Le Grand."

Maurice Tourneur will produce "The Great Redeemer," an original photodrama from the pen of H. H. Van Loan.

Booth Tarkington has signed a contract with Goldwyn Pictures to write an original series of juvenile stories for screen presentation by that company. The series will be known as the Edgar Comedies.

Madge Kennedy is back at Culver City hard at work on "Trimmed With Red," the first of the two stories which have been chosen for her from the columns of the "Saturday Evening Post."

Emory Johnson will play the leading male role in the support of May Allison in "The Walk-Offs," a picturization of the Morosco stage success by Frederic and Fanny Hatton.



Photo by Savory

ENID BENNETT

Tom Santchi, popular character actor, has been signed for a leading part in a drama of the new west now being staged by the Catherine Curtis Corporation of California.

When **Doris Kenyon** made her stage debut in "The Girl in the Limousine," recently, she received more than one hundred beautiful floral tributes. The day following, two hundred ladies whose place of residence is the Old Ladies Home in New York, were made happy by the appearance of Miss Kenyon with a limousine completely filled with flowers which she personally distributed among them.

Marie Walcamp and her company, under the direction of Henry McRae, is in Japan filming the big Universal serial, "The Petals of Lac Tee."

Dolores Cassinelli, the "Cameo Girl," is playing her first dual role in her new picture, "The Rightful Heir."

"Peddler of Lies," Henry C. Rowland's "Saturday Evening Post" story, is being filmed at Universal City with an all-star cast headed by **Frank Mayo,** Ora Carew and Dagmar Godowsky, the latter being the daughter of Leopold Godowsky, the world-famous pianist.

Ruth Roland announces that her bungalow naming contest is over. After much deliberation she sifted the names down to 200, wrote them on pieces of paper and let the smallest child in a group of children watching her work on location, pick the number. As a result, the bungalow is called "Roland Gables," and Miss Shirley Mormon, Roanoke, Va., is the winner of the oil painting promised.

David Wark Griffith is back in the East, not as a visitor, but to stay. At Orienta Point, Mamaroneck, N. Y., on the estate of the late Henry M. Flagler, Standard Oil Magnate, a group of studio buildings has been erected and here the Griffith productions will be made.

Thomas H. Ince has been made an honorary fire chief of the West Coast. This honor was conferred when Mr. Ince, during an assembly in Los Angeles of fire chiefs of the Pacific Coast, turned over to them all the resources of his studio to prepare an educational film to encourage fire prevention.

Ralph Kellard's appearance in the leading role in "A Scream in the Night," marks his return to the screen after an absence of one and a half years, during which time he appeared in leading roles in Broadway productions.

After working under various directors for the past five years, **Gale Henry,** elongated comedienne, acting as her own director.

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Combination tea kettle and double boiler (3 pieces) 5 quart size, 8¼ inch inside, with a double boiler, 2 quart capacity; one Colonial design coffee percolator (2 pieces), 8 cup size with welded spout, dome cover, fully polished; one roaster consisting of 9 pieces, measures 10½ inches wide and 6 inches high. These nine pieces have dozens of different uses, including bread or bake pan (7 pint capacity); stew or pudding pan (7 pint capacity); pudding pan or mixing bowl (4 pint capacity); egg poacher (5 eggs at a time); muffin pan; biscuit baker with 5 custard cups or jelly moulds; deep locking self basting roaster, double boiler cereal cooker or triple steamer. The outfit also includes 6 quart preserving kettle with cover, 2 bread pans, 1 lip stew pan (1 quart capacity), 1 lip stew pan (1½ quart capacity). Combination cake and pudding pans (2 pieces) consists of 2-quart pudding pan with cake tube; two 9-inch pie plates; two 9½-inch extra deep cake pans; 1 colander with 9-inch top, 5⅛-inch bottom and 2¼-inch depth (can also be used as a steamer.) Shipping weight about 15 pounds.

All pieces (except the pie plates) are highly polished, made of genuine Manganese aluminum, extra hard, absolutely guaranteed for 20 years.

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The Answer Man

This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to The Answer Man, using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopedia in existence. If the answer is to appear in the Classic, write "Classic" at top of letter.

MERRY Christmas and Happy New Year to you all. I was kinda 'fraid I wouldn't make my appearance before Christmas owing to this printers' strike, but here I am, and perhaps rather brief. Our competitors tried hard to take advantage of our extremities, but here we are.

Bob M.—You can reach the Talmadges at their studio on Forty-eighth Street. Yes, I have seen the cotton in its raw state. Warren Kerrigan in "The Joyous Liar."

O. G. U. Kidd.—A little information, sure thing. Bill Nye says that we live in an age of information and that you can get more information nowadays, such as it is, than you know what to do with. To proceed—the great Wall of China is 1,500 miles long, and was built by hand. Ethel Barrymore is about forty years old.

Buddie.—Whow! To quote, you say, "I never fail to read your department; you have a wonderful line; it must grow promiscously around your ancient town. Your colloquialism is so perfect, your smiles so unique and your expressions so artistic that I give up all hope of ever becoming a journalist." On bended knee and with hat in hand I scrape and thank you. Nazimova is not Jewish—Russian. No to Marion Davies.

C. Ray.—You say some of my writers are very silly. Be careful what you say about my bread and butter. Thanks, but dont expect that everything you see here is bright. It has all been polished up the best I know how but it is still dull. Kate Price is with Fox.

Me by Myself.—Bebe is pronounced just as it is spelt—B-B. Send a stamped addressed envelope for a list of the film addresses, then write the players in care of the company they are with.

Ellaye Phan.—Dont think I ever thanked you for the "Reel Correspondent" which I enjoyed. Let me hear from you again.

Sweet Sixteen.—Yes, poverty talks, but nobody wants to hear what it has to say. Brace up, and go to work. So you think Norma Talmadge is wonderful and June Elvidge punk. Just like that. No child, I dont smoke beef.

Only Me.—Enter! Norma Talmadge has her sister Natalie playing with her in "The Isle of Conquest." Not very familiar with the subject, but I know that Therapeutics is the department of medical science concerned in the treatment of disease.

B. M. B.—You say you "admire your snappy, straight to the point answers." I wish they were what you think they are. Wallace MacDonald, Hollywood, Cal., will reach him. I never heard anyone make fun of Brooklyn, the City of Churches. You must mean Philadelphia. You know we first p it Brooklyn on the map, and we put the OK in it too.

Madine.—Sorry, but I haven't the address of Carl Brickert.

Billie, Balto.—Yes, I ought to be able to read character after seeing so many letters. John Kendrick Bangs says that there are some minds so small it would certainly ruin the eyes to read them. Most of my readers and writers are smarter than I am. You ask is Constance Talmadge funny. She's mighty witty, if that's what you mean. No, I dont think Mary Pickford will go on the stage. More likely she will go on a vacation.

M'rie.—I am taking my vacation in the winter this year—going to Florida. Hoop la! I cant afford to vacate up north. I went down to Atlantic City for a week-end to secure a little change and rest, but the waiters got all the change and the landlord got the rest. Dolly Sisters are in vaudeville. Clara Young in Los Angeles, Cal. You're entirely welcome.

Monte Blue Admirer.—You should drink neither. Buttermilk is the only drink. The English are the greatest tea drinkers among western nations, the Americans the greatest coffee drinkers. No, I have not yet purchased my new wardrobe. Things are so high that I fear I cant get anything new, unless it be pneumonia. Ella Hall opposite Francis Ford in "The Gates of Doom," their new serial.

Ima Girl.—That's sometimes good to know. You want to adopt Ethel Clayton as a big sister. Guess she'll let you. Your letter was very interesting, but quite long.

Blue Eyed Violet.—*Hoc age.* And be careful. William Shay you refer to. Well I certainly cant answer such questions as "Is Louise Glaum divorced; is Gladys Brockwell married; etc." You can give yourself better advice than anyone else can, but you wont do it. No, I'm not angry with you.

Edith S.—Thanks for the picture. I like the way you wear your hair. Let me hear from you some more.

Astrologer.—Constance Talmadge was born April 19, 1900. Under the sign of Taurus. You think I write "snappy" answers? What do you mean?

Beaufort K.—No, I never thought of what difference it might have made if Adam had had a chew of tobacco in his mouth when Eve tempted him with the apple. I cant see that it would have made any difference. Theda Bara isn't playing now.

Boston Marjorie.—The name vaudeville is a corruption of Vaux de vire, the name of two picturesque valleys in the Bocage of Normandy and was originally applied to a song with words relating to some story of the day. Yes, it's true that Montague Love has red hair and blue eyes.

Betty of Melrose.—Congratulations! Thanks for the picture. Good looking all right. But nowadays, it's not a question of living up to your income, for some of us cant live down to it. That's my chief worry.

Carmen.—Charles Spere was the brother in "A Desert Wooing." Edward Coxen was Cameron. Thanks for the snaps—I didn't throw them in the w. p. b. I liked the bathing picture best.

R. D. Mc.—So you dont mind being tied to a woman's apron strings, but you'd hate like thunder to be hitched to her suspenders. Who wouldn't? They'll be wearing them soon. Marguerite Courtot has signed

Page

SELZNICK PICTURES



OLIVE THOMAS



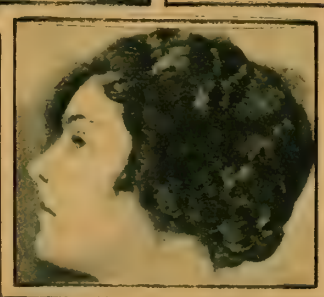
EUGENE O'BRIEN



ELSIE JANIS



OWEN MOORE



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— TENNYSON

Among the resolutions which you make on the passing of the Old Year and the coming of the New, let there be one to give your complexion the caressing, gentle care that will turn back the hands of Time. You will retain the youthful loveliness, the dainty clearness and refreshing softness of skin that's so charming and lovable, if you use

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You Have a Beautiful Face—But Your Nose

IN this day and age attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your *"looks,"* therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times. **Permit no one to see you looking otherwise:** it will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life—which is to be your ultimate destiny? My new Nose-Shaper "TRADOS" (Model 24), corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation quickly, safely and permanently. Is pleasant and does not interfere with one's daily occupation, being worn at night.



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M. TRILETY, Face Specialist, 1039 Ackerman Bldg., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

The Divine Spark of Kathleen

(*Continued from page* 55.)

"As the show progressed, mother waxed indignant. She said that not a single member of the cast appeared without something belonging to her and that her curtains and other belongings kept bobbing up at the unexpected moment. We of the play felt rewarded, however, when the local newspapers heard of our company and sent representatives over. After the paper had written us up we played on amateur night at the 'Little Theater' in town. While I appeared there a member of the aforesaid ten, twenty and thirty-cent company saw me and offered me a position but my mother would not allow me to accept it.

"I was to go on to college with the money my grandfather had left for my education so when the family left Michigan and settled in Los Angeles, I was sent to the Cumnock Academy. After graduation I had a three months' course at the Egan school and there I studied under Marshall Steadman.

"One day I went to the Morosco Theater—I sat in the outer office of that theater so long that every attache came to know me. Then I invited Mr. Morosco's secretary out to lunch, and finally was able to push my way into his sanctum, but—he had nothing for me except encouragement. I then saw Donald Bowles, and finally got an engagement to play with Dustin Farnum in 'The Virginian.'

"It was while waiting for an engagement that I went into the movies. I had disappointments but I think they're helpful if you do not yield to them. One grows stronger thru knocks properly met."

Later in her conversation she told me of her screen idol—one whom she hopes to closely follow one of these days. To her Elsie Ferguson's acting is the acme of screen artistry.

She has had splendid advantages and is broadminded, and cultivated and in every way a high type of refined American girlhood. In her new starring venture she will play real American girl parts. She will be interested in out-of-door sports and able to discard the vampy, décolleté gowns she has heretofore worn. À bas the fishtail creation; 'twill be an uncherished memory. And with the donning of ordinary clothes will arrive the longed for opportunity to taste those sweets which Elsie Ferguson has known. The change will prove to Kathleen's fanlist that the designing of multitudinous frocks for designing vamps and blasé social leaders has not killed the "divine spark" in a heart that has beat hopefully since her tenth year for just such honors.

"The offer I am now considering will take only one year and I am glad of that. I do not wish to tie myself up for a longer period. I shall learn a great deal. I shall try myself out and decide just what I wish to do in the future," and the far-away, dreamy look that came into Kathleen's blue eyes promised much.

Happy Kathleen Kirkham! To have a dream house of her own; to be popular with her fellow players and fans and directors; to be young, beautiful and happy, to remember herself as the little "heavy" in grandfather's old barn and to know herself as Kathleen Kirkham of the Pictures! Also to know herself the contented wife of a happy husband and mistress of their little "Dream House." No one would wish her less and it would be difficult to wish her more!

A Table d'Hote Interview

(*Continued from page 65.*)

ble," she continued. "George broke two little bones in his foot and sprained his ankle. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon and he kept right on working. we went back to the studio when we finished outside and worked all night because he just knew if he took his shoe off he could never get it on again and we had to finish that episode the next day."

"That was before we were married," laughed George, "you know our's was a real romance—Ollie was leading lady and I whispered love phrases in her ear so often that I found myself saying the same things away from the studios."

"Are you going to play in pictures again?" I asked the former leading lady—

"Yes, indeed, but not unless I can play with George—we've talked it over together and if I were to accept a separate engagement we'd find that it would be possible to have very little time together. As it is now when George goes away for a week or two on 'location' I go with him. Now had I been working in California I would have had to remain there while George was in New York for these months—can you imagine me there and George here?" I couldn't for George and Ollie are pals—they work together, plan together and take their pleasures together.

"And," he teased "producers prefer not to have man and wife play together, so Ollie is going to stay home, aren't you, dear?"

One felt he would prefer to have her there—but judging from the sly wink Ollie gave me I wouldn't be surprised if she was going to see the producer— and if so, well, I think George will have his former leading lady back again.

The last course of crackers and cheese was being served—my time was fleeing.

"Which do you like best—feature production or serials?" I hurriedly asked.

"I'd find it difficult to say," he replied thoughtfully,' 'Now 'Hands Up,' and 'The Tiger's Trail,' were serials I enjoyed, and, on the other hand, there's 'Zongar,' and 'The Border Raider'—they were good features. When I left the vaudeville stage where I'd been since I was five years old I thought I should prefer serials, then I thought I would prefer feature productions—and now I'm back at the serial. I believe I'm neutral."

The waiter had brought the check and we were walking out beneath the hanging ferns when Ollie squeezed my arm and whispered—"I'm just crazy to get back into pictures and George just refuses to listen to me so—um-m-m, it is a cute place, we often come here," changing the subject as George returned with his hat.

Outside the sky was studded with myriads of twinkling stars—tiny silver specks in the great black canopy of the night sky—

"It's wonderful in dear old 'Cal' a night like this!" sighed Ollie.

"Yes, I wouldn't be surprised if we'd had enough of the city," responded George tenderly—"Perhaps we can arrange to make the next serial back home—"

That's where they should be!

I can just see brown-eyed Ollie among her rose bushes and down by the lily-pond—and George o' many thrills—he belongs to the great out-of-doors, to the rugged California hills. He belongs in the big arm-chair before the open fire in that little California bungalow—with Ollie bending over him or sitting at his feet—while the logs crackled merrily.

A Woman's Smile

Should Reveal Glossy Teeth

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities



It is Film That Clouds Them

That slimy film which you feel on your teeth is the cause of most tooth troubles.

It clings to the teeth, enters crevices and stays. The tooth brush does not end it. The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve it. So it continues to mar the beauty and to wreck the teeth.

That film is what discolors—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

That film is the teeth's great enemy. So dental science has for years sought a way to end it. Now an efficient film combatant has been found. It has been proved by careful tests. And now leading dentists all over America are urging its daily use.

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For home use this method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And to show its effects a 10-Day Tube is sent to anyone who asks. This is to urge that you get it.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

This method long seemed impossible. Pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But science has discovered a harmless activating method. And now active pepsin can be daily used to combat this viscous film.

Able authorities have made convincing clinical and laboratory tests. Now everyone is asked to make a home test and see what Pepsodent does.

Compare the results with the methods you are using. See the change in ten days. Then decide for yourself if this new method is best for you and yours. Cut out the coupon now.

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The Answer Man

up with Pathe for one year. Douglas Fairbanks is in Los Angeles.

Inez, Los Angeles Cal.—Your letter was so clever and convincing that I am willing to break my infallible rule and offer to read your scenario, and advise you on it, in return for which I would be pleased to receive a copy of your book, "The Wonders of the Human Body," which you so kindly offer.

Horace.—Send a stamped addressed envelope for a list of the correspondence clubs—where you can write to the various fans.

G. S.—Oh, I'm not kicking. Guess you're like most women, but George Ade says that it is not what hubby has, but what he hands out that helps one to endure him as a necessary evil. No indeed, Antonio Moreno is not married.

Edouarde de Mont.—Yes, D. W. Griffith is at his new studio at Mamaroneck, N. Y. Of course I want you to be my friend. Come back to Erin, Edouarde. Paul Willis is in Hollywood, and Monroe Salisbury is with Universal.

Buns and Beets.—No, I don't use lemon oil to oil my brains. I use buttermilk—unceasingly. Yes to your second, no to your third, and no to your fourth. Marcus Loew has 28 theaters in New York. Marc McDermott is in "The Red Virgin" released thru Rolfe.

L. B. S.—Your courteous manners reminds me of the old saying that there's no place where good manners shows to better advantage than on a homely man; the constant surprise between the way he looks and the way he acts keeps you interested. Thanks for all you say. Write direct. Come in again.

Bright Eyes.—You call me a *helluo librurom.* Thank you, but not quite. Ada Gleason is not playing. No charge whatever. For the benefit of some, the Holy Bible will be produced in 52 two-reel episodes, starting with Genesis and ending with the Ascension of Christ. There will be no excuse after that.

Satellites.—If you wrote me before and it was not answered, either I did not receive it or your questions were answered in another answer. I never fail to answer such intelligent letters as yours, unless you leave me with nothing to say. Pauline Frederick stands first in your estimation and Nazimova next. Had Nazimova not done "Revelation" you might find many to agree with you.

Lorraine.—You'd take up all my space if I put the addresses here of the players you mention. So you are a school teacher. Have you heard of the teacher who has been punishing her pupils by making them chew soap? A new way of lathering them.

A Toronto Fan.—Yes, the day of the vampire in pictures is past. Of course in pictures only. "God's country and the Woman," has been done by Vitagraph. You say a French dentist has invented paper teeth. 'Tischew paper, probably.

J. V. S.—Cheer up—it could be worse. Some tears belong to us because we are unfortunate; others because we are humane; many, because we are mortal. Glad you like Shadowland. Grace Cunard in Los Angeles, Cal., and Milton Sills in New York. My age —78, said he reluctantly.

Emma C.—You'll have little chance of selling that book now-a-days. Dean Swift was the author of the expression, "Tell the truth and shame the Devil." Francis Bushman and Beverly Bayne are going on the stage in "The Master Thief."

Iad Oru.—You look very devilish! Probably are. Amen is a Hebrew word signifying "Yes," "Truly." You've got them a little twisted—London, New York, Paris, Berlin and Chicago are the five largest cities in the world. Vienna was sixth. Peggy Hyland is playing in "Auld Lang Syne."

The Lone Star.—You say you think I am a woman—men are so conceited. No, I'm not ridiculous looking. Mabel Normand can be reached by just addressing her Los Angeles, Cal. Blanche Sweet is playing in "A Woman of Pleasure" in seven parts.

The Cub.—You want to be treated kindly—I'll do my best. Not definitely decided about Charlie Chaplin. Kathlyn Williams is playing in "A Girl Named Mary." Warren Kerrigan isn't married. Drop in.

Beef Head.—No, I see no reason why a man with only one eye should be charged half price when he attends a moving picture show. Perhaps he should be charged double price because it will take him twice as long to see the show. It is rumored about that Wallace Reid is to go to London to make pictures for Famous Players.

LeRoy B.—I envied you this fall and wish I was with you in your orchard when so much fruit lay on the ground. In Brooklyn all of our fruit stands on the corners. Goldwyn is doing "Toby's Bow" with Tom Moore in the lead.

Betta.—Dorothea Abril was the girl in "The Hostage." Thomas Santschi in "The Love that Dared." You say that when you come to New York you will ring me up and give me a kiss over the telephone? No thanks, I prefer mine direct from the battery. Yes, Geraldine Farrar is playing opposite Lou Tellegen in "Flame of the Desert."

Margaret L. W.—William Duncan is about 35 years. What's the difference if he is married? You have that wrong. Dorothy Gish did not elope. It was her horse that ran away with her.

Girl Scout of America.—You want to know if Jack Abbe is a Japanese or a Chinaman. Will have to look your other up. Yes, you would have to have a license. Ethel Clayton is playing in 'The Thirteenth Commandment," and Anna Q. Nilsson and Monte Blue are in the cast. According to statistics, the causes of insanity, hereditary 24%, drink 14%, business 12%. In another five years prohibition will lead.

Rejected Gloogoos.—Hello! Glad to see you back. You want more of Madge Evans. You'll have to wait about five more years. I smoke a pipe nearly all the time now. I used to smoke cigaretes, but stopped it recently because I now consider it too effeminate.

Betty B.—Not great. No, there is very very little market for scenarios just now. All of our stories are written from stories that have been filmed. We dont buy from the author, but we write our stories from the scenario after they have been produced in pictures. No.

The Lightning Raider.—Nope, there's no hope. Your letter was some long. Douglas Fairbank's "His Majesty, the American," was the first picture shown in the Capitol Theater which opened on Broadway, October 23rd. It is right across from the Rivoli, and it is the last word.

East St. Louis.—You're right. You want to see something of Mark Sennett inasmuch as you have seen so much of his bathing girls. I'll tell you right now that he isn't as good looking nor so well shaped as they are.

Cinderella, Australia.—The Kaleidoscope was invented by David Brewster in 1816. The Cossacks are a military people inhabiting Russia. You think Constance Talmadge is a Bonnie wee Lass. Yes, she is that, all but the wee. You ask "will you be my boy pal?" Indeed I will. We have all kinds of dancing here.

Phyllis M. Brisbane.—Charlie Chaplin played in "The Floorwalker," "Fireman," "The Vagabond," "One A. M.," "The Count," "The Pawnshop," "Behind the Scenes," "The Rink," "The Immigrant," "The Adventurer," "The Cure," "Easy Street," "Shoulder Arms," and several others. The last was his best I think.

Hallie C.—Gee, but your letter was great. It did my heart good. Thanks.

W. G. N.—Well, I live around the corner from there. Shake that idea of writing scenarios. No use. So you take exception to my agreeing with U. S. S. Saranac that ships wear flags and do not fly them. You say they are flown. Would you say that the *Saranac* flew a flag? Indeed I do feel the high cost of living and the high cost of clothing myself. I need a new pair of trousers but I shall probably have to take a pair of my under ones and have them dyed.

Peter Pan.—No, I am not married, and I still have my hall room. Well, a woman may not be much of a mathematician, yet she can easily figure in a divorce suit.

(*Continued on page* 100.)

How Every Woman Can Have A Winning Personality

Let Me Introduce Myself

DEAR READER: *I wish to tell you* how to have a charming, winning personality because all my life I have seen that without it any woman labors under great handicaps. Without *personality*, it is almost impossible to make desirable friends, or get on in business; and yes, often must a woman give up the man on whom her heart is set because she has not the power to attract or to hold him.

During my career here and abroad, I have met a great many people whom I have been able to study under circumstances which have brought out their weak or strong points, like a tiny spot on the lens of a moving picture machine will magnify into a very large blot on the screen. And I have seen so many people, lacking in personality, try to make a success of their plans and fail completely, in a way that has been quite pathetic. I am sure that you also are familiar with one or more such cases.

Success of a Winsome Manner

I saw numerous failures that were so distressing that my thoughts could not help dwelling upon those shattered and vain ambitions. I have seen women of education, and culture and natural beauty actually fail where other women minus such advantages, but possessing certain secrets of lovableness, a certain winsomeness, a certain knack of looking right and saying the right word would get ahead delightfully. Nor were they naturally forward women. Nor were they the kind that men call clever. Some of them, if you studied their features closely, were decidedly not handsome; *yet they seemed so.* They didn't do this by covering their faces with cosmetics; they knew the *true* means. And often the winning women were in the thirties, forties, or even fifties. Yet they "appealed." You know what I mean. They drew others to them by a subtle power which seemed to emanate from them. Others liked to talk to them and to do things for them. In their presence you felt perfectly at ease—as though you had been good, good friends for very long.



Juliette Fara

French Feminine Charms

The French women among my friends seemed to me more generally endowed with this ability to fascinate, than did my friends among other nationalities. In the years that I lived in Paris, I was amazed to find that most of the women I met were enchanting.

"Is it a part of the French character?" I asked my friends.

"Were you born that way?" I would often ask some charming woman.

And they smilingly told me that "personality" as we know it here in America, is *an art*, that is *studied and acquired* by French women just as they would learn to cook, or to sing by cultivating the voice. Every girl and woman possesses latent personality. *This includes you, dear reader.* There are numerous real secrets for developing *your* personality. In France, where the women have always outnumbered the men, and where opportunity for our sex is restricted, those who wish to win husbands or shine in society, or succeed in their careers, have no choice but to develop their charms in competition with others.

How Men's Affections Are Held

Lately, the newspapers have been telling us that thousands and thousands of our fine young army men have taken French wives. It was no surprise to me, for I know *how alluring are the French girls.* Nor could I help conceding the truth in the assertion of a competent Franco-American journalist that "American girls are too provincial, formal, cold and unresponsive while the French girls radiate warmth of sympathy, devotion and all those exquisite elements of the heart that men adore in women."



You may have all those attractive qualities that men adore in women

And I who am successful and probably known to you by reputation through my activities on the Faubourg St. Honoré can tell you in all candor, as one woman confiding in another, that these French secrets of personality have been a very important factor in the successes of mine. But it is not my tendency to boast of myself, the *Juliette Fara* whom I want you to feel that you already know as your sincere friend, but I speak *of* YOU and *for* YOU.

French Secrets of Fascination

My continued residence in France enabled me to observe the ways and methods of the women closely. I studied and analyzed the secrets of their *fascinating powers.*

When I returned to the dear old U. S. A., I set myself at work putting together the facts, methods, secrets and formulæ that I had learned while in France.

Of one thing I am absolutely convinced—every woman who wishes it may have a winning personality.

Overcoming Deterrent Timidity

I know I can take any girl of a timid or overmodest disposition, one who lacks self-confidence, or is too self-conscious for her own good, and show her how to become *discreetly and charmingly daring,* perfectly natural and comfortable in the presence of others. I can show you *how to bring out charms which you do not even dream you possess.*

Uncouth Boldness—or Tactful Audacity?

If you are an assertive woman, the kind that suffers from too great forwardness, I can show you in a way that you will find delightful, how to be *gentle and unassuming,* to tear away the false fabric of your repelling and ungracious personality and replace it with another that wins and attracts. By this method, you will succeed, oh so well, while by uncouthness or misapplied audacity you meet with setbacks.

I can take the frail girl or woman, the listless one who usually feels that the good things in life are not for her and show her how to become vigorous and strong, tingling with enthusiasm and good cheer and how to see the whole wide world full of splendid things just for her.

Become an Attractive Woman

I can take the girl or woman who is ignorant or careless of her appearance, or the girl who dresses unbecomingly and instill in her a sense of true importance of appearance in personality; I can enlighten her in the ways of women of the world, in making the most of their apparel. All this without any extravagance; and I can show her how to acquire it with originality and taste. You realize, of course, that dressing to show yourself to advantage, is *a real art* and without that knowledge you will always be under a disadvantage.

For Married Women

There are some very important secrets which married French women know that enables them to hold the love, admiration and fidelity of their men. How the selfish spirit in a man is to be overcome so ingeniously that he *does not know what you are accomplishing* until some day he awakens to the fact that his character and his manner have undergone a delightful change—that he is not only making you happy, but he is finding far greater pleasure in life than when he was inconsiderate. There are secrets in my compilation that are likely to change a turbulent course of married life for one that is entrancingly ideal. And this power lies within you, my dear Madam.

Acquire Your Life's Victory Now!

What we call personality is made up of a number of little things. It is not something vague and indefinable. Personality, charm, good looks, winsomeness and success can be cultivated. If you know the secrets, if you learn the rules and put them into practice, you can be charming, you can have an *appealing personality.* Don't think it is impossible. Don't think you must be born that way. Don't even think it ought to be hard to acquire it; because the secrets of charm that I have collated and transcribed for you are more interesting than the most fascinating book you have ever read.

Once you have learned my lessons, they become a kind of second nature to you. When you notice the improvement in your appearance, how you get on easier with people, how your home problems seem to solve themselves, how in numberless little ways (and big ones, too) life gets to hold so many more prizes for you, you will decide to put more and more of the methods in practice in order to obtain still more of life's rewards.

No New Fad—the Success of Ages

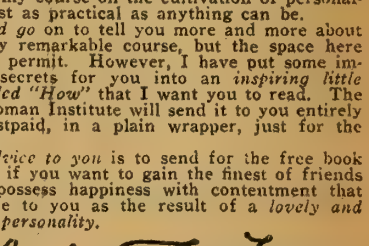
I am well enough known by the public not to be taken as advancing some new-fangled fad. All my life I have understood the value of plain common sense and practical methods. And what I have put into my course on the cultivation of personality is just as practical as anything can be.

I could go on to tell you more and more about this truly remarkable course, but the space here does not permit. However, I have put some important secrets for you into an *inspiring little book called "How"* that I want you to read. The Gentlewoman Institute will send it to you entirely free, postpaid, in a plain wrapper, just for the asking.

My advice to you is to send for the free book *"HOW"* if you want to gain the finest of friends and to possess happiness with contentment that will come to you as the result of a *lovely and winning personality.*

Juliette Fara

Mail the Coupon for Free Book



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PAGE 98

Our Animated Monthly of Movie News and Views

(*Continued from page* 84.)

look all of Hollywood and be near the studios without having to use them for back yards. Miss Williams never looked more beautiful than now, and dresses exquisitely.

Fans will see two famed places in "The Woman in the Plot," for Director von Stroheim worked one solid week at the Ville de Paris department store, where members of movieland shop, and then took his company to the very lovely Hotel Virginia, Long Beach, the match-making hotel of the West. Sam de Grasse and Una Trevelyn are the best known of the cast.

Grace Darmond was sued for lateness at the studio. They do say Grace is secretly married and was a September bride, but she's not giving that part of it away. However, she wears a lovely solitaire on the proper finger. She is being sued for nearly thirty-two thousand dollars because of salaries paid to extras and regulars while kept waiting. Anyway, Grace is engaged by Bosworth to play opposite Lloyd Hughes and George Webb.

Another "wild-catter" is Thomas Santschi, who is intending to star the moment his engagement with Cathrine Curtis is finished. Marshall Neilan incorporated with a purported capital of a million. Monroe Salisbury's pictures will be on the First National release, and among other pleasant things 'tis whispered that salaries are thrice what they were six months ago even for those who only essay BITS.

Tom Mix's classy car is often seen in front of the Hotel Alexandria. It's a big white model, like a soup-tureen, with many straps and trimmings of tooled leather, mostly bearing his *Tomix* insignia. The upholstery is in light brown, like the leather covered wheels strapt on the back.

At the Hollywood Apartments I saw Mabel Van Buren, who used to be featured so much at the Lasky studios, and who has turned decidedly *embonpoint*. She has a grown daughter, who is quite a debutante belle.

Two bad happenings for the Lasky folk were the sudden illness of Jeanie Macpherson, who went to the Good Samaritan Hospital where Lois Wilson is recuperating, and the big fire which destroyed the lovely de Mille rancho, valued at over a hundred thousand dollars. By the way, Miss Wilson's illness cost the producers a lot, for salary lists went on, and, unfortunately, the picture had progressed to the stage where it was impossible to shoot many scenes without her.

I saw Gloria Swanson in Fredericks' Beauty Parlors getting her pet powder, while the chauffeur draped the front seat of her new car and chafed to chofe again.

At the Ville de Paris, Winifred Westover was buying thirty odd dollars' worth of cosmetics while I was trying to decide on talcum powder. Miss Westover takes mighty good care of her *native-daughter*-San-Francisco complexion.

Why tell us that beauty's *skin* deep?
If 'twere true, it would surely be cheap.
Clarine Seymour says "When
You would capture the men
Always powder your nose quite a heap!"

The last time I saw Clarine on the Griffith lot she was wearing a dust cap and pinafore and flirting outrageously with a fluffy puff and pink dust. She reminds one of Dickens's character, "The Marchioness," with her big fieldmouse eyes and lively little nose.

Clarine is leaving California now to join Griffith in the East.

To the Crank-Turners

By W. E. MAIR

I wonder if the camera gets
The glimpses I do of the city;
The mouthings of the angry "wets";
Or registers the solemn pity
Of them who owlishly declare,
"The demon's dead and I don't care."

I know the demon was a curse,
And yet, I'd like to shoot a feature
Concerning things that may be worse,
Ferinst', that almost perfect creature
Who loudly yawps, "Away with tights—
"I am opposed to women's rights!"

Then, too, I wonder if the time,
Will ever come when we shall dose up
On hymns, instead of ribald rhyme.
If that day comes, I want a close-up
Of some poor garret-dwelling bard,
Typing te-deums by the yard.

The camera seems 'most in a rut;
(Here's how, Dame Grundy, drink up hearty!)
And yet—it *might* depict the mutt
Who founded this here anti-party. . .
I wonder—but who gives a hoot?
All I can say is: "Shoot, men, shoot!"

Imagination

Dedicated to David Wark Griffith

By W. E. MAIR

There's a song of romance on the wings of the night,
And a thrill from far hills that I never have trod,
Holding hint of the sweetness of spring-scented sod,
Where moonbeams fall solemnly, silvery white.

There's a burden of loves that I never have known,
And a rapture of music I never have heard,
Like the poignant, sad notes of the lone mocking-bird
In some beautiful garden strange to my own.

There are hopes like the kiss of a dawn-breeze at play,
There are fears that hark back to the fount of the race,
And the fingers of Fate seem to fall on my face,
As the whispers of Truth slip like Death on its way.

Strange gift of the soul, scorning bonds made by man!
Fair grief of the spirit, of shadows the sphere!
But guide me, through Faith, when the play's end is near—
Let me glimpse the dear goal and the oft-hidden plan—
Strange gift of the soul, scorning bonds made by man!



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Yours very truly
(Signed) FERDINAND HOHNHORST."

Leo Friedman, Our Composer



Leo Friedman

about whom Mr. Hohnhorst speaks so enthusiastically, is one of America's most gifted composers and the author of many great song hits. Among his great successes are "Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland," the sales of which reached the enormous total of more than two million copies. Others that reached into the million class were "Let Me Call You Sweetheart," and "When I Dream of Old Erin." Mr. Friedman writes music to words that causes them to fairly throb with feeling and musical charm. He has been styled "America's Favorite Composer," and properly so, for his melodies have reached the hearts of millions of the American people, and made them sing.

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The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 94.)

CATHERINE M. S.—Thanks poor child. Misery is everywhere and so is happiness.

JENNIE F. W.—You're all wrong about Norma Talmadge. Michigan is called the Lake State, while Maine is sometimes called the Lumber and sometimes the Pine Tree State, and Kansas is called the Sunflower.

BILLIE L.; NORFOLK.—Heap much thanks for the box of Defio's. I have a fine after-dinner smoke, and that's once the government dont get a tax on me. Van Dyke Brooke is going to play in Louise Huff's pictures. 'Member when he directed Norma Talmadge?

EXINE.—Thanks for the fee. Sound your "A"—you're out of tune. Come, cheer up! You want more of Bert Lytell. You want to see the old Lockwood pictures reissued. Poor Harold.

MALISSA G.—Address the players you mention care of Los Angeles, Cal.—the letters will reach them. You can get the Columbia record of Mme. Petrova's recitation entitled "To a Child Who Inquired." She is one person who never forgets a favor, no matter how small.

BESS.—Yes, Howard Chandler Christy married his model—a model wife. Mary Pickford has blonde hair. Guess I'll hit the feathers now; it's getting late. Nightie night!

ETHEL CLAYTON FAN; KATHLEEN M.; EMIL P.; BLONDIE; DOROTHY W.; MARIE M.; MISS PEARL WHITE; MABEL T.; RITA J.; G. D. L.; BOBBIE; SARAH C.; MAGGIE; DOROTHY B.; EARL S.; HELEN; THE DISQUALIFIED; BERNICE B.; JUICY FRUIT; ETHEL K.; HARBOR POINT and others—Your questions have all been answered some place in these columns. Come again, and try and hit upon something new.

PARA CARMEN—It may cost you trouble to write me in English, but it costs me more than trouble to read your Spanish. To get a picture of Wallace Reid, write him care of Paramount, Los Angeles, Cal. Run in again.

MARGARET C.—It's quite difficult to secure a pass to any of the studios. I've sent so many people to the Vitagraph I'm afraid they wont let me in myself next time. Fay Tincher is back with the Christie studio. The CLASSIC is 25 cents now, but it is well worth it!

R. G., BOSTON.—Squelched! If I were to answer you I would expect a niche in the Hall of Fame. Be easy on the ancient.

ELIZABETH A.—Have a little patience, Lizzie. He who thinks he can do without the world deceives himself; but he who thinks that the world cannot do without him is still more in error. Antonio Moreno and Pauline Curley are making a serial, with Brinsley Shaw as the heavy.

EVERYBODY'S FRIEND.—I hope you will always be mine. Never desert a friend and companion. All the world despises a deserter. Robert Warwick in "Told in the Hills," (Paramount). Write to our automobile department. All right.

WAITING ONE.—You ask where is the Dimpled Queen Lillian Walker? You have searched in vain for her pictures. Miss Walker, when last heard from, was as dimpled as ever and was working on the coast. She has lost out rapidly ever since she left that great director, Wilfred North. She is now making a serial to be released thru Pathé.

JUJIE.—You say you would like to come and stroke my beard. All right, come along, but be careful you dont raise any dust. Accent on the "zim" in Nazimova. Haven't the villain in "Open

Your Eyes." Remember, I'll be waiting.

M. I. WELCOME.—You bet you are! So you dont like the blurry Griffith pictures. That's art, child. So you would like to see me on a bicycle. Well, I wouldn't. You're afflicted with *cacocthes scribendi.*

DUSTIN FARNUM ADMIRER.—Cant say that I do. I think some women need much adorning, as some meats need much seasoning to incite appetite. Kinda fussy, you know. Enid Bennett in "Stepping Out." Yes, James J. Corbett playing in "The Midnight Man," (Universal). He was once the champion pugilist of the world. So was Willard. But they're both has beens now.

TIPPY.—Thanks for the pressed daisies. Pleasant thought.

AMO, WINNIPEG.—Are you trying to pick an argument with me? You ask where did the Yanks get the idea that they won the war. Bang! War, League of Nations, President Wilson, Bolshevism are tabooed in this department. Ask me something easy.

SAVIN HILL.—What do I think of a superstitious person? There's this to be said: Superstition, errors and prejudices are cobwebs continually woven in shallow brains. And yet lots of great men have been superstitious. Duke R. Lee—I have no information about him.

EUREKA.—But marriage is often ennui for two. Mary Miles Minter was not born in Leap Year. Something up your sleeve there? If it were on Feb. 29, she would have a birthday every four years, and at eighty she would still be twenty. I save all the pictures sent me and prize them highly. Irene Castle in "Should a Wife Forgive," taken at the Fort Lee studio of Famous Players-Lasky.

YANKEE.—Of course I want you to write to me and to tell me what you like and what you dont like in the MAGAZINE. A pretty face is the fortune of some and the ruin of others. But it takes more than beauty to make a star. Billie Burke is expected to star in "Cæsar's Wife."

COLONIAL.—Where you have the money order registered they will tell you the correct amount to send. James Young is directing Elsie Janis for Selznick.

A JINX.—Dont you remember that Ruth Roland played in the "Who Pays?" series?

ARTHUR B.—Good-morning! Yes, I have had my eggs—poached this time. Violet Mersereau in "Love Wins"—but does it? I have no sign on my gate, *"Cave canum."* No, I take no interest in hobbledehoys.

BARTHELMESS ADMIRER.—Yes, they do say that woman's tongue is the law of kindness, but believe me, she can lay down other laws with that same tongue. You must refer to Carol Dempster.

NAZIMOVA FAN.—Righto! But, would you know the value of money, go and try to borrow some. Helen Jerome Eddy in "Turn in the Road." Max Linder is not in this country. He is in Paris and his last film was "The Little Café."

DOUG NUT.—You have lots of company. From your letters, you appear to be very jolly. Good nature, like a bee, collects honey from every herb. Ill nature, like a spider, sucks poison from the sweetest flower. Yes, Rupert Hughes wrote "The Cup of Fury," produced by Goldwyn. Priscilla Dean is not married. And you like the Marion Davies smile.

JACK H.—Thanks, but I envy nobody who knows more than I, but I sure do pity those who know less. You think Ray Stewart will never be a William Hart. Charlotte Walker and Thomas Meighan in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." Eugene O'Brien in the last. That will be quite enough from your small, still voice.

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Guess Carmel Myers is on the coast. Might have been a special-made picture. Oh, yes, "Shoulder Arms" was Chaplin's best.

BASIL E. F.—I cant help you. You say everybody says you are pretty, and that you ought to work your way out. Dont do it. It's a very uncertain game. There's no place like the fireside. Why not test your speed in the new Fame and Fortune contest?

ULLA SALETTE.—No, I dont think beauty is everything and I dont agree with La Rochefoucauld who said, "It is useless to have youth without beauty, or beauty without youth." The old fossil! An interview with Colleen Moore? You bet I like fudge. Send it on, for I fear not that I will lose my girlish figure.

FRANK P.—You mean Hedda Nova. Jay Dwiggins, who died Sept. 8, 1919, was a character man with Vitagraph some time ago, who tried to take the place of John Bunny. Our editor sent him there too. He looked somewhat like Bunny. Naomi Childers is with Goldwyn opposite Tom Moore. Lois Weber directing for Famous Players.

A. L. S.; WANDERER.—Your letter dated from Armstead, Montana, might interest my other readers, so I'll print it here to save me the trouble of answering it: "If it wasn't for you and your magazine I'd be just about dead. My work brings me in contact with nothing but small towns. Most of them know a picture by name only, but a few show one once a week. I saw one last night that was advertised for five parts. I know that film parted no less than ten times. It sure was wonderful. My mother sends me the magazine every month and it sure seems like a long time from one issue to the other. Say, where do you get that stuff about being 77 years old? No man 77 years old could write like you do. I'm not so sure that a man writes all those answers anyhow. Well, just wanted to tell you how much I enjoy your magazine. Dorothy Gish and Wallace Reid are my favorites."

SERIAL FAN.—Write American Co. Santa Barbara, Cal., about "The Diamond from the Sky" and Metro, N. Y., about "The Great Secret."

JUNE BUG.—My word, how you flatter and tickle me! You think I lived in the time of Goliath, and you ask for inside information of Cleopatra. Not quite that ancient. No, indeed, I dont live on Fifth Avenue, but I walk on it occasionally. *En grande tonne.*

BETSEY L.—Yes, try Famous Players, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York.

INQUISITIVE PEST.—Yes, *En ami.* Balzac pretended that in his time only three men knew the French language—"Victor Hugo, Theophile Gautier and I." Dorothy Kelly isn't playing, the others you mention are in California.

THE VISHENY. You're quite wrong, the Yellow Race form two-thirds of the population of the earth. No, I give up. J. Stuart Blackton is producing "Respectable by Proxy" with Sylvia Breamer and Robert Gordon. Marguerite Clark 4 foot 10, and Mary Pickford 5 foot.

MRS. A. P. W.—You cant judge by the old magazines about marriages. Those things change, the same as our thoughts change, only more quickly. He *was* her husband, but not any more. Both Lucille Lee Stuart and Marguerite Courtot played in "The Perfect Lover." Oh, yes, the population of the British Empire is some larger than China.

IMA BOOB—Are you sure there's no hope? You bet I remember the last bus on Broadway; it was June 20th, 1885. Viola Dana only weighs 96 lbs., Ann Pennington about 100.

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GRACE B.—Yes, I am sorry you weren't chosen in the Fame and Fortune Contest. Better luck next time. Try it again. You know a woman must talk wisely or look well. George Cohan's daughter, Georgette Cohan, is going to appear in Famous Players-Lasky pictures produced in England.

JIMMIE.—U want to know what has happened to Augustus Phillips, Neva Gerber, King Baggot, Dorothy Bernard and Mabel Trunnelle. Most of them have settled down by the fireside in a cosy home.

TOODLES 48.—Unique views you give on women! Aunt Eliza says that there are some persons who write, talk and think so much about vice and virtue that they have no time to practise either the one or t'other. Mae Murray and Tom Forman in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs."

MOVIE FAN.—Thanks for the fee. The jealous mind is festooned with the cobwebs of suspicion. No, indeed, Marguerite Clark and Mary Pickford are not jealous of each other. Why should they be—they both have a husband. You want a list of the plays Mary Pickford has played in since Biograph Days. Some day when I have ten or twelve hours to spare I'll get it out for you. Lewis Cody was Reggie.

PLAIN JOHNNIE.—I have no ambition to rejuvenate. No wise man ever wished to be younger, but many young men wish to be older. Write her. Anita Stewart is in Los Angeles, Cal. Betty Blythe in Goldwyn's "The Silver Horde."

SAM PEPY'S SISTER.—I'm going to quote a part of your letter here for the benefit of whom it may concern: "Why not give credit where it is due to support in a cast where one of our 'stars' is featured. Has the old custom of introducing the players in a picture been abolished completely? Or are the producers saving money? In a recent Norma Talmadge picture, for one instance, there were numerous very clever artists supporting Miss Talmadge, and never a mention as to their identity was ever made thruout the play. Pretty tough on some of the old has-beens, such as Marc McDermott who was vaguely discernable through a bunch of shredded wheat on his face. This is just one of many I've seen recently where the introduction is omitted. How can this reach the producers' ears?" Stars are stars. They have the privilege of featuring themselves or of omitting the cast and support. That's what I'm here for—to give you just such information as they omit. If the stars were sure that you all want to know who the other players are, I think they would tell you on the screen.

I.—Whew! I'm gasping for breath after that. Please make it brief. Where did you get that stuff? You want Eugene O'Brien to play opposite Norma Talmadge.

ETHEL M.—Maurice Tourneur is out in California now. No, a Chinaman cannot become a citizen of the U. S. In case he has children born here, they are citizens under the constitution. Yes, our old friend Edwin August is back, and is directing for World.

SEAL.—Your letter telling me about your wonderful mother was very touching. It's so long since I've had a mother. God bless all mothers! Surely I want you to write to me again.

WALTER A. McE. O.—So you want to marry a picture star. Well, aim at a super and you may hit a star. Yea, Bow! Silence can cut thru almost anything, except mental concrete. Questions, I say!

MARGARET.—You say too many pictures of Alice Brady, Norma Talmadge, Gloria Swanson and Priscilla Dean in the galleries. You want more of Monroe Salisbury. Cant please everybody, but we'll try and please *you*.



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SCOTTY.—Thanks for the prescription which reads, "This is to certify that The Answer Man of the M. P. M., Brooklyn, in the State of New York, U. S. A., requires 12 Scotch whiskeys for medical use and not as a beverage. Dr.——." Thanks, old boy, I'll invite all the old men in the neighborhood up to my hall room when it's filled. Of course, it's on you, isn't it? You're wrist watch question is too much for me.

Carolyn E. R.—Next, Jack Mulhall you want in the gallery. John Ericsson was the inventor of the practical propeller in 1836. Little before my time. Napoleon was born on August 15, 1769. Cleo Madison in "The Radium Mystery." You can reach her at 6100 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal.

ALICE M.—Thank you a lot for the picture of yourself.

FLORA E. P.—You want too much for your money.

DOUG'S ADMIRER; STELLA P.; CHUA B.; ALICE M.; ELEANOR M. P.; MABELLE M.; JEAN G. B.; HELEN A. C.; ANXIOUS D.; TIP AND JIP.; ODELIA D.; BARBARA C.; BUBBLES; PEGGY 21 MARIE; J. P.; C. K. G. ADMIRER; DELPHINE; MARGARETTA E.; TINY.—Here you are, alas, among the also rans. Try again!

U. R. UNIQUE.—You're right. I dont know about that, but my labor and intensive study (which I take to be my portion in this life) joined with the strong propensity of nature. I might perhaps leave something so written that posterity should not willingly let it die. Will you please see that they carve something nice on my tombstone? Yes, Fannie Ward has been married. Shadowland comes out on the 23rd. The sage therein is a hated rival of mine. I must look to my laurels!

NEWCOMER.—Welcome home! Sailors have heavy hearts when they can make the beacon light. None you mention are married. You say I must have a large capacity. What d'ye mean—food, licker or think-works?

TEDDY B.—Of course women always speak the truth, but not always the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Pauline Frederick in "Bonds of Love." Natalie Talmadge is a sister to Constance and Norma. Sure he's married.

VIOLET.—So you think the Answer Man is about 26 and gets about $50 a week. You have another think coming to you. Pray what would I do with $50 a week, and with only 26 years behind me where would I get my vast accumulation of knowledge and experience? Maxine Elliott and William Faversham are going to start a moving picture company with capital of $300,000. George D. Baker is going to be the director. 'Nough sed.

BONAMI.—You ask me if Pearl White is a nice girl. I'm not here to answer such questions. They're all nice. Tell not all you know and judge not all you see, if you would live in peace.

LUELLA.—Haven't heard of Winifred Greenwood for some time now. Winifred, come hither.

E. J. R.—Your letter was so frank, analytical and interesting that I'm going to quote part of it for the benefit of my other readers—it requires no answer: "I wonder if there are two other people who enjoy your MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE half as much as my boy and myself. It may be because the purchase of same requires a certain amount of sacrifice on his part, at any rate we read it from cover to finish, every detail. Your articles are just splendid, and the stories are so splendidly written, showing in every way such a very high standard of judgment, and especially noticeable broad mindedness. There are four persons we love: Bill Hart,

Bill Farnum, Madam Nazimova and Madam Petrova. I wonder why I go to see Bill Hart. I do not like the style of his pictures, but the kernel of each and every one is as sweet as a cole nut. Always I am looking at the back of beyond, as it were, and can see such a big splendid personality, that the bottle-smashing passes, and we love the man. Bill Farnum, he is just himself, it is all there for us to see. I do not think I have ever heard anyone say they did not like him, such a good, true face. Nazimova, shall I ever forget her in 'Revelation'! It's months ago we saw her and I can shed tears every time I think of that exquisite bit of acting, where the man she loves casts her off because she has sent another model away scratched and torn, and in her despair she poses for him as she thinks for the last time, it was just beautiful—no other evpression fits it. Petrova, too is very fine, but where one sees Nazimova, one has to look beyond, for all her beauty, and it's well worth the study. Nazimova is a particularly lovely figure, and only the very finest thoughts come with her. One can always feel as if they have had a draught of clear spring water. I only wish there were more like her—I am sure it would pay in the end. I do not mean to say there are not heaps of lovely women doing good parts, but there are too many suggestive ones to do good to the children. Mary Garden in 'Thais' caused uproarious laughter here. She is not liked."

ANDREW B. J.—We accept few manuscripts from outsiders. We have a complete force right here and elsewhere, but are always in the market for good stuff from the outside. Screw your courage. If it's writing, let it be writing.

LOLA E.—Clever letter. I eat very little, sleep little and earn little. Nature delights in the most plain and simple diet. Yes, indeed, I enjoyed Mme. Petrova very much on the stage. She is very emotional, has a very sweet voice and is very beautiful to look at.

BLUE-EYED VIOLET.—Yes, the Burston Film, Inc., produced "The Mystery of 13." There's a new one every minute. Guess I'll have to start a company. As I understand it, the deepest spot in the ocean is near the Island of Guam, a depth sufficient enough to submerge the highest mountain. Write direct to us.

DOROTHY B.; HOOF HEARTED; CLARA M.; A. L. B.; MILDRED DAVIS ADMIRER; HELEN L. M.; EVA B.—Thanks for yours. Better luck next time. You know I cant possibly always say something nice, even tho the letters are splendid.

FRANKNESS.—Yes, I'm bald as a bat. But baldness is a malady resulting from exhausted nutrition. Stimulation to the scalp is beneficial, but I approve of the American remedy only in part: "Use brandy externally until the hair grows, and take it internally to clinch the roots." Eugene O'Brien is not married. Neither is he in California.

SCHEHEREZADE.—You think we ought to reserve a page for the readers to comment on the plays and players. Not bad. You think we ought to have more puzzles. We think Yvonne Delva and Creighton Hale in "The Thirteenth Chair." Very gruesome, but interesting. Mary Pickford in "Hoodlum."

MARTHA E; ROBERT HARRON ADMIRER; INQUISITIVE; SYLVIA T; CT. Q; H. M. ALTIS; EDITH C.; FOXEY GRANDPA; JUDY; MISS T. E. D.; LUCY B.; CHESTER L. I.; HAZEL E.; DAISY I.; CARY F. P.; MISS J. J. W.; MISS H.; MARY D. H.; ULAH M.; and JOCKEY.—Sorry to place

(*Continued on page* 108.)

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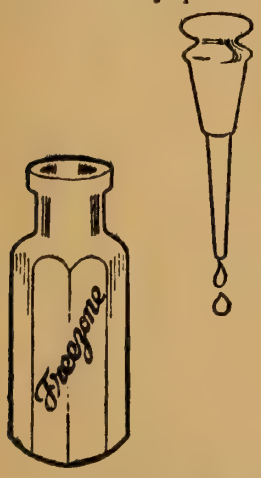
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His Wife's Director

(*Continued from page 33.*)

finds he is able to get much better results with her than with the average actress.

"I have directed my wife so long that I know her mannerisms and outstanding points perfectly," he explained. "Besides, she has confidence in me and that means much to a director. When an actor or actress lacks confidence or a friendly attitude towards a director the results are disastrous for both. That is why I try my utmost to avoid arguments or unpleasantness with members of a cast during the course of a production. Many productions have been ruined because of friction between the director and the cast. It is very rarely however that a player with intelligence will find fault with a director when he is merely trying to correct some of the player's errors. Every man or woman on the stage or screen has faults and the wise ones among them realize and welcome criticism. What I try to do is to get the players working with me in a spirit of co-operation and not antagonism, as is too often the case."

Ralph Ince is one of the real pioneers of the motion picture business. He began as an actor, after a successful career on the stage, but later became a director. Some of his earliest pictures—such as "The Battle Hymn of the Republic"—are still classed among the screen's finest products.

"Perhaps it is not generally known," said Mr. Ince, "but Lou really started her career with D. W. Griffith as a member of the famous old Biograph company. In her very first picture, I think, she played opposite my brother Tom, who was an actor in those days. Lou had formerly been on the stage. When Griffith decided to move his company to the Pacific Coast, she left him and began to play under my direction. We have worked together ever since."

Ralph Ince belongs to a family of actors. His father before him was a Thespian of the old school. Ralph and his father used to have many arguments in regard to the correct forms of histrionic art.

"My father, being an actor of the old school, loved to rant and strut about with exaggerated dignity, delivering every speech with sweeping gestures. I believed in simple and more natural acting and we used to wrangle about it for hours. Father, of course, thought I was a joke as an actor and perhaps he was right."

Ralph is the youngest of the three famous Ince brothers, each of whom was originally an actor but forsook the speaking stage to become a director of pictures. Ralph is still a young man, having just turned thirty-two. He is on the threshhold of the biggest and finest things of his career. He has that rare combination—imagination mixed with equal parts of dramatic instinct and practicability. When he directs a production he seeks to give it individuality. His one greatest criticism of the present method of making pictures is that the production places too many limitations on the director and forces him to rush pictures through in too short a period.

Mr. Ince recently realized his lifelong ambition when he signed a contract with Myron Selznick to produce a series of special Ralph Ince productions—pictures in the making of which he is to be limited in neither time nor money, and into which he can translate the many ideas that have been accumulating in his brain for the past few years. Those who know Ralph Ince and have seen him work feel certain that the screen is destined to see some great production from his hand, in the next few months. There is no more painstaking director in the business. A stickler for detail and having a thoro knowledge of all classes and phases of life, his scenes and settings have a way of fairly breathing life and reality.

Mr. Ince is a student of art and makes the plans and sketches of many of the sets for his productions. He does not believe in the old-fashioned elaborate sets. He likes the subdued and simple ones that do not lure the eyes of the spectators from the actors.

The Inces have a beautiful seaside home at Brightwaters, Long Island. When they are not in bathing they may be found sailing in their 50-foot yacht, the *Lorelei*. Ralph's long suit is playing tennis and the man who beats him has got to play championship tennis. He has a private court on his estate, and as soon as the day's work is done at the studio, he jumps into his car and dashes home for a few games before sunset. Ralph is, for that matter, always ready for any sport. He is even somewhat of a pool shark and the Inces pass many a pleasant evening in the billiard room forgetting the business partnership of the day at the studio to enjoy themselves like a truly happy couple in an ideal home!

THE LURE.

By Vara Macbeth Jones.

After the turmoil of the day,
When you're weary from routine's grind;
When shoulders sag, and footsteps drag,
And a deadly blank is your mind;
There's a wondrous realm awaiting you,
Whose enchanted gates you may pass thru
And glean full share of its bounteous treat,
And that magic tour is "Silversheet."

So it's all aboard for a fairy cruise
To the Land of the Tropic Sun;
Of spice-scent balm and waving palm,
And tangled jungles overrun
With lavish Nature's gorgeous dower
In riotous blend of fruit and flower;
And a humming beach that echoes the strain
Of the ukelele's weird refrain.

Or hark to the Call of the Stalwart North,
With its incense from stately pine;
Where the snow-capped hills in grandeur rise
And melt in the blur of the far sky-line;
Where the sea's mad waves in frenzy tear
And beat at the forelands bleak and bare,
'Til you hear the plaint of its hopeless lay,
And feel the lash of the wind-tossed spray.

Or come, let's stroll down Romance Lane
That leads to Heart's Desire,
Whether trod by the belle and beau of to-day,
Or Ye Olde Maide and Squire;
And when their hearts in bliss commune,
It will key your pulse to Love's attune,
And you'll feel the thrill that has ever been
The bond that makes this old world kin.

Then lo! we glimpse the cap and bells
In a madcap Harlequin's reign;
And hailing the birth of care-free mirth,
Old Trouble knocks in vain;
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So—where love, adventure, and gayety meet,
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To persons who have not previously heard of my method, this may seem a pretty bold statement. But I will gladly convince you of its accuracy by referring you to any number of my graduates in any part of the world. There isn't a state in the Union that doesn't contain a score or more skilled players of the piano or organ who obtained their *entire* training from me *by mail.*



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My way of teaching piano or organ is *entirely different* from all others. Out of every four hours of study, one hour is spent *entirely away from the keyboard*—learning something about Harmony and The Laws of Music. This is an awful shock to most teachers of the "old school," who still think that learning piano is solely a problem of "finger gymnastics." When you *do* go to the keyboard, you accomplish *twice as much*, because you *understand what you are doing.* Within four lessons I enable you to play an interesting piece not only in the original key, but in all other keys as well.

I make use of every possible scientific help—many of which are *entirely unknown* to the average teacher. My patented invention, the COLORO-TONE, sweeps away playing difficulties that have troubled students for generations. By its use, Transposition—usually a "nightmare" to students—becomes easy and fascinating. With my fifth lesson I introduce another important and exclusive invention, QUINN-DEX. Quinn-Dex is a simple, hand-operated moving picture device, which enables you to see, right before your eyes, every movement of my hands at the keyboard. *You actually see the fingers move.* Instead of having to reproduce your teacher's finger movements from MEMORY — which cannot be always accurate—you have the correct models before you during every minute of practice. The COLORO-TONE and QUINN-DEX save you months and years of wasted effort. They can be obtained *only from me* and there is nothing else anywhere even remotely like them.

Men and women who have failed by all other methods have quickly and easily attained success when studying with me. In all *essential* ways you are in closer touch with me than if you were studying by the oral method—yet my lessons cost you only 43 cents each—and they include all the many recent developments in scientific teaching. For the student of moderate means, this method of studying is *far superior* to all others; and even for the wealthiest student, there is nothing *better* at *any* price. You may be certain that your progress is at all times in accord with the best musical thought of the present day, and this makes all the difference in the world.

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The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 105.)

you in the also rans, but saw no other way out of it.

LIKE TO KNOW.—Yours was a dandy.

D. D.—Thanks for the Kaiser's Will. Yes, the French Government has taken steps to preserve some of the battle-fronts in their present condition. Among the places decided upon are the forts of Verdun, the trenches of Soissons, the underground mazes at Moquet Farm, the ruins of Bapaume and the desolate remains of Poziers. Why yes, Billie Rhodes is playing in "The Blue Bonnet."

VIOLET BLUE.—Thanks for the Santa Claus, but aren't you a little previous? You ask "Will I be well to do when I get married?" Well if you're well when you marry, and marry well, you will do well to marry provided your husband is well and well to do and marries well. Hope I have made myself clear, for I don't want any mistake about it.

MARIA S. E.—Thanks for the generous fee. How good you are to me. Now let the high cost of living climb! It's pretty hard to get in. Hiram Percy Maxim wrote "Reclaimed," the second vehicle Pearl White will play in for Fox. Thomas Holding is playing opposite Louise Glaum on the Coast.

DINGBAT GOOKUS.—You say you have been "nuts over my department." Sorry it affected you that way. Do you mean you have become nutty? You want to know what has become of Anthony, Olga 17 and Flossie C. P. They are gone but not forgotten. I like you, come in again.

BILL HART ADMIRER.—You surely are a Bill Hart Fan. Better wait until you get to Frisco, then subscribe. The only way you will be sure of getting SHADOWLAND is to subscribe, for I understand that our Mr. Harrington refused to give it to the American News Co.

BLUEBEARD.—Oh, hello! No, love never dies, tho it often changes the object of its choice, and seeks other investments where it is appreciated and reciprocated. Sometimes to the sorrow of the second party. Eugene O'Brien born in 1884.

T. BLAN D. STRAITS SETTLEMENTS.—No, Pearl White is not married to Warner Oland. Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne are married, yes, yes. Jack Pickford has signed up with Goldwyn Company. Commodore J. Stuart Blackton will release his future productions thru the Pathé Exchange. Always glad to hear from you.

MAURICE S. M.—Well, Biograph, Kalem, Essanay, Lubin, Thanhouser, in fact, all you mention, are not producing. Jack Dillon will direct May Allison in "Come Along, Ruth."

HINEMOA.—Think you mean Charles Clarry and Teddy Sampson in "Big Jim's Heart." No indeed, our office-boy will greet you with tortoise-shell glasses—some boy is our boy Tom. Kathlyn Williams is playing in "A Girl Named Mary" with Marguerite Clark.

G. *I.* LIKE U.—Likewise shake! You write a clever letter. Caruso is a little out of my line, but you can find a brief account of him in "Who's Who in America" and "Who's Who in Music and the Drama."

ELMORE D.—Yes, I see, you are very much here. No, indeed, I'm never afflicted with excess of leisure—that would be more debilitating than overwork. George Fawcett and Bessie Eyton in "The Crisis." Charles Richmond and Arline Pretty in Vitagraph's "Secret Kingdom."

IOWA.—The gentleman you refer to was distinguished for ignorance, for he had only one idea, and that was wrong. Why

dont you join the correspondence clubs? Write for addresses, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope.

D. C. HOPKINS.—"Dear Santa Claus," said he, well it's pretty near time, isn't it. I dont know that any of the screen stars enamel their faces. You ask does Jack Holt wear pajamas or night-gowns? Selah, says the Answer Man, registering indignation.

ERIC J. G.—Cant answer you here.

AUSTRALIA.—George Walsh lives in New York City. Oh yes, I have my buttermilk three times a day. Could take it oftener. To drink without thirst, to make love without cessation—this is what distinguishes us from the lower animals. Fox produced "Should a Husband Forgive."

SOMEBODY'S SWEETHEART. — You're lucky. Lillian Gish is 23. Yes, I work harder and longer than any man alive or dead and my salary is still the same, yet 'tis said that the hunger for gold generally increases with age. Accordingly we see that most of our old people have *it in their mouths.*

ALLISON G. C.—Yours was mighty interesting. Take good care of yourself, for as poor Richard says, "Want of care does us more damage than want of knowledge." Clara Young in "Eyes of Youth."

BARBARA C. J.—Yours was very interesting—telling all about your favorites.

M. B. V. D.—The U. S. Marine Corps had 8,000 men in France and casualties of 4,113. Five hundred of this corps were cited for bravery in the Battle of Belleau Wood. The men of this corps were called "leathernecks" by themselves, and "devil dogs" by the Germans. Richard Barthelmess is only 24 years old.

MINNIE M.—Minnie, wont you—how are you? David Powell is with Paramount. Oh, of course, I think he is fascinating. But, are you more unhappy for what you have not, or more happy for what you have? Be contended with your lot, even if it isn't a cornerlot.

FRESLA H.—No, the first issue of this magazine came out in January, 1911. Ah, them was the happy days. Yes, Monroe Salisbury was great in "The Blinding Trail." Whow! some twenty or thirty questions on the last page of yours. Have you no heart or have I no patience?

R. H. N.—Why I dont burn my letters—I sell them for waste paper, thereby enlarging my weekly stipend. Bill Hart stands 6 foot 1½ inches. He has blue eyes and brown hair. Frank Keenan, same height.

TOODLES.—You're too personal. Keep off the grass.

CHARLES A. P.—No, indeed, never give a woman the key to your heart; there's more fun letting her pick the lock.

BEATRICE.—You mean Constance Binney. Idaho is Indian meaning "A Gem of the Mountain," and Massachusetts "The Place of Great Hills." California was admitted to the Union on September 9, 1850. Is this the geography class?

SCRAPS.—No, please dont send me the combing jacket, camisoles, or boudoir caps. Bless my soul, must I twitter again. *I'm a man!* A mixture of brandy and water spoils two good things. Why Frank Borzage produced Fred Stone's second picture at Cheyenne, Wyo.

PEGGY L. F.—So you are a dignified senior at H. S. and are going to Vassar College next year. I have lots of friends in Vassar—give them all my greetings. I envy you because you go to the movies every day—wish I could. I agree with you that "Daddy Long Legs" was simply marvelous and so is Miss Pickford. But I dont agree with you when you say, "I

(*Continued on page* 127.)



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The woman of fastidious tastes, young or old, realizes that beauty is but a natural reflection of health. Wrinkles, "crow's feet," eyes that have lost their youthful sparkle, obesity and other unwelcome fascial blemishes are, to a great extent at least, brought on by what we term "the strenuous life." Muscles are sure to become weary and congested unless they get relaxation. And complexions are certain to suffer unless properly taken care of. Home electric massage is recognized as the building-up process nearest to Nature's.

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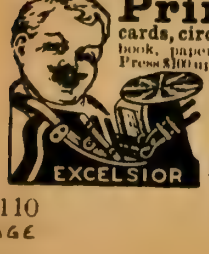
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EXCELSIOR

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Turning the Tables

(*Continued from page* 61.)

The second echo of the world—the mondaine world—was the proprietor of the sanitarium having a not *in*sane desire for the speedy acquisition of wealth. He had long since concluded that the *simplest*—not to pun—method was to contract a matrimonial alliance with one of the simpletons domiciled within his sanitarium. He had heard that Doris Pennington was moneyed. She didn't particularly attract him, but then, far be it from him to expect overmuch of the mentally deficient—so long as they were not financially deficient they passed his board of censorship. The strong-armed nurse who had been raging since the tables were turned on her that she was NOT, NOT, *NOT* Doris Pennington but the new nurse was not, it seemed, averse to the overtures of the proprietor. She evidently considered that being married was at least the equivalent of being insane. When he proposed to her she accepted him, and, being canny, under the name of Pennington.

The last blasting echo came when the proprietor found that he had been fooled; the clergyman informing them after the ceremony that the little matter of giving false names, etc., was illegal . . . the strong-armed nurse hysterically confessing to Maggie Peters or something unimportantly the same . . .

The real Doris Pennington was given a hue and cry.

The real Doris was being very real indeed at that particular moment. She and Monty were mutually comparing their incomparable passion at the remotest corner of the garden under the shade of the high brick wall.

"It's come!" said Doris, when she heard her name on raised voices; "the nurse has spilled the beans. The game's up!"

Monty turned to her eagerly. "Let's do this farce up brown," he said; "let's kidnap the black-cloth kid and escape to the other side of the wall, have him perform his ministerial duties over us—and be on our way."

"I'm tired of being in a nut asylum," agreed Doris, romantically, with a sigh.

"I'm tired of being a milk-fed nursling," groaned Monty.

"Let's!" they said, unanimously.

Fate, in the form of the flying clergyman, had one intervention in the also flying form of the medium who, visiting Doris, had got wind of the circumstances and headed the pursuit. He had not counted upon the newly aroused Montmorencian muscles. Monty as a pugilist and general beater-up had never entered his calculus. He did now. The medium limped from the precincts firmly convinced in the immediate walking of his own particular and personal ghost, at least.

The flying clergyman came next and was caught deftly by his flying coat-tails.

In tuneful triplicate he and Monty and Doris ascended, balanced and then descended the garden wall, dropping with a treble thud to the other side. Then breathlessly, they made known to the quavering worthy their joint demand.

The good man shook his head. "I'm not having good luck with the sacrament to-day," he insisted, tremulously; "and besides, how do *I* know what your *real* names are or . . ." He looked at them, beetlingly, "or *how* insane you are?"

"We—want—to—be—married!" choired the pair, with firm insistence.

The clergyman shook his already shaking head. "Then you are *very* insane indeed!" he proclaimed. "Join hands."

(*Continued on page* 117.)

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Keeping the Ray Focused

(*Continued from page 45*)

shows and they called me the boy manager I had such a baby face! (I wasn't very old.) Well, sir, a friend of mine and I got the idea of going into vaudeville. We used to take all the big scenes from the popular plays and make them into capsule drama. One day my friend started telling me about moving pictures. Why didn't I go in for them? I scoffed—the idea, why I was a legitimate actor!

"'But they give you *real* money,' he said, 'probably fifty dollars a week.'

"As thirty-five was the highest I had ever made I pricked up my ears.

"And the next day, rigged out in my derby and my big black cigar, which I had made myself wear to appear old to the theatrical managers, I invaded the Ince studio.

"Little did I realize that my youth was just what they needed at that time, juveniles being scarce. However the casting director gave me a job as an old man.

"I *did* know the art of make-up and I put on a beard and tattered clothes. The part went off almost too well and I would have been doomed to character roles forever and my spark to oblivion, had not Mr. Ince just happened to see me without make-up. He asked me to return the next day for a tryout as juvenile—and I've been with him ever since.

"Yes, a certain success, fame and money have come to me within the past year—but my living expenses have tripled accordingly—I doubt if I am really as happy as I was in the old days of struggle—mind you, it is a satisfaction to have gone as far as I have, but I am constantly worried for fear I'll idle—for fear I'll stand still—if ever you see a letting down in my work I wish you'd tell me—it's the greatest favor you could do me."

And that last paragraph sums up Charles Ray better than all the superlative adjectives I could slather across this page. He is a sincere worker, a conscientious artist, and a person who works for the love of his work.

He looks exactly like he does on the screen, his hair is very fine, and his eyes deep set and brown; perhaps the most anachronistic sight in the world is his youthful mouth with its huge drooping black cigar.

He dislikes being gaped at by the crowds and would like to be able to enjoy himself in public without having every movement noted. Sometime or other he will undoubtedly return to the stage, when he has saved enough money to manage the show himself—but meanwhile, he is busy keeping that spark burning.

A SINGLE REFLECTION

By Vara Macbeth Jones

You ask why I dont marry?
I will explain to you, try to make plain to you
Why I long single tarry.

I'm an ardent movie fan,
And often gaze upon each varied phase upon
Which Hymen's reign may take plan.

And fully resolved to wed,
Spurred by the story of the thrilling glory
Lives screen couples have led.

When lo! the next play I see
Clearly makes plain to me just what a bane to me
A benedict's life might be!



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Mr. Duncan A. Dobie, Jr.
Advertising Manager,
Motion Pictures Magazine,
175 Duffield St.
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My dear Mr. Dobie:-

This letter may be an agreeable surprise to you - and if it is, I shouldn't wonder.

Heretofore, a good paying publication has always gotten repeat orders from me. And of course, I'm going to follow that policy because the life of our business hinges on it. So too with every other line.

But THIS year Motion Picture has paid us so well that I take no little pride in writing you about it.

Our fiscal year closed on February 28th. Up to and including January 31st the Magazine cost us about 10% for quite a large volume of business. I still have another month to go and I think I am safe in saying that the actual cost for the past year will be about 7%. And then too, this does not include the pro rata share of "Miscellaneous" Sales your Magazine is entitled to. After you do get your share, I think the Magazine should cost us no more than 4% or 5%. That's quite a record and you are to be congratulated.

Now don't you feel "chesty"? Again I say, I shouldn't wonder.

Yours sincerely.

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LIST OF SUBJECTS

Mary Pickford	Theda Bara	Clara Kimball Young
Marguerite Clark	Francis X. Bushman	Alice Joyce
Douglas Fairbanks	Earle Williams	Vivian Martin
Charlie Chaplin	William Farnum	Pauline Frederick
William S. Hart	Charles Ray	Billie Burke
Wallace Reid	Norma Talmadge	Madge Kennedy
Pearl White	Constance Talmadge	Elsie Ferguson
Anita Stewart	Mary Miles Minter	Tom Moore

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Teaching the World to See

(*Continued from page* 43)

are located in every part of the civilized world and a competent force, speaking the language of the country, is in charge.

"Also a corps of more than one thousand trained educators is directly engaged in the activities of the bureau, outside the university organizations."

So successful has been the work of Dr. Holley that the interest of several of the most prominent and wealthy men in the country has been obtained, and these have aided in the work by large voluntary contributions. The bureau, indeed, is at present supported by endowment, annuity and voluntary subscriptions. Dr. Holley contributes largely from his own personal fortune, as does Miss A. Marie Boggs, dean of the bureau.

Among the hundreds who have contributed financial support to the bureau and its work may be named the following, well known for their public spirit and liberality in assisting anything believed to be for the public good:

John Hays Hammond, Henry Ford, Mrs. George Dewey, Sir Thomas Lipton, Howard E. Coffin, Hon. J. H. Moyle, Mrs. Larz Anderson, Roy D. Chapin, Dr. Charles H. Mayo, Mrs. Marshall Field, V. Everit Macy, Julius Rosenwald, John Harsen Rhoades, Miss Dorothy North, Otto Mallory, Samuel Vauelain, Carleton Macy, William Phelps Eno, Paul M. Warburg, Frederick Ayer, Jr., Pope Yeatman, Herbert Straus, Charles L. Parsons and P. A. Powers.

The seven trucks now being operated by the bureau are but enlarged and improved models of nearly a score which were in operation during the Fourth Liberty Loan drive and the Victory Loan campaign. During these two campaigns a truck which showed patriotic pictures at Broadway and Ninety-sixth Street in New York was instrumental in the disposal of $13,000,000 in bonds of the two issues. For this splendid public service Dr. Holley was personally congratulated by those in charge of the two drives and carries letters commending both his own energies and those of his bureau.

The bureau displays its reels in universities, colleges, technical and agricultural schools, public libraries, state armories, high schools, community institutes, public institutions, state granges, settlement houses, missions, chambers of commerce, industrial organizations of all types, conventions and fraternal institutions. All this besides its operation in public parks, city squares and other outdoor locations which make possible the showing of pictures to the public.

The first requisite for the service of the bureau is that its pictures shall be shown to audiences admitted free. This is the principle upon which the bureau was founded, and it is the one rule that Dr. Holley will not alter.

But not even Dr. Holley in his first vision of his organization grasped the tremendous position and influence it would obtain, nor the great scope of its operation. In the early days of the organization the state universities and other institutions served satisfactorily as distributing centers, but the great demand for the services of the bureau following the signing of the armistice caused a congestion that the bureau's organization found it impossible to handle.

In seeking a solution to his problem, Dr. Holley came in contact with Mr. Harry Levey, who had done much to elevate the status of industrial and educational film. There sprung up an imme-

diate friendship between the two which later developed into a closer relationship, thru which Dr. Holley was successful in obtaining the sixty-six Universal Film Manufacturing Company exchanges thruout the world as distributing points for his own films. Mr. Levey is general manager of the educational and industrial departments for Universal.

Also, in collaboration with Mr. Levey, Dr. Holley has founded a vast film library in which there are millions of feet of vocational, industrial, scientific and historical subjects, all of which under the stipulations of the bureau, are available for free exhibition by responsible organizations. These films, thru the efforts of Dr. Holley, are available free of charge, the only requisite being that the organizations making use of them exhibit them free to their audiences.

Dr. Holley's bureau is the only one in America which sends film out of America and into foreign countries without the payment of duties. Besides the United States Government, twenty-one other governments co-operate with him in his showing of motion pictures. Special films have been received by the bureau for showing in Russia; others for exhibition in Mexico, and still others for the education of the tribes of the Arctic lands, as well as those in the Jungle countries in Africa.

Dr. Holley's vision has come true. Today, as he approaches the evening of life, he can well look back over the years and respond to the thrill of pride which must be his.

He made a vow, and he has kept it.

He is, as he vowed in his years of darkness, teaching the world how beautiful are its enjoyments, its pleasures and its industries.

ONE ON BERT LYTELL

Bert Lytell, the Metro Star, is fond of recalling the days in his dramatic apprenticeship, when, as a member of the Alcazar Stock in San Francisco and other companies, he learnt the subtleties of his craft.

Lytell's rapid rise to the rarefied atmosphere of stardom has been won by hard work. When he was "in stock," doing melodramas among other plays, he improved each moment off the stage perfecting himself in his parts and often found himself reading lines aloud on streets or in other public places, much to his embarrassment.

When he was playing in a Maine town he tried a short-cut thru a cemetery one evening from his hotel to the theater, and frightened three elderly women nearly to death as he strode thru the burial ground exclaiming fiercely: "I've got you at last, scoundrel, and you must die the death of a dog!"

Lytell is now at Metro's West Coast studios, where he has completed work in "Lombardi Ltd." He lives at a hotel in Hollywood which is noted for its atmosphere of absolute quiet. Striding along the veranda the other day, the star was running over a situation in his new picture. Suddenly he almost shouted: "I love you, I love you! Wonder-girl, be mine!"

Whereupon a dozen women living at the hotel started up from various nooks on the porch. Their faces were alight with expectation. Lytell turned and fled, but had to run a gauntlet of crutches and wheel-chairs before he reached the seclusion of his suite.



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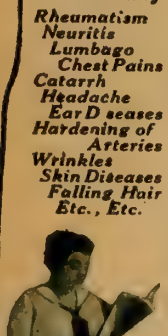
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My Confessions as a Lovemaker

(Continued from page 40)

to Ethel Barrymore's "The Lady of the Camellias" at the Empire Theater. Oddly, only recently I played Armand to Miss Barrymore's Camille for the Equity. Whatever else may be said of Armand, he is one of the artistically romantic lovers of stage history. All leading men yearn to play him just as all leading women find life incomplete until they have heard the whisper:

"Courage, Camille, you will live till spring."

Every actress—every one of any ambition—must fade away in the arms of Armand, and if she cant fade away, she must "Camille-it" just the same.

While I was rehearsing with Miss Barrymore I heard a funny yet pathetic incident of a Camille who simply couldn't fade, no matter how warm the weather. Give up playing Camille? Not she. What are a few pounds more or less between friends, or between Armand and the lady of his heart? If she had been denied the pleasure of fading out she could still depart via the dropsy route. So it was arranged. Every night, as the curtain descended upon the last act, Armand was ready to announce to the public that there is substance even to shadow.

But what thrills in love-making. love-making on the stage? It is not the tableau of the united couple clasped in each other's arms. Darken your scene until your actors become invisible to the audience, place them at opposite ends of the stage, but give them their lines, and what is the result? From sixteen to twenty-one sits on the edge of its chair and dreams of the future; from twenty-one to sixty-one resolves to turn over a new leaf and make life one grand sweet song, a song of love and springtime; from sixty-one to ninety-one opens the chest of lavender and old lace and lives once more in the fragrant flower-garden of long ago. Some subtle, indescribable quality of the voice has vibrated in tune with the romance of the future, the present and the past, has opened the door to hopes and memories that cast a roseate glow over the workaday world. Take away the voice and what have you left? A shadow picture in which the eyes and the imagination must tell the whole story.

To the actor who steps from the stage to the screen it is not the audience but the voice that is the paramount loss. It is a loss which he himself is the last to realize.

Who needs a subtitle "I love you" flashed upon the screen when our Mary looks into the eyes of the hero in the last reel? Who requires a movement of the lips to interpret the star's meaning? One look at the winsome face and that particular incident in the story is stamped vividly upon the mind. Screen personality? What is it but the ability to make the eyes the true windows to the soul?

Norma Talmadge's dark beauty takes a stronger hold upon the public with each new picture. She has risen rapidly from extra girl to one of the most popular stars on the screen. Sincerity and simplicity stamp her work, qualities that make and keep friends, for they are the foundations of character.

The sweetly appealing face of Anita Stewart, a face tinged with just a suggestion of sadness, has held its own particular niche in the country's heart even thru a long absence from the screen. The personality of the star which endears her to all her co-workers leaves its impression upon the mind long after the details of the story have faded from memory.

I have played the lover to these three and many more. I have held them in my arms while the audience has sat forward in its chair, gazed—and envied. Together we have faced the scorching heat of studio lights. the frosty winds of snow-topped mountains. We have endured the hardships which are a closed book to the adoring movie fan. We have taken and retaken scenes after fourteen hours' work in a hot studio. We have seen our best work spoiled by some mishap in the laboratory, some mistake on the part of the developer. Thru it all we have lived and laughed, comrades, pals of screenland. They have gone from my arms to the arms of their next celluloid lover. The memories of the hardships, the difficulties have faded, leaving only a fragrant breath of past romance. Shadow sweethearts, with the glint of sunlight in their hair, the mysterious dusk of midnight in their eyes, the sweet invitation of cooling woodlands on their lips. Bless them all!

The Exception

By Walter Pulitzer

This world is full of changes; there's
nothing here abiding;

All things are evanescent, fleeting, transitory, gliding.

The earth, the sea, the sky, the stars—
where'er the fancy ranges,

The tooth of time forever mars—all life
is full of changes.

Like sands upon the ocean's shore that are
forever drifting,

So all the fading scenes of earth incessantly are shifting.

Change rules the mighty universe—there
is no power to block it;

There's change in everything, alas! except
a fellow's pocket!

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"There's too many names on your list," she said, "please dont put mine there." Then she laid her hand on his arm.

"I want to be different," she whispered impulsively, "get a new book!"

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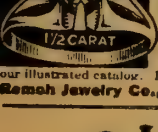


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Captain Dieppe

(*Continued from page 50*)

"What th'" was Dieppe, who may not have had the fifty thousand francs, but still had the arm of the soldier of fortune, the arm which prostrated the threatening Sharpe to the dirt and, adding insult to injury, left him there to bite it. Dieppe turned to the girl, who had shrunk back among the roses and was staring at him as—well, as the Countess of Dieramondi had no right to be staring at a roving soldier of fortune.

Dieppe turned to her. "Go indoors, Countess," he said; "I shall attend to this man and this matter—somehow—in some fashion—put the thought and the fear away from you. You have given them both to me. . . ."

An hour later Dieppe started away from the castle to keep an appointment with Paul Sharpe and with Sevier of the Secret Service of the small principality. Sevier had been commissioned to extract the information from Dieppe and, cautiously, to pay him, "if compulsory." Knowing his Dieppe, Sevier had felt it quite likely to be "compulsory."

As he was leaving, Dieramondi came up to him. "Dieppe," he said, "I saw you speaking in the garden this morning with my wife. I—I wish you would tell her something for me—tell her that I do not forgive her, knowing that I can have nothing to forgive. Tell her—tell her that I have nothing new to say to her, because I love her, and, having said that, I have exhausted my vocabulary and my capacities."

Dieppe bowed very low. There was a sudden pain in his face he did not want Dieramondi to see. The hardest thing he had ever had to do, it came to him, was to tell a woman with pale hair and butterfly hands that her husband loved her.

Odd life . . . adventuring the world over, scratchless and scatheless, to reach Gethsemane at last, in an old castle, in an old land, at the hands of a woman, who had stood for an hour in the moonlight and made him her own. . . .

Somehow, he felt like drifting now . . . adventure had lost its tang—little zest in searching for the Grail, when the Grail has been reached and lies shattered at one's feet . . . little use in ferreting forth treasure, when treasure belongs to another man and cannot be attained. . .

There was a bitterness to Dieppe, when having delivered his message, he went forth to meet Sevier and Paul Sharpe. He did not know what either of them wanted. He did not see what either of them *could* want. Still more, he did not at all know what he could do about Paul Sharpe.

He came upon them rather unexpectedly at the old shrine on the hill. They had come upon each other first. Sevier was struggling on the ground, his wallet a few feet from him, and Sharpe was struggling for the wallet. There was no struggle necessary for Dieppe. He sprang for the wallet with the neat agility of the tigers he had tracked, and extracted the contents. "Mathematically, Sevier," he told him, with a little wry grin, "your wallet is correct. Exactly one hundred thousand. . . . Sharpe, here's your fifty thousand—hand over your note and get away from Dieramondi before you are carried away. Here's my fifty thousand for my information." He went over to the recumbent Sevier and knelt beside him, placing his ear carefully to Sevier's ear. "Tell your pigmy principality that . . ." he began, "and the rest was lost in the tangle of Sevier's disordered hair.



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It was night-fall when Dieppe returned. He returned to say farewell to Dieramondi, to the Countess and the Count. He had delivered his message, he had saved the pale, lovely Countess. He would pass on his way and the life here would go on without him, serenely, beautifully, warm in the sunlight . . . witching in the moonlight . . . Dieramondi, at whom he had laughed while he drank bitter waters on parched deserts and thought himself a prince. . .

In the garden, he came upon the Countess and gave her the fifty thousand francs. "Have you . . . ?" he asked—"are you reunited?"

The pale girl started. "Yes . . ." she breathed . . . "oh, yes . . . but you . . . wont you say good-bye to us . . . before . . . you go?"

In the tall salon, whence Dieppe came to bid his host farewell, a fire was flaming in the hearth. Soon that flame would die, Dieppe thought, not originally perhaps, but bitterly, but the fire that had been lighted in his heart, here at Dieramondi, would never die out . . . until it had consumed him . . . utterly.

Before the fire Dieramondi was bending over his wife. Their voices, tenderly blent, smote him on his heart. Somehow, they might have waited, might have given him a cooler picture to carry away with him. . . .

Then Dieramondi heard him and arose. "Dieppe!" he cried, "Emilie has come to me again . . . your message did it . . . we are happy . . . as we were happy before . . . we . . . my dear fellow, have you seen a ghost? No, now really. . . ."

Dieppe gripped the back of a chair. The Countess Dieramondi was tall, and opulent and dark . . . was not . . . was *not* . . . and in the doorway, cautioning silence, was the pale girl with one butterfly finger raised to her sweet lips. . . .

Dieppe achieved an escape and the pale girl followed him, "You see," she was saying, "Emilie and I are old friends. She was desperate. She went to Venice to try to get that money and I took her place here. She knew Dieramondi would keep his word and not come near her. Last night I . . . I sent for her. . . ."

Dieppe, trembling with a violent bliss, had taken one of her hands. "Why," he demanded, "why did you send for her?"

The answer came lower than the night wind creeping up about them. "Because —because you were here . . . and I. . . ."

"Yes?"

"Had faith . . . had faith in . . . in you. . . ."

"And . . . ?"

The night wind sighed.

"And, Dear Love?"

"And . . . and love for you, my Love."

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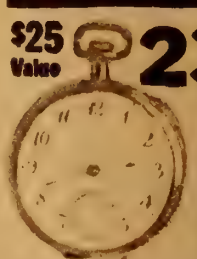
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NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Flivving with Gladden

(*Continued from page* 53.)

I can remember how 'cute' my fond parents thought I was—and how relatives came in droves to watch me perform. They thought I was so good that I finally believed it myself so I kept right on and finally found my name on the cast-sheet. That was one auspicious occasion!"

He laughed heartily at the recollection—he's just a big boy to-day and except in those rare minutes when he grows serious he makes you think of the hero of your high school or college days—I'd like to see him in a play where he could wear football togs and appear on the gridiron. And perhaps that wish will come true for plans are brewing—plans which will either find him playing under contract for one company or accepting engagements here and there.

"I wouldn't return to the stage for the world," he told me "the movies are great and some day, not distant I hope, they are going to come into their own. Our public is going to demand the best the screen affords and it will be some best, too. It was because I believed in the unlimited possibilities of the screen that I left the stage."

We made a sharp turn in the road on one wheel—a squirrel scampered across the road and into the trunk of an old tree.

"But I'm grateful for my stage training," continuing, "and I've often played the same role on the screen which I played on the stage. It happened only recently when I appeared in 'The Third Degree,' with Alice Joyce."

When he finally dropped me at my door, figuratively speaking, I asked him if he had to motor all the way back to the city.

"No, no, indeed, I live only a five-minutes drive from here myself," he laughed; "how could I bring up my family in the city—how could I live there myself—I must have room to breathe!"—and down the street flew the Henry, around the corner on one wheel—it was gone!

Turning the Tables

(*Continued from page* 110.)

An hour later the pair-made-one strolled down the road to a gleaming To-morrow.

"No more Aunt!" chuckled Doris and cast a backward glance at the walls guarding Aunt formidable.

"No more . . . swaddling!" grinned Monty and flexed his biceps affectionately.

"No more . . . heartbreak," said Doris, gently, and laid her warm cheek against said biceps.

"The tables turned," whispered back Monty, "little next-door love."

UNLOVED AND UNSUNG.

By Terrell Love Holliday.

I stand at the top of the best ones
So all of the critics declare.
And yet, when a list of the blest ones
Is written, my name is not there.

No amorous, perfumed epistles
My bosom with vanity fill.
The postman delivers me thistles—
A tailoring ad., or a bill.

I yearn to have women adore me.
The parts that I play are a ban.
The damosels frown at and scorn me:
I'm only a character man.



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A Helpful Hint to Amateur Writers

The amateur photoplaywright is coming into his own again. The scenario editor of Universal says he wants new stories by new authors; Cecil B. DeMille says the scenario field is ever waiting for a fresh plot, consistently handled; and the Triangle Film Corporation is noted for its ability to pick budding talent and foster it.

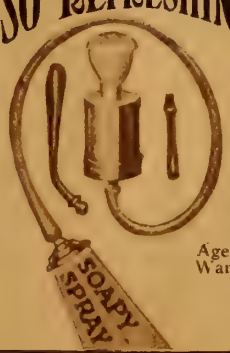
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Or, if you wish to learn the fundamental facts of scenario writing, send us 50c. and let us send you "The Photoplaywright's Primer," a booklet that tells you in the very simplest English how to construct your photoplay.

There are some who will doubtless desire both books, and because we are anxious to aid aspiring writers, we have arranged to sell both copies for 65c. If you feel that you can and must write, mail us 65c. today—let us help you.

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Across the Silversheet

(*Continued from page 79.*)

beautifully gowned! Warner Oland, the arch villain of the screen, is more melodramatically villainous than ever as her husband, while as her real love Vernon Steele's personality still seems a pallid screen shadow. Wyndam Standing as usual makes a small role stand forth as prominently as diamonds from paste.

THE EGG CRATE WALLOP—FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY

Charlie Ray is again a rural hero in this recent output from the Ince studios. Theoretically I object to so fine an artist as Ray being filmed day after day and week after week in the same type parts. In practice, however, I admit to a continued pleasure in viewing the Ray bucolic characterizations. This one has a real wallop, for when Ray, falsely accused of thieving, runs away to the city, he becomes embroiled in a real prize fight! From start to finish one doesn't know whether he will be victorious or battered to a pulp. Every primitive impulse just joys in that battle of the fists. For the prettiness of the picture, there is Coleen Moore as the small town girl who believes in him and to whom he returns—a hero.

PAGAN GOD—ROBERTSON COLE

Not yet has that splendid stage actor H. B. Warner found a proper screenic medium for his histrionic ability. "The Pagan God" is a weird play with a melodramatic Chinese plot, and while the unfolding was not unpleasing to watch, it failed utterly to convince. It lacked humanness, reality. Marguerite LaMott takes the part of a fluffy ingenue.

HER PURCHASE PRICE—ROBERTSON COLE

The title of this picture is rather misleading, for if one pays his entrance fee and war tax hoping to see a shady picture he will be disappointed. If anything can be trite and yet charming then thus would I characterize this story. It is the tale of a beautiful slave girl sold to an English nobleman, who makes her his wife and transplants her at once to England and English society. Pigheaded . . . is the only description which I find wholly fitting for man . . . who in the aggregate is perpetually uprooting orchids and expecting them to bloom in daisy soil or vice versa. This little slave girl, accustomed to warmth and sensuously silken surroundings, is headed straight for a serious heartbreak in her cold English surroundings until it is fortunately discovered that she is the niece of the richest Duke in England, having been stolen in babyhood. Such a transition is sufficient to make even an English husband properly lover-like. Bessie Barriscale is the star, and I found her costumes unique, appealing, seductive and unusually handsome. In fact, after the second reel the picture became solely a fashion show to me.

THE UNPAINTED WOMAN—UNIVERSAL

This is an old release, comparatively speaking, but it chanced that I saw it in a small country town, and was so amazed at the dramatic development of Mary MacLaren that I am commenting upon the picture at this time. As an abused wife and mother who works out her own salvation Mary exhibits moments of the most poignant sweetness, pathos and beauty of character I have seen for some time flash across the silversheet. I promptly went to see her in "The Weaker Vessel," and found her precisely as capable and interesting as in "The Unpainted



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CHICAGO ILL.

Woman." Mary MacLaren should be watched closely by film producers . . . not only is her charm strangely sweet, but her career deserves close watching. In both pictures Thurston Hall gives splendid character studies. No mere walking-stick parts these! The productions, due, I believe, both to Paul Powell, could not be bettered. Universal is to be congratulated.

PRETTY SMOOTH—UNIVERSAL

Here is one of those crook dramas which seem to wholly delight the average picture patrons. I myself prefer a plot with less action and more psychology. However, Priscilla Dean is the star and a pretty slick little bit of femininity, which helps a picture a lot.

ROUGH RIDING ROMANCE—FOX

Yea, verily, this is a fairy tale—the sort of thing that just couldn't happen. Here is a regular William S. Hart character put into a George Barr McCutcheon plot and dressed up like a Hans Christian Andersen fairy-tale. And yet it is good entertainment chiefly because of Tom Mix's superb riding and fearless stunts, its excellent photography and its pleasing heroine, Juanita Hansen. The episode where Tom Mix in evening clothes rides horseback down the main street of San Francisco at night is a novel and decidedly effective bit of photography.

SIX FEET FOUR—PATHE

Bill Russell is sure there—every bit of him. In this picture he is supplied with a plot which affords him plenty of action, as he is mistaken for a hold-up man who makes up to look like Russell in order to fasten his crimes upon him. The plot runs wild, but sustains a certain interest until the well-known home-stretch. Vola Vale takes the part of the necessary feminine incentive to keep the whole going, an act which she performs naturally and prettily.

NOTHING TO DO 'TIL TOMORROW

By Evelyn G. Acton

Oh, wouldn't it be lovely
To be a movie queen,
To idly sit and watch yourself
Appear upon the screen.

They must arise at half-past five,
For breakfast is at six,
And seven finds them on their way
To where the camera clicks.

From eight till twelve they all rehearse,
That's easy work you know,
Just climbing mountains, jumping cliffs,
And wading thru some snow.

And then at one a bite to eat,
From two till six they skip
In rapid haste from scene to scene;
At seven the homeward trip.

Soon after comes the evening meal,
A dance which lasts till one,
From one to three the movie mail,
And then their day is done.

I'm sure it is a lazy life
These worshipped beauties lead,
For after all their work is done,
Their time's their own, indeed.

Millions of People Can Write Stories and Photoplays and Don't Know It!

THIS is the startling assertion recently made by E. B. Davison of New York, one of the highest paid writers in the world. Is his astonishing statement true? Can it be possible there are countless thousands of people yearning to write, who really *can* and simply *haven't found it out?* Well, come to think of it, most anybody can *tell* a story. Why can't most anybody *write* a story? Why is writing supposed to be a rare gift that few possess? Isn't this only another of the Mistaken Ideas the past has handed down to us? Yesterday nobody dreamed man could fly. To-day he dives like a swallow ten thousand feet above the earth and laughs down at the tiny mortal atoms of his fellow-men below! So Yesterday's "impossibility" is a reality to-day.

"The time will come," writes the same authority, "when millions of people will be writers—there will be countless thousands of playwrights, novelists, scenario, magazine and newspaper writers—they are coming, coming—a whole new world of them!" And do you know what these writers-to-be are doing now? Why, they are the men—armies of them—young and old, now doing mere clerical work, in offices, keeping books, selling merchandise, or even driving trucks, running elevators, street cars, waiting on tables, working at barber chairs, following the plow, or teaching schools in the rural districts; and women, young and old, by scores, now pounding typewriters, or standing behind counters, or running spindles in factories, bending over sewing machines, or doing housework. Yes—you may laugh—but these are The Writers of To-morrow.

For writing isn't only for geniuses as most people think. *Don't you believe the Creator gave you a story-writing faculty just as he did the greatest writer?* Only maybe you are simply "bluffed" by the thought that you "haven't the gift." Many people are simply afraid to try. Or if they do try, and their first efforts don't satisfy, they simply give up in despair, and that ends it. They're through. They never try again. Yet if, by some lucky chance they had first learned the simple rules of writing, and then given the Imagination free rein, they might have astonished the world!

LETTERS LIKE THIS ARE POURING IN!

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"I have already sold a synopsis—written according to Mr. Irving's instructions—for $500.00, and some short sketches for smaller sums."—David Clark, Portland, Ore.

"Your book opened my eyes to great possibilities. I received my first check to-day—$175.00."—H. Barlow, Louisville, Ky.

"It is the most complete and practical book ever written on the subject of writing."—Harry Schultz, Kitchener, Ont.

"The book is all, and more, than you claim it to be."—W. T. Watson, Whitehall, N. Y.

"I am delighted with the book beyond the power of words to express."—Laura Davis, Wenatchee, Wash.

But two things are essential in order to become a writer. First, to learn the ordinary principles of writing. Second, to learn to exercise your faculty of Thinking. By exercising a thing you develop it. Your Imagination is something like your right arm. The more you use it the stronger it gets. The principles of writing are no more complex than the principles of spelling, arithmetic, or any other simple thing that anybody knows. Writers learn to piece together a story as easily as a child sets up a miniature house with his toy blocks. It is amazingly easy after the mind grasps the simple "know how." A little study, a little patience, a little confidence, and the thing that looks hard turns out to be just as easy as it seemed difficult.

Thousands of people imagine they need a fine education in order to write. Nothing is farther from the truth. The greatest writers were the poorest scholars. People rarely learn to write at schools. They may get the principles there, but they *really learn to write* from the great, wide, open, boundless Book of Humanity! Yes, seething all around you, every day, every hour, every minute, in the whirling vortex—the flotsam and jetsam of Life—even in your own home, at work or play, are endless incidents for stories and plays—a wealth of material, a world of things happening. Every one of these has the seed of a story or play in it. Think! If you went to a fire, or saw an accident, you could come home and tell the folks all about it. Unconsciously you would describe it all very realistically. And if somebody stood by and wrote down exactly what you said, you'd be amazed to find your story would sound just as interesting as many you've read in magazines or seen on the screen. Now, you will naturally say, "Well, if Writing is as simple as you say it is, why can't *I* learn to write?" *Who says you can't?*



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Miss Helene Chadwick, versatile screen star, now leading lady for Tom Moore of Goldwyn Film Company, says: *"Any man or woman who will learn this New Method of Writing ought to sell stories and plays with ease."*

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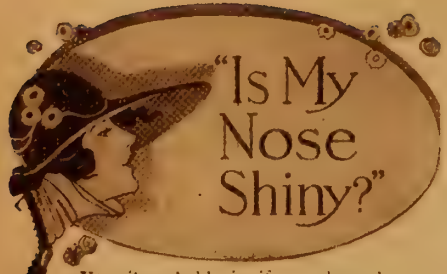
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The Daredevil

(*Continued from page 72.*)

"I love you," he said huskily and unsteadily; "I love you . . . from the soles of my shoes on up!"

It was inelegant, but it made Alice smile like an angel, waving good-bye to him there in the late westerning sun.

There wasn't any difficulty in making the outlaws, of whom "Black" Donlon was leader, believe in him as the recreant Slim. They were credulous, he thought. Of course . . . just at first . . . he had to throw up his hands and reel off a few explanations, but on the whole they were children and easily satisfied.

Their plan, too, came out glibly. Whiskey loosened their tongues and they consulted with him on holding up the limited on the next day and, in the bargain, making off with Spencer's girl. "There'll be big ransom there" they explained to the *pseudo* Slim; "the old man's dotty over her; so is his assistant, Blake, and we hear the president's son is working there and he's got it, too. Grouped together, they'll be easy money. We'll stick 'em up, big."

Timothy had a hard time holding his disguise together then. It would have been easier to have thrashed the lot of them, dragging her name in, daring her safety, here in this sickening cave.

When he had her out of all this he was going to take her home . . . back where things were normal . . . where she would be safe. He was sickened of it all. He was going to fight for her and then he was going to run true to form . . . for her, too. It would be easy just because it *was* for her. It would make his father happy, too. He had got his wife . . . Timothy's mother from out of the West . . . and he had never regretted it, Timothy knew that . . .

Timothy was a good actor that night. He chummed up with Donlon, told him he was "in" on anything Donlon wanted. This was the life, he said. The Limited was their rightful game. After that, they would get away, over the border, go into Mexico, perhaps. Sure, it would go off . . .

Donlon was mightily pleased. Slim had big advantages. And he was a reputed shot. It *ought* to go big.

Before dawn Timothy made his getaway. He knew the Coyote Division . . . and telegraphy . . . and where to stop the Limited. He "made" it at a junction long before it would meet the "boys." It was, for him, a simple matter, to shoot away the slats of the freight car attached and admit himself.

Two hours later, at the appointed spot, Alice was shot thru the same aperture, bound and gagged. Timothy all but caught her in his arms.

"Dont be frightened, darling," he said, "when the shooting begins you'll be safe. We're barricaded here and you'll make a quick escape."

Even the New York paper "carried" the story . . . of the president's son and his clever masquerade . . . of the way he literally shot himself into the freight car where the bandits later thrust his love . . . of the fight he put up from the inside against the entire gang as they rode . . . and later on with his fists, upon the stopping of the train . . . of the almost miraculous manner in which he got the Spencer girl on to one of the dead outlaw's horses and sped her on her way, covering her at risk of his own life as she rode for home and the posse. Of his own belated rescue by the said posse where he stood at bay, with Blake

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trussed to a tree, having discovered from him that he had put "Black" Donlon up to it all, and the marriage then and there by the sheriff, who was also, and conveniently, acting Justice of the Peace.

A week later the second Timothy was addressing the employees of his office and brandishing a silver loving cup inscribed to the Third Timothy. He was retailing over to them the history of his son's exploits when the sound of shooting occurred in the crowded, certainly conventional street below them. Timothy Third arrived with Alice clinging to his arm. He was greatly more interested in telling his father of their marriage, of their last days on the ranch, of the evenings on the old bench outdoors planning the future in which, "dad, old son, I'm going to run true to form, to Atkinson form, y'know, so's I can hand the old name down, trim and trig to . . . to . . . lean closer, Dad, to Timothy Atkinson . . . *Fourth!*"

The Art of Being Floored

(*Continued from page* 76.)

when he came at me unexpectedly I was unable to parry his saber and the blade went into my hip a couple of inches."

After fifteen years on the stage Wedgwood Nowell came to motion pictures via the musical route, for he is a composer of merit and also an orchestra director. It was the splendid idea of one of the largest producers to have original symphonic musical settings for each picture, and Mr. Nowell was engaged to head this department. Tho the plan did not develop he is confident that this will be the next step toward perfecting the motion picture.

He holds that the present system of arranging suitable scores from old songs and operatic selections has a mental association. As a certain beautiful theme breathes forth from the orchestra, tho it may be in perfect harmony with the picture on the screen, it probably holds a variety of memories for the spectators and their attention is diverted. While the crux of the story is taking place before them, they are engaged in a journey with memory. They may be recalling a certain night at the opera when this was sung, or perhaps are again under the spell of a twilight hour that is precious, and when they return to the contemplation of the film much has been lost.

"Music should serve to emphasize the action on the screen—it quickens the blood that warms the heart, creating an emotional background upon which the sentiments and passions play," declared Mr. Nowell.

As he sat there talking with me . . . essentially the well-groomed man . . . I wondered how, gifted with a pleasing personality such as he has, he had ever succeeded in making his audience dislike him . . . a tribute to his art certainly.

I had been thinking this, almost unconsciously as we talked and it was not until he left me for a moment to play in a scene that I realized he was the "cruel-l-l villain" . . . personally he is most disillusioning.

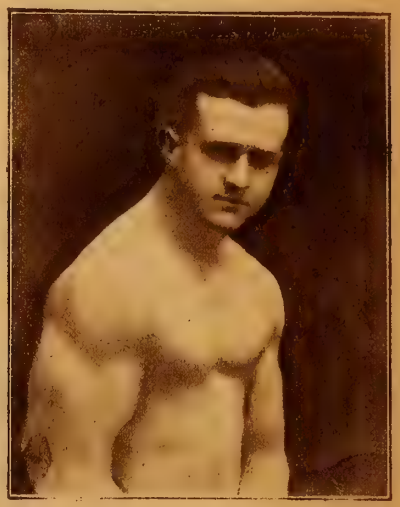
You certainly wouldn't expect the villain to converse enthusiastically over music and its effect upon the emotions . . . assuredly not to converse upon it as he did with such a deep understanding of human nature.

So we will hope that Wedgwood Nowell may some day leave the "art of being floored" to others, while he composes themes that will enhance the appeal and the beauty of our best films.

Start The New Year Right

Begin anew and become a real man. Broaden your shoulders, deepen your chest, make your arms powerful and muscular, straighten your neck, develop your legs and obtain the energy and "pep" that only an athlete knows.

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Fame and Fortune Four

(*Continued from page 38.*)

Over four thousand five hundred feet of motion picture negative were taken of the contestants.

The leaders were sent to the best photographers in the city and the results were forwarded to the contest judges unable to be here in person.

No one of the contestants had ever been into the offices of the Motion Picture Publishing Company prior to the day of the contest opening. There was no predestined favorite, one being as unknown as the other. There was no prejudice. There was no bias even objectively, as to type or style. The young women had a fair field for their tilt of art and beauty and won or lost sheerly upon their respective merits.

Among the young women invited it may be noted that several did not appear in the aforementioned monthly honor rolls. Pictures of these young women were received *after* the last honor rolls had been sent to press, hence—

Likewise, of the twenty-five contestants invited, but twenty responded. The five who, for various reasons, were unable to appear were Miss Marguerite Hungerford, Miss Gertrude Garretson, Miss Sylvia Garretson, Miss Prudence Eddy and Miss Minnie Gaynor.

Before approaching and getting over with my breathless P. O. S., the M. P. Publishing Company feels and gives a vote of thanks to Wilfrid North for the beguiling, the adroit, the skilled and effective way in which he presented the young contestants to the Silver Sheet. It was a feat of consummate skill.

And now—we announce the four winners.

Miss Blanche McGarity, of 236 Blum Street, San Antonio, Texas.

Because she has a remarkable, general versatility. Because she is pliable, winsome, of a sensative and responsive intelligence; because she has beauty which lingers with the heart as well as the eye; because she has grit and pluck and determination. Because we believe that the Motion Picture Public will make her their own through love af a lovable personality as well as love of a lovely face.—*Miss McGarity!*

Miss Anetha Getwell, of 1520 N. La Salle Street, Chicago.

Because she is a type, tall, graceful, charming in every pose, with the poise of beauty and the poise of mentality. Because she has distinction of feature and of line. Because she can, emphatically *can*, wear gowns, and largely because she can, with astonishing facility for a screen novice, depict the passing shades of moods and thoughts. *Miss Getwell!*

Miss Virginia Brown, of 565 West 162d Street, New York.

Because she is of an extraordinary beauty, sculptural, classic. Artists pronounce her, with one breath, close to perfection. Because she has an exquisiteness of youth. Because she has a superdelicate sensitiveness easily and rarely lent to dramatic art. Because she is finely *different*. Because of her sense of innocence and a touch of the young Madonna in poise and feature. *Miss Brown!*

Miss Anita Booth, of 55 E. 34th Street, New York City.

Because she is a splendid, wholesome live type of American girl. Because she has a sparkling alert intelligence rendering her capable and responsive to any suggestion, to any role. Because she has beauty and sensibility. Because she is what New Yorkers call "Smart." Because she is daring and original and with a good head, to wit, arriving in an aeroplane so that she might be in time for the contest. Because she is resourceful and "all 'round." *Miss Booth!*

The suspense is over! We acknowledge the cheers from the orchestra and the galleries of the general public. The judges sit back, fold their hands, nod, are well content.

A word or two more, by way of a denuement, also necessary for the completion of a model story.

From month to month the three magazines will run interviews, pictures and special articles with, and of, the four winning contestants. Hence, you will grow to know them better, by feature and by writ.

The Motion Picture Publishing Company guaranteed to each of the leaders a picture engagement and two years' publicity in the magazines. This guarantee will be, is being, kept to the very last letter. Quite a great number of the Fame and Fortune Contestants have secured motion picture and other theatrical opportunities through the publicity they received as it is.

So successful has this Fame and Fortune Contest been, viewed from every angle, that we have decided to make it an annual institution of the three magazines. Watch for future announcements! And look your prettiest.

The official test picture, "A Dream of Fair Women" is to be released to the theaters of the country. Speak to your exhibitor about it! Tell him that if he sends us a postcard we will tell him, gladly, how to obtain the picture. It will interest you, we *know!*

Fame and Fortune Contest

By One of The Judges.

The Fame and Fortune Contest proved to be so successful that the management of the three magazines has decided to hold another for the coming year. It is an excellent idea because it gives ambitious young women all over the country an opportunity to test their merits. Every hamlet contains one or more so-called beauties and each of these is thought by her local admirers to have a chance in a national contest. Of course, a large majority of these young ladies have a very slim chance indeed. The girl may be thought very beautiful in her home town because the local people there have had very little opportunity to compare her with beauties elsewhere. But more than beauty is necessary. The successful ones must be not too tall or too small; not too dark or too light; not too fat or too thin; and they must have what is called a screen face and a certain something which we call personality, or magnetism. Just what personality is, nobody knows. A girl may have winsomeness and charm and yet lack that something called personality. Many of our best known stars are lacking in beauty, grace and form and they may not even have charm, yet they are successful because they have that indefinable something called personality.

One of the strongest things about a contest is that in nine cases out of ten the photographs lie. Over fifty thousand photographs were received in the last con-

test and a large group of competent judges sifted these out until the twenty-five best remained. When these twenty-five finally appeared upon the scene it was truly amazing to see how different from their photographs most of them looked. Yes, indeed, the camera can lie. I remember one case in particular. A certain young lady sent in a number of photographs of herself and they were so beautiful and charming that she was placed on the honor roll. I heard some of the judges say that she would surely be among the winners. I agreed with them. When the contestants arrived I hunted up this young lady, expecting to see a most beautiful and charming person. I will not describe her but I will say that she was far from being even good looking and if she had any charm or winsomeness whatever I failed to detect it. Nor did she have grace, figure or even a pleasing personality. I was never so disappointed in my life, which only goes to prove that you can never tell what kind of a story a come-to-life photograph is going to tell.

Another strange thing is that the motion picture camera is a far different thing than the still camera and that it seems to possess a faculty of picking out all of the defects of a person and emphasizing them, and at the same time absolutely ignoring the good points. One of the twenty-five contestants, I remember, struck me as being very charming and very pretty. She was well formed and carried herself with graceful ease. Her complexion was as clear as the lily and her lips and cheeks contained the blush of youth and health. There was a twinkle in her eye that was quite captivating, and her voice was indeed sweet. I thought to myself surely this little queen will be one of the winners. The judges thought so too before she was given a part to play before the camera. But alas, when we saw the picture shown upon the screen our little beauty had lost all her charm. She acted well enough but the camera failed to catch the charm that was there somewhere, failed to record her beautiful complexion, failed to catch that winsomeness in her face that we had seen, failed even to catch the little twinkle in her eye. This proved that all is not gold that glistens; that all persons who are beautiful are not beautiful on the screen; that there are charms in real life that the camera cannot record.

On the other hand, there was another girl who seemed in real life to lack everything that the other possessed. Her complexion was muddy, her features were irregular, there was no sparkle to her eye and no pink glow to her cheeks. In short she was a very plain person and just why she was there many of us could not understand. However, since she had succeeded in getting on the honor roll she was put into the moving picture play. No one expected very much from her but when the film was shown on the screen everybody was amazed. The camera had failed absolutely to record her blemishes, and the eye of the camera—the lens—had seen things which the human eye had not discovered. She actually appeared charming and even beautiful. And so it goes. Those who are homely may have a chance and those who are beautiful may be hopeless. The man does not live who can tell for a certainty what girl will become a star and what girl will not until she has been seen on the screen.

During those four days at Roslyn they took nearly five thousand feet of film, but the majority of this had to be discarded. Many of the young women, it is believed, will never be successful because they are

"Motion Picture Writing Simplified"

By F. McGrew Willis



F. McGrew Willis

This amazing book on motion picture writing can now be secured separate from the course in photoplay instruction offered by The F. McGrew Willis Institute. The insistent demand from newsdealers, bookstores and writers generally has grown so great that a *limited edition* of the book has been set aside solely for this purpose. The book, acknowledged to be the best work on motion picture writing yet published, and the only one in the scenario departments of the studios, has become known among members of the Institute as the "magic book." It is the only one ever written by any author who has himself had years of experience in the various studios writing feature stories for more than a score of the big stars. *It contains everything that can be learned about the art of motion picture writing.* Haste is imperative if you desire to secure *your* copy of this work. THE PRICE IS THREE DOLLARS, postage prepaid anywhere in the world. *Orders will be filled only in the order of their receipt.*

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To the Writer:

THE SCENARIO SERVICE BUREAU, which was established over five years ago, has handled thousands of manuscripts, not only for amateurs, but also for well-known photoplaywrights, and even for some of the large studios.

Our chief critic and revisionist is Mr. T. Herbert Chesnut ("Allan Douglas Brodie,") formerly a well-known Canadian newspaperman and short story writer, and latterly on the editorial staff of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, 175 Duffield Street. Mr. Chesnut has also taken leading rôles in several famous pictures, notably "THE GODDESS," with the Vitagraph Company, and half-a-dozen photoplays written or revised by him have met with well-merited success. Among these was "THE LOVE OF PIERRE LA ROSSE," a story of French Canada, the leading rôles in which were taken by James Morrison, Dorothy Kelly and George Cooper; "ONE WOMAN'S LOYALTY," "FRED HOPE'S WARD," "THE GREATER LOVE," and "THE RED STEPHANO," all gems of their kind. Any photoplays or synopses sent to us for revision will have the personal attention of Mr. Chesnut, who has met with the most remarkable success in this line of literary and dramatic endeavor.

OUR PATRONS ARE LOCATED IN EVERY PART OF THE GLOBE. They reside in every state in the Union; in Africa, Australia, New Zealand, Spanish Honduras, the Panama Canal Zone, the West Indies, every province in Canada, Newfoundland and Hawaii, Porto Rico, the Philippines, and most remarkable of all, we received five scripts from an Australian soldier, whose address was "Somewhere in France." Only recently we received a script from Smyrna, Asiatic Turkey, and also one from Tehuantepec, Mexico. This will give you some idea of the scope of the SCENARIO SERVICE BUREAU, whose offices are located at 1084 Nostrand Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

We accept photoplays and synopses for criticism and possible revision, after which they are returned to their writers, along with an extra carbon copy and a list of producing companies, to whom writers may send their work themselves. This is the method now universally adopted, and we heartily commend it. By this method writers have a distinct advantage. They not only come into personal touch with the studio editors, but frequently meet members of the producing companies and artists.

All scripts which writers wish us to return must be accompanied by sufficient postage for original manuscript, revision and carbon copy.

In conclusion we wish to assure our many patrons and the many thousands of readers of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, and SHADOWLAND, that we shall be happy to give them any assistance in our power.

Do not send out your script without first having it properly revised and put in proper form and language. If you do you only run a chance of having your work returned as "unavailable."

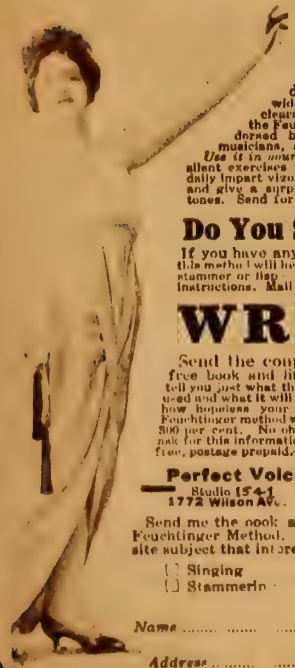
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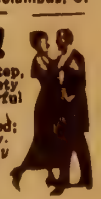
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not picture types or have not screen faces. Very few would say that Mae Marsh was pretty, yet she is one of our leading stars. Nazimova, one of the greatest of all stars, is not noted for her beauty. Theda Bara is not what we would call beautiful. Sidney Drew was actually homely, and had neither grace nor figure. Eugene O'Brien is nothing more than good looking, if even that. And so we can go thru the whole list of stars, showing that they are lacking in many of the qualities that are supposed to make a successful star, all of which proves that there is something not yet understood which some people have and some people have not and which makes some people successful and some people not.

Blanche McGarity, of San Antonio, Texas, received the largest number of votes from the judges and assistant judges. She is small of stature and has a decidedly picturesque and pleasing personality. If she walked thru any street people would stop and turn to look at her. Her features are not perfect, yet she is beautiful. She has a mass of golden curls, but she now wears her hair up. She has unusual intelligence for a young girl, and for many years has set her heart on becoming a movie star. She has versatility and she has charm. She looks as tho she could play any kind of a part and exhibit every shade of emotion.

Virginia Brown, of New York, is probably the most beautiful little miss that I have ever seen. She is only fifteen, has a mass of thick black wavy hair, a beautiful complexion and clear dark eyes. You could not look into her face and escape the thought that: here is a girl of Godlike purity and virtue. She is a little Madonna—there is a look of angelic innocence in her face. She may not have versatility, but that may come with the years. The screen has no type just like little Miss Brown, and we expect soon to see her numbered among the great stars.

Anetha Getwell, of Chicago, is a different type entirely. There is nothing about her that is striking, as there is about Miss McGarity. She is very good looking—perhaps pretty—but not unusually so. She is not particularly "smart," but observing her closely we find that she has an unusually trim and graceful figure and that she moves and bends in her movements like a reed in the breeze. When she talks her face lights up and her head moves slightly in various directions in perfect harmony with what she is saying. Her whole body as well as her face and eyes speak when she speaks. Two minutes' conversation with her would convince anybody that she could depict any emotion, and that she would be just as much at home as Carmen or Cleopatra as she would be as a hoodlum or street urchin. Furthermore, she has a screen face and a screen personality. She didn't have much to do in the test picture that was made, but she made the most of what she did do. She did not waste one foot of film. She did not open her mouth, yet she talked to us from the screen, and we could tell what she was saying and even what she was thinking.

Anita Booth, of Louisville, Kentucky, who has a prominent part in the play which will be called "A Dream of Fair Women," was also chosen, and I am quite sure she will be popular. In real life she is a buxom lass full of vitality and vigor, and extremely good natured. She would stand out in any crowd as being a dominant personality. She breeds sunshine wherever she goes, because there is always a smile on her lips and a laugh in her eyes. One would say that she will excel in comedy parts, yet in our little play it will

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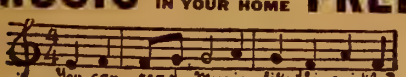
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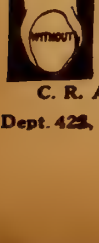
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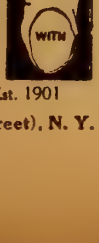
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be seen that she can do serious things, too, and do them well. She is as different from the other three as day is from night, and many think that she has just as much charm and personality as any of them—perhaps more. These four were all selected as winners.

These four—the Misses McGarity, Brown, Getwell and Booth—will doubtless soon rise to the top. But it is not for me to say which one will prove the most successful. They are four totally different types. A great deal depends upon how they are handled and on what kind of plays they get.

There is little Miss Poutch. When you see her in "A Dream of Fair Women" playing with a collie dog you will say, "Heres' a lovely, vivacious, care-free child with quite some charm." And when you see her later on dressed and made up as a little ragamuffin or tough girl chewing an apple and sticking up her nose at the serious artist you will say, "Just such a type as Mary Pickford, only how different—she is really clever!"

Then there is Miss Kle Bold, of Atlanta, Georgia, who has a charming little scene with a lamb, and later on another scene with two other girls in an arbor. You will think Miss Kle Bold quite beautiful and quite winsome, I am sure. Miss Worthington, of Boston, who appears with her under the arbor is quite a different type—a little more matured and finished, perhaps, and she photographs excellently. She had already secured a satisfactory engagement.

Miss Faulkner, of New York, who appears in the cabaret scene and also in a bathing scene later on is decidedly an excellent screen type, altho she didn't win a prize. However, she has already landed in the movies and is satisfied.

Miss Hulme, of New York, who appears in a canoe scene has a commanding figure and a winsome face and resembles Dorothy Dalton. She will have no difficulty in making a place for herself in the movies. Little Miss Brennan, who appears in a farmerette scene with a rabbit, proved to be the Marguerite Clark of the whole lot, and, not winning a prize, she immediately secured a lucrative engagement with a movie company now producing in Washington, D. C.

Miss Sandell, of St. Louis, also appears with a rabbit in one of the early best pictures and she photographs beautifully. Her features are not perfect, but she seems to have a good screen face.

Miss Lee, of New York, who has a short scene with a child, has strong possibilities, and so has Miss Elmendorf, who has a short scene with a Russian wolfhound.

Miss Anna Kelley, a Brooklyn girl, is shown talking to Miss Jack Wilbur, and she photographs very well indeed. A little more experience and she may blossom forth surprisingly.

There are many others that I would like to mention but space forbids. Nearly all of them seem to have possibilities and strong possibilities. We all may be fooled, and some who received the shortest tests and the least attention may outstrip the more popular ones in the long run.

Before closing this little article I must not forget to mention the wonderful creature who appears as the model in the studio scene. This model has never appeared on the stage or screen and she was not entered in the contest. She was a friend of the editor and he induced her to take this most difficult and thankless part. Her costumes were gorgeous, and her pet monkey added much spice to the play. This woman, who does not wish her name mentioned, will be surprised



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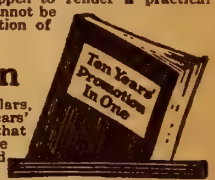
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when she sees what a finished actress she is. She has grace and beauty in abundance and a style and personality that are unexampled on stage or screen.

Now that the new year is upon us and the new contest has begun it is hoped that every promising young woman in this country will see that she is entered. There is a tremendous demand for stars all the time, and it is hoped that the coming contest will yield several wonderful "discoveries" and real "finds." If you are not yourself eligible perhaps you know of some young woman who is ambitious to win fame and fortune on the screen. If so, send her a copy of this magazine, and some day she may thank you. A million dollars a year seems a lot of money to make, but that is not impossible in these days of big things. The world may not see another Mary Pickford, but this Fame and Fortune Contest may find another type that will prove equally popular.

By Lamplight

(*Continued from page 31.*)

I asked her how the Selznick stardom rose, as it were, upon her. She is to be featured as "Selznick's 1920 Star."

"Well," she said, in her quiet, remote little way, "the Selznicks have been personal friends of mine for quite some time. I know the boys and the whole family. Once, quite a while ago, Mr. Selznick had seen me in some pictures and asked me to do one for him, but I was tied up elsewhere and couldn't. I think I was in vaudeville then doing a little song and dance act by myself. Then, this last summer, we had a cottage at Long Beach and saw a great deal of the Selznicks over week-ends. We got . . . well, quite chummy. Mr. Selznick made me a proposition . . . we both had a contract drawn up . . . and here I am."

"For a long period of time?" I wanted to know.

Miss Keefe gave her wide bright smile. "Quite long," she said with a wink.

I asked her what type of work she most wanted to do. She said, "that she was doing a comedy at that particular time, opposite Owen Moore, just as a starter, but that she preferred dramatic work along, as nearly as she could illustrate, the general lines of Norma Talmadge's pictures." The dramatic field, she believes; is essentially her own.

It is. She has the face for dramatic expression. She has the capability there of the larger and more profound emotions. Her hair is very dark. There is an "interesting pallor" to her skin. Her mouth is large and expressionable. She has repose and reserve and the suggestion of latent powers.

Personally, she is distinctly not frivolous, nor yet is she a "high brow" as we, erroneously, no doubt, think of the word.

She likes to sew and to stay at home four out of seven nights, and she loves her work and the ability to do it.

"I'd never want to be the domestic variety who just sit home," she said; "that means, always, stultification, and stultification means, in turn, old age. If not physically, then mentally, which is just as bad. You've got to be in the world if you want to be of it."

I thought on that as I went out again, into the damp fall night . . . and of an impression here and one there . . . and then, pervasively, they concentrated into one impression . . . of a pale girl with dark eyes and hair and a quiet manner and a dazzling laugh . . . lighting lamps in the twilight . . . more than a thought . . . a symbol . . . perhaps a prophecy . . . who knows?



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The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 109.)

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FIVE.—Yes, it is a miserable thing to live in suspense; it is the life of a spider. Who brought you in? Yes, about Webster Campbell. Never seen Lila Lee.

LOVETTE 17.—You're pretty young to be discussing such subjects, but woman made us lose paradise, but how frequently we find it again in her arms? Why dont you take up the study of linen or such?

R. B. FAN.—Richard Barthelmess is not married to Lillian Gish. Yes, but where they do agree on the stage, their unanimity is wonderful. Rosemary Theby has a leading role in Henry Walthall's "Splendid Hazard" produced by Mayflower.

BUSHMAN FOREVER.—Last I heard of him Francis X was going to France. How hath the mighty fallen! Herbert Hayes is playing in Ruth Roland's serial released thru Pathe. Dont know who said, "It is the opinion of men that makes the reputation of women." Perhaps Shaw.

MILWAUKEE RUTH; EARLE FOX ADMIRER; VALESKA SURATT AD.; ZYZ; ANDREE; JUST A TON; RED HEAD; MILDRED W.; JACKIE; GERALDINE B.; ALMA S.; QUESTIONNAIRE BARNEY; WAR BRIDE; MISS F. D.; FERN; ESTELLE; HILDA H.; ETHYL; REYNOLD A.; WALTER H.; AND MILDRED F. —Your questions have been answered to others in this department somewhere.

MERELY MARY ANN.—Hello, there! Hope you have fully recovered. Yours was a James dandy. Write some more.

SCHEHEREZADE.—Lots of my readers wont agree with you when you say, "I'd like to start out by saying a few very sincere things, amongst others—that Alice Brady holds her chin too high and Douglas Fairbanks' grin is a regular smirk. I dont like him and cant see a single thing funny about him. He tries too darn hard. Also that Fatty Arbuckle is the real comedian of the screen and Clara K. Young the best actress as well as the most beautiful." Thanks for your closing paragraph, "Well, so long, old sox, I think you're a peach," which makes up for your statement that you picture me with a glass eye and a cork leg.

G. T. R. 16.—You think I am better than the Sage? Quit your kidding—he's great.

Speaking of Director Al Christie's wrathy moments, Bobby Vernon tells how he lived on a dime for a week rather than to call around at the studio for his check.

Director Christie overheard Bobby's story and interrupted with: "Bobby, I've a mind to tell the number of times you have called on Thursday for your check when it wasn't due till Saturday."

Bobby stopped him with: "Let's neither of us say any more about it."

Ethel Lynne was before her dressing-room mirror trying to cover a disturbed bit of make-up on her right cheek. Her efforts were unsuccessful, and she began to remove her make-up to put on an entire new one. She was heard to remark:

"A kiss from Harry Edwards, and my make-up is always ruined."

One remembers a remark made by Al Christie the other day to the effect that Ethel Lynne works best with Harry Edwards. But after Ethel's statement, one wonders!



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Do not let another day go by without submitting a poem to me. Who knows—you may be the song writer of tomorrow.

Address me as follows:

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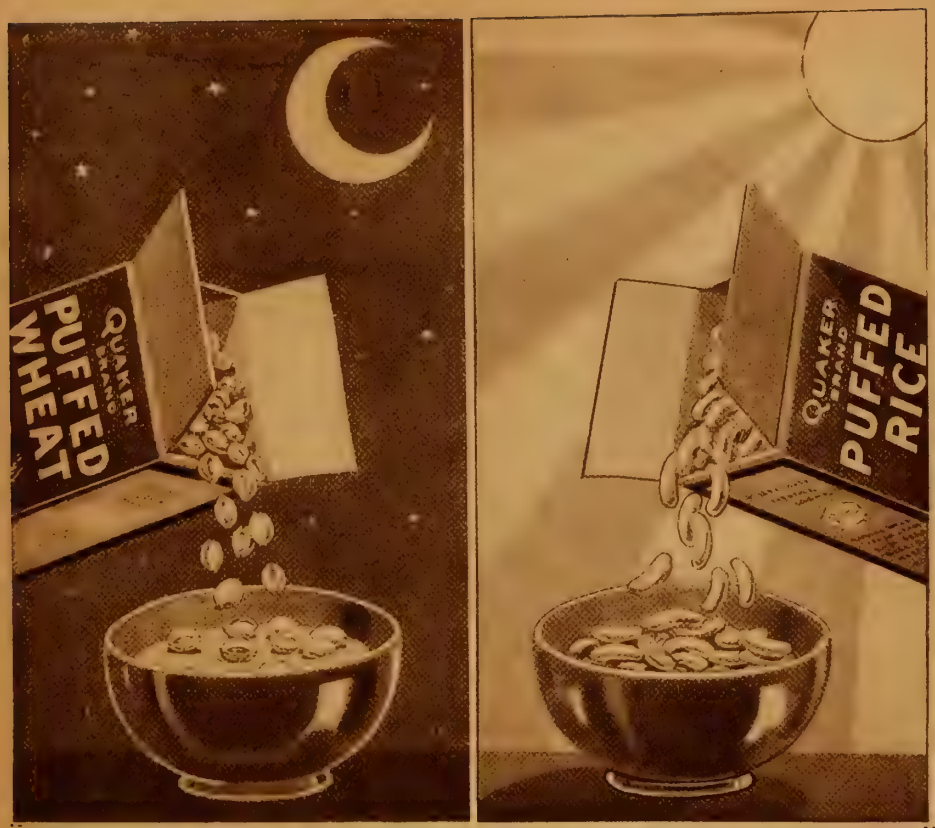
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Don't make them occasional foods. The three kinds offer variety.

The more children eat the better. The less they eat the more they want of something not so good.

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Sole Makers

(3228)

AN INTERVIEW WITH MOLLY

By Patricia Foulds

Oh, Molly was a dainty maid of photoplay renown,
The sweetest bit of dimity that ever graced a town.
Now, facts about their favorites is the public's latest fad,
And Molly's popularity, it nearly drove her mad.
She couldn't get away from it, and even in her sleep
She dreamt of interviewers around her—three rows deep.
Till at last she grew quite desperate and she sent a little note
To all the "Movie Magazines" and this is what she wrote:—

Now here is my biography for all the world to know,
And everyone who wants to may believe that it is so.
My mother was an Eskimo from Greenland's icy cold,
My father was an Indian of the Mohawk tribe so bold,
And I was born aboard a boat down in the southern seas,
The boat belongd to China, so I guess I'm Chinese.
And when I came upon the screen I changed my name 'tis true,
But if you'd landed Phoebe Hicks, now tell me, wouldn't you?
In my previous position I was not a footlight queen,
But shone in quite a different sphere—in Childs' I reigned supreme.
I'm fond of reading "Mother Goose" and classic things like that;
And always I'm accompanied by "Lily," my pet bat.
My favorite fruit's a lemon, tiger lilies I adore,
The coin that I get every year weighs half a ton or more;
I've buried seven husbands and living I have three,
But Colonel Heeza Liar hasn't got a thing on me.

THE WAR

Sherwood Macdonald, of Mission Productions, who directs the seven-year-old Nazimova, Gloria Joy, is the first historian of the world war. Mr. Macdonald sets forth the facts briefly, picturesquely, but nevertheless emphatically:

The Hun
Wanted place in sun
Got on bun
Grabbed gun
Started fun.
Struck Marne
Gosh darn!
Hit Verdun
Had to run.
Tried Haig
Made 'em beg.
Hit Byng
By jing!
Tried Yanks
Kicked in flanks.
Tackled Doughboy,
Oh, boy!
Nothing worse—
Good night, nurse!
Poor old boche
Smashed at Foch—
Kicked their slats
Took their gats,
Quit like rats.
On the run
All done.
Fine!
"Who will defend the Rhine?"



The February Motion Picture Magazine

is exceptionally fine from the cover of **Antonio Moreno** to the wit and wisdom of the venerable **Answer Man.**

Interspersed between these two are oodles of new and attractive pictures and the most interesting articles,—

There are some very charming novelizations of the latest feature-plays,—

The interviews are unusually clever and with stars as brilliant as **Elsie Ferguson** and **Richard Barthelmess,**—

And there's the opinion of **Richard A. Rowland,** President of Metro Pictures, on the foreign photoplay, based upon his observations on a recent trip abroad,—also the story of that animated newspaper,—**the news reel,**—

From cover to cover it is delightful, containing treats too numerous to mention. It is indeed a fitting number with which the pioneer of screen magazines ushers in the New Year.



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